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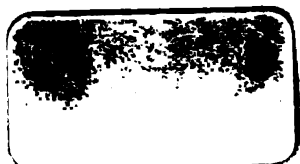
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THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

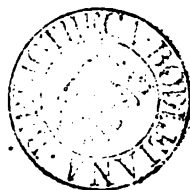
EDITED BY

JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

Οἱ Θεοὶ οὐκ εἰσὶν ἀνθρώπων ἐπιπόνου πεφυκός γεγώς,
τὰς Μῆσας καὶ Ἀπολλῶνα καὶ Διονύσου ξυνεορτάστας
έδοσαν.—*Plato de Legibus, L. 2.*

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THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.—EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. I.]

JANUARY, 1839.

[No. 1.

OUR NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

DEAR READERS OF "THE OLD FAMILIAR" MONTHLY—

MAY the New Year be happy, as, doubtless, the Christmas has been merry! We say doubtless, as by way of surmise, because we knew you not then; and, indeed, our relation with you even now begins. More than once, however, we have discovered, that we have been well known where we have been all-unknowing;—no stranger to them who have been strangers to us. Most authors, however limited their fame, must have experienced this professional peculiarity; and it is, therefore, not without some degree of confidence in the belief that we may be received as an old friend or acquaintance, that we venture into your society—addressing you not too familiarly, yet without diffidence.

The proprietors of this Magazine have already appealed to you in terms so laudatory to our pretensions, and so full of expectation from our efforts, that whatever our *sang froid*, we cannot help feeling the burthen of the responsibility with which we are invested by their good opinion and better promises. It becomes us to assume our new office with modesty, nevertheless with courage, and that resolve which, we are told by a poet admired in our youth, but somewhat too much neglected now-a-days, is the "column of true majesty in man." Noble determinations precede noble actions, as the gorgeous sunset foretells a glorious morrow.

Every deed performed by man has reference to a proposition already conceived and executed in the mind. There has already risen and set a prior state, itself connected with an ever-during intelligence, which is not us, but in us—as the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Nay, we ourselves, as the purposers of excellent designs, are but, as it were, propositions—axioms divinely uttered—echoes of the *one* word—diverse forms of one eternal affirmation. What wonder, then, that our own propositions should be but results—derivations from previous performances—and be related, as well to what goes before as to what comes after? Even so, if, in giving an Example of what a Magazine should be, we seek to erect a standard for this species of literature *in futuro*, we are not without obligations to the specimens in this kind that have preceded.

The original Proposition, or Idea, of a Magazine, was very humble and limited in its scheme and scope. It was an infant desire, not yet cradled; for it was born without means; and, in fact, was a premature anticipation of manly vigour scarcely to be expected from such an unripe birth. The publications of this class that we now have differ more from the *Negotiator's Magazine*, and other productions under similar titles, than the man does from the child. Works so denominated, in the beginning, were not even periodical, nor became so, until the eighteenth century, when Cave, the celebrated printer, started the *Gentleman's Magazine*; which, however, was indebted to Dr. Johnson for its ultimate prosperity. At best but a compilation, with serious "defects in its poetical article," and no less sad deficiencies in all its other departments—mainly supported by "low jests, awkward buffoonery, or the dull scurrility of either party;"—Dr. Johnson introduced into it learning and argumentation, devoting thereto the best years of his life as a mere literary labourer (says Boswell) "for gain, not glory," and solely to obtain an honest livelihood. To him are due, in a great measure, the parliamentary debates, *jeux d'esprit*, and prefaces, for which, during many lustres, the work was celebrated.

It was, however, principally to the parliamentary reports, the eloquence of debate in which proceeded altogether from Dr. Johnson's own mind, that the success of the *Gentleman's Magazine* was owing; Cave, meanwhile (poor mechanical dreamer!) flattering himself that it was due to those parts of the work which he conducted, and which were, it seems, merely the abridgment of weekly papers written against the ministry of the day, such as the *Craftsman*, *Fogg's Journal*, *Common Sense*, the *Weekly Miscellany*, the *Westminster Journal*, and others; besides the marshalling of the pastorals, the elegies and the songs, the epigrams and the rebuses, that were sent him by various correspondents. So blind is the mere tradesman to the merit of the literary ware by which he lives! He prospers, not because of his skill, but in spite of his mistakes.

Among all the Magazines, however, that have, at different periods, had their day, or, at the present time, continue to flourish, not one appears to have been projected with a higher purpose than that of ephemeral existence. Intended for popular perusal only, their proprietors and editors seem never to have conceived the intention of fitting them for a permanent place in the library of a scholar or a gentleman. Such periodicals as now exist, indeed, are addressed mainly, if not absolutely, to narrow prejudices, prevalent errors, and party feelings. Vain is it to expect from them either faithful criticism, or truly liberal speculation, in the fruitful and ever expanding fields of Philosophy, Politics, or Religion.

We write from a pretty extensive knowledge of the subject, and know of no worse evil under the sun than what the editors of these publications suffer, by reason of the contracted views of proprietors and publishers. What we have above stated of Cave, on the authority of Dr. Johnson himself, is true of his successors to the present day. The ideal of a publisher is a man who is the negation of all principle, and, therefore, indifferent to the opinions pro-

mulged in the books he deals in, provided they sell. In the course of time, however, he finds himself growing into connexion with the holders of one set, rather than another, and, ultimately, that he has acquired a character for productions of a certain school. Thenceforth he knows, or thinks he knows, "on which side his bread is buttered," and devotes himself to his party or sect. His course is now decided—his conduct regulated within prescribed limits, the narrowest trade notions. Fatal error! the circulation of his Magazine, or Review, at once fixed, is fixed as in a frost, incapable of increase—but not of diminution. A day arrives when the sun shines too warmly for his ice-lake, and the surface becomes again fluid—is again the arena for the swimmer, not the skater.

Thus it is that one periodical has been followed by another. As each attains its climax, it settles into formality; and a mere dead arrangement substitutes the living order of its earlier appearances. But as, in nature, corruption generates and generation corrupts, so, also, in literature, one ephemeral work has only exemplified a way for another; and, taken on the large scale, the race of monthly and quarterly publications has advanced in excellence, both in aim and execution.

It would have been contrary to the dealings of Providence, regarding literature in general, if the course of proceeding adopted had, after all, not been for some worthy and beneficial result. Not only were letters of divine origin, but whatever has flowed from them, and still flows, is of especial sanctity. Periodical writings are of too influential a character with mankind, not to have a "sacred history," were the clue to the labyrinth but *once* possessed.

" All things once are things for ever ;
Soul, once living, lives for ever ;
Blame not what is only once,
When that once endures for ever ;
Love, once felt, though soon forgot,
Moulds the heart to good for ever ;
Once betrayed from childly faith,
Man is conscious man for ever ;
Once the void of life revealed,
It must deepen on for ever ;
Unless God fill up the heart
With himself for once and ever :
Once made God and man at once,
God and man are one for ever.*

The wandering spirit of periodical literature, therefore, has had its peculiar metempsychoses, and its metamorphoses. It has reflected like a stream-mirror, the moonlike phases of the more permanent and standard specimens of authorship, blended with the current opinion on their merit; the contributors to it being mainly *amateurs*, rather than artists—lovers and readers, rather than the makers of books. What Coleridge has said of the spirit of poetry, may even be pro-

* From the poems of Richard Monckton Milnes, author of "Memorials of a Tour in Greece." In 2 vols. London: Moxon, 1838.

nounced of this humbler spirit of criticism :—They alone are capable of estimating its different incarnations aright, “who have rejoiced in the light of clear perception at beholding with each new birth, with each rare *avatar*, the human race frame to itself a new body by assimilating materials of nourishment out of its new circumstances, and work for itself new organs of power appropriate to the new sphere of its motion and activity.”

Thus it is with books, and, in particular, with periodical and serial books. A Magazine, or Review, shall outlast its first projectors and contributors, vary its publisher and printer, its mode of arrangement and its style of composition—it shall gain new writers and readers, and from time to time fit itself to new conditions, yet, in its old title and name, preserve an apparent identity; nay, though in every point else it has undergone complete alteration. Of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE we would fain be able to add, in the language of Shakspeare,

“ Nothing of it that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into some thing rich and strange.”

Was the old body built in part of “bones”? we, by our so potent magic, would turn them into “coral”;—of “eyes”?—into “pearls.”

Full fathom five, if not many more, in the great deep of the past, lies the corse of the paternal series of which the present number of the Monthly Magazine is the remote issue: there lies the father—number or volume—and with him many of his offspring repose—

“ Sea-nymphs hourly ring their knell,
Hark! now we hear them—ding-dong bell!”

Nothing has happened to them but what chances to all the works composing the class to which they belong. The individual is a type of the species.

The entire body of periodical literature has hitherto presented the chrysalis, as it were, of the Psyche that it involved. We hope to exhibit a higher evolution of the principle contained in it than has yet been ventured. A chasm—a void, remains to be filled up in this department of our literature: we trust in being enabled to occupy it. With a view to the production of a work which, though periodically published, shall partake of a permanent character, while it includes every passing subject of interest or importance, this *New Series* of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE is projected. Some of the most celebrated writers of the day have consented to become contributors. Our pages will successively present, in courses of about three months, censures of the literature of the time, whether foreign or domestic; retrospective reviews and antiquarian repositories; biographical essays; discussions on all subjects interesting the church and the state, or concerning the progress of science and society, philosophy and mind, in every age and country under heaven.

If we have been enabled to conceive this idea with any confidence, and shall be empowered to work it out with any success, it

is due not to us, but to the Disposer of Events, who has so ordained it, that all things have been tending to, and are lapsing in, a New Era of human endeavour. A truth, this, almost universally felt; nay, a matter nearly of actual experience; the daily discourse of newspapers, and the passing subject of public chronicles.

There are three aspects of this approaching period that we are mainly concerned in considering—the Poetical, the Philosophical, and the Political.

POETRY.—It is not necessary for us to revert to a time preceding that in which Cowper flourished. Commencing with this writer, we turn at once our back on Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and his canons of criticism: what he prized as the essentials of poetry have been since deemed the accidents only; and, in many instances, his decisions have been altogether reversed. The style of opinion in Dr. Johnson's day on Cowper may be gathered from the solitary note on the subject in Boswell, by the biographer himself. The doctor had been speaking of the "superfetation of the press in modern times," as prejudicial to good literature, because it obliges us to read so much of what is of inferior value, in order to be in the fashion: "Better works," said Johnson, "are neglected for want of time, because a man will have more gratification of his vanity in conversation, from having read modern books, than from having read the best works of antiquity. But it must be considered," added he, "that we have now more knowledge generally diffused: all our ladies read now, which is a great extension. Modern writers are the moons of literature; they shine with reflected light—with light borrowed from the ancients. Greece appears to me to be the fountain of knowledge; Rome of elegance." Whereupon Allan Ramsay remarked, that he supposed Homer's *Iliad* to be a collection of pieces which had been written before the poet's time; and expressed a wish to see a translation of it in poetical prose, like the book of Ruth, or Job. Robertson, the historian, then proposed that Dr. Johnson should undertake the task; to which proposition the doctor replied, "Sir, you would not read it without the pleasure of verse." Which reply Boswell annotates in this fashion:—"This experiment, which Madame Dacier made in vain, has since been tried in our own language, by the editor of *Ossian*; and we must either think very meanly of his abilities, or allow that Dr. Johnson was right. And Mr. Cowper, a man of real genius, has miserably failed in his blank verse translation."

Such a decision as this was to be looked for from a sumph who had just been listening to the praises of Voltaire and Pope, as authors who had more fame in their lifetime than any others ever enjoyed, and who were worthy to be named in the same breath with Virgil and Homer. But compare this decision with that pronounced by our present laureate, who ranks Cowper's version, and rightly, above Pope's. With Dr. Johnson's own assumptions, also, as to Greece and Rome, the poet Coleridge would not have been satisfied—he would have carried the inquiry into the Hebraic period, and beyond. He would have demanded the birth-place on

earth of wisdom; and contended for the unity, in their origin, of poetry and religion, and asserted the claims of inspiration for both. But this was a truth forgotten during the gallican era of English poetry. Forgotten, we say; for previously to such period poetry had always been esteemed as something holy and prophetic, and poets revered as veritable *vates*. Who is it that saith, "Authentic history informs us of no time when poetry was not; and, if the divine art has sometimes sung its own nativity, it is in strains which confess while they glorify ignorance. The sacred annals are silent, and the heathens, by referring the invention of verse to the gods, do but tell us that the mortal inventor was unknown"?—It is a true saying, whoever may have been the utterer.

Ere long, both in this country and in Germany, for the poetic spirit, her true and proper rank was claimed. The literary men of Germany, indeed, dared to esteem themselves members of a perpetual priesthood, appointed to interpret the great Mythos of the universe, and to successively assist in the revelation of that "divine idea," by which it is supported, and of which it is only the manifestation—an imperfect one, indeed, but in every age becoming more and more complete, ever progressing towards an ultimate and glorious development.

A cycle of poetry, which may be said to have closed with Keats and Shelley in this country, and with Schiller and Göthe in Germany, was thus commenced, in which we may trace a still moving and evolving pomp of

" Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendors and Glooms, and glimmering Incantations,
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes."

What an unthought-of world is opened-up in the poems of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Hunt, Shelley, Keats, Klopstock, Herder, Wieland, Schiller, Göthe! See, too, what new shapes the same spirit is assuming in the works of Heraud, Taylor, Barrett and Milnes, in whose productions a new cycle of active and meditative poetry is evidently in process of evolution. In all these authors an intense feeling of the divine origin of poetry is manifested, and an antecedency to every positive form endeavoured to be æsthetically attained. The point of unity, certes, has not yet been reached—nevertheless, oracular voices indicative of some approximation to the temple of pure truth are recognisable enough.

Almost nothing of these tendencies has been reflected in the critical journals of the time. The Quarterlies, both Whig and Tory, either declared open war against the new school of poetry or barely tolerated it. Thus it was, Wordsworth and Coleridge had plenty of inimical critics, but no advocates. Professor Wilson was heard frequently, as an eccentric individual writing in an odd sort of magazine, lauding the former; but the latter was even

"wounded in the house of his friends." The reading populace were altogether ignorant of the wonders that were doing; and the better informed remained yet in doubt as to the merits of all the poets that we have named. They have had to work their way without the aid, or in spite, of criticism.

PHILOSOPHY.—Much of the above-stated discrepancy between the critical and poetical mind of the age, some will attempt to account for by the variety of individual tastes and minds which at all times prevails. The apology only serves to detect another want—the want, in our schemes of education, of that philosophy, which shall refer such variety to a common unity; and by so doing instruct every man in the principle of harmony common to all, and by the knowledge of which every man may speedily become one with his fellows. We shall, as we well enough know, be at once answered, that there is no hope of this, for the whole field of metaphysical science is a scene of ruin—one pile overthrown for another to be built up—and this, in turn, by another still—and the latest built not standing whole, but undergoing demolition, to make room for a new erection yet in the brain of some new projector. We concede to the whole shewing. It is true of all the sciences, not of the metaphysic alone. The sciences, whether physical, metaphysical, moral, or divine, are only branches of history; and history is evermore an imperfect record, symbolically representing, by fitting portions, an aggregate of particulars without arrangement, save such as the historian may have sufficient skill to make. Not only has he to reduce an unascertainable mass of materials to order, but he has to conjecture the unity of which the whole, if he could get it, would be but a representative growth. Grant him the whole of the past, must he not wait until the time of the end, before the ways of God to men can be thoroughly justified in the apprehension of the creature, and be susceptible of historical vindication? Most assuredly. But what said we? Grant him the whole of the past? Impossible! Can he be sure that he has got the whole of the documents, or the whole of the documents the whole of the particulars? We know to the contrary. The historian can only see in part, can only understand in part. And in regard to nature, is the scientific historian any more or better than an historical sciolist? He can only speak and write of what he sees. If experience and experiment are to be his guides, he ought to take nothing on the authority of another. To what narrow limits is he then confined! The large domain of the past previous to his birth, and for some time after, is a blank to him;—all but a small portion of space beyond his contemplation. Small the whole extent of his experience—extremely limited the amount of his experimenting! And the knowledge obtained—what is it? Death—decomposition—analysis. The seat of life may not be profanely approached; the enshrined power eludes the last investigation of the man of physical science. It is the same with the metaphysical enquirer. Certain phenomena lead him to certain "ultimate facts," as they are called by professor Dugald Stewart,

of the human mind; and there his analysis ends. A ~~great~~ gulf is fixed between such facts and the laws of which they are expressions; nor is the way bridged over, neither can be, from this side of the wide intermediate fosse. On the other, indeed, a castle well fortified is already erected, evidently too with a draw-bridge, whereof the owners may let it down whenever they are so disposed, and make incursions into the land of experience at their pleasure. And to the shore of this gulf is brought the historian of all kinds, whether his subject be the passivities of nature, the activities of man, the progression of society, or the dispensations of Providence—hither he must come, and send over that ample deep a loud voice, demanding of the echoes that but repeat his question, what the System is, of which he has conceived the Idea?—what the Order, of which he acknowledges the Principle?—what the Purpose, of which he apprehends the Law?

Something then above or beyond science is required—a want which the scientific man feels as an instinct, but has not yet expressly assumed as a postulate. Evermore, however, glimpses of majestic truth come to him, that the subjects of his enquiry are processes toward one grand developement of this extra something, so lofty—so distant! All kinds of historical research, into nature—into man—into institutions—into nations—all are portions of a philosophy not yet reduced into its elements—not yet worked out: yet evermore operating and being exhibited in partial solutions.

It would be easy to show that the metaphysical enigmas with which the sphynx-adoring world has been puzzled or amused, are historical evolutions of the *one* philosophy which, in all ages and countries of the world, has been the same spirit, everywhere acknowledged, and animating the theorists of all denominations and complexions. The conviction of this truth has received, from time to time, illustration in the works of the noblest minds, both in this country and on the continent. Kant, Fichte, Schelling, the Schlegels, Herder, Lessing, Schiller, Göthe; De Stael, Chateaubriand, Cousins; Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Anster, Carlyle, and others, including the present Editor of this Magazine, have alike testified to the prevalence of this conviction, and illustrated it in their productions. The late Samuel Taylor Coleridge dedicated his life to the evolution of Catholic religion, as the formal enunciation of the *one* philosophy, or, more strictly speaking, of that Wisdom who, being before the hills, has nevertheless “her delights among the sons of men.” If we use the word *Philosopher*, rather than *Sophist*, it is in condescension to the prejudice which has condemned the latter phrase to contemptuous uses. Men, not wise, had made a lucrative profession of gravely seeming so, until the truly wise, as in the instance of Pythagoras, thought fit to decline the title in favour of one more modest. But the new term has been since as much abused; and it is not without a sneer, more or less intensified, that men predicate of a fellow-man the philosophic character. Who would, in these days, presume so much as to name another a *wise man*? The notion is preposterous! And yet—and yet—hear, O ye Heavens! and give ear, O thou Earth!—the

Man of Wisdom is even he for whom the Heavens enquire, and the Earth travails!

With the prejudices that militate against the high tone of sentiment in which we have just indulged, the class of minds we have enumerated have fought, and not in vain. How little they have been aided by periodical criticism, the destiny of Coleridge sufficiently illustrates. He lived to prove the truth of the feeling under which Shelley writhed only too intensely. Both were made to feel that in and to, and for, this world, Genius is a splendid error—at best a dazzling indiscretion—and entirely out of place on the surface of a material planet, among beings solicitous only for their physical interests. But nevertheless it still lives—on Hope; it feeds on Faith, and the essence and spirit of its being is Love;—faculties these which leave their possessor starving and naked here, and even then have freest exercise when he, to outward seeming, is most destitute of all who perish beneath the sun. It was well for Shelley that he had a fortune. His poetry was eminently unsuccessful. Had not Providence supplied his wants from other sources, he must have been a beggar—perhaps a maniac. Verily, a fearful gift is the gift of song. Justly might it be said of the prophet—“And lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument,” and no more. The language of the Muses is a foreign tongue;—the poet in the world is like Ruth when, in the field of Boaz, “she stood alone amid the *alien* corn.”*

Shelley was a victim to the want of philosophic completeness in his own person, as well as to the utter want of the philosophic spirit in the critical productions of the time. Coleridge, however,

* As an illustration of the change in opinion current with the rising intellect of the age, we may refer to the following sonnet addressed to Shelley, from a just published volume of poems now lying before us—“The Demons of the Wind, and other Poems. By Henry Longueville Mansell.”

Systems shall pass and perish. Visioned dreams
May moulder in oblivion; but Decay
Shall, like defeated spoiler, haste away,
In disappointed malice, from the names
Of such as thou, the master-spirits, whose eyes,
Like the sun-gazing eagle's, dared to soar
Above the clouds of custom, and explore
Unfathomed mysteries. Misbelief may rise
As thy accuser; but each virtuous deed
That gilds thy life, an advocate shall be—
These with united tongues, thy cause shall plead,
And be successful. Bigot Calumny,
As the burst withs beneath the Danite's might,
Shall fade before thy memory's stainless light.

For a philosophical analysis of Shelley's mind, the reader is respectfully referred to an article of our own on Shelley's poetry in the last June number of FRASER'S MAGAZINE. Beside the defences of Coleridge from the same pen in that periodical, there are two articles in the third number of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW, treating of the works both of Roger Bacon and of Coleridge, in which we have expressed opinions concerning *a priori* and *a posteriori* science that we are desirous of avowing.

was accomplished at all points—the poetic and the sophistic; and the deficient appreciation of his productions by the public, was altogether due to the neglect of the reviewers. O they were blind, passing all ordinary blindness, to the utterances of pure truth in whatever shape. It is amusing to read their late recantations—those of the *Edinburgh*, in relation to Kant and Wordsworth—those of the *Quarterly*, in reference to Shelley, and Hazlitt, and Coleridge; and that of nearly all Magazines in connexion with Southey.* More amusing is it to remark the confusion of some old readers of all these works; they are utterly perplexed. The decisions on which they once built their literary faith, are, like the equally unalterable decrees of the Medes and Persians, with the things that were. Time has pronounced upon them—they are failures. However well they may have prospered in the market of their time, those critical journals, in the moral world, are failures. The volumes that remain are ruins, the spaces in libraries they occupy show as Cities of the Dead, where grinning Idiocy sits, like a gibbering ape, horribly mocking amidst dishonoured columns and desecrated types—once superstitiously idolised—now religiously abhorred.

POLITICS.—The present condition of Politics is a result of the mal-influences above deplored. Under this head, we beg to include both Church and State. Every thing with both is now, and has been, in antagonism; and all along of the deleterious authority exercised by periodical literature abandoned of every principle. The progress of our great literature, from the time of Henry the Eighth to the present, has been to the general and abstract; the tendency of critical works to the petty and the sectarian. What mattered it that a venerable Hooker had, even at the dawn of the reformation, risen to the prothetic idea of Law as identified with the Divine Being himself; and that an eloquent Coleridge, in their own days, had shown its evolution in two infinite forces, for ever tending in opposite directions, but, nevertheless, stayed and supported in a common medium by the impartial attraction of a common centre? Not a single public critic thought it worth his while to suggest the point of mediation, but found, or sought, his profit, in championing one or other of the antagonist principles, cheering on the mob in the madness of their expectation, that one ever could subdue the other, as if, of two eternal powers, *one* could be destroyed. Absurd and asinine assumption!—not, however, confined to the monster multitude, but partaken by the leaders of popular opinion! Witness reviews, magazines, newspapers, all, without exception, devoted to a party, to one of the poles in this great contest, and none giving the slightest hint of a prior Unit, or Whole, the perception whereof solves all difficulties, and reconciles all anomalies. If the conductors of such works knew not of this antecedency to all ecclesiastical and political manifestations whatever, they were unfit for

* These remarks are as honourable to the present editors of such works, as they are criminatory of their predecessors.

the office that they assumed; if they knew of it, they were the veriest knaves that ever received the wages of the hireling. And look at the lamentable effects of such villany or ignorance! The members of society yet striving together, as if they had really separate interests, instead of only apparent ones, notwithstanding the publication of treatises demonstrating the contrary, as it were, with the finger of light itself. These treatises have been crushed by the neglect of reviewers—so that the light hath shined in a darkness that comprehended it not. And those to whom it had come, preferred the darkness before the light, because their deeds, their words, their very thoughts were evil.

The extent to which the partizanship spirit of periodical publication has been lately carried, exceeds all example. We have now not only two or three Reviews, but nine or ten; it may be more: Magazines still more numerous; and weekly publications out of number—one advocating one sect or party, another, another; one patronising the Church of England, another the Church of Rome; one, one sect, and another, another: but none, except this new series of the *Monthly Magazine*, devoted to truth as it is in itself, without favour or affection—working for God and Man, and not for individuals or cliques, falsely solicitous concerning mistaken interests. A great want, accordingly, has arisen, which we desiderate to supply. In a conflict so complicated, an Umpire is, indeed, demanded to decide between all parties—an impartial Arbitrator, who shall assume the vicarage of justice, and fulfil the duties of the station. God grant that neither we nor the time may be altogether unfitted for the needful task and its uncorrupt performance!

To conclude, however, an address, become somewhat intricate and laborious. A ready answer, we know, will be given to our argument, on the ground of the difference between Taste and Genius. Taste, we shall be told, is but the mirror of Genius, and presumes its prior existence. Homer was before Longinus. Poetry preceded criticism. What wonder, therefore, that the critics should be behind the great writers of the nineteenth century? We concede all this at once and for ever. But the objection involves not the assumption that the critic's taste shall not be on a par with a writer's genius. It is enough that a book shall be published to-day, and that the review shall appear to-morrow. A critic well instructed in the principles of his art, need fall into no error—the posteriority is one in time only, and not in mind. And what is Taste?—at least a sympathy with Genius—more, in reality;—even a certain amount of Genius—a manifestation, in fact, a demonstration of a nature universally partaken, by the assertion of a common right to appreciate its productions. This was sometime a paradox, which is now a mere common-place.

And how does this Sympathy shew itself? By an Appreciation of Excellence. The detection of defects, save by contrast, is no part of its business; where it perceives no significance, it will, as it ought, say nothing. It will shew reverence to every work of a man of genius.

Did Milton entertain a high opinion of his *Paradise Regained*?—it will not contradict him, but piously seek the reasons for his preference. Did Göthe value the *second* part of his *Faust*?—it will proceed to the investigation of the work with respect. In regard to the latter production, critics, both in Germany and in England, have been greatly in fault. Elaborate essays have been compiled to lead to the elaborate conclusion, that the critic had discovered no meaning in the poem. We know, however, that those who have investigated this production with care, feel that it possesses epic proprieties, and still more wonderful attributes, not to be profanely treated. That these points may be settled to the satisfaction of the English reader, we have caused a prose literal version of it to be made, of which a portion will appear in each number of this magazine until the whole is completed; and on which, as a faithful translation, implicit reliance may be placed. The Second Part of Göthe's *FAUST*, for the Monthly Magazine, will be rendered into English by Mr. Leopold John Bernays, a translator whose happy position precludes the possibility of erroneous interpretation. At some future opportunity we shall give two or three papers from our own pen on the whole of Göthe's works, with some criticisms on the *Faust* in particular.

Such are the services, then, which we purpose to render the British reader in the pages of the Monthly Magazine. Confident of the rectitude of our intentions, and proud of the nobility of our cause, we shall proceed fearlessly, and, we are sure, prosperously. For it is not according to the eternal order, that the soldier of truth should go to war at his own charges. Meantime, we repeat, a new æra has dawned on mankind. The genius of nations has commenced a new series of operations. All nations and peoples, all sects and parties, believers and infidels—all are now looking, as once before during the commonwealth, for a millennium, political or religious. A poetic instinct of humanity, this, which more than any, perhaps, requires regulation, and should be specially regarded by the public instructor. The first and second childhood of the world, as we have elsewhere remarked, are the poetical periods of imagination, "glorious with exhalations of the dawn," or radiant with the hues of sunset. Needful it is, however, that we should know, that those ideal æras are not to be fully actualised in the prose realities of mortal life; nor in attempting to reduce them to such levels can we retain the "fine touches" which in their native element set them off so winningly. More needful will this caution seem to us, when become aware of the fact, that all enthusiasts are of poetic temperament, being, if not writers, actors of poems; no less than that all poets are enthusiasts—*Vates* heaven-inspired; and that there is a tendency in all such to actualise in forms of flesh and blood these visionary anticipations, oblivious of the pregnant precept, that "flesh and blood itself cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Such mistakes have been made by great divines—men of fervid eloquence; nay, have been adopted by persons of sober understanding, and the plodding matter-of-fact professor. Mistakes these, however, which may be forgiven to a Shelley, an Irving, or a Fourier; or more than forgiven, being, as

they are, glorious faults which true critics would not mend nor have mended. If they offend, they likewise transcend. It is, however, only as abstractions that they err; but admirably, for the flight they soar is lofty. What seek they but to deliver man from the body of this death? With Promethean audacity, he rises up in rebellion against the tyranny of Nature. If he recognises in the laws by which she is governed a spiritual influence, this discovery only increases his resentment;—alas! not always acknowledging that, unless with the concurrence of his own, there is no other will capable of prevailing against its inherent liberty. Not until itself enslaved by sin, it recognises the (then needful) antagonism of nature's evil. But amidst it all, Hope, the last ingredient of Pandora's box, "springs eternal in the human breast," and he feels the day of deliverance at hand, in the ever present power of deliverance that is consciously enshrined (the yet unfallen image of God) in the adyta of the soul! It was this, perhaps, which Shelley understood by the sudden radiance that, in his *Prometheus Unbound*, invests the form of Asia, and gives occasion for the most beautiful of sentiments, and the exquisite lyrics that follow it:—

Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.
Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air,
It makes the reptile equal to the God:
They who inspire it most are fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still, after long sufferings,
As I shall soon become.

Panthea. List! Spirits speak.

Voices in the air, singing.

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy lips are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender,
Like the fairest; for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest,
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

Asia. My soul is an enchanted boat,
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;
 And thine doth like an angel sit
 Beside the helm conducting it,
 Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
 It seems to float ever, for ever,
 Upon that many-winding river,
 Between mountains, woods, abysses,
 A Paradise of wildernesses !
 Till, like one in slumber bound,
 Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
 Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound.
 Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
 In music's most serene dominions,
 Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven ;
 And we sail on, away, afar,
 Without a course, without a star,
 But by the instinct of sweet music driven ;
 Till through Elysian garden islets
 By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
 Where never mortal pinnacle glided,
 The boat of my desire is guided ;
 Realms where the air we breathe is love,
 Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
 Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.
 We have pass'd Age's icy caves,
 And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
 And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray :
 Beyond the glassy gulphs we flee
 Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
 Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day ;
 A paradise of vaulted bowers,
 Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
 And watery paths that wind between
 Wildernesses calm and green,
 Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
 And rest having beheld—somewhat like thee,
 Which walk upon the sea, and chaunt melodiously."

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.*

SECOND SERIES.

"WHERE in all conscience have you been so long?" said one of my lady visitors to me the other day, at my pleasant house in Kensington. "I have called here more than once, and found you had *let* this pretty domicile of your's; but where you were gone I could not learn. What have you been doing, Mrs. Griffiths?"

"You may well enquire," I answered, smiling; "but I can scarcely

* The *first series* of these remarkable tales appeared, some twelve months since, in *Fraser's Magazine*, where they acquired great popularity. The publication of the second series in this Magazine is due to the personal friendship of the talented author for its present editor.—J. A. H.

believe it myself. I have actually crossed the *Atlantic* to visit our cousin Jonathan; but more especially, the son of General Harcourt. You remember the story I told you, many months ago, concerning him. I consider him almost as my own. He has been alarmingly ill; and I thought I might render the dear young gentleman some service: so off I set, without informing any one; and have left my young friend quite recovered, and returned home in the *Great Western* as blithe as a lark."

"So that is the reason that we have had no more of your amusing tales;" said Lady P——, "but now you *are* returned, I trust you mean to resume them."

"I have not got half way through my note-book yet," said I; "but I have transcribed one memorandum on my passage home; I think it good, and mean to send it to the Printer's immediately. There it is; entitled

Isabel Beane.

THE lady of the Rev. Francis Talbot called one morning at my house in Kensington, when the following short dialogue passed between us. It happened some years ago.

"I much fear, Mrs. Griffiths, that I must dispense with your kind attentions to me *this time*," said this lady; "which I assure you I am very sorry for: but I am going with Mr. Talbot and my little Fanny to stay all the remainder of the summer at Southampton; for my father has given us an invitation: and as Mr. Talbot has at present no clerical duty, we mean to avail ourselves of it, the more especially as we are not over rich, as you know, and a confinement is rather an expensive matter."

"What is your difficulty, Madam?" replied I: "respecting myself? I have no objection, if we can make clear arrangements, of attending you, since you so strongly wish it, even at the distance of Southampton."

"You are a kind, good creature, I am sure," returned the lady: "but I was apprehensive that such a step would have completely *thrown you out* in your plans, and been attended with much sacrifice and expense. *If I were richer than I am, indeed—*"

"Never mind that, Madam; I am not of a very covetous disposition," I answered. "I should like to see Southampton again, and have a little change of air into the bargain: so I will pay my own expenses down and up, if you cannot well afford it, and attend you on the same terms as formerly."

"O no! my Francis would not allow that, I am sure," said the lady. "Suppose we say that I will frank you *down* there, and if you like to take your chance about coming back, or will cram in with Mr. Talbot, Fanny and me, the baby and the nursemaid, in a post-chaise, why I shall hold you engaged to come to me in August: you had better make it the *beginning* of the month. We will send Sir William's carriage to meet you at the inn where the coach stops (for my father lives a little out of the town), and I shall expect you by the 6th of August at the latest:—yes, we will say, if you please, the 6th."

"You may depend, Madam, on my punctuality: I will be with you

on that day;" and Mrs. Talbot arose to take her leave: but, seating herself again, thus resumed:—

"I must not forget to tell you, that my father, Sir William Ogilvie, is somewhat of an oddity; you must not mind if he should speak a little roughly and gruffly at first: you will soon be accustomed to his manner. He is very fond of his magisterial duties; and speaks as if he were ever *on the bench*, and suspected all about him of being rogues and vagabonds."

I laughed at this, and asked, "If there would be any danger of his committing *me* to the House of Correction as a vagrant?"

"No," said his daughter; "but he considers all *nurses* and *nursing-businesses*, I believe, as dreadful *nuisances*; so perhaps he may be able to get at and punish you that way: but, at any rate, come and see. If he should ship us all over to Van Diemen's Land, we will take some of his fine old Madeira with us, and cattle enough to stock us a farm there when we get to that colony."

"How did your *mother* manage with him when her *nursing concerns* were about?" I enquired. "I believe she has had a large family."

"Too many, I assure you, Mrs. Griffiths," replied the lady; "and those young unmarried girls, my sisters, contrive to get all his ready cash from him; he very seldom thinks of us poor married ones. You will soon see the sad misrule of the house, and how his younger children turn and twist him about which ever way they like; but I am to meet Mr. Talbot here in the Gardens, and he will be quite impatient. Good morning; I shall depend upon you;" and she stepped into a one-horse vehicle she had hired for the occasion, known by the name of "*a fly*," and departed.

My trusty Bridget was soon informed of my engagement; and I made what arrangements I thought necessary, not forgetting the usual purchase of a little good millinery at my namesake's (at least, the same as my assumed one), Griffiths, in the Quadrant; and after calling and taking leave of several of my friends, amongst whom the Merediths and the Lascelles were not forgotten, I took my place in the coach, packed up my wardrobe, and departed in high health and spirits in "*The Regulus*," then the favorite vehicle on that road.

So at Southampton I duly arrived, and found the carriage of Sir William Ogilvie, and two of his younger daughters in it, waiting my arrival near the Portland Hotel (*above-bar* as they call it), ready to convey me to his residence, a beautiful stone-built house, not far from the celebrated ruins of Netley Abbey. The two young ladies, Miss Ogilvie and Miss Caroline Ogilvie, told me, on our ride home, that they had not yet quite finished their education at Bath, but they hoped in another year, with the assistance of masters when they left school, that this important business would be over. All the way home they were full of the project, I found, of trying to coax their papa to let them invite for the present vacation, which commenced in August, their favorite school-fellow, *Isabel Deane*, a young Indian girl, who they said would otherwise be mewed up in the old school-room at Bath, all that time, with no companions but Mrs. P——, their precise old governess, and her pet poodle.

"How dreadful it must have been for her," said Miss Ogilvie, "to

see us all go away, one after another, and no kind relative or friend to come for her! I promised her I would ask papa to invite her, poor dear! but he looks *so glum*, I have not had the courage yet to do it, especially as—" and she hesitated and stopped.

"He is, I fear, going to have another fit of the gout; he seems so irritable," interrupted the younger lady of the two, "and now my sister Talbot is here, and her husband, and little Fanny, and this expected *nursing business* to boot, I fear he will never consent to poor Isabel's coming."

"I will try that, however, to-morrow, I am determined," said the elder sister. "What room will poor Isabel take up? She can have half my bed, or the little green room close to your's—she *shall* come. What right have *married sisters* to come down and make a *hospital* of papa's house?"

"Hush, Matty, for heaven's sake!" interrupted the more prudent Caroline, glancing at me, "I am sure we are most happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Talbot at all times: *he* is an especial favorite of mine; he writes such pretty poetry, only a little too serious; and he rides out with us, *and all that*; and as for little Fanny, she is absolutely a *darling*."

"They are all very well," cried the pertinacious Miss Ogilvie, "but I love Isabel Deane better than the whole set of them." There was another admonitory hint from Miss Caroline; and then there was a long silence, but which was at length broken by the elder one saying, as she fixed her eyes on Netley Abbey, now full in our sight,—“O how Isabel Deane would enjoy to sketch yonder ruin! and then what delicious verses she would make on it; and on our Trissanton-bay; and our pretty Woodmills; and our river Itchen, and—she *shall* positively come, Carry, and there's an end of it! Hetty always had some young friend or other staying with her, and so had Jane and Fanny, and so will we." With this firm resolve, supported by an approving nod on the part of the more cautious younger sister, we drove up to "The Plantations," as the seat of Sir William Ogilvie was called.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, and their little girl ("one of my own children," as I usually called those I had first clothed and fed), were at the large white entrance gate ready to receive us. The child petitioned for a ride, and was put in at the window to me by her father, when I proceeded on to the house in the carriage, being both tired and hungry; besides, I wanted to put my dress into proper trim after so long a journey, before I chose to be seen by the master of the house, or any of the company that might be staying there. The two young ladies chose also to be driven up to the hall door with me, and there we all got out. I could not help smiling to hear how very *soon* the young Miss Ogilvie began her tactics with her papa, who peeped out of his library door on hearing the carriage stop. I was attending to my luggage, and playing with little Fanny, so heard every word.

"My dear papa, you know how fond I am of sketching! and the scenery is *so* beautiful all around this place! If Isabel Deane were but here, she could teach us how to take such lovely views; could not she, Caroline?"

"O certainly!" said the younger sister, "Nobody sketches so well as Isabel Deane."

"Then she tells such delightful stories; all about the Hindoos, and the Rajahs, and the taming of elephants, and the hunting of tigers, and playing on calaphons over calabashes. Do, dear papa, let us have Isabel Deane down with us to spend the holidays."

"We have enough people here without Isabel Deane, I think," muttered out the baronet, with no very gracious tone of voice, as he just condescended to nod at me as I passed through the hall; but the young ladies did not give up the point, for I heard them still sounding the praises of "*Isabel Deane*" as I ascended the stairs; and I found out the next day, that by dint of entreaties, remonstrances, arguments, and persuasions, with the addition of a little sullenness, a few tears, and a good many kisses, they had prevailed—Isabel Deane was invited to spend six weeks at "*The Plantations*," and a female servant was soon dispatched to Bath, to take the charge of the young lady down. All this I heard from Mrs. Talbot, who assured me, "she was perfectly *disgusted* to see how her poor papa was *managed* by *those girls*. She never had gained such an ascendancy over him. Poor dear gentleman, they would racket him to death now! There would be *three* of them, instead of two, and at such a time too, when the house ought to be kept so quiet! She wished her elder sister, Mrs. Woolcot, would come down and set it all to rights; for as she had married *so well*, and had such a fine establishment, what *she* said would be attended to: but for myself," added she confidentially, "my best way will be to avoid all interference—all altercation; indeed, Francis insists upon it that I should not meddle with my younger sisters; he never does so, and that makes him such a favorite with them. Great flirting things as they are! they are always wanting him to ride with them, and walk with them, and write verses for their albums; it is very disagreeable, I assure you, Mrs. Griffiths; I cannot get Francis an hour to myself when they are at home; and when I am confined it will be still worse I fear. How I do detest great romping girls! Only look, Mrs. Griffiths! there they are now, running after butterflies with Mr. Talbot on the lawn: I shall go down and remonstrate with him on his folly—a *clergyman* too!" And away she went and carried off her Francis to another part of the grounds, no doubt giving him a conjugal lecture by the way.

Let me here give a slight sketch of the master of the house, Sir William Ogilvie, who is the undoubted hero of this tale: although already a grandpapa, and also accused by his youngest daughter of having an occasional fit of the gout, and a consequent irritability of temper during the *breeding time*, as they call it, of that patrician disorder.

Sir William Ogilvie was what the ladies would call, "*a very handsome man*," but a philosopher, perhaps, a mere *animal*, though a very fine one of its kind. He was tall and well-proportioned; had florid, regular, handsome features, and carried himself erect as a life-guardsman; he was cold and stately in his manners; not easily moved to laughter; and piqued himself on being the best county magistrate on the bench. He had even published a pamphlet enquiring into the charges on county-rates in England and Wales, and had given his evidence respecting his own county before a Select Committee of the House of Lords with great clearness and *éclat*; for which the county gentlemen had subscribed

and given him a service of plate. He was now employed in writing another pamphlet, hoping to revise the present game-laws; as he considered it a disgrace to the aristocracy that a hare, pheasant, or partridge, could be purchased openly at a poulterer's shop. He was never familiar to his children, but was nevertheless a very kind father, and very accessible on the score of a little wheedling and fondling, which his two youngest daughters had lately found out, and used the spell as often as it suited them, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Talbot, who declared, "She never in her life presumed to cajole papa as *those girls* now did, and she wondered he could endure it; but they knew what they were about, that was clear; and for that matter, she should give her own little Fanny a lesson or two in the same art, and see if *she* could coax her grandpapa out of a grand piano, as the dear little thing would soon have to begin music." To accomplish this laudable design, the poor child was taught to sing "Little Bo-peep," and "The Life and Death of Poor Cock Robin," and instructed how to clamber up Sir William's knees, lisp out her little artifice, telling him, "She would sing, dear *great papa*, a great many more pretty songs, if *little papa* would buy her a nice new pi—, pi—," she could not remember the word, but her mama prompted her, and at the same time affected to check her being so troublesome. The artifice succeeded: Sir William promised that if she would learn to sing "Chevy Chase" and "Rule Britannia," she should have one of Wornham's best instruments, with a picciola besides; and so that affair was settled. Thus are children first instructed!

There was a little room adjoining the one in which Sir William sat occasionally as magistrate, divided from it only by a glass-door and a green curtain. Into this small study, full of law-books, &c., Mrs. Talbot sometimes invited me to sit and amuse ourselves with hearing some of the strange cases that were brought before her father. I observed he was always unusually severe at any infringement of the laws for the protection of game on his own manor, and very lenient to those poor young women, who were sometimes brought before him for having dared to be too kind to their lovers, and whose blushing countenances and other indications proved, that they were likely to increase the burden of the poor-rates. One of the latter cases come before him a few days previous to Mrs. Talbot's seclusion, and I thought it worthy of a place in my note-book.

An unusual bustle appeared in the house, as the offending party was most reluctantly brought before Sir William; all the maid-servants were whispering together in groups; and, on our entering the little study (Mrs. Talbot and myself), we found it pre-occupied by Wilmot the butler, and Thomas the footman, who hurried from the room on seeing us, in evident confusion, making some sort of stammering apology for the liberty they had taken.

"What a very pretty girl she is!" said Mrs. Talbot to me, as we peeped under a corner of the green-curtain into the adjoining room; "what a pity to see her in that state! She is ready to sink with shame; but hush, let us hear what papa says."

"So, young woman," exclaimed the magistrate, but his voice was neither stern, nor unfeeling; "so, you have brought yourself to a pretty pass, when too, with that *tolerable*-looking face of yours, you might have

done so much better for yourself. Have you not been a little fool now, to say the best of it? You have brought your merchandise to a sad market! Who is the *rascal* that has deceived you, Peggy Hawkins?"

There was no answer from that agitated bosom but sighs and sobs—her face was deluged with tears; although both her hands sought to cover her features, the large drops trickled between the fingers. Sir William moved about upon his chair, and seemed at a loss how to proceed; the officer, or beadle, who had her in custody, took upon himself to instruct him.

"The impudent young baggage will not answer a word, your honour; perhaps a little *solitary confinement* may teach her how to find her tongue. Shall I lead her away, Sir William?"

"Do you mean to teach me my duty, sirrah?" replied the magistrate sternly. "Do you not perceive that the poor girl is choking? Pour out a glass of wine, Sudbury," continued he to his clerk, "and give it to her; and hand her a chair: although she has been so imprudent, yet I suppose she is not the first, and will not be the last, to act thus: still she feels like a woman. There, sit down, Peggy Hawkins, and tell me all about it. Why, child, you are not the first who have sinned this way. It is as old a fault as mother Eve's. I repeat the question; Who is the rascal who has deceived you? This new Act falls hard upon the woman!"

"I dare not tell your worship," at length, in a low tone, came from the quivering lips of the poor culprit. "*He has* injured me; but I cannot, indeed I cannot, speak the word might do him wrong."

"More fool you for your pains!" shouted Sir William; but there was no anger in the tone of his voice. "By my soul, you are too good for him, whoever he may be." Then, turning to the beadle, he enquired if he had any suspicion of the girl's seducer? The clerk and the officer exchanged looks; and there was a dead pause.

"Was I understood, thou man of mean office?" again inquired Sir William; but *now* anger flashed in his eye, and could not be mistaken in the tone of his voice.

"I think I have a notion," responded the man, grinning openly at the clerk, who continued writing most incontinently, afraid to hold up his head to incur the magistrate's displeasure.

"Leave off your horrible faces, and begin," exclaimed Sir William, rising, and striking his hand upon the table; the young girl dropped upon her knees, and the beadle left off his facetiousness. "How should Master Hinxmar know any thing of me, or my wretchedness, your honour?" murmured out poor Peggy. "What he can tell you is not worth your honour's hearing; so do not make him say what he will have to answer for at the judgment;—he only suspects, because—"

"*Suspect*, indeed!" interrupted the man with the gold hat. "Why, that beats every thing I've heard. Was it for nothing his worship's fine dressed-up *butler* came every evening to your mother's paltry cottage, and brought you cakes and sweetmeats, and all kinds of trumpery? *Suspect*, indeed! Have I not had my eye upon you, Peggy Hawkins, for this many a month, and told you what it would come to? warned you enough? Might you not have been an honest man's wife, instead of—"

"Is this true?" demanded Sir William, kindling into rage: "I will sift this matter to the bottom. Here, send me that fellow, Wilmot, instantly, with his simpering looks and fine silk stockings. I'll teach him—So, Sir! you have been amusing yourself, I find, in tampering with the innocence of young country girls—my tenants! Look at that simple-hearted creature, and blush at the misery you have occasioned!"

"*I have not spoken a word*," sobbed Peggy; "it is all through the spite and jealousy of Master Hinxman, there. Please your worship, do not mind him; he knows nothing."

Sir William heeded her not, but, drawing up himself to his full height, and bending his brows as he spoke, thus did he address the dandified butler, who stood playing with his watch-chain, shifting from one foot to another, and assuming a composure that he did not feel; trying to look calm, but quivering with emotion.

"How long have you lived in my family, Wilmot?" enquired the baronet in no gentle tone.

"About four years, Sir William; and I have served you faithfully—you know I have."

"Are you contented with your master and your place?"

"O Sir William, how can you ask me that question?" enquired the butler; "a better master never lived."

"I trust *your next* one will be as good a one; for, unless your banns are put up next Sunday with this injured girl, who is worth a dozen of such heartless profligates as you, you are at liberty to seek such master this very moment. My house shall never shelter the man who betrays and forsakes the heart that trusted him."

"And what, Sir William, if I consent to marry the girl?" enquired the butler, sidling towards Peggy.

"Why, that you may continue in your service, and she—let me see; what can I do for her? Can you wash and iron well?"

"That she can, Sir William," interposed the beadle, who seemed now much affected; "and she is as pretty a housewife as ever I saw."

"Then she shall live at the 'Fallows' farm-house; and I will have it fitted up for a laundry; and you, Wilmot, can sleep there with your wife: is the thing settled? For I have another case waiting, and can spare no time."

"God bless and preserve your honourable worship!" exclaimed poor Peggy, as she hid her blushing and really pretty face on the shoulder of the butler, who repulsed her not: and, in three weeks or so, they were married. Peggy's mother came to take care of her during her confinement at the 'Fallows,' and the 'Monthly Nurse' did not disdain to give some assistance on the occasion. Still greater honour awaited her. Isabel Deane, the young Indian girl before named, my heroine, insisted on being godmother to the infant; and, as kindness is always infectious, Miss Ogilvie followed her example, which seemed to afford great satisfaction to the crest-fallen Wilmot, who then heard the daily praises of his wife and child, and began to be proud of them both.

"And what was this Isabel Deane like, of whom you have said so much?" cries the reader. "I suppose you intend, in your usual way, Madam, to give us a portrait of her?"

Be kind enough first to dip my pencil in the magic fountain above

the clouds, gentle reader, from whence the many-coloured dew-drops get their sparkling hues, ever varying according to the position from which they are beheld—now green, now crimson, now orange, now a simple drop of water, now all the prismatic colours together in a blaze. This young and extremely diminutive girl, never appeared the same two minutes together, yet was she charming under every change; she had not the slightest shade of affectation, but seemed guided only by those instincts, or impulses, that were constantly at work within her. Now playful as a fawn, in another moment weeping at a tale of woe, now speaking like an oracle, and with an intensity that vibrated through the very being of others, by the means of that unknown power, *sympathy*, speaking of things (if things they can be termed), beyond an angel's ken; then playing such fantastic tricks, she seemed almost belonging to the tribe of monkeys. She was a nondescript, indeed! I never saw any thing like her; but I will describe her first appearance at "The Plantations," for I happened to be present when she entered the drawing-room there; and perhaps some idea may be formed of her. What Miss Ogilvie and her sister Caroline had prophesied, came to pass. Sir William had a touch of the gout a few days after my arrival; and he made every body know it. With his feet wrapped up in flannel and fleecy-hosiery, and his fine person encompassed in a rich chintz morning-gown, he gave himself up wholly to the unpleasant intruder. Seated in his blue-morocco easy-chair, his feet pillowed on an ottoman, with china basons, glass phials, and medical treatises heaped together on a small table beside him, he looked like any thing but "Patience on a Monument;"—even little Fanny played with her doll in a corner, whispering to it her commands, or expostulations, "afraid to disturb grand-papa:" his youngest daughters, wisely enough, got out of his way; and Mr. Talbot, at a distant window, seemed meditating his escape also; when I heard, as I was pouring out the medicine in my gratuitous office of nurse to the querulous invalid, the sound of carriage-wheels whirling round the sweep, and simultaneously, for so it seemed to me, so quickly did the effect follow the cause, the peevish request from my patient, "That I would go immediately and prevent *that girl* (for he supposed she was arrived) from intruding there until he could be conveyed into his own library, where he hoped he might at least be safe, at such a time, from the annoyance of *strangers*." I went out upon my errand, and found Isabel Deane in the arms of her two young friends, who were pouring into her ear their expressions of delight and regret, of welcome and of admonition, yet so mixed up together, so vague, and so perfectly unintelligible, even to one gifted with such quickness of apprehension and rapidity of thought, that she put one in mind more of a Peri than a school-girl. She stood perfectly bewildered, and cast her beseeching Eastern eyes upon me, while I approached, as if asking me for an explanation of all they uttered. I began it accordingly; but had no sooner made her understand that the father of her two friends was then suffering from a fit of *the gout*, than she clapped together her fairy hands of exquisite beauty, and exclaimed, "I will instantly cure him! Take me to him this moment! How fortunate that I should have brought it with me!" The sisters looked at me, and I at them. I saw a smile on the mouth of Mr. Talbot, who had joined the group with his lady, a

smile of wonder at the enthusiasm and confidence of success displayed by so young and diminutive a creature, with evident admiration of her singular beauty and animation. "Where is my little jewel-casket? that in the Indian case?" quickly demanded the little beauty in that tone of oriental command all have acquired who have lived in the land of the Ganges and the Ind. "There it lies before you!" continued she; "be pleased to take it from its covering;—now, where are my keys? O here, in my reticule.—Dear girls, show me to your father!"

I own I had been so struck with the whole of the foregoing scene, that I thought not of Sir William's prohibition. This Isabel Deane seemed to carry all before her; I mechanically followed in the train, as Miss Ogilvie led the way to the drawing-room.

Isabel Deane no sooner beheld the invalid gentleman, seated in his elbow chair, than she darted forward with an agility I had never seen equalled, with her little ivory casket, beautifully cut and ornamented, in her hand. Although she had never cast her eyes upon him before, it was enough for her to know that he was the father of her friends; to her the name of *father* gave the idea of all that was most sacred and endearing; she had not long lost her own! Then, had he not invited her, an unknown orphan, to his dwelling?—sent for her so many miles, and in a manner so gratifying to her female delicacy, her Eastern pride?—sent his own carriage, with an upper woman-servant for her escort? Then was he not ill? in pain? her generous patron? And did she not fondly believe that she possessed the power, the secret, the amulet, the charm, to do him good; to give him almost instantaneous relief? It was under the influence of *all* these mingled feelings, since analysed by myself through a deeper knowledge of her character than I possessed at that time, that this Eastern girl, with the glowing enthusiasm, nay, devotion, that at that moment imbued her whole being, placed her ivory casket, containing *her amulet*, at his feet, and whilst exclaiming, "Dear, dear Sir William! thank God, I have the power to cure you," she threw her childish arms around the neck of the astonished magistrate, and imprinted on his forehead *a kiss*, pure, infantine, yet impassioned,—a kiss that was at the same time the holiest and the most captivating pressure that, for many years at least, had saluted the brow of Sir William Ogilvie. It is impossible to describe the effect produced on us all by this act of unaffected simplicity; to have laughed at it would have been a profanation—it was a sacred thing! and yet the amazement depicted on the countenance of the invalid! and the evident dread of his daughters and son-in-law, that there would be an out-break of anger from their father for the girl's presumption; all this was approaching to the ludicrous: for my own part, I was interested beyond expression, and watched anxiously for the termination of this scene.

"Cure me! my sweet girl!" said the Baronet, "why, you have made me well already! And so you are the much-talked-of *Isabel Deane*? You are welcome, most welcome to 'The Plantations,'—welcome as a daughter." Never had I heard him speak in such a tone.

In another moment, the key had been applied to the lock of the ivory box, and Isabel Deane took from it a polished piece of *blood-stone*, a perfect sphere; and calling in an authoritative tone, yet with a most

musical voice, for a glass of spring water, which, as it happened to be in the room, I presented to her; she dropped the stone into it, and covered it over with a china plate that she found upon the table. "It must remain there an hour," said the Eastern girl to Sir William, with a little nod, "before you drink it; be pleased to note the time," Sir William mechanically obeyed her. "You must not dine immediately after you have taken this infusion," added she, laying her finger impressively on Sir William's sleeve; "I think the Brahmin told me, at least a couple of hours must elapse before you eat, that you may not interrupt the spell."

"A spell, is it?" demanded the now smiling patient. "Why, thou art one thyself. Tell us from whence this magic stone was taken?"

"It was dug out from the palace of Agra," responded the fair physician, gravely, where it had lain for centuries, with several tons' weight more of this precious composition, hid there to preserve it from being carried off. You smile, Sir William, at hearing me call it a *composition*, since you imagine the blood-stone to be a production of nature. The Brahmins only know *how* it was composed—*whose* drops or gout of blood are scattered throughout this blessed substance; but you shall find its efficacy."

"Whose little angel is that?" enquired the strange capricious visitant, now first observing little Fanny ensconced in her corner. In the twinkling of an eye, Isabel Deane was by her side, seated in the manner of the East, and playing with the doll, and with the child, as if she were only herself six years old.

"Come with us, Isabel, and change your dress before dinner," said Miss Ogilvie; "I want 'o tell you a hundred things," said Miss Caroline.

"Hush!" retorted the wilful little beauty, "I cannot leave the room until the hour is passed; do not disturb your father: even now the charm begins to operate upon him only by its proximity. The severity of his pain is passed. Give me the watch; I'll calculate the time myself"—and she placed Sir William's repeater in her bosom, and went on dressing the waxen baby, and twisting up its silken scarf into an Eastern turban, and plucking some feathers from her own bonnet which she threw down carelessly by her side, discovering the most beautiful and redundant tresses of the purest black I had ever seen. Sir William seemed much amused by the tricks of Isabel Deane, and I saw watched every movement with pleased attention.

I perceived, also, that Mr. Talbot shared the interest I felt in this uncommon scene; although he had a book in his hand, and appeared to be reading, his eyes were constantly lifted off to observe what was next to be enacted.

At the expiration of an hour, Isabel Deane rose with much solemnity, and gazed stedfastly at the glass containing the water and the stone; then lifted up her eyes to heaven, with a smile that looked seraphic, "It will do," said she, and she took out the blood-stone, wiped it carefully, and replaced it in her casket, taking care to lock the box, take out the key, and replace it in her reticule. Then, lifting up the glass, she approached with a devotional look the baronet, presenting it to him on her knees, saying something to this effect:—

"May the Father of us all bless these means I use to banish thy disease, my foster-father."

I saw Sir William hesitated: he looked at his son-in-law, then at me; he saw no warning in our eyes to bid him "Forbear:" he cast his eyes on the graceful, almost inspired form before him; so flexible, so elegantly moulded, *so full of life*, so redolent with *faith*. "I may as well indulge her strange whim of believing she can cure me; 'tis but a glass of water after all!" he murmured thus to himself, and drained the goblet.

"Now let us leave him, dear ones," cried Isabel Deane; "*our* father will join us at the dinner-table, which must be at six. We cannot dine before six; you must not dress for dinner, *dear papa!*"

He smiled, and said, "Order the dinner at that hour, Matty; perhaps I shall be able to hobble in and join you. My sweet physician! have you no other prescription?—give me one like your first!"

This was said in a tone of gallantry and of cheerfulness that quite surprised us all, not more so indeed, than on seeing this extraordinary Indian girl bending over her patient, as an angel would over a dying saint, and giving him the boon he asked for.

I have said that Sir William Ogilvie had only a *slight* fit of the gout, but that he *made the most of it*. It is not for me to go into a history of cause and effect; to speculate on the supposed hidden and occult qualities of the blood-stone of Agra; of which a specimen is now in this house, brought from thence by a brave British officer, who saw it dug out from the palace there, about three miles distant from the celebrated Tarjee, where an enormous mass of this stone was buried by some former king of Agra, to preserve it from being carried off piecemeal on account of its supposed talismanic virtues; and he thought to ensure happiness and welfare to his descendants as long as it remained within the foundations of the royal residence.

Sir William Ogilvy did his best now to throw off all the wrappings and appendages of the gout, more in honour to his young guest, it is presumed, than from the healing virtues of the infusion she had given him; perhaps from a certain exhilaration of spirits produced by an incipient passion for the young Indian: but I must not anticipate my story.

The day after the entrance of Isabel Deane into the family of Sir William Ogilvie, Mrs. Talbot and myself, for weighty reasons, secluded ourselves for a time in a very pleasant apartment overlooking the Southampton water and its green banks, covered with those lovely organised *beings*, trees and shrubs, the *mute inhabitants* of this world, whether the *sensitive* ones or not we do not know. There is a strong analogy between them, it must be allowed, and the animal kingdom; yet so gradual is the change from it to the vegetable one, that who shall say—shall dare to pronounce, that the oyster feels pain at the entrance of a knife into its body, and the sensitive-plant, or Venus's fly-trap, does *not* when torn to pieces? Poetry loves to imagine that there is a kindred spirit throughout all nature. Let her enjoy her wild yet beautiful imaginings—let her people the woods and streams with sentient beings—but enough of this.

I am a very keen observer; I believe I have said this a hundred times before, because I am proud, I suppose, of this faculty, which makes me thus parade it to the world: we talk not of what we wish concealed.

Sir William Ogilvie had always affected to dress a good deal in the

old style, like a country gentleman of half a century back : surprised was I therefore to observe him, the first day I ventured to open the windows in Mrs. Talbot's apartment, walking on the lawn with Isabel Deane and his younger daughters, dressed in a modern suit of very handsome black, with a rich black taffety scarf, tied very carefully round his neck, instead of the cambric stock and gold buckle he had been in the habit of wearing ; he had also assumed a white cambric handkerchief for his pocket, and (notwithstanding the gout) I perceived had mounted a pair of black silk stockings and thin shoes. At first I did not recognise him, so great a change had dress made in his appearance : and I actually asked Mrs. Talbot, " If she expected any stranger at ' The Plantations,' as there was a very fine-looking man walking on the lawn, seemingly quite at home, with the young ladies."

" Who can it be ?" enquired the lady. " I wish I could get a peep at him ; just undraw the curtains at the bottom of the bed, for a moment. I declare it is papa ! but how altered ! How *dandified* he looks ! In silk stockings, too ! It is very surprising, I declare ; Francis never tells me any thing. He might have mentioned to me, if only for the fun's sake, that my good, grave, magisterial father, is over head and ears in love with this little wild, outlandish, half-crazy chit, Isabel Deane."

The first time after this Mr. Talbot entered his lady's apartment, he was assailed by innumerable questionings, of what had been going on below stairs since her confinement, with no very ambiguous hints that he ought to have kept better watch over the proceedings there, and also have informed her of them, as now she feared the intriguing young Indian had stolen a march that never could, even with the best generalship, be recovered. " She will get what she desires, and that, too, in spite of us all. I tell you, Francis, this girl will be Lady Ogilvie."

How true is it that women have more penetration in *these matters* than men ; and why ? Because they *think* more about them. By one single glance had Mrs. Talbot discovered, and from an upper chamber, too, quite apart from the persons concerned, what had never once entered into her husband's head, he had been so much occupied with reading an essay from that eloquent American writer, Dr. Channing, and his yet incipient desire to enter into a friendly controversy with him about some points of theology in the pamphlet he thought it an easy matter to confute, that he had paid very little attention to what was passing around him ; but now it was pointed out to him, he remembered a hundred things that confirmed him in the notion that his wife was right, excepting in the idea of *design* on the part of the accused young lady herself ; and here, with a pertinacity that half offended Mrs. Talbot, he defended her against the charge of being " intriguing" and " artful."

" You wrong her, my dear Fanny," said the conscientious young clergyman ; " Isabel Deane is as pure and as free from artifice as the very birds or butterflies that she resembles ; the simplest child of nature I ever saw : she personifies to me," continued Mr. Talbot, " that beautiful creature of the imagination, portrayed so well by Le Sage, his Virginia of the Isle of France : and then her genius ! her brilliant flashes of thought ! her rapid sketches of nature, so bold, so true ! and then her singing !"

"Hold your tongue, Francis, for patience' sake," interrupted his lady; "why she has absolutely bewitched you all! I am quite provoked with the audacity of the young minx! You are as bad as papa,"—and her colour went and came.

"My dear love!" interposed the alarmed husband, "pray calm yourself; such violent feeling, at such a time as this, will do you injury. Think no more about this foolish affair, let me beseech you. If your father has taken a fancy to this poor orphan, what is that to us? You know I shall have a very good income indeed, in a very short time, at my uncle's death, besides the living that he has already purchased the advowson of; then why should we care about his marrying? Let him please himself, dearest; there will always be enough for you, our little Fan, and this young speechless thing. Come, shew him to me, my dear Fanny, again; who is he like? Mrs. Griffiths, are you expert in likenesses? Give us your opinion."

Seeing the object of the affectionate young divine, I did my best to second it; so between us all, we found out that "the baby-boy" was the very image of *the present Bishop of London*; and, of course, that denoted he would himself wear a pair of lawn sleeves one day or other; perhaps rise to be an archbishop. Hence the lady was consoled, and fell asleep, undisturbed further by the idea that there was a probability of her having a mother-in-law nearly as young as her youngest sister, and almost as child-like as her own little Fanny.

I could not resist occasionally looking out upon the lawn when I heard voices there, especially as I was myself shaded from observation by the muslin curtains; the next time I so indulged that curiosity, inherited from a very long ancestry, which even the mighty *Deluge* could not wash away, I saw plainly enough that Mrs. Talbot's surmises, as far as regarded her father, Sir William, were tolerably just. Isabel Deane wished to sketch some particular tree that struck her fancy in the shrubbery, close under our window. It was an old oak, half blasted by the lightning, half shivered to pieces, and without a semblance of vitality; the other half green, flourishing, alive in every leaf. There sat the youthful artist, in the Eastern manner, on the soft turf, with her implements beside her, rapidly etching-in the first faint outlines of the gnarled and splintered ruin, and its more fortunate half; her fine eyes looking up for a moment, then transmitting what they saw on to the paper; her two friends the Misses Ogilvie were watching the progress of the sketch, whilst Sir William, on a garden-seat near, with a book in his hand, glanced on her from time to time the most enamoured gaze. How could I doubt the state of his heart, when I heard him a few minutes after say (his loud stentorian voice softened down to the most tender key it was possible for it to take)—

"The dew is falling fast; I cannot therefore allow you, *little artist*! to sit another minute there, upon the grass; come, Isabel, you can finish that sketch to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" replied the Indian girl; "to-morrow! Why, a second blast of lightning, *my father*! may come ere then, and where may be my tree? Fallen, fallen! Let me finish my blighted oak, it wants but a few more touches:" and she moved her hand with extreme rapidity. Sir William rose from his garden-chair, and approached nearer.

"I will sing you a little Indian song," said Isabel Deane, "if you will be patient, and hear me:" and she thus warbled forth, with infinite grace and wildness, a song of her own country, sketching all the time:—

The bird of Paradise, whilst flying,
Is like the Rainbow—fleeting—dying!
The clouds above our heads are going!
The waves of Ganges far are flowing!
The maiden, whilst her hair is braiding,
Is like the Rose of India fading!
To-day's young bliss is gone to-morrow!
Our hopes, our joys, may turn to sorrow!
All, save *true love*, which changes never,
A jewel rare, that lives for ever!

"Enchantress!" exclaimed Sir William, "at any rate, *thou shalt not destroy thyself* before the time;" and between jest and earnest he insisted that Isabel Deane should quit the damp grass, on which the dew was so fast resting; and, taking her arm within his own, he led her into the house, his two daughters following, laughing and shouting out, "that for once Isabel Deane had been vanquished." They might have added, "*yet is she the vanquisher.*"

A day or two after this scene, which told me plainly how matters were going on, poor Peggy Hawkins, now the wife of the consequential butler, Wilmot, presented to him a little girl, rather too early, it is true, in her married life, to be altogether *respectable*, yet, as they say, "things might have been worse;" so Isabel Deane, having heard the whole story from beginning to end, and observing a certain sheep-facedness and *uncomfortableness* (if there be such a word) about the new made father, with that decision of tone which might become a reigning princess, she signified her intention of going to see the infant, and presenting to the mother a little silk net purse, ornamented with gold, containing *cardamoms*, an offering supposed by the native Indians to be an emblem of, and to carry with them, peace, love, and good-will. The daughters of Sir William looked alarmed at the boldness and *sang froid* with which their friend mentioned her determination before their father, and they glanced covertly at him (for I happened to be present, having gone into the dining room for a letter of mine, just arrived by the post, which had been carried in there by mistake, with the other letters of the family). As Sir William put it into my hand, he good-humouredly asked me, "if I thought the visit of three saucy girls would be too much for poor Peggy Wilmot, in her present weak state?"

"What, my father, with my little bag of *cardamoms* in my hand?" enquired the enthusiastic Indian, before I could reply; "What! can peace, love, and good-will, ever be injurious? But we must take with us, Matilda, the *substance* as well as the thing signified and shadowed forth: what will *you* carry as a present to this little stranger-girl, just arrived upon our dominions, this earth? We have a right here as yet, being in possession of the soil; but she must have her rights also: I shall give her this"—and she took from her neck an amethyst cross.

"Give her this, also," said the Baronet, taking from his pocket-book a twenty-pound note, and placing it in the fairy hand of the fair enthusiast, whether from motives of pure charity or not it is hard to say; "and, Isabel," added he, "if you wish that I should make it an annual present to *your protégée*, it is on condition that she bears your name."

"She shall have your's also, my dear, dear papa," cried the young girl in an ecstasy. "*Isabel Ogilvie!* that shall be her name; and I will be her godmother, too, according to your European ceremony."

"May I be the other?" said Matilda: "I should like to do any thing that my dear Isabel does; but who shall be the godfather?"

"Why, our dear papa himself, to be sure," said the Indian; can it be doubted? And we will have such a pretty little festival on the occasion; and I will sketch the whole group as the ceremony is being performed. I must hand the infant to the *Brahmin*—I beg your pardon—the clergyman; and then we must all kiss, and bless our little god-child—"

"*And each other,*" quickly added the baronet, who seemed to grow younger every hour, in looks, dress, and manner, and to have lost all his austerity. "Is it not always the custom, Mrs. Griffiths, that the sponsors should salute each other," said he, "after a christening?"

I merely smiled in reply, and shook my head, whilst Isabel gravely observed, "It is a *holy* practice, and never should be broken; it means a solemn pledge, that each one will perform his vow; so we will bind ourselves to bring up this little innocent, I trust, as an *heir* of immortality!"

"Think you not that the name of *Isabel Ogilvie* sounds well upon the ear?" demanded Sir William; he was *not* thinking of his butler's child at that moment, but of the impassioned being before him, who had thrown up her eyes, those large and brilliant orbs, towards the clouds; as she pronounced the word *immortality*, her thoughts had penetrated far above them: they were with her own beloved father, and her unknown mother, a native princess of India, who had become enamoured of a British officer, and expiated her crime (for such it was deemed in Delhi) *by poison*, administered to her by her inexorable relatives, after having given birth to a daughter, the heroine of this simple tale, who was sent, cradled in a superb palanquin, and wrapped up in a mantle of her unfortunate mother's, of equal magnificence, studded with gems and fringed with seed-pearls, and there exposed close to the piquet-guard. I have seen the hand-writing of this unhappy princess, addressed to her British lover and husband, for such he was, as they had contrived, by some means, to have the protestant form of marriage celebrated by the chaplain of the regiment; but most secretly, for the knowledge of his having done such a thing would have infuriated the princely relations of the lady so much, that it would have occasioned a new war, and probably the death of thousands. It is considered infamous for an Indian princess to marry out of her own caste. I had this letter, written on golden paper, in my hands not a month ago, together with the golden net of cardamoms, sent with it. Much more expressive to me were the seeds contained in this splendid purse with gold tassels, than the unknown signs of that letter, running from right to left, like the Hebrew, that I gazed unwittingly upon—how cold, how dead did they appear to me! and yet there was vitality and warmth within them. What thousands of things above and around us are, to our unawakened knowledge, as these Eastern characters! We pronounce them senseless, useless, lifeless; but the fault is not in them, it lies within ourselves! O for an "*Ithuriel's spear*," to make things around us seem to us such as they really are!

I must be forgiven for this little *outbreak* here, since I have *reined myself in* before; and the enthusiasm of my sweet heroine is, believe me, most *catching*—I kindle at the shrine of her poetic spirit. Who, indeed, can dwell with the rose, and not partake its sweetness? Besides, I am of rather inflammable stuff, as regards these things, myself; and, for aught I know, may be found one of these days burnt to a cinder by means of inward combustion. Should it be so, sweep carefully together, my gentle friends, the *remains* of the poor “Monthly Nurse,” and let them be entombed within an urn (of *classic shape*, be it remembered), and placed in some quiet niche in the new cemetery at Highgate-hill! I’ll not speak another word of myself throughout this tale, which, fortunately, is near its end. No, that will not do; I must not bring on the catastrophe *too fast*: it will smother the interest and destroy the *equilibrium*.

“Look here, my love,” said Mr. Talbot to his lady, as she sat in her large chair of white dimity, as fair and delicate as it was possible to be; “did you ever see such a likeness?”

“I declare, our little Fan!” exclaimed the delighted mother: “why, it is her very self! This is most kind of you, Francis! Where could you have got it done down here in the country? Some London artist, no doubt, on an excursion to the Isle of Wight. It is in the style of Miss Sharpe—it is hers! I see her very turn of the neck—so graceful! so—O how pretty she is!”

“It was done, my love,” said Mr. Talbot, “in a few hours, by Isabel Deane! she has promised to take you, Fanny, also, when you are able to go down, and your unworthy Francis. Your father is now sitting to her, and she will make a capital likeness of him too, only a little too grave.”

“Too grave!” repeated the lady; “why, papa is as solemn as Judge T—— when he puts on the black cap; only he has not the twitching about the mouth that humane man feels as he is passing sentence. I think it gives papa pleasure when he——”

“You would not know your own father, Fanny, if you saw him now,” said her husband; “why, he is as giddy as any of the young party below stairs; I left him, just now, leaning back in his chair, with a table-cloth twisted about his head by way of a turban, and all sorts of finery heaped upon his person; necklaces and lockets, to make him look more like some *Rajah* or other, Isabel Deane says he already resembles; and she insists on taking his likeness as such. A *Rajah*, forsooth, with such truly English features! and his florid complexion! but the latter, I suppose, she will subdue, and give him a fine dark oriental tint to it. Of one thing I am persuaded, Fanny; so it is of no use to disguise my thoughts: Isabel Deane can just make your father do any thing she pleases, aye, in character, as well as in portraiture. Never did I see yet a man so completely infatuated, dazzled, bewitched, as is my good father-in-law with this extraordinary girl; and what makes it more amazing to me is, the total unconsciousness of herself, that any change has been effected. She tells him, ‘he is the kindest, sweetest-tempered being on earth! the most indulgent, dearest, sweetest of fathers!’ so, to make out her prepossession in his favour, he acts as if he ever had been so; and the girls can do just as they please with him.”

“But, my dear Francis,” said Mrs. Talbot, “it will be a very bad

thing for us all, if my father should marry again. I wish the young chit had never entered the house—"

"Stop!" said the young clergyman impressively, yet kindly. "Why should not your father, Fanny, be happy in his own way? What right have his children to calculate and speculate upon the chances of getting his property whilst he is alive and has an undoubted right over it? Believe me, love, it is a very selfish and disrespectful proceeding, to partition out so near a relation's property, *even in one's secret thought*; he has given you already a very handsome portion when we married; so we ought to be content, if we never get another guinea; indeed, I am so—"

"O yes, I dare say," continued the lady, not at all minding my presence; "and so I am not to grumble, that a *second family* should come in and share with us?"

"They will be equally the children of your father, my love," replied her husband, mildly; "equally with yourselves; and I am sure there is a nobleness, a disinterestedness, a generosity about Isabel Deane which will prevent her taking advantage of the doting fondness Sir William has for her, to the disadvantage of those who had a prior claim upon him."

"She has bewitched you all!" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot for the second time. "Does she take to our little Fan at all?" she added, thoughtfully.

Mr. Talbot smiled at this question; for he saw what was in the mother's heart; but not choosing to argue with her further, he told her, what was indeed a truth, that Isabel was attending entirely and spontaneously to the child's education, now Mrs. Talbot was up stairs; that she was teaching her to play and sing, as well as to read and write, but that he was doing wrong he feared by telling her all this, as it was to have been made an agreeable surprise to herself on coming down—the exhibition of the various acquirements of her little girl.

"We must have this likeness in a handsome frame, Francis," said the mother, in an altered tone; "how delightfully she has made the dear child look, with all those flowers in her frock! We ought to have a very good frame."

"It will be down from London, my love, to-morrow," answered the young clergyman: "your father has ordered a very elegant one indeed, and I know not how many fine things besides as presents to you all; so make haste and be ready to receive them: that is your share."

"Well, I am astonished," continued Mrs. Talbot. "*Presents* for us all! why he never did such a thing before in his life. I have heard mama say, that it was with the greatest difficulty she could get any little matter of finery for herself and us girls."

"Sir William, I believe, never was much attached to your mother: I have heard," said his son-in-law, "it was not what they call a *love-match*, but one entirely of expediency. He had a title, she had a large fortune; their estates joined each other: so the lawyers made the settlements, and they put their property together, their hearts never. Was it not so?"

"Tell me," said Mrs. Talbot, interrupting her husband; "is it true that Isabel Deane has had the folly to send a very handsome amethyst cross as a present to the infant of papa's butler? Under such circumstances, too! how very ridiculous! She might have given it to our little girl instead, I think."

"Suspend your judgment until you make your appearance in the drawing-room again, you *greedy one*!" answered Mr. Talbot; "you will find that our little pet has not been forgotten."

* * * *

"Are there any more ships expected from India this season, dear papa?" said this descendant from the princes of Delhi to Sir William Ogilvie, on our all being together in an harbour a day or two after Mrs. Talbot had left her seclusion and had joined the family. "I should hope," continued the same young lady, "that I shall at least receive an answer to my letter."

"Can I send and enquire for you, Isabel?" anxiously asked the gentleman addressed. "I will run up to London for you, and get some information from the India-House, if you have the slightest wish."

"That I am sure you would offer," was the quiet answer; and she was buried in the deepest thought. "It was a spirited act of mine," at length she said, "to write as I did to the native princes in my own country, and make such a demand! They are bound to answer me, at any rate, even if they think proper to deny my just claim."

No one asked for an explanation of this speech; it might have been deemed inquisitive: but all looked their interest, their curiosity."

"So you do not, any of you, want to hear what I have done, and of my own accord, too?" said the young Indian, with some little petulance in her tone; but it was followed up by a smile so bright, so very beautiful, that the reproach made but slight impression. "I'll make you all *repent*," added she, "for your apathy, should they accede to my demand—you shall not look at my regal jewels."

"Who could gaze on them," exclaimed Sir William passionately, "when Isabel's eyes sparkled so brightly near them? Who could think of *jewels*, with a pearl beyond all price beside them?"

"There, little Fanny," cried the young Indian, "that compliment is between you and me. You say right, dear papa, her complexion is like a pearl; and she is beyond all price. Come hither, you little cherub, kiss your grandpapa for that sweet speech."

"Should he not be paid in kind for the other half of it?" enquired Mr. Talbot laughing.

"Yes, by deputy," said quickly the arch Isabel, snatching from my arms the infant of Mrs. Talbot and carrying it towards Sir William; then, holding its little face towards him, she told him that "she did not believe he had ever kissed his young grandson yet; then, dropping the baby within his arms, she burst out into a strange wild melody, evidently of Asiatic composition, with these words translated by herself. It had a most astonishing effect.

"The Rajah, the young babe caressing,
Gave him a more *substantial blessing*;
A lac of broad rupees he gave him,
Then pray'd that Bramah's son would save him,
From sorrow, sickness, and temptation,
To be the glory of his station."

"Now for the *substantial blessing*, my noble Rajah!" said Isabel playfully, holding out her silk apron to the baronet, who scarcely knew what

to do with, or how to hold the child, and had, therefore a very ludicrous expression.

"A lac of broad rupees he gave him," sung out the inexorable little beauty, relieving him from so unusual a burden, but persevering in her petition for the child. Sir William took out his pocket-book, and most gallantly presenting it to her, desired her to make his little grandson a gift worthy of "*a Rajah*."

"That will I most readily," said she with the utmost coolness; giving me the infant, and opening the book; she unrolled some bank-notes, looked at their amount; and, finding they made up together the sum of £220, she replaced the £20 note in the book, and put the others into the hands of the infant's mother, saying, "Twenty pounds will do for present house-keeping, dear papa; if you want more, your little banker, William here, will lend it to you."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Talbot looked confused, and seemed not to know what to do with the money; but they were both relieved by Sir William saying with much kindness, and, I thought, a tear in his eye, "And it is not the *last* present I will make my first grandson, the only male descendant in our family;—put it up, dear Fanny, for your little one, and remember you are to use it when you want it, and that there is plenty more where that comes from."

"Only twenty pounds in the blue pocket-book left!" cried Isabel Deane, clapping her hands, (a way she had when much delighted) "but if my jewels should come, we shall all have enough. My '*precious pearl*,'" said she to the little Fanny, "have you shown mama your necklace?"

"No, Bella," replied the child, "you told me not; and I promised, and have kept my word: shall I run and fetch it now?"

A word was sufficient for her; she returned with a very beautiful pearl necklace, made from part of the fringe of the mantle which had been placed over Isabel when an infant: she had sent a quantity of these up to town, and had had them set, with an emerald of great value in the centre, for her little favorite. Mr. Talbot looked at his wife; she looked at the necklace, then on her children; she thought of her injustice to Isabel, and, throwing her arms round her neck, she kissed and embraced her most affectionately.

"Now for the story about the jewels," said Isabel. "Our dear papa has behaved so handsomely, that he is entitled to hear all that I have done: so listen to the descendant of a thousand kings," and in a moment this versatile creature had thrown herself down on an ottoman stool, which had been carried to the summer-house for the use of Mrs. Talbot; and, putting her elbows on her knees, and the two palms of her hands against her cheeks, she looked like the Hindoo girl of Eastlake in a moment. Thus she commenced.

"You know, I dare say, very little about the Hindoos; so I will just tell you, that although now there are more than thirty-six *impure* castes, or offshots, from the original ones, that there are but *four* that we consider to be the true ones. Perhaps you are not interested?"

"Go on, go on," said Sir William and Mr. Talbot in a breath; "tell us your story in your own way."

"Well, then," said Isabel Deane, "I will give you the names of the

four original castes in India. First the Brahmins, or priestly tribe—they are all holy, and have to do with religious ceremonies. *I am of that caste.*

"The second is called *Cshepterees*, or the tribe of warriors—the worldly safety of the rest are especially their care. Much respect and deference is paid to this caste.

"Then come the *Vaisnyas*, who are to procure the necessaries of life, till the ground, invent instruments for agriculture, and measure out the rice, &c. Having so much in their power, they command respect, more from that power, than their station.

"Last come the *Sudras*, who do all the drudgery of the three other castes. All these four are divided into classes; and, should any unfortunate person *lose caste*, as it is called, as my beloved mother did by marrying an Englishman, they are deemed *accursed*, as, should even their *shadow* pass over a place, or person, it pollutes it."

Sir William Ogilvie seemed uneasy at hearing this observation, but requested Isabel to proceed.

"Whilst in India, I teased my beloved father until he let me learn the language of our caste: I can both read and write it fluently. About a year ago (since I knew these sweet friends of mine, Matilda and Caroline Ogilvie), I sent off a letter to our reigning Prince of Delhi, my uncle, be it known to you, demanding at his hands, as my unalienable right, all the jewels belonging to my deceased mother. I told him 'That the blood in my veins was as pure as that in his, for my father was'—but no matter, I cannot bear to speak of him! I called the prince what he is, 'my mother's brother!' 'my own dear relative!' 'my liege lord, too, and sovereign!' I spoke of my being in a distant land, but that my spirit was often with him and his people. This letter I despatched, unknown to any one, and am astonished that as yet I have had no answer."

"O, Isabel, it will never reach your uncle," cried Matilda Ogilvie; "you forget the difficulty of getting letters conveyed to natives in that strange land."

"It *has* reached the King of Delhi," said Isabel, solemnly; "or my Ayah has perished. She promised, and will keep her word, that she would deliver that golden paper into the hands of her master, *or die*! She accompanied me to England; she brought me up; she attended my mother in her last illness—she is faithful."

* * * *

"A black woman is in the hall," said Wilmot, the butler, entering the drawing-room, about a fortnight after this. "She insists on seeing Miss Deane immediately; and is in a great passion because I would not permit her to accompany me: she has a large iron-bound box under her arm, which she would not permit any one to touch."

"It is my own Ayah; she is returned!" exclaimed the young Indian; and in a moment they were in each other's arms, and both were weeping with joy. What a contrast did they present! The native woman with elf-locks and swarthy complexion, frightful in the extreme, twining her long bony arms around the exquisite little form of her mistress! that mistress, so very lovely, kissing and embracing with ecstasy a being the very resemblance of Hecate; pressing the freshest lips in the world to the most skinny and cadaverous ones; so true is it, that what we are accustomed to see, either its beauty or deformity is scarcely perceived by

us; but the slightest *change* in manner, in affection, is felt almost instinctively—a touch of coldness from those we love, the alteration even to a semi-tone of the voice, and we recoil upon ourselves; a re-action takes place within us, and we feel pained, mortified, perhaps indignant, in a moment: we resemble the sensitive-plant,—too rudely handled, the whole state of our being is in collapse.

"There, my own princess, got all her pretty jewels! She no *bheestie* now (the name for water-carrier in India) she *jewel-bearer* to her own dear, dear *Isa-beel*;" and the excited creature placed at the feet of her mistress the iron-bound case, slung across her shoulders by a leathern belt, as the Jew pedlars carry their boxes of wares. She had been to Bath, where she had left Isabel on her quitting England, and was in an agony at not finding her there. She would not stay an hour, but had proceeded on to Southampton and "The Plantations;" but the high excitement and fatigue she had sustained, and her joy at seeing her beloved mistress, were now too much for the feeble creature to bear: she was carried off to Isabel's own chamber in a fainting-fit: a fever followed; and for many days her life hung, as it were, upon a single thread.

O what devotion of love did this fair young creature show to her attached servant during this illness! Those who sit by the bed-sides of the sick, handing to them their medicine, and beating up occasionally their pillows, scarcely can conceive of the heart-felt attentions, the constant watchfulness, the intense anxiety exhibited by this poor girl. She could neither eat nor sleep. No prayers or expostulations could withdraw her, even for an hour, from her *Ayah*: she would allow no one to assist her; she was even jealous of the slightest offer of aid. "She has watched over me in my infancy, when an outcast from my tribe," she would fervently exclaim; "and now, no hand shall touch her but my own. The *vine* shall now help to support the tree that once preserved it from being trampled down on the earth." Happily, after some days, the poor native woman recovered; and the delight of her young mistress passed all bounds.

"All the pretty jewels *safe*, my own dear princess?" enquired the *Ayah*, on recovering her senses and recollection.

"Could I look at them, *think* of them, when my dear Meyna was so ill?" replied her mistress, tenderly embracing her; "we shall have plenty of time now to inspect the jewels of Delhi. I knew they could not refuse my request."

"They did though," exclaimed the native woman, raising herself up in the bed. "They not speak well to Meyna. They not own your father's darling child. They not send the jewels of their murdered princess to my own ——. So—so—I gave them pretty lesson; I taught them to do duty; I knew every turn within their palace, and I *stole* away our own rightful property."

"*You stole away the jewels!* O Meyna, why did you do this wrong?" said her mistress, reproachfully.

"No wrong at all, Missy *Is-a-beel-a*," cried out the native woman, in a most vivacious tone; "they belong to child of my dead princess. I promise her, before she die, to give them to their true owner. I will kill myself, if you say again me did wrong."

What could be now done?—a case of most valuable diamonds; others of pearls, emeralds, chains of gold, rubies, amethysts, poured out, as if from Aladdin's garden, to our wondering eyes! How the native woman effected her purpose I never could clearly ascertain, as it was thought advisable for the present to place Sir William Ogilvie's seal upon the casket, lest any enquiries might be made in India to the authorities there by the King of Delhi; but I believe nothing of the sort has ever taken place. He would much rather, I have no doubt, give up the possession of these valuables than publish his own disgrace, as he would call it, of any connexion between one of his august family and tribe with an European. We were all advised to hold our tongues about this business until the affair had a little blown over. Now Indian matters are on a different footing; and Isabel Deane has removed the seals upon the casket, considering it her own property.

What more is there to say? Yes, *the catastrophe!*—but it has been before imagined. When Sir William Ogilvie mustered up courage enough to ask if his beautiful guest would become Isabel Ogilvie the second, with the title of *Lady* preceding it, the simple-hearted girl, free as an infant from all prepossession in favour of any other man she had ever seen, delightedly replied, "Then we shall be *one* family, indeed! Never to be parted more! Dear, dear papa!—for such I will ever call you,—I will be as a sister to your children. I will love you better than a daughter."

Has Isabel Deane kept her word? Yes, to the very letter. Even Mrs. Talbot has been obliged to confess, "that the present Lady Ogilvie has not only made her father the happiest of men, but has taught him to be agreeable, kind, attentive, and *generous*. No one pays greater respect to her juvenile mother-in-law than herself, or has more reason to rejoice at her father's second marriage.

Caroline Ogilvie has just followed her sister Matilda's example; she has *paired off* with a very worthy gentleman, who has a summer residence in the Isle of Wight. Before they departed from "The Plantations," Lady Ogilvie took them each to her iron-bound box, and presented them with what had once belonged to a native princess of Delhi; and though the title to these gems might not be clearly made out by a court of law, yet perhaps in one of equity the claim could be established: at any rate, it is very improbable that it will be ever disputed.

One question more, good lady nurse, and we will dismiss you from the present sitting. "Is the Indian girl *herself* happy?" "Go, ask the humming bird that glitters in the sunshine; the nightingale that sings at its own sweet pleasure in yonder umbrageous tree; the butterfly that sips fragrance from every flower, undisturbed by museum-collectors and schoolboys—what answer will they give? That existence to them is delightful, because they follow the dictates of unsophisticated nature; because they have not put on the shackles of affectation, or submitted to the yoke of prejudice." All the kindly affections of the heart are in full play in the bosom of Isabel Deane; therefore she must be the happiest of human beings, because she has trod in the paths prescribed by the common mother of us all, the officiating priestess in that human temple, sacred to the *universal cause* of all created things, whose altar is the pure and undefiled heart. Yes, Isabel Deane *IS* HAPPY.

THE PLEASURES OF GENIUS.

A POEM, IN THREE PARTS. BY JOHN A. HERAUD,

Author of "The Judgement of the Flood," "The Descent into Hell," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Genius and its Pleasures abstractedly considered; hence, Invention—Civil Life—Property—Martial Skill; Leonidas; Pleasures of Warlike Genius—Sesostris—Alexander; Apostrophe to Ambition—Philosophy of Religion, its proper object—Introduction of Christianity; Cyrus—Cæsar—Rome—The Jews: History and Philosophy—The Arts and Sciences—Herodotus—Thucydides—Descartes—Locke—Berkeley—Kant—Scott—Southey—Ariosto—Dante—Virgil; Sculpture—Laocoon—Niobe; Painting—Raffael—Michael Angelo—Rembrandt—Titian—Claude; Music and Poetry—Handel—Milton—Moore—Homer—Spenser—Shakspeare—Byron—Wordsworth—Tasso—The Cid—Romance—The Gondoliers—The Fishers; Cheerfulness—The Symposia at the Mermaid—The "wit combats" between Ben Jonson and Shakspeare: Present state of the Stage—The ancient Masque; Luxury, in excess, destructive; in a certain degree, necessary: Naval Dominion—Britain—Episode of Alexander's Armament on the Hydaspes—Drake—British Enterprise—Raleigh—Nelson: War, and its attractions, not for all—Archimedes—Uses of Conquest—Napoleon.

LIST! heed ye not, uncalled by human hand,
Those lyric murmurs gurgling o'er the strand?
Old Ocean's wanton zephyrs kiss the strings,
And wake the Æolian harp with sportive wings.
But would its chords, *unframed* for music's spell,
Breathe forth such sounds so wildly and so well?

The spirit thus that animates the eye
Of man erect, conversing with the sky,
Would by each influence be in vain address,
That warms emotion in the feeling breast,
But that, susceptible in every sense,
She sympathizes with each influence.

Hence, every breeze that, in the morning hour,
Sheds odour on the hedgerow and the bower;
And every tint that mantles round the sun,
Rising or setting o'er the prospect dun;
The hues that blend the rainbow into glory;
An old wife's fable, or an old man's story;
Books, paintings, statues;—chief, the Bible's page,
With truth inspired, and warm with sacred rage;
All—all commove the Genius, 'till it soars,
And trembling dares,—but, while it dares, adores.

Know, high upon his intellectual throne,
The God-determined Will presides alone;
With all its treasures, simple or combined,
In one direction strongly sways the Mind;
Of all it hears or sees, or feels or thinks,
Constructs one chain whereof they are the links;
A chain invisible and clankless, . . yet
True as our life, . . but worn without regret.

Oh! may the Will, of essence free as air,
Yield to impressions though sublime and fair,
If Pleasure soothe not its wild liberty,
And make its choice delightful as 'tis free?
Yet, as its sensibility improves,
The soul, confess we, loathes as well as loves.
Her pleasures oft to agony attain,
And joy too exquisite expires in pain:
But pain ne'er rises into ecstasy;
The soul rejects it, and the senses die.

Exile from Eden, Man went forth to strive
With Nature, or inert or sensitive:
The force of pleasure and the love of ease
Incited his inventive energies;
Then Jabal built his tents, and Jubal made
Organ and harp, bestowing music's aid
To solace life; and, when 'twas worth defence,
The art of arms did Tubal-Cain dispense.

These are thy works, O Genius! Lo, I see
The city rise in prospect fair and free;
The cultured field, the winding river's line,
The holy bounds of Property define.
But the Barbarian envies all that can
Give life to life, humanity to man;
With savage inroad rush th' untutored horde—
Well know the social tribes to wield the sword!
For Freedom—not the freedom of the wild—
But Freedom civil, equitable, mild—
Their hearths—their altars—and their country's love—
In arms they rise; . . . ingenious, on they move,
Opposing skill to courage fierce as rude,
And Few, by art, repulse a Multitude;
Or if they fall, win graves upon the soil,
How dear, how precious, made by Skill and Toil!
So thy brave Few, "sublime Leonidas!"
Defeated Xerxes in that "guardian Pass,"
When Asia came in vengeance for her slain,
Left on the eternal Marathonian plain;
And Fame for ever, from that hour to this,
Still haunts "the gulf, the rock of Salamis!"

How keen thy Pleasures, Genius! to impel
Man 'gainst consociate comforts to rebel,
And proud of conquest, and with spoils increased,
Go forth to battle, glad as to a feast.
From Egypt thus, with arts and science blest,
—What wild Ambition panting in his breast!—
Sesostris went to sway the world by war,
And harnest kings to his triumphal car!

Behold thy son, great Ammon! lends his ear
To science high, profound, abstract, severe;
Roused by the Stagyrte, his mind awakes
To grasp infinity,—in thought, partakes;

From worlds ideal, which no bounds confine,
Returns to earth, to cease to be divine,
O'erruns it all, and weeps he may no more—
Compelled, Ambition paused—but not before.

Ambition! glorious fault! from heaven she came;
And what has earth to satisfy her aim?
Proud Spirit! wherefore take incarnate thrall,
And, for an Avatar, deign so to fall?
To reign—although in hell! and to impress
Thy genius on the nations—curse or bless!
Go, slay or shackle all who would debel,
And mould the mind, or, if not, even compel.

At nobler quarry should Ambition fly,
And build within the temple of the Sky—
As nests the Swallow in the holy dome,
Or in the rock the Eagle makes her home.

Soar, Flame of Genius! even to heaven aspire,
Whence thou descendedst, a prophetic fire.
There thou art greeted by the immortal Three,
Faith, Hope, and chief, supernal Charity;
And bear'st in charge, at thy departure thence,
From them the message of benevolence—
Go, teach mankind, adoring him above,
To pray—with understanding and with love!

Ere haggard Superstition had a name,
Reason and Revelation were the same.
Conscious of Being from on high bestowed,
From God each thought as from its fountain flowed,
To God returned, as rivers seek their source,
And thus with Heaven maintained an intercourse.
God in man's spirit spake his Will divine,
And Reason bowed and worshipt at his shrine;
Till the proud priest, degenerate from his sires,
Banished the seraph from its hallowed fires:
Then in the groves, where cherub Wisdom strayed,
It dwelt with sages—but no longer prayed;
Till Hæ, o'er whom heaven hovered with delight,
Bade Reason and Religion re-unite;
Eternal Reason, that with God of old,
With God unerring dwelt, one—manifold.

—— Art thou ambitious? In his holy Name,
Take thou his cross, and emulate his aim!

Cradled on Fortune's bosom, others may
Learn to be wise, and teach the mind its play;
He, nursed by Poverty, in Labour reared,
Supreme in genius, taught of God, appeared.
From his new lips precocious Wisdom ran,
And Truth divine enlarged the heart of man.
'Twas his the soul to awaken and exalt,
Cleanse from all stain, and purify from fault;
In doing well, laborious days to spend,
Of human kind the Lover and the Friend,

The Pleasures of Genius.

And hail, O Death! thy terrors; pledge sublime
Of Faith that shall survive the wreck of Time.

Brightest and purest He, of all that e'er
Reflected Light from heaven's harmonious sphere.
In him Law ruled supreme, and walked before
The Man divine whom nations now adore.
Ah! that they would in clearer mirror shew,
Peoples and rulers, what through him they know—
That both by precept and example too,
In man embodied, Truth the world might woo,
Woo to be wise, and blandish to be blest,
And find even here a Paradise of rest.

Yet not in vain hath Time oracular
Pronounced the things that have been or that are.
The historic page unfolds the plan divine;
States rise and fall in aid of heaven's design.
Genius to Nations! in barbaric lands,
Man felt the fervour of thy plastic hands;
Nature herself the Child of Nature taught,
Inspired with Feeling, and possessed with Thought;
And ancient Greece, with reverence and with awe,
From them received Philosophy and Law.
O Greece! in thee the youth of mind we trace,
The rising manhood of the human race.
By Providence directed in her aim,
From thee to Rome transmitted, Learning came,
And found at length what she had sought so long;
Truth, to support the weak, subdue the strong—
Truth, Saviour of the world, awhile disowned,
But now above the eternal heavens enthroned.

Ah! thither should the flame of Genius soar;
But earth, Ambition! earth thou lovest more!
—Thine was a Cyrus—thine a Cæsar, too;
Thine, too, the people from whose pride he grew.
The queen of Cities, born of Fable's womb,
Thou wert the Genius to gigantic Rome!
Her, Freedom nursed, and Valour watched beside,
Till Glory came and wooed her for his bride.
Heroic Virtue, through eld's twilight mists
Enlarged to vision, all her foes resists.
Let Pyrrhus, and let Italy subdued,
Let Carthage, by two Scipios well withstood,
Let Syria humbled, Macedon o'erthrown,
Attest the courage which surpassed their own;
Whilst Spain and Sicily, and Gaul and Greece,
The praise and honour of her arms increase,
Till solemn History, from age to age,
Names but one people on her crowded page.

Her Cæsar rose upon the wings of war,
Till Freedom feared his coming from afar—
The Rubicon he past,—there doomed to die,
From the She-Wolf's offended Majesty—

Himself majestic : so his spirit still
Survived thy work, Ambition ! to fulfil—
Genius to Rome ! who looked with scornful eyes
On petty warfare, left to her allies,
While she, reserved for more sublime an end,
Disdained for less than empires to contend.

Glorious her eagles blazed o'er flood and field !
Glorious her warriors, bright with spear and shield !
Their march how rapid, and their aim how sure !
How skilful each ! how powerful to endure !
How fitted for their work ! how firm to do !
Without a rival—save the unconquered *Jew*.

Land of *his* fathers ! thou indeed wert free !
How great thy Law ! how glad thy Jubilee !
How brave thy sons ! thy daughters passing fair !
Gentle to love, and vehement to dare !
Methinks I hear this song proceed from them,
A song of sorrow for Jerusalem.

" What patriot ever strove with equal zeal,
Or for his country might so deeply feel ?
People of God ! although at last ye fell,
With Rome's your better genius struggled well :
Nor had ye fallen, if not on high decreed,
Had Heaven fought not against the chosen seed.
Lo ! in the air celestial armies fought,
And doomed the desolation Titus wrought !

" See now the Jew, how abject for august !
His glory changed and dwindled into dust !
But, O respect his sorrows, fear to wrong,
If that ye would your country's weal prolong ;
For never yet did nation wreak him woe,
And Heaven its vengeance for the crime forego.
Long wait it may . . . but will at length strike home !
Where now is Babylon ? What now is Rome ? "

Genius to Nations ! thine the historian's skill,
Nor he his task without thee may fulfil.
While great Herodotus his volume read,
Thy tears, O Genius ! by the boy were shed :
Olorus' son, astonished, rapt, inspired,
Wept, . . . and achieved the greatness he admired.

Important task ! on nations to confer
The wisdom taught through Time, truth-utterer !
Enormous guilt ! the nations to deceive
With lies, that sceptics only can believe.
Let future Gibbons tremble while they write,
And shed o'er History's page Religion's light,
The Humes and Mitfords of another age
Develope facts in reason, not in rage,
Nor give to party what was meant for man—
And rival Truth and Turner, if they can.

Truth ! What art thou ? A voice bade Des Cartes still
" Pursue the search of Truth ! " He said, " I will ! "

The Pleasures of Genius.

And e'er the Vision haunted his rapt mind,
 And urged him forward—forward. Did he find?
 Alas! he lost by Doubt what Faith had found,
 Yet saw all things in Deity abound—
 Region of Truth, where Man, of heavenly grace,
 May seek and prove her, in her dwelling-place.

Mind—mind—most glorious of all gifts to man,—
 'Tis his at once to cultivate and scan—
 His special privilege, himself to know,
 Soar to the heights above, the depths below,
 Give nature laws, the universe control,
 On matter stamp the impress of the soul.

With what delight, through dim-discovered tracts,
 Science explores all essences and acts;
 And Wonder worships what the Arts design,
 While Colour speaks, and Form becomes divine!

How have I hung enamoured o'er the page
 Of Locke and Berkeley and the German sage;
 Or loved with Bacon, as his earth I trod,
 To trace God's fingers in the works of God;
 Or soar with Newton to the starry sky,
 And learn what Power supports the orbs on high,
 And in the mighty Whole the Mythos see,
 Of that which was, and is, and is to be.

Here Reason reigns; yet Genius loves as well
 Bright Fancy listening pleased to ocean's shell,
 Dreaming of music o'er the waves afar,
 While Tritons clarion round the Sea-god's car.
 With her the Loves and Graces still disport,
 And Fable worships in her elfin court,
 Where Scott and Southey bear the golden key,
 Once Ariosto's, bard of Chivalry.

But chief, Imagination, godlike power
 Receives from Genius her majestic dower.
 Together the still horror they invite,
 And shed the tear of rapture and delight;
 And in that blissful trance, such shapes descrie
 As haunt the magic land of poesy.

Severely statuesque, and sternly grand,
 The Forms which her religious soul command;
 Such as sage Dante saw, by Virgil led,
 In worlds to come, the Living in the Dead.

So, by the Sculptor's art, the marble shews
 Passion in stone, and Beauty in repose.
 —Laocoon conquers in his soul the pain,
 Which to remit he pleads to heaven in vain;
 Feels for his boys clasped in the serpents' coil,
 Yet triumphs o'er the agony and toil.

—Lo, Niobe, into a statue wept,
 Would save the daughter to her bosom crept;
 Heroic Mother, self-devoted,—she,
 Thou trembling One! would ward the bolt from thee;

Her let it strike, on her, the unforgiven,
So thee it spare, descend the wrath of Heaven!

Such are the Forms the Grecian bards delight,
In solemn tragedy, to mould aright;
Unshaken Will opposed to ruthless Fate,
And Nature vanquished by the Soul sedate.

In hallowed temples well might men adore
Thoughts so divine embodied them before;
Of Heaven they were, and, by such steps sublime,
Who worshipt truly, to their source might climb.

Or if a warmer medium thou require,
Lo, Painting kindles up her torch of fire,
Go to the Vatican, and let thy soul
Thrill with new awe beneath divine control.

—Let Raffael's visions, in celestial state,
Thy feelings to devotion consecrate;
While from thine eyes, in beatific trance,
Trickle the tears :—swoon thou, as they advance,
That Forms of gods may hover o'er thy heart,
And haunt it after, never to depart.

—Or sun thy spirit in the fiercer glow,
The graces terrible, of Angelo.

—Or bathe, with Rembrandt, in a lake of Light;
With Titian, play in Colours exquisite.

—Or look, with Claude, on Nature's face, and see
"The Mind, the Music, breathing" thence on thee!

O Music! who in times of old couldst sway,
With power forgot, this animated clay;
Still livest thou, but ne'er since Handel left
Earth, to converse with Milton, long-bereft,
Hast thou been "married to immortal Verse,"
Meet lofty thoughts and fancies to rehearse.
Still Moore, indeed, in amorous pain may melt
The soul of youth, too prematurely felt;—
Superior far that gladness which inspired
The bards of Greece, though from the senses fired,
Yet true to Nature, pleasure it refined,
Alike the passions touched, and soothed the mind.

Song cheers the soul; and Homer's heart was glad,
A happy bard :—Such joys the Muses had;
The wanderer's way they might illume and charm,
Bless him though poor, though blind protect from harm.
Who reads his raptures of his joy partakes,
For Genius e'er demoniac pride forsakes.
Hence, with fantastic Spenser, rather I
Roam the delightful lands of faëry,
With gentle Shakspeare, sympathise with *all*,
Than on dread Nemesis with Byron call.
—In evil days, how patient, how sublime,
Milton bequeathed his song to future time,
For him his nightly visitant advanced
To heavenly bliss, in holy visions tranced.

The Pleasures of Genius.

— So Wordsworth now rejoices, calmly brave,
In hopes sublime that overstep the grave.

Song cheers the soul. Thus still the Gondolier
Doth in his dusk canoe his spirit cheer;
And Tasso's, as in Greece old Homer's strain,
Resounds in Italy; the Cid in Spain—

In bower and hall the harp and the guitar
Murmur romance, and woo the vesper star;
Soft sighs in gardens the Morisco lay,
And serenades charm lady's dreams away.

— O'er the calm liquid mirror patient lies
Thy boatman, Adria! brooding melodies;
Anon, aloud with voice and verse he wakes
The distant Echo. Who his song partakes?
Perchance a stranger; yet the song endears
Each to the other, and each one who hears.

— The faithful consorts thus of Lido's isle,
On the sea-shore, the eventide beguile,
Till each her husband, fishing out at sea,
Hears from afar, responding to her glee.
Sweet on the waters blue the moonlight dim,
The music passing sweet to her and him!

Song cheers the soul. O Cheerfulness! to thee
The Muses with Apollo bend the knee:
For of the soul art thou; and thou, erewhile,
Dwelt with the poets old of Albion's isle.
Thine were the "things which stern old Ben had seen
Done at the Mermaid, . . . words that there had been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,"
As spent each jest the fancy whence it came—
Unlike the bee that dies upon its sting,
Upon their life was shed a second spring.
There Shakspeare waged with him the strife of wit,
Refined symposia glad and exquisite;
Rare festivals of Genius and of Thought,
Then newly born; from Feeling, Feeling caught,
Like Light from torches in a mystic game;
Ennobling sport, and hallowed in its aim—
Auspicious age! prophetic of a time
Still more majestic, chivalrous, sublime.

Forth from those minds thus jocund and inspired,
Immortal shapes, like Pallas, sprang, attired:
That Lady who reproached that Husband's mood,
"Who let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'!"—
That generous Moor by jealous knave beguiled—
That Sire unchilded, save for one good Child—
That studious Dane to whom his Father's ghost
Cried for a vengeance that was nearly lost—
Who knows not Juliet's love and Timon's hate?
And Cleopatra's more than earthly state?
Sweet Imogen, Miranda, and the twain
Who sported with Titania and her train?

The Sullen Shepherd, Faithful Shepherdess?—
With other Forms, grave, gay, and numberless?
Where are they gone? What bad Magician's wand
Has banished them from their once cherished land?
Shall ne'er the Drama's Muses re-awake?
Must Genius evermore the stage forsake?
Lives none who, moved by Æschylus and Greece,
Burns to achieve a name like Sophocles?
None who, like Sheridan, would not disdain,
With wit more sparkling than his loved champagne,
With coruscation bland and polished dart,
To mend the fancy and to warm the heart?

All its long glories perished and forgot,
Sad Taste avoids the desecrated spot;
Bœotian owls the Muses' courts profane,
And Judgement wisely spurns it with disdain.
Though pleasures there the vulgar soul may find,
Such Genius owns not, alien from the mind.

Thus where, of old, thy Temple, Bel! on high
Reared its proud head, ambitious of the sky—
Where pensile gardens, in imperial state,
Saw broad Euphrates richly undulate,
Midst palace, arch, and pyramid, and tower,
There now the cormorant houses to devour,
There now the bittern and the raven bide,
Thorns, nettles, brambles, flourish and deride—
The desert beasts with island creatures meet,
And the screech-owl finds there secure retreat;
And there the Vultures, each one with his mate,
Gather (where men were kings) and propagate.

O! would our princes in their halls revive
The moral Masque, then poetry might live;
Might live again, in women and in men,
And move and speak, as nobly now as then!
Then great Eliza deigned to be addressed
By Sybil or by Savage well expressed,
And Shakspeare, gazing on the gorgeous show,
With Puck and Ariel teemed, and Prospero.

On such delights what fancy Jonson shed!
And Comus' myrtles circle Milton's head!
Neglected now, or patronised by thee,
Whose Muse descended with thy Liberty—

Thus hath the Eternal City past away,
Or but remains eternal in decay—
Creative still of pleasure and of joy,
The Genius that builds cities can destroy,
And, with excess of Luxury, expose
The enfeebled nation to barbarian foes.
Yet none will fight with nothing to defend,
Nor on the desert sands his life expend;
For some degree of luxury is good;
Nor without art may battle be withstood—

The Pleasures of Genius.

With skill enough to build a Roman wall,
 The Briton ne'er had been the Saxon's thrall ;
 Nor either to the Norman yielded place,
 But for the lack of learning and of grace ;
 And yet an Alfred taught them to be free,
 And, for their charter, pointed to the sea.

O Britain ! O my Country ! Ocean-queen !
 Thy Genius rules it, stormy or serene :
 With what delight the ahip, elanced to roam,
 Strikes like an arrow through the flashing foam !

When, checked by Heaven, great Alexander bade
 His conquests cease, and by Hydaspes stayed,
 The cedar fell, in aid of his design,
 From mountain forests, with the fir and pine ;
 Till, lo, his naval armament arose,
 Prepared for victors o'er unnumbered foes.
 What sacrifice was offered to appease
 The sacred Powers who rule the myriad seas !
 Nor were the game and public feast withdrawn,
 Till overshadowed men the important dawn,
 When, vassals to the Macedonian sword,
 Gazed on the pageant that barbarian horde.
 The king of kings, from his brave vessel's prow,
 Libation poured into the stream below ;
 And Acesines tributary he
 Invoked, with, Indus ! thy great deity.
 Now clangs the trump, the naval forests move,
 And the waves echo with the sounds they love ;
 The decks with gallant soldiers all alive,
 The latticed sides with war-steeds sensitive,
 The oars of that innumerable band,
 The cries of rowers to the loud command ;
 While loftier bank and deep ravine prolong -
 Harmonious notes, more pleasing far than song.

Yet far more pleasing to my patriot heart,
 When Drake impoverished dared a brave man's part,
 And with two scanty vessels scoured the main,
 Till England shared America with Spain !

O Britain ! O my country ! Ocean-queen !
 Thy Genius rules it, stormy or serene.
 There Enterprise still spreads her thousand sails,
 Laughs with the billows, dances with the gales ;
 There Heaven, that swooped upon the Armada's pride,
 Still prospers thy dominion far and wide ;
 And where thy Raleigh once advanced thy star,
 There died to conquer He of Trafalgar !

War ! thou art terrible in beauty still,
 Let land or main thy stern behests fulfil ;
 Yet charms it so, that man where'er he dwells,
 In havoc joys, and with its triumph swells.
 Who of thy "pride, pomp, circumstance," partakes,
 Them never, but with sorrow, he forsakes.

New powers, new thoughts, new feelings to impart,
Thou with a moral fever shak'st the heart,
Rend'st wide the veil that shrouds its mysteries,
And lay'st it bare, as Judgement shall the skies !

Yet not with equal charms thy beauties strike,
Nor thy attractions move all souls alike.
While ruin fell, and rose the battle's shout,
And Death and Madness revelled wide without,
The Syracusan, deep in thought, revolved
How he might move earth's planet,...haply, solved,...
When the rude soldier, though he meant to save,
Sent him to solve—the problem of the grave.

Though War delight not all, her Genius yet
Hath his peculiar purpose to beget—
For Truth and Mercy may by Conquest be
Borne to far lands, and cross the savage sea.
And fit it is, that Pleasure should attend
Such mighty labours for so great an end—
Ay, fit, an immortality of Fame
Should bless, to every age, the warrior's name,
Who falls for Freedom, or who dies for Peace ;—
O worthy of the bards of Rome and Greece !
Worthy of honour, such as hallows you,
Victors of Blenheim and of Waterloo !

Platæa's hour and Martel's day must yield
To thy renown, thou last and bravest field !
Then Europe's battle, Man's civility,
Was fought and won, and Earth indeed was free—
(By Hope achieved what Faith of old foresaw)
Free of his power who held the world in awe—
Then was it broken, and therewith the chain
Which tyrants shall no more compose again—
Their tyrant, thou, Napoleon ! hadst thy work,
Scourge of just Heaven, each despot's soul to irk—
Not without guilt, yet was it done with strength ;
And that achieved, thine own was vexed at length ;
For thou wert evil. Revolution's Child,
Thy heart was as thy Mother's, wroth and wild :
War of the order whereto thou wert bound
Was the one rule—with iron thou wert crowned.
The Alps beheld a second Hannibal,
Rome feared thee, unprophetic of thy fall—
The shores of Nile, the tombs, the deserts shook ;
Spain, Austria, both obeyed thy stern rebuke—
The land of Kosciuszko saw in air
Thine eagles flout the sun...what did they there ?
Ere long thy sun shall set with that which sets
O'er Moscow's fire-appointed minarets.
'Gainst Sisera whose doom is writ and given,
Lo ! in their courses fight the stars of Heaven !
The Messengers divine dust-off the snow
From their swift feet ;—and what are armies now ?

Stark in the bosom of that polar land,
 Before their cold breath grows that robber band :
 Cursed by the dying, scaping like a thief,
 Lützen and Dresden yet behold the chief :
 Leipsic the man of Destiny shall see,
 Yield to his fate, and bow to its decree.
 But what can teach Ambition ? Pride subdue ?
 By Mercy spared, that error Earth must rue.
 Fresh from the isle, where he a monarch reigned,
 His eagle, to the winds again unchained,
 Flaunted the heaven, to drench the earth in gore,
 But pierced and bleeding fell, to rise no more.
 Better had he there fallen—but, doomed to fret,
 Lashed to a rock, his heart with vain regret,
 He died inglorious. An angelic shout,
 Genius to Nations ! girt thee round about,
 And, in a living Chariot fiery,
 Conveyed thee straight triumphant up the sky—
 Into the inmost heaven ; when on thine ear,
 A still small voice of Mercy, calm and clear,
 Descended—" Peace on Earth ! Goodwill to Men !"—
 " Give God the Glory ! " angels answered then.

END OF PART I.

MENECHILDA, THE IDIOT OF MADRID.

If, at the age of twenty, you had belonged to that splendid army, which, after painful marches, arrived at Madrid during the summer of 1823—of that army, as gallant from discipline and array, as if it had just emerged from the barracks to go on parade—you would have felt proud at walking through the streets of the capital of Spain, decked in that elegant French uniform, which had neither the amplitude nor tastelessness of the inhabitants of the South, nor the stiffness of those of the North. You would there have seen the young French officers, during their leisure hours, inundating the long vistas of the Prado, or the now silent alleys of the Retiro. You would have witnessed elegant cavalry officers lounging around the luxurious gilt carriages which slowly bore the beautiful denizens of palaces situated in the streets D'Alcala or San-Bernardo. At the same time you would have seen others, who, seated on the low chairs at the foot of time-worn sycamores, derived an inexpressible pleasure in conversing, in an under-tone, with the acquaintances they had formed but a few days previously. Every one, at the end of a week or two, had created for himself a new family, in accordance with his rank, his station, and his tastes ; and these new relations interchanged attentions and affections.

At the corner of the Calle-Mayor, and of that little street which leads to the square of Guadalajara, under the arcades where are sold the fine Portuguese oranges, the citrons and lemons of Majorca, with the dates and pomegranates of Andalusia, were to be seen numerous groups of officers belonging to the garrison of Madrid. They were pressing

towards a small door which formed the entrance to a tobacconist's. Adopting immediately the customs of the new country in which they were destined to reside for some time, the Frenchmen smoked like the Spaniards, and regaled themselves with the exquisite flavour from the leaves of Havannah. But it was far less the quality of the merchandise sold them which drew the greater part of the garrison to this obscure shop, than the fine eyes of Menecilda, the most beautiful girl in Madrid, who, the very next day after the arrival of the French troops, had assembled around her a numerous court. French military men have a peculiar instinct in searching out beautiful women from amongst their most hidden recesses.

At the end of three weeks, Menecilda had made her choice. If she was still visited by gallants, they came to admire the fine shape, the brilliant eyes, and the many graces of the pretty shopwoman of the Calle-Mayor, but without hope of receiving any other encouragement than a smile for all their attentions. For, I repeat it, Menecilda had made her choice; and the fair Andalusian had voluntarily bestowed her heart, and did not conceive that it was right to accept homage from any one but him whom she had singled from all the others.

It was Frank, subaltern in one of those regiments of light cavalry where the dress is so handsome, with the robe laid across the shoulder, the hanging sword-knot so brilliant and glittering, and the curved sabre dangling and sounding against the uneven pavement. It was Frank of Alsace, with the light hair of the children of the Rhine, blue eyes, and well-turned moustache, who had superseded the numerous admirers of Menecilda. Frank, the gallant soldier, had sworn that he loved no other than the fair Andalusian,—and he believed so. On him were bestowed the first sighs, the virgin love, and all the thoughts of Menecilda.

When Frank walked across the Calle-Mayor, he stopped at the house of Menecilda. His horse, Alkirk, was tied to one of the trees in the street of Guadalajara. There the young girl, reconducting Frank under the chestnut-trees, always carried some cakes, or azucarillos, to the courser. She then stroked his powerful neck, or passed her little fingers through his mane; and you would have said, by his neighing and pawing, and chewing his bit, that the steed felt proud of his master's lady love. Frank every where escorted Menecilda. He was with her in the oak-walks of the Retiro, and upon the green banks of the Mançanarès, under those tall plantain-trees, which yield a shade so thick and enviable, and from the gate of San Vincente to the bridge of Segovia. He took her also to mass at the chapel of Miestra Señora d'Atocha, and to the majestic ceremonies of the church of San-Isidro, where the organ breathes in gentle murmurs, or bursts in thunder under the arches of a building the richest and most ornamented in Madrid. When kneeling upon the mats before one of the saints, Menecilda leant forward and struck her gentle bosom, and behind her stood Frank, immovable, leaning upon his sabre, with his head uncovered, and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling of the temple, you would have believed you saw a symbolical group of statuary, representing Strength and Religion, or the Angel of War protecting Weakness. Menecilda prayed to the Almighty for Frank. The Spanish girl confounded in her thoughts God

and her lover, and her prayers were ardently directed to heaven ; for she believed she should purify herself completely by frequent adorations at the shrine of Santa-Barbara. Innocent mixture of religious belief and human failings, which revealed a secret confidence in the goodness of the Eternal !

One day, Frank was passing in full gallop before Menechilda : his horse slipped upon the shining pavement, plunged, fell, and then rolled in the dust. Frank struck his head violently, and remained motionless, pale, and senseless. Taken into Menechilda's apartments, he was treated with the most tender care. After some hours, he recovered from his swoon, and awaked in the arms of his mistress. The fright which the young girl had sustained roused in her bosom a deep feeling of love, the force of which she had not yet experienced. " I shall not know how to evince my affection," said she to Frank ; " if you are faithless to me I shall die ; if you quit me I shall lose my senses. Always keep your promise with me, and do not ever leave me." Frank swore upon the honour of the number of his regiment that he would ever love her, and that he would remain with her for ever.

Four months had elapsed since the French troops entered Madrid. Already a report was circulated, that one division was about to make a retrograde movement, and retrace its way to France. The regiment to which Frank belonged must return among the first. This news was received with indifference on the part of the Alsatian. He imagined, however, that it might give pain to Menechilda : he therefore acted a sensible, natural, and reasonable part ; but one which will appear full of barbarity to those who remember that the Spaniard had conceived a violent passion for him.

A detachment of hussars were to set off some days in advance, and precede the division. Frank went with them. He determined to conceal his departure from Menechilda. Certainly he was a man full of feeling and delicacy, this Frank, the Alsatian subaltern of hussars.

He departed. The evening before he had left Menechilda with the usual salutation. She did not see him the day after. She attributed his absence to his military duties. Two days were passed in painful expectancy, in inexpressible anguish. She at last heard the terrible news—the departure of Frank for his own country ! He would never return to Madrid. She would never see him again ! May be you think that she wept ? No : not a tear bedewed her eye-lid ; but her lips became pale and trembling, her forehead burning. A thousand ideas passed through her brain ; but one alone prevailed. She would see Frank, and die.

She set off, traversed Madrid, arrived at the gate of Fuençarral, and walked a long, long time, upon that white and dusty road which passes through a plain, so waste, so uniform and scorching, that you cannot find a single tree to shade you from the sun ; not a village or hamlet to repose in. The sun darted his rays upon a head in which a frightful disease was gendering—a complete disorganisation of the thinking power—Menechilda became insane.

From that moment she was inexhaustible. The young and delicate girl, who used to be fatigued when she went from the Retiro to the Calle-Mayor, walked all the day without nourishment, without rest.

She passed the first night under the portico of a church at Buitrago. The next day she came up to the rear-guard of the division, and walked for some time confounded pell-mell with the servants and followers of the army, and, it must be said, in hearing of their gross proposals, of their brutal jokes.

At the end of a few days her feet were bare, mangled, and bleeding; her dishevelled hair fell, covered with dust, upon her neck, which was now wasted by suffering; her skin was tanned and blistered by a burning sun. Menecilda, the pretty Menecilda, no one knew her now, but under the name of *the Idiot of Madrid*. The soldiers bawled, "*Ah! Idiot!*" She looked at them steadfastly, hung down her head, and walked on, continually! Alas! if she could but have given vent to a flood of tears!

One evening she arrived at Toloso, and went to pass the night under the fluted pilasters which sustain the porch of San Antonio. The poor Idiot of Madrid felt cold. The moon shone bright, and the weather was clear; but the night was as damp and frosty as the previous day had been oppressive. Without having tasted food for two days, Menecilda crouched down against one of the interior columns of the arch of entrance. She was bewildered, without strength, without senses. She sunk under her misfortunes; but could no longer collect a thought, and had forgotten both the pleasures and the misfortunes of the past. Frank was even effaced from her memory.

She began to sleep in a heavy, fatiguing slumber, interrupted with startings, when the great clock of San Antonio sounded twelve. A smaller clock, with a shriller sound, reverberated several minutes. It was the hour of prayer of the monks in the adjoining convent. This sound roused her from her lethargy. She quickly rose, and directed her steps into the street of Arguillos, opposite the church where she had passed the night. After several turns she came upon the bridge which joins Toloso to the other bank, in front of the route to Navarre.

The Deba pours along its limpid waves with noise and bluster, as if annoyed to find its course obstructed by the fragments of rock which are broken off from the high mountains around the base of which it winds in a thousand turns. Sometimes it widens into an open pool, letting you see, as though through a crystal, the green plants which taper off in emerald ribbons; at other times, motionless, deep, and gloomy, like the rocks which are reflected in it, it seems to stop its course, in order to rise, foaming, sparkling, and brilliant, and fall in showers at the foot of the oaks and elm trees which border the meadows between the road to Madrid, and the chain of mountains which extend from the fountains of the Araquil to the outlet of the Orrio.

At the moment when the poor girl arrived upon the bridge, two drunken soldiers were making their way to their quarters. They cried out, "*This is the Idiot of Madrid,*" and tried to catch her. One of them seized her, squeezed her hand violently and kissed her. She escaped from their hands, jumped upon the parapet of the bridge, and threw herself into the river. The soldiers were frightened and fled.

The poor girl fell upon a point of a rock, and fractured her skull.

The shock was terrible. This short moment of intense agony brought back a sun-beam of reason, and recalled to her memory four months of

joy, of happiness, and of misconduct. The water, which ran rapid and bubbling beneath the bridge, threatened to engulf her. She wished to recal the existence which was about to cease, and to struggle back to life. She tried to scramble up the rock ; but it was worn by the waves of the Deba, polished, covered with slippery mosses, and viscous weeds.

Sliding down, she raised her right hand to make the sign of the cross. She repented before God : her lips murmured, "*Ave Maria purissima !*" No one returned the salutation of her country ; no one replied "*Sin peccado concebida !*"

Her inmost thought God alone knew. This was a secret between the Creator and his helpless creature—between the master and the servant—between her who had sinned and Him who grants mercy.

She disappeared.

DEATH AND LIFE.

BY J. W. MARSTON, ESQ.

DEATH.

1.

VICTORY! Victory!
 I am the crowned king
 To whom Creation bends:
 Its pall, my ebony wing
 O'er earth and sea extends.
 O rocks! that once did rear
 Your proud heads from the sea,
 That erst a look did wear,
 Mocking Eternity;
 Can ye thus disappear?
 O ancient towers of strength!
 That scoff'd me many a day;
 Has this lean hand, at length,
 Graven upon your crumbling walls "Decay?"
 O sturdy oaks! that cast
 Your shade o'er Normans as they past;
 Ye, that your leaves have shed
 On many a hero's bed,
 And deck'd in verdant vest
 The gray-friar's tranquil rest—
 Where ye were rooted is the plough-share sent,
 And, lo, it meets with no impediment!

2.

O Babylon! and ye
 Cities of olden time!
 Within ye once was revelry,
 And music's pealing chime;—

And in each lofty hall
Were blended voices sweet,
And sounds of melody, that fall
From youthful dancers' feet;
And in your streets and highways then
Was heard the "hum of busy men."
Fallen, fallen, are your stately domes!
Vanish'd their population!
And scatter'd stones mark out the tombs
Where rests each buried nation!

3.

Affections deep that dwell
In every human breast!
Ye too obey my spell,
Ye too my power attest;—
Proud are ye at your birth!
Ye look upon the earth,
Where all doth wane and fade,
And say ye, "We were made
Abiding and Eternal; and our lot
Is Immortality, which changeth not!"
Why is your boast so loud?
In youth, have ye not vowed
Love that should aye abound
To loving friends around?
And do ye not soon grow
Aweary of your vow,
And plot the time to steal
Forth from the friends ye prized,
Before another shrine to kneel,
As briefly idolized?
Yes! they who oft have plighted
Their youth in early years,
Whose love was self-requited,
Whose tears were common tears—
How the first wintry day
Breaks up their little band,
And each is sent his separate way
Unto my silent land!
The name of him who dies,
Is borne to comrades' ear,
Who come not to his obsequies,
Nor stand around his bier,
But questioning if memory's voice be true,
Have some conjecture, 'twas a name they knew.

4.

Art thou not weary, Life,
Of wasting energy,
Protracting idle strife,
And bootless war with me?

All thy creation tending
 To manifest my power ;
 Vain enemy,—expending
 Thy strength to swell my dower !
 But the end cometh—Time
 Speeds to his second prime !
 Into the end I see ;
 And utter prophecy.
 The abysmal cemetery
 Extendeth to receive,
 Into its gulf, Futurity ;—
 No mourner left to grieve,
 Nor elegy rehearse,
 O'er the interrèd Universe :—
 All action paralysed, nought seen or heard :—
 Silence my infinite unecho'd Word !

LIFE.

5.

CREATION ! thou hadst birth—
 Once thou wert not, O Earth !
 But before thee was I,
 Pervading still Eternity,
 In time unmanifest,
 In forms that have beginning unexpressed.
 From my begetting, came
 All Nature's varied frame—
 Rivers, rocks, hills, and trees,
 And he who is inhabitant of these,
 World of Humanity, reflection dim
 Of me, who am inhabitant of him.

6.

O Death ! before thee disappear
 The varying shapes I choose to wear ;—
 My yesterday's attire I throw
 To thee, whereat thy brain doth grow
 Wild, and the slave of phantasy.
 Thou thinkest I shall die.
 When unto Genius I do speak,
 My speech it hears, and utters it in word
 Which of mine own is repetition weak ;
 Yet such Posterity with joy hath heard,
 And to her children still doth teach the song ;
 Who to their own again shall hand it down,
 With praise enduring—such as doth belong
 To him of Scio, on whose head the crown

Of centuries is placed. From age to age,
My Echo's echo in remembrance dwells,
Mocking thy idle impotence of rage,
Endeavours profitless, and baffled spells.
And shall I, very breath of Deity,—
Primeval utterance, e'er cease to be ?

7.

And meaner things, o'er which thy sway
More ample seems, pass they away
Into nonentity ? Do they not rather take
New forms and names ? Yea, are they not reborn ?
Water appears when melts the snowy flake,
And Night in dying giveth birth to Morn ;
And in perpetual travail is the earth—
Die, Matter—Immaterial thou art—
Winds banish the lake's calm, yet form the wave ;
Succession is, whene'er aught doth depart ;
All death vitality, and every grave
The veritable record of a birth.

8.

In outward forms, I still
Reveal my presence glorious ;
Yet oft doth rebel Will
Assert herself victorious,—
And, with her veil impure,
Indwelling light obscure.
Then Death ! thee forth I send,
The imprisoned soul to free,
And to thee, for my purpose, lend
A brief authority,
And self-destroying powers which tend
To my triumphant reign ;
When shall no more remain
Aught that hath guile or stain ;
When Love no more shall dwell
In symbols mutable,
Nor the deific mind
Abide the earth—confin'd.
Time of Emancipation,
Release, Regeneration ;
Opening of prison door
To the enslaved and bound !
When Sin himself no more
In nature shall be found,
Nor Thou (his brother) be,
But swallow'd up of me !

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

No. I.—CHRISTIAN POETS.

LAMARTINE AND NOVALIS.

WHEN Heine drew the line of distinction between the classic and the romantic schools,* he made their difference to consist in this: that the images of classic art are altogether identical with the things portrayed, while the images of romantic art are symbols instead of close imitations. "Thus," says Heine, "the Bacchus we see in the Louvre is none other than the graceful son of Semele, with a dash of melancholy in the expression of his eyes, and a sacred voluptuousness in his soft arched lips; while it is otherwise in the romantic school, for there the wanderings of a knight have an exoteric signification, and shadow forth the wanderings of human life; the almond tree, whose scents, spreading afar, are so consoling to the hero, represents the Trinity," and so on.

Heine is an open opposer of the romantic, and therefore of the Christian school; for the romantic school is but a species of the genus Christian, and Heine's remark will extend to Christian poetry in general. It will be distinctly understood, that, by the words "Christian poetry," that kind of poetry is alone meant in which Christianity appears as a subject, or at any rate a motive; and that this signification must be by no means extended so as to include any poetry, though written in a Christian country, or by the most pious authors, in which such a characteristic is not found. Our attention is to be confined to *Christianity, as manifested in poetry*.

The remark of Heine, though amounting to a slur on Christian poetry in general, is not only true, but, properly considered, should inspire the Christian poet with none other than pleasurable feelings, as its purport is not that the Christian genius is necessarily inferior to the classic, but merely that it is inadequate to its subject. The fact is, the subject of the Christian's lay is more sublime than that of the Greek; and to this alone is the want of identity between the image and that which is imaged to be ascribed.

The poet who confines his song to things temporal, will naturally have an advantage in the closeness of his descriptions, in a kind of sensual fulness: for as the whole mass of temporal objects is not too large for the grasp of his understanding, nor for the cravings of his imagination, he can add image to image without the least chance of falling into indistinctness; but rather, on the contrary, the more active his imagination, the more concrete, and consequently the more rich, will his work be. In this position is Heine's classic poet, whether he be in himself heathen or Christian; and Heine himself asks, whether the figures in Raffaele's pictures are not equally plastic with those on the walls of Herculaneum.

Far otherwise is it with a poet who has to sing of objects of faith, or those of the speculative reason; viz. objects eternal, infinite, and

* In this paper, the words "romantic school" are expressly confined to signify the German school, so called.

supersensual. Here his imagination can but create symbols, not resemblances, or must at once shrink before the vastness of the objects; and the only purport of the poem can be, the expression of the poet's own inability fully to grapple with his subject.

This will be the case with the poet of an exclusively Christian character; to him the things of the natural world have only a value as placed on the road leading to an eternal state: he cannot centre all interest in them; but they must have in his work a character merely relational: he is in this curious predicament, that the very creations of his imagination are only valuable so far as they relate to that which is beyond the reach of his imagination altogether. A sneer of Göthe's at the romantic school (vide Eckermann's Conversations) is happy; but, notwithstanding its truth, and its applicability to Christian poetry in general, it need no more annoy the Christian poet than Heine's remark, quoted above. "The classic school," said Göthe, "is healthy; the romantic unhealthy." Necessarily,—this unhealthiness is the very characteristic of the Christian character. The mind is in a healthy state when it is perfectly satisfied with all around it; and this is a state purely heathen, namely, a satisfaction in things temporal; for the Christian who constantly feels a craving for things eternal, who regards the affairs of this world as too trifling to engage his whole attention, or to satisfy his desires, this healthy state is impossible; and its absence, far from being an imperfection, is his greatest glory, as it is the plainest manifestation that his treasure is not "on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

Let this discontent with transient matters—this unhealthiness, if so it may be called, be removed, and the whole fabric and foundation of Christianity is destroyed at a blow. The feeling that no present state is sufficient for our desires, is the best practical evidence of a future state; while he that allows himself to be altogether absorbed in the sensual world, "his heart is waxed gross;" and not only will he not believe in any other state of being, but even a question on the subject will not present itself, until it shall please God to awaken him from his satisfied condition.

The subjects of the Christian's song are the fallen state of man, the atonement, and the future state of union with, or separation from, the Deity; and these need not appear in the form of dogmas, but of feelings; the feelings of the unworthiness of man to approach God, the consolations of a faith in Christ, the hopes and fears of a future state, are all of them subjects for lyrical expression.

The Christian can scarcely proceed in a style merely epic or historical. True; he may select biblical histories, and give them the form of epic poems; but as long as the personages retain only their temporal characters, they stand forth as mere historical persons, not exhibiting the relation between the Christian and his God, which, if mentioned, must appear either in a didactic form or be expressed by symbols or allegories.

Symbols or allegories (both of which are in the same predicament, the former expressing a truth by a partial, the latter by a substituted image) are very well occasionally introduced; but a narrative composed entirely of them has, if long, been invariably found imperfect. Indeed, this imperfection is necessary, not incidental; as a story represents characters

in the different relations of time and space : and to represent supersensual things by a story, would be to assume that they moved in a parallel order, similar relations being preserved between them. For default of such a parallel order, we find the allegorist is never able to keep in his allegorical position, but every now and then falls into the actual. Thus in the "Pilgrim's Progress," designed to represent the whole course of a Christian's life, death is allegorised by a stream which the pilgrims have to cross, while in the case of Faithful an actual death is inflicted, and the allegory is dropped : indeed, it seems as though the two lines of allegory and actuality, like mathematical non-parallel lines, must meet in some point or other. Spenser's "Faery Queen" will furnish abundance of illustrative examples.

Even in the scenes in heaven, in Milton's "Paradise Lost," it must strike every one that these are the inferior parts of the work, owing to the impossibility of clothing infinite ideas in a finite shape ; and the vulgar decorations of heaven in the first book of Klopstock's "Messiah," are most powerful witnesses of this impossibility : the poet has crowded suns upon suns, rays upon rays, to convey the idea of infinite glory, as if unconscious that every symbol was so utterly imperfect, that a higher elaboration brought with it no approximation, and that his imagination was performing the task of the Danaides.

There is little doubt that in the epic the Christian poet stands on unequal ground with the Greek * ; the latter, fully confident of the finity of his ideal, knows that every higher grade of his art will bring him to a closer imitation, while, on the other hand, the former must have the discouraging conviction, that every additional touch will but show his own inability in a stronger light. To a dramatic form of exhibiting Christianity the same considerations will apply.

Far otherwise is it with the lyric ; for while the epic and dramatic forms are confined to the telling of a tale, and should be purely objective, the lyric, as the expression of feeling, is subjective, and requires no distinct object to portray. The heart is the seat of the matter of a lyric poem ; and inasmuch as the Christian is the heart-religion, by so much the more is the material of the Christian lyricist richer than that of any other. The infinite and eternal are as much the objects of the Christian's heart as of the metaphysician's head : he regards them with faith ; and faith is no cold assent arising from the weighing of probabilities, but "worketh by love," is the "evidence of things unseen," because the heart occupies the void which the understanding is unable to fill. For the enunciation of Christianity in a narrative form, the short ballad is best suited, because there is a combination of the epic with the lyric ; the very shortness of the story showing that it is selected as the vehicle of some particular feeling, and not for a merely narrative purpose. Thus in Uhland's ballad, "*Das Schloss am Meer*," it is quite evident, that the death of the king's daughter is rather to exhibit the feeling of the narrator than merely to convey the narrative. The Germans have, perhaps, more purely lyrical poems than any nation ; they have *Romanzen* in the like proportion.

Among modern foreign poets of the Christian school, the names of Lamartine and Hardenberg, or as the latter called himself, "Novalis," have

* Of course, these remarks will extend to all poets who choose a finite subject.

certain points of resemblance which allow of a comparison between them, especially between the "*Premières Méditations*" of the Frenchman, and the "*Hymnen an die Nacht*" and "*Geistliche Lieder*" of the German. Both these collections are the work of very young men; both the authors were impressed with a deep religious feeling; both regretted the departure of the old believing times; both looked beyond the grave as a resting-place from this world; and, consequently, the poems of both are in a great measure the enunciation of similar feelings.

Similar, but not the same. Lamartine, in his "*Premières Méditations*," stands in the position of a melancholy man, sighing over the present, and longing for the future. In a little Paris edition of 1833, the vignette represents an elegant gentleman, reclining under a tree, and regarding a distant mountain. This conveys partially, but not wholly, our feeling while reading the "*Méditations*:" we fancy the author reclining on a tombstone in a neat country church-yard, a brook flowing at such a distance as to convey a soft murmuring to his ear; the evening twilight darkening into night; the whole presenting a picture rather fading into indistinctness, but withal perfectly elegant and in good keeping. Hear Lamartine himself, though, by the way, on this occasion he speaks from a mountain: *--

Oft on the mount, beneath some aged tree,
When the sun sets I mournfully recline,
Casting my wandering glance upon the plain,
Whose changing picture at my feet unfolds.

Here the stream murmurs, with its foaming waves,
Winding, it penetrates yon distant shade.
There the still lake its sleeping waters spreads,
Where evening's star is rising in the blue.

On the hill tops with gloomy forests crowned,
Twilight is flinging yet its parting ray.
While in her misty car the queen of shades
Rises and silvers the horizon's edge.

Now dimly forth from yonder gothic spire,
A sacred note is spreading through the air.
The traveller stays his pace—the rustic bell
Mingles its tones with the last sounds of day.

By itself this fragment would prove but little; but those familiar with the other poems will know, that he regards the evening with a feeling fully Christian, as the shutting out of worldly views and occupations, and the leaving of the mind at leisure for higher contemplations; though religious sentiments appear not in the poem itself, the Church, in the fourth stanza, is doubtless, all the way through, the prominent picture in the poet's mind. In all Lamartine's "*Premières Méditations*," an evening tint may be traced; he may be called the poet of Evening, as Novalis is professedly the poet of Night. Novalis dwells not so long on the soft state of transition: he places himself in the night at once: he does not so much wish to observe the world melting away, but he likes to feel that it is cut off—that he stands, as it were, in the region of the infinite.

"Hast thou pleasure in us, dark Night?" he says, in his first hymn

* To convey the meaning as closely as possible, rhyme has been avoided, and a blank metre used, as more readable than prose.

to Night: "What hast thou beneath thy mantle, which with invisible power penetrates my soul? Precious balsam drops from thy hand from the bunch of poppies. The heavy wings of my mind* thou liftest up. We feel ourselves moved darkly and inexpressibly. . . . How poor and childish does the light appear now! How joyous, how blessed the departure of day!"

If ever writings answered to the Irishman's definition of posthumous works, as "works a man writes after he is dead," they are the Hymns of Novalis. They really seem to presume an antecedent death—a death in life, like that prescribed by Socrates, as separating the soul from the body. He is not the poet of death, as Heine calls Arnim, but a death-poet, whose sleep of death is chequered by dreams, with the exception of a tiny thread of life, which binds him to the earth, and which he longs to break, when he thinks of it at all: he is like Dr. Donne preaching his own funeral sermon. He sings to Night as the great abstract from worldly affairs: it shuts out every thing but his own soul; and he feels that he is in a spiritual presence. Not so Lamartine: he never leaves the earth: he perpetually looks up to heaven, but look up he must. Novalis need not look up, he feels he is in a spiritual heaven already. Lamartine is the poet of hope, with here and there a tinge of despair. Novalis the poet of faith, and that so strong that it almost ceases to be faith: his "*Geistliche Lieder*" seem founded on the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" his heart seems to have a power of grasping spiritual objects, and to afford the poet as rigid a demonstration as the understanding of another.

Lamartine sings to his deceased mistress thus:—

No, you have never left my sight,
And when my solitary gaze
Ceased to behold you on the earth,
Again I saw you high in heaven.
And then you still appeared the same,
As you were on that parting day,
When toward your heavenly abode,
You fled away with morning's dawn.
Your pure, your touching beauty still,
Even to the heavens had followed you.
Those eyes, whose life was now extinct,
Beam still with immortality.

This is a lay of hope: for who cannot see that the hope of meeting his mistress in her celestial abode is the *feeling*, though not ostensibly the subject of these verses? Now let us hear Novalis hymning Night; he requires no visionary mistress to fix his regards; Night alone is enough for him.

"Now I know when the last morning will arrive: when Light shall be no more scared at Night and Love, when sleep shall be eternal and but one inexhaustible dream. I feel within a heavenly weariness. My pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre is long and tedious; the cross is heavy. That crystal stream which, unperceivable to the common glance, flows in the dark bosom of the hill, at whose foot breaks the river of the earth,—O he that has tasted of that stream, who stands on the mountain-boundary of the world, and looks ever into the new land, into the

* The original word is "*Gemüth*," for which we have no adequate expression.

dwelling-place of Night; verily he will not return back to the petty im-
pulsions of the world, to the land where light riots in eternal turmoil.

"He builds himself a cot above—a cot of peace: he longs, he loves, he looks forward till the most welcome of all hours draws him down to the welling forth of the source. The earthly is cast back by storms, but that which is rendered sacred by the touch of love—that flows, dissolved in secret courses, to the kingdom *on the other side*,* where, like fragrant scents, it mingles with slumbering loves. Still, cheerful Light, you awaken the weary to labour; but from the mossy monument of memory you charm not me. Readily will I bestir my hands in labour, readily will I look round wherever thou hast need of me; I will praise the full splendour of thy radiance; indefatigably will I follow the fair connection of thy artistic work; readily contemplate the course of thy mighty, brilliant clock; fathom the symmetry of thy powers, and the rules that direct the wondrous spectacle of countless times and places. But my secret inner heart remains constant to Night, and to Love, her creative daughter. Canst thou, O Light, show me a heart eternally true? Has thy sun kind eyes, which recognise me? Do thy stars † grasp my longing hand? Do they return the fond word, the gentle pressure? Hast thou bedecked them with colours and a soft outline? Or was it not Night which gave them a higher adornment, a dearer import? What pleasure, what enjoyment does thy life offer, that can outweigh the ecstasies of death? Does not all that inspires us wear the hue of Night? Night bears thee as a mother; and to her thou owest all thy splendour. Thou wouldst be dispersed, be scattered through endless space, did not she hold thee—clasp thee, that thou mightest become warm, and flaming forth produce the world."

Notwithstanding the immense mixture of indistinct images, which would render the above a perfect absurdity, if intended as a descriptive work, who cannot see its value, regarding it as the expression of the feeling of the presence of the Infinite? There is the same glittering indistinctness in the figures of a dream; indeed, the hymn is itself a dream;—a Novalis takes the position of a dreamer.

It might be objected, that the extracts here given are rather calculated to convey the idea of the general relation between the temporal and the eternal, than of any relation as declared by Christianity in particular. The next paper on the subject will exhibit enunciations of a more determined Christian character, which it was necessary these should precede; and, indeed, these few pages are by no means adequate to render the English reader familiar with so extraordinary a genius as Novalis.

JOHN OXENFORD.‡

* *Jenseits* denotes, literally, "on the other side;" and hence it was thought best thus to render it, notwithstanding the hardness of the expression. Any addition to these apparently abrupt words would give a greater determination, and consequently remove the requisite abstraction of thought.

† The stars of day mean the flowers.

‡ Author of *The Idol's Birth-day*—*A Day Well-spent*, and other successful dramas. Thus far is Mr. Oxenford known to the world. The Editor knows him for a profound thinker, capable of grappling with the sublimities of Plato, and the subtleties of Kant.—J. A. H.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

Being a benevolent attempt to reconcile Protestants and Romanists.

AT a period when religious contention seems likely to prevail, it is the duty of the philosophic mind, that, by virtue of its character, is free from passion or prejudice, so to discover and display the point of reconciliation in all instances of dispute, as, if possible, to heal up the breach that may have been made, and, at any rate, to prevent it from becoming wider. Nothing could be more distressful to pious sincerity than the differences so long continued between the Rev. J. Breeks, vicar of the parish of Carisbrook in the Isle of Wight, and Mrs. Mary Woolfrey, that have lately found solution in the Arches' Court. The lady, who is a widow, had erected a tombstone, in the church of the parish of Carisbrook, to the memory of her husband, without lawful authority—a point which might have been forgiven, had she not caused to be placed upon it the following inscription:—

“Pray for the Soul of Joseph Woolfrey.—It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the Dead.—2 Macc. xii. 46.”

Against this inscription the worthy vicar seems to have taken exception, as being of Romish tendency; and more particularly as the epigraph was quoted not from the English, but the Douay, version of the Apocrypha. He seems to have thought both that and the inscription contrary to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, and to the articles, canons, and constitution thereof, and accordingly commenced ecclesiastical proceedings for the removal of the stone.

The main objection, probably, that could be raised to this inscription, was the fact, that the text was not only taken from an apocryphal book—that is, held to be apocryphal by the Church of England, and *not* by the Church of Rome—but also from the Douay—the Romanist—translation of that book,—a translation circulated by the Romish Church, and which differs from the English, not only in the terms of the body of the text, but in the number of the verse. For the chapter in the English falls short of forty-six verses by one, and the text in question is part of the verse numbered 45, and runs in the following words:—

“45. And also in that he perceived that there was great favour laid up for them that died godly. (It was a holy and good thought.) Whereupon he made a reconciliation for the dead, that they might be delivered from sin.”

All this, however, only goes to show that the inscription was provided by a Romanist, which is not the point in dispute. As the two opposing Churches of England and Rome hold many doctrines in common, the question arises whether they differ in regard to this. We think that the Vicar of Carisbrook had not sufficiently considered the entire bearings of the question.

Only by a sort of violence could the case, in fact, be brought before the Court of Arches, on the ground of doctrine; namely, as an infringement of the 22d Article of the Church of England, which is against (not prayers for the dead, but) purgatory, and is couched in these terms: “The Romish doctrine concerning purgatory, pardon, worshipping, and adoration, as well of images as of relics, and also invocation of saints, is

a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the word of God."

That this Article has but a slight connexion with the offence alleged, even according to the terms of it, is *clear*. In order to bring the case within their meaning, the practice of praying for the dead must be associated with the doctrine of purgatory. Now, the doctrine of Purgatory as professed by the Church of Rome, was a late figment of the priests;* whereas prayers for the dead are, historically, as old as the Church—and the instinct to their performance doubtless coeval with the human heart. Eve probably prayed for the soul of her son Abel, as many bereaved parents since have prayed for departed children. Whatever the theologian may object to this, there is not a poet who will refuse to respond to the affirmation. Wordsworth, in his lovely poem on "St. Bees, suggested in a steam-boat off St. Bees' Heads," has some sweet lines on this theme; and has also been at the pains, in a note, to explain the *rationale* of the custom. We quote both:—

* "Purgatory," says the MORNING HERALD of 18th December last, in relation to this subject, "really is but a fiction of heathen poets and philosophers, which the Romish doctrines engrafted, like many others, upon the stem of Christianity. The intermediate state between mortal life and perfect immortality, may be traced back at least as far as Plato. It is also to be found in the philosophical works of Plutarch, better known now by the biographical productions of his pen. He held it impossible but that, from the general order and principles of Creation, there must be *some mean* between the *two extremes* of a *mortal* and *immortal being*. He taught that there cannot be in nature so great a vacuum without some intermediate species of life, which might in some degree partake of both. The intermediate state he considered to be peopled with the genii and dæmons, who were the souls of the departed, which had to undergo still further probation before being admitted to the happiness of the gods, or degraded once more into mortal capacity and suffering. It was this pagan fiction which the Church of Rome adopted, with some modification; and SIR HERBERT JENNER (who decided this suit in favour of the widow), in asserting that purgatory was a Romish invention subsequently to the original practice, by some of the earlier Christians, of *Prayers for the Dead*, shows himself but little conversant with the mythological learning of the ancient world."

Thus far the clever Editor of the MORNING HERALD, who, in going thus far, and no farther, shows himself less conversant with the application of such mythological learning, than Sir Herbert Jenner with the learning itself. First of all, there is a misstatement. The Pagan *fiction*, as he calls it, is not of a Purgatory, but of a Middle State—a doctrine indubitably held by the Church of England in *contradistinction* to that of Purgatory. Bishop Horsley has shown, in his celebrated sermon on the subject, and the Editor of this Magazine, in the Preface to the second edition of his well-known *terzarima* poem entitled THE DESCENT INTO HELL, that this doctrine, as held by the Church of England, is equally *Scriptural* and *Pagan*. The gospels recognise the doctrine of Hades distinguished into two divisions,—as taught by the Greeks; and it is by means of this *Pagan fiction*, as it is mischievously denominated, that the passage is bridged-over between the Revelations on this subject of the Old and the New Testaments. But the doctrine, in truth, is neither fictitious nor Pagan. *Paganism*, in its only proper sense, as expressive of the rude and untaught state of the villager, ought never to be predicated of such men as Plutarch and Plato;—and, as for the word *fiction*, if it be here used as synonymous with falsehood, or an erroneous assertion, nothing can be more absurd—if for a scientific or philosophical assumption, which no rational mind can omit at the head of an argument, as the principle which must be taken for granted throughout—(such are all the definitions, postulates, and axioms of mathematics—things which must be conceded by the mathematician)—nothing can be more logical. Of this kind were and are the so called fictions of Law—and of such kind are those of Religion. No science can be constructed without such; and it is by their means that philosophy connects itself so beautifully as it does with poetry.—R. U.

"There were the naked clothed, the hungry fed ;
And Charity, extended to the Dead,
 Her intercessions made, for the soul's rest
 Of tardy Penitents ; or for the best
 Among the good (when love might else have slept,
 Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.
 Thanks to the austere and simple devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
 Kept watch before the altars of St. Bees."

"Were not, in sooth, their requiems' sacred ties
 Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
 Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,
 To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart ?
 The prayer for them whose hour was past away,
 Said to the living, Prosper while ye may !
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys
That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees."

Such are the verses :—now for the note.

"The author is aware that he is here treading upon tender ground ; *but to the INTELLIGENT reader he feels that no apology is due.* The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed ; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results ; and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy ; but no reflecting person can view without sorrow the *abuses* which rose out of thus formalizing sublime instincts and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy ; *they were*, at first, sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own credulity, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages, or of the present time."

Now hear another poet. In S. T. Coleridge's *Literary Remains* we have stumbled on this passage—Vol. II. pp. 398, 399.

"Our Church, with her characteristic Christian prudence, does not *enjoin* prayer for the dead ; but neither does she *prohibit* it. In its own nature, it belongs to a private aspiration : and being conditional, like all religious acts not expressed in scripture, and therefore not combinable with a perfect faith, it is something between prayer and wish,—an *act of natural piety* sublimed by Christian hope, that shares in the light, and meets the diverging rays, of faith, though it be not contained in the focus."

Such is the opinion of men with *hearts* to feel and *heads* to judge of this subject, which relates in part to a pious sentiment, and in part to

church discipline. It suffers a state similar to that occupied by the doctrine of Confession, and is equally Catholic with that. Both are privileges and duties which have never been alienated from the worshipper, though at some periods of time usurped by the priest. Such usurpation is the real point in dispute; and not whether it be "holy and wholesome to pray for the Dead," or whether it be prudent for brethren to "confess themselves one to another." Who shall forbid these spontaneities of pious communion? Not all the state-religions on the face of the globe! All that institutional establishments can do, whether national, or would-be universal, is to embody these; and the only question is, how they shall be embodied, so as to formalize them with the least liability of abuse; to maintain, in a word, the equilibrium between love and law, so that the private liberty of the worshipper may not be merged in the despotism of church authority—and the motives of his conscience altogether substituted, nay, anticipated, by the external mediatorship of a supervening priesthood. Man, himself, is primarily the priest—and this primacy of the individual priest must be maintained against all public assumptions of office-bearing, how expedient soever.

This then is the point between Romanist and Protestant,—that the former claims *all* for the priest, and the latter protests against his *exclusive* claim. But in protesting against the exclusiveness of the claim, it was never the intention of the earliest reformers to impugn the claim itself as a common privilege.

The privilege in question, *i. e.* the natural right we have to pray for the dead we love, and the extent to which it ought to be confided as an office to the priesthood—has accordingly arrested the attention, from time to time, of Church disciplinarians.

"In the first liturgy of Edward VI." said Dr. Addams, in arguing this case, "prayers for the dead were inserted. It was only in his second liturgy that, out of compliment to Calvin and Bucer, they were expunged. Bishop Cosin and Bishop Overall both approved of prayers for the dead. Bishop Overall says, 'The Puritans think that here,' referring to the burial service, 'are prayers for the dead allowed and practised by the Church of England, and so think I; but we are not both of one mind in censuring the Church for so doing. They say it is popish and superstitious: I, for my part, esteem it pious and christian.' Here then were prelates of the Church of England approving of prayers for the dead. Really, it was unnecessary to pursue this point further; the testimony appeared to him conclusive. As to the practice of placing such inscriptions on tombstones, he found, in the Cathedral of Westminster, an inscription on the tomb of the Rev. Herbert Thorndike, a prebend of the Church (the date he did not exactly know), to this effect,—*'Hic jacet corpus Herberti Thorndike, etc. Tu, lector requiem ei, et beatam in Christo resurrectionem precare.'* And in the cathedral of St. Asaph there was a monument to Bishop Barrow, in 1699, with this inscription,—*'Bxuviz Isaaci, Asaphensis Episcopi, etc. O, vos transeuntes in domum Domini, in domum orationis; orate pro conservo vestro ut inveniat misericordiam in die Domini.'* This was on the tomb of a prelate of the Protestant Church. Nor was this an antiquated doctrine. Dr. Johnson was in the habit of praying for his wife, as well as for his father and mother; and this fact was mentioned without censure by Dr. Strachan, the vicar of Islington, who published Dr. Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations*. Prayers for the dead were not necessarily connected with the doctrine of purgatory; if the Court held that they were, it would lay a strong ground for belief in the doctrine of purgatory itself; for prayers for the dead were in use in the best ages of the Church, and long before the doctrine of purgatory was invented. If the two doctrines were

inseparable, purgatory was the doctrine of the earliest Christians. But Archbishop Usher, in his introduction to his tract on *Prayers for the Dead*, published in *Tracts for the Times*, says,—‘Our Romanists, indeed, do commonly take it for granted, that ‘purgatory and prayer for the dead be so closely linked together, that the one doth necessarily follow the other;’ but, in so doing, they reckon without their host, and greatly mistake the matter; for howsoever they may deal with their own devices as they please, and link their prayers with their purgatory as closely as they list, yet shall they never be able to shew that the commemoration and prayers for the dead, used by the ancient Church, had any relation with their purgatory.’ But he (Dr. Addams), supposed that his learned friends would take their ground upon some expressions in the Homilies, in the third part of the Sermon concerning prayer. ‘Now to entreat of that question, whether we ought to pray for them that are departed out of this world, or no. Wherein, if we will cleave only unto the word of God, then must we needs grant that we have no commandment so to do.’ No commandment to do it. And then it proceeds to connect prayers for the dead with the doctrine of purgatory. But he (Dr. Addams) was not bound to subscribe to all the doctrines contained in the Homilies, or he would be compelled to adopt the doctrines of passive obedience and divine right, and other exploded notions. The Homilies are described in the Thirty-fifth Article as containing ‘a goodly and wholesome doctrine, and necessary for these times;’ but they were not recognized by the best writers as containing unerring expositions. Mr. Palmer, in his *Origines Liturgice*, says,—‘When the custom of praying for the dead began in the christian church has never been ascertained. We find traces of the practice in the second century; and either then, or shortly after, it appears to have been customary in all parts of the Church,’—that is, four hundred years before the Romish doctrine of purgatory was ever heard of. ‘The first person who objected to such prayers was Aërius, who lived in the fourth century; but his arguments were answered by various writers, and did not produce any effect in altering the immemorial practice of praying for those that rest. Accordingly, from that time, all the liturgies in the world contained such prayers. These facts being certain, it became a matter of some interest and importance to ascertain the reason which justified the omission of these prayers in the liturgy of the English Church, for the first time, in the reign of Edward VI. Some persons will perhaps say, and he (Dr. Addams) begged the Court’s attention to this, ‘that this sort of prayer is unscriptural; that it infers either the Romish doctrine of purgatory, or something else which is contrary to the will of God, or the nature of things. But when we reflect that the great divines of the English Church have not taken this ground, and that the Church of England herself has never formally condemned prayers for the dead, but only omitted them in her liturgy, we may perhaps think that there are some other reasons to justify that omission;’ and then he states the reason, namely, that they were likely to be abused to the support of the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory. If the Court took the view he (Dr. Addams) did of the case, it would reject these Articles, and leave the party who promoted the suit to his civil remedy against the defendants for the erection of this tombstone without the consent of the vicar.”

Such is the very excellent defence set up for this Romish widow of a Protestant husband, who wished her pious aspirations to be recorded on the tombstone of her deceased lord. With the Homily of the Church of England we may readily agree in opinion, that it is improbable that we can help the dead by prayer; but we must contend for the position that such a prayer has, nevertheless, a beneficial re-action on the sincere worshipper. Of the “unchangeable sentence of God,” we, in truth, know nothing—not even the meaning of the word “unchangeable,” which expresses only a negation, telling us what it is *not*, and not what it *is*. The affirmation which it implies, that of simple duration, is clearly not exclusive of possibility, which is not only consistent with the idea of

eternity, but is the very idea itself, as will become evident to any one capable of appreciating the axiom, that, in order to creation in the everlasting beginning, there must be; and evermore is, the eternal possibility of creation. Into the bosom of this paternal potentiality are surrendered all those who come not within the filial dispensation of the gospel—a mystery this, into which probably no created intelligence can pierce. Meantime, as we have already asserted, from the earliest period prayers for the departed have been ever among the pious instincts of humanity. That, as declared in the Douay version, the passage in the Maccabees presents us with “evident and undeniable proof of the practice of praying for the dead under the old law which was then strictly observed by the Jews,” there can be no doubt. For the assertion rests not on the inscribed verse in dispute, where the two translations differ (the zeal of protestantism having in the English translation, it must be confessed, not a little marred the sense of the original); but is corroborated by preceding verses, where the translations agree. Let the reader take them in parallel columns.

DOUAY VERSION.

“But the most valiant Judas exhorted the people to keep themselves from sin, forasmuch as they saw before their eyes what had happened, because of the sins of those that were slain.

43. And making a gathering, he sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection.

44. (For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead).

45. And because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them.

46. It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sin.

ENGLISH VERSION.

“Besides, that noble Judas exhorted the people to keep themselves from sin, for so much as they saw before their eyes the things that came to pass, for the sins of those that were slain.

43. And when he had made a gathering throughout the company, to the sum of two thousand drachmas of silver, he sent it to Jerusalem to offer a sin-offering, doing therein very well, and honestly, in that he was mindful of the resurrection.

44. (For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should have risen again, it had been superfluous and vain to pray for the dead).

45. And also in that he perceived that there was great favour laid up for those that died godly. (It was an holy and a good thought). Whereupon he made a reconciliation for the dead, that they might be delivered from sin.”

We perceive by the 44th verse (nearly the same in both translations) that the practice is not connected with the corrupt Roman doctrine of purgatory, but with the pure Protestant belief of the descent into Hades, and the resurrection from the dead;—a doctrine which can claim the highest antiquity, and in relation to which Cardinal Bellarmine quotes Plato, Cicero, and Virgil, warping their testimony, however, so as to favour the heretical figment of purgatory. Nothing remains, therefore, but to discuss the temporary discontinuance of a practice in the Protestant, that was always pursued in the primitive Christian and Hebrew churches.

Wordsworth, in the poem from which we have already quoted, alludes to the too-wide-wasting Protestantism of the earliest reformers. He dwells with strong sympathy on the virtues of St. Bees' celibates; and then adds, not in anger but in sorrow, in which every true Christian must join—

Prayers for the Dead.

" But all availed not : by a mandate given
Through lawless will, the brotherhood was driven
Forth from their cells ; their ancient house laid low,
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow."

* * * *

" Alas ! the Genius of our age from schools
Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and rules.
To Prowess, guided by her insight keen,
Matter and Spirit are as one machine ;
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill,
She in her own would merge the Eternal Will ;
Expert to move in paths that Newton trod,
From Newton's universe would banish God.
Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,
Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teaching of St Bees."

Excessive Protestantism is infidelity : and that Protestantism which would extinguish the instinct for such prayers, is infidel to the heart's best aspirations. It is not because the priesthood have abused or exceeded their office, that the laity are to be deprived of their privileges. This is one which Dr. Johnson exercised, and in which many more, doubtless, have in private found great comfort. The apparent disallowance of it on the part of our earliest reformers, is only to be vindicated on the ground of pressing expediency. What faithful heart can be forbidden the extension of its "*charity to the dead*" ? Verily, none !

Many other things have been excused to the same noble army of iconoclasts on the same plea of expediency, which have nevertheless to be much regretted. We are not fellow-advocates with the writers of the "*Tracts for the Times*," for the extreme apostolical assumptions of a mere *external* priesthood—than which there can be no greater absurdity committed in philosophy or morals—but we are speaking of the legitimate uses of the Church, and the interests of lay-worshippers. Southey, the poet laureate, holds the system of Romish hagiology in all the more abhorrence, because, as he tells us, "of what we have *lost* in consequence of its audacious and impious profligacy." Festivals, in his opinion, when duly observed, attach men to the civil and religious institutions of their country : it is an evil, therefore, when they fall into disuse. The dissolution of religious houses was, also on the same authority, a great evil ; nor is the closing of churches on week-days against the solitary worshipper a benefit. Add to this, the want of clerical discipline. In a word, "*The Reformation*," says Southey, "brought with it so much evil and so much good—such monstrous corruptions existed on the one part, and such perilous consequences were certainly foreseen on the other—that I do not wonder at the fiery intolerance which was displayed on both sides."*

Now this is the precise state of the case ; and, surely, rational Christians, left to themselves, would at least not unnecessarily widen, on such a point as this, the breaches between one church and another. But it is feared that the Church of Rome is gaining ground, and that this act of the widow Woolfrey, is only an insidious trick to introduce a Popish dogma into a Protestant burial-place. It may be so. But

* See for these opinions Southey's *Colloquies with Sir Thomas More*.

the way to counteract such contrivances is not by process in the Court of Arches, on fallacious grounds, by arguments which militate against the primitive feelings of the pious heart (that only true church on earth), and under pretence of checking superstition, to attempt to extinguish natural devotion. Imprudent as well as ultra Protestantism! which must even drag on the consequences that it would avoid. But there is no peril that is worth a tremor. Protestantism has nothing to fear from the church of Rome; for is not Rome herself in a protesting attitude? Does she not in her turn oppose, quite as much as she has been opposed? If there are two opponent, must there not be two protestant churches?—one, it may be, protesting against corruption, and the other against innovation? Even so. The spirit of Protestantism would indeed survive—yes, if the church of Rome were to become as universal as she desires. For, at the Council of Trent, she shut up herself in articles as strictly as the Church of the Reformed; and is in that sense as strictly scriptural as any other church. What matters it that her scriptures are by a few writings more or less numerous than those of other churches? The seal has been put once and for ever on traditional interpretation: and the Church of Rome is now a church of documents. The controversialists who see not in this fact that Rome has self-abrogated her own spiritual power, understand not the subject. It has been done, we repeat, *once* and for ever. There is no second spring for churches any more than for states.

The philosophical historian must declare, that the Church of Rome had a purpose to serve, which she has effected, and that her commission is ended. She served as the husk which was afterwards to be separated from the grain, but which will no more be re-united with it, than (to adopt Coleridge's simile) the cotyledons which, having performed their functions, wither and drop off, will again support the unfolded leaves, or than the integuments of the seed that have once burst and decayed can ever be restored. Rome gave protection to the Christian faith during certain stages of growth, when she was needed; but her power has gone with the necessity for its exercise. Henceforth her authority is limited within the same boundaries that belong to other churches—not extending beyond certain limits prescribed by ascertained and registered documents. Nor, as a church, does she possess a privilege or an office that belongs not to other churches; only what she claims for the priesthood alone, these demand for every communicant. There is not a pious sentiment in which the Romanist indulges, that is prohibited to the Protestant. Both believe alike in "the holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints;" and that Protestant does ill who, in animosity to the Church of Rome, deprives himself in any measure of the consolations derivable from any or all of these sublime articles of a common faith.

The spirit of conciliation is precisely that which should regulate the conduct of both parties. Nor is it less needed for the church in power than for the church out of power. It was only the other day that a clergyman of the former put himself into a false legal position, regarding a libel on the nuns of Scorton, inserted in *The Churchman*, and of which he was found guilty. On that occasion the judge was compelled by his duty to address the Rev. M. A. Gathercole, in a manner which ought to be a lesson to others. "It is," said Mr. Justice Patteson,

"the duty of a person entering into religious controversy, to take care that he does not cast imputations on particular individuals. You disclaim any thing of this kind, and say you have read accounts of other establishments, believing that the system of auricular confession was likely to lead to such crimes: but this shows that you are either a person of very little understanding, or so devoid of true Christian charity, that you take it for granted, because there are vices in other places, they must of necessity exist in every establishment, and think there cannot be an innocent nun. I grievously lament that a clergyman of the Church of England should be so totally deficient in the brightest jewel of Christianity—Christian charity."

The fewer such rebukes clergymen of any establishment subject themselves to, the better for the cause that they professionally advocate. An unbigotted perusal of Mr. Southey's *Colloquies* might have convinced Mr. Gathercole that, as to nunneries and monasteries, even wise and enlightened Protestants are found who perceive the expediency of similar institutions for the present age, and under the existing circumstances of society; of course, on Protestant principles. On the subject of prayers for the dead, we have only to add, that we see no reason why the laity of any communion should be tricked out of their legitimate use by one priesthood, only because another had abused the previous privilege: a privilege exclusively committed to them, in the wisdom of Providence, only for a time and an end, which has been partially developed, and will be displayed ultimately in a complete and adequate manner; in a form, indeed, worthy of the Supreme Disposer of events, both in Church and State, in man and in nature.

R. U.

CHARKA, THE NAPOLEON OF THE ZOOLUS.

WE yet know very little of Eastern Africa. The Northern and Western parts of that extensive continent have been pretty accurately delineated; and the Southern part has, of late years, been visited by travellers who have investigated its general features. Its almost impenetrable jungles and trackless forests have been partially explored by Barrow, Burchell, and Thompson. Those, therefore, who wish to add to the attainment of science, are exceedingly solicitous to discover its unknown resources.

That section of Eastern Africa which contains the country of the Zoolus, has, until lately, been but very little known. It, has, however, now been explored by several European travellers, who have, on their return, given to the public the result of their observations. It is to their exertions that we are mostly indebted for what we know of these singular nations.

It is impossible to give a *complete* history of Zoolu, there being a total dearth of records fit for that purpose. It is most likely, that when the Zoolus first emerged from the countries of their primitive abode, they were a race of savages living almost entirely by plunder. Of their kings, or chiefs, we hardly know any thing before the time of Charka, who is said to have been the son of Essenzingercona, who appears to have made his way from the land of his ancestors to the *Umferoche Umalopee*, or White River (a branch

of the Saint Lucie), and to have there settled, keeping the neighbouring tribes in great terror and subjection.

Charka's birth was thought, by his people, to have been miraculous; and it was therefore generally believed among them, that he possessed superhuman attributes and powers. He was born before his father had undergone the ceremony of circumcision, previous to which they considered it impossible to propagate the species. The accouchement of the mother, therefore, was to them a wonder, and the child a prodigy.

Charka's great abilities soon aroused the jealousy of his father, who began to meditate his death. Charka, however, became early aware of his father's hostile intentions, and fled with his younger brother, Umgartie, to a neighbouring tribe called the Umtatwas for protection. Tingiswaa, their chief, received him kindly, and put him under the care of his dictator. Here he soon distinguished himself among his brother warriors by his superior bravery and agility.

On the death of Charka's father, a younger brother took possession of the Zoolu crown. Charka, of course, was not disposed to allow another quietly to usurp what he might rightly consider as his birth-right, and therefore resolved to dethrone his brother and put himself at the head of the nation.

The new king, however, soon succeeded in driving Charka out of the kingdom, who then applied to a distant and formidable chief called Zovcedie, who was at war with the Umtatwas. This induced Tingiswaa to assist him again (which otherwise he might not have done) in obtaining possession of the Zoolu throne. Not being able, however, to attain his object by force, he resorted to a surer plan. His brother and companion in exile, Umgartie, proceeded to the residence of the Zoolu monarch with a trumped-up account of Tingiswaa having killed Charka and obliged him (Umgartie) to fly for his life and throw himself at his brother's feet for pardon and safety.

This welcome intelligence, as might be supposed, was joyfully received and believed, Umgartie being installed as chief domestic to his Zoolu Majesty. This part of the plot having prospered so well, Umgartie found but little difficulty in performing the rest of his bloody mission. It being his duty to attend the king when bathing, he had, on a chosen occasion, two of his friends concealed in the long grass by the river-side, who, on a given signal, jumped up and speared the king to death. Upon this, Charka marched, at the head of the Umtatwas, and took possession of the kingdom.

As is usual with the Zoolus, his first act was to put to death all who had had any thing to do with his brother's administrations. Having thus glutted his vengeance, with regard to his domestic enemies, he next turned his arms against his friends. Upon the death of Tingiswaa, he attacked the Umtatwas, the tribe which had afforded him shelter in his exile, and compelled them to submit to his authority, after having destroyed one half of their people.

The Quarbees were the next tribe who were doomed to feel the weight of his victorious arms; and at last he depopulated the whole

line of coast from the Amapoota River to the Ootogale. Equal success attended his excursions among the interior tribes.

Charka being now in the zenith of his glory and fortune, it became absolutely necessary (his numerous victories having placed him at the head of a gigantic nation) that he should turn his thoughts towards the *government* of his extensive dominions.

One of his first cares was to make his forces as efficient as possible. To attain this end, he subjected them to all kinds of privations. He forbade them to marry, restraining them from sexual intercourse, under the idea that it enervated the physical powers, and rendered them unfit for war. He said, that if his warriors had wives, concubines, or children, they would be apt, when in the field, to fix their thoughts on home, and that consequently their duty would be neglected.

In order, also, to render his troops still more firm, he let them have no alternative between either conquering their enemies, or, if they escaped falling into their hands, encountering capital punishment at home. If they returned victorious, he covered them with honour; but if they had been defeated, he branded them as cowards, and they were indiscriminately massacred. This was a master-stroke of policy, and effectually prevented them from running away; for when once engaged in war, there was no safety but in victory; if defeated, their death was certain.

In order to obtain more influence over his subjects, he pretended, as we have said before, to supernatural power. The superstitious notions of the people concerning his birth, not a little favoured the attempt. This power he claimed to have inherited from the spirit of his forefathers, who had deputed it to him. We will give one instance of his skill and cunning in imposing the belief of it upon the people.

The king, arising one morning unusually early, ordered a great number of his favourite black and white bullocks to be killed. The surprise to which this circumstance gave rise, was increased by his further ordering the Inyangers to collect roots to prevent his people from fretting. Then, after calling his warriors to dance until a late hour of the day, he thus addressed them:—

“Warriors! Umbeah* has appeared to me in my sleep, and told me, that my father, Essenzipgercona, is very angry with the Zoolus, for losing their fame, and not being *schlanger-nee-pee-lie* (that is “more shrewd or cunning than their neighbours”). He also told me that the nation is getting too large, and requires constant employment, and that there are plenty of enemies yet to conquer, before they can *booser* (make merry) and enjoy themselves.” Charka also said, that Umbeah had added, “that he was living very comfortably under-ground, where all the people who had died were innocently *boosering*, that they had plenty of cattle and fine girls; that there was no enemy to fight, and they therefore enjoyed the society of their girls.”

This astounding dream, accordingly, became the general subject of conversation and wonder to the ignorant and deluded natives.

* A great chief in the time of Charka's father.

All the descendants of Umbeah were created great men ; all his good deeds were summed up and recounted, to the great joy of the king and his advisers.

Shortly after this, an old man suddenly disappeared from his hut. According to his wife's account, a lion entered their hut at night and took her husband from her side. The lion's feet were traced to his den, but no blood appeared. When these facts were reported to Charka, he affected to take no notice of them.

Several months had elapsed, when the man suddenly reappeared in the presence of Charka and his warriors in a most strange attire, consisting of a piece of bullock's hide, which covered his hind parts from hip to hip, and fastened at front with pieces of cord thickly studded with brass balls ; his hair was long, and worn in a peculiar manner. At first his appearance created some surprise ; but, it being ascertained that he was the man who had been so mysteriously taken away by the lion, the chiefs began to investigate the matter. Upon which the man rose and made the following speech :

" Warriors ! I am the son of Feteschloo of the Cales, Umfundadguazooloo, who was taken away by the lion, dragged to his den, sunk deep into it, and swallowed by the earth. The lion went with me, and treated me as a mother would her child, until I came to some red earth, where the lion left me. In wandering about, I walked upon earth that trembled and gave way, when I fell into a deeper abyss below. I became insensible from the fall ; but, recovering, found myself in a fine country inhabited by *Issetuters* (spirits). I saw the old people who had died in war, and those who had died at home. They were much smaller than we are ; they have plenty of cattle, but all very small : the girls are handsome, and live very comfortably. Umbeah was *Inquose-incoola* and *boosered Carcoola* (he was a great king and enjoyed himself very much), and he was also a great Inyanger. In the night-time he strolled about ; nobody knew whither he went ; but he always said he went to see his *Umschlobo* (friends)."

The people having the king's dream in their remembrance, knew not what to think of this harangue. Charka, however, pretended to be very angry with the fellow for talking such a parcel of nonsense, and said he was a "*Umtugartie*" (wizard). However, the Inyanger was employed to "*nooker*" (smell), whether the man was a messenger from Umbeah or not ; who, after performing all the superstitious ceremonies usual on those occasions (which ceremonies will be fully described in future papers), declared that Umbeah, seeing that some of the people did not believe in the truth of the king's dreams, had commissioned the lion to take a man from among them to confirm it.

This so-called messenger, was, of course, after this, loaded with honours, and wore the dress in which he first appeared, to distinguish him from the other people. But after a while he was taken away by a leopard, and never more heard of.

The whole affair, however, was, doubtless, nothing but a clever imposition, designed by Charka to instil into the people a warlike disposition, and to impress them with a respect for his unseen and unearthly powers. By these means he rendered himself feared

by them, and secured the most implicit obedience to all his decrees.

Charka was for ever meditating some new amusements for his people. Great part of the summer season was devoted to dancing, singing, and composing new songs; for it was thought disgraceful to sing those of the previous year. At this time, the different regiments danced before the king, when they sometimes got presents of cattle.

Having gleaned the harvest, they immediately prepared for war. Before they set out on any expedition, there was a general muster; when every body who had not done his duty, or had shewn any symptoms of cowardice, suffered the punishment of empaling.

It was part of Charka's policy never to let it be known what tribe or place he intended to attack. This conduct shewed great prudence and judgment, as it effectually prevented the enemy from obtaining any information concerning his measures, and completely disarmed treachery. Charka, we may observe, was the only African prince who had seen the advantages of this caution, and found it contribute very much to his numerous victories.

Charka never allowed his troops more provisions than were absolutely necessary to carry them to their place of destination; because, he said, that if they were the conquerors, they would be able to get plenty of food from the conquered; but if defeated they were cowards, and in his estimation worth nothing.

Almost all the kings of Zoolu finish their sublunary course by a violent death, which event generally happens when the monarch begins to exhibit grey hairs,—the Zoolu then considering him as unfit to lead them out to battle. Charka's end formed no exception to this general rule.

One evening, as he was sitting surrounded by his chiefs, admiring his fine herd of cattle, a native called Boper advanced to them with a spear in his hand, and in an audacious tone asked, "What they meant by always pestering the king with false accusations?" This impudent intrusion enraged the chiefs, and they sprang forward in a body to secure him, but were prevented by Umslungani and Dingarn, two of the king's brothers, stealing behind and stabbing him in his back. Charka made an ineffectual endeavour to escape, but was soon overtaken and speared to death. All the people of the king's kraal now fled in the utmost consternation, except the chief Sotobe and his men, who took up their spears as if they intended to attack the murderers, but were prevented by their menacing attitudes.

The murderers seeing them begin to waver, addressed them in the following speech:—

"Know you not that it is the sons of Essenzingercona have killed Charka for his base and barbarous conduct, and to preserve the nation of the Zoolu, the sons of our fathers, that you may live in peace, and enjoy your homes and families; as well as to put an end to the long and ceaseless wars, and mourning for that old woman Umnanty, for whom so many have been put to a cruel death."

They then advanced and took possession of the kraal without opposition, and Dingarn mounted the throne.

We think that Charka has had great injustice done to his memory by the different travellers who have spoken of him. By them he has been stigmatised as cruel, barbarous, and to the last decree wicked. But we have always considered that the habits and manners of the people over whom Charka was called to reign, should be taken into account. He was not the head of a civilised and virtuous community, but of a horde of savages. It cannot then be supposed that he could secure obedience to his commands by any other method than that of force, among a people who recognised no other law than the power of the strongest. The least offence against his authority must be punished with a heavy hand, to prevent others from doing the like. If he once gave his subjects any chance of offending with impunity, he knew not where the mischief might end.

He has also been much blamed for perpetrating what have been called wholesale massacres; that is to say, when a person had committed a capital offence, for not only putting the man himself, but with him all his relations to death. Certainly, in a country like England, where the laws have such strong hold, and their *moral power* is so influential, such a practice would be unjustifiable; but among the Zoolus, who think nothing a sin which can be committed with safety, the case is very different. The relations of the offending party would not consider the punishment as an act of justice; they would merely regard it as an exercise of power, to which necessity obliged them to submit, but which they would think themselves at liberty to resent on the first opportunity. The monarch would thus raise against himself a host of enemies dangerous in the extreme—his own security calls for their sacrifice.

This is a necessity which has been recognised by all barbarous or semi-barbarous nations. The practice is not confined to the Zoolus; it extends throughout every African tribe.

Neither does it prevail only among extremely barbarous nations. Countries, even in a more advanced state of civilisation, have adopted it. We find it enjoined by the criminal code of the Japanese in Asia; and it is doubtful whether the Chinese do not sometimes resort to it. Verily, a thing of so universal an application must have originated from a strong and universally felt necessity.

But to return from this digression. Dingarn was not suffered to mount the throne without encountering some opposition. Umgaarty, a brother by the mother's side, desired to dispossess Dingarn, and prepared to accomplish his purpose by force of arms. The history of this individual is somewhat singular.

Umnanty, a savage and masculine woman, was the daughter of the king of the Amlanganes, by whom she was given in marriage to Charka's father, Essenzingercona. This union was any thing but a happy one. The wife was for ever quarrelling with her husband, until she at last so enraged him, that he ordered her to be driven away; upon which she returned to her father's tribe, and then cohabiting with one of the common natives, she became pregnant, and bore this same Umgaarty, who had now attained sufficient power to dispute the crown with Dingarn.

The king, however, defeated this chief by a successful stratagem. Umgaarty and his forces had proceeded to mourn the death of Charka, when Dingarn's general, Boper, fell unexpectedly one night, or rather morning's dawn, upon his flank, and attacked him on all sides. Although thus taken unawares, Umgaarty's troops fought manfully, and repelled the Zoolus several times; but at last Boper prevailing, made himself, with the assistance of a company of young men just then come up, master of the palace; and having surrounded Umgaarty, that chief at last fell by their hands, not, however, before he had killed eight of his opponents with his own weapons.

This event put Dingarn in undisturbed possession of the crown; and he immediately set about establishing some new internal regulations. He repealed some of the most warlike ordinances of his predecessor, and above all, he allowed his warriors to marry. Indeed, altogether Dingarn is of a much milder disposition than Charka, and more disposed to maintain peace than to make war. Accordingly the Zoolus have lost a great deal of their fame as warriors, and have indeed sustained some considerable defeats.

Here we find that we must, for the present, conclude our account of these interesting people. We have attempted, in this paper, to give a concise outline of their history, reserving for future articles further entertaining enquiries into their religion, customs, manners, &c. The Zoolus are evidently the most important nation of that part of eastern Africa, and, as such, they present large claims to our consideration. They shall not be neglected. S. C.

THE DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.*

THE claims of the "pretended" Duke of Normandy are now beginning to excite some interest in this country, to which the late attempt against his life has not a little contributed. It has always been supposed that the eldest son of Louis XVI. died whilst a child in the Temple; supposed so, we say,—for there never appeared any positive evidence of the fact. With regard to the person who now calls himself the Dauphin, we cannot yet pronounce a definitive sentence. The proofs by which he endeavours to testify his identity are strong—his account of his escape from the revolutionary ruffians at least probable.

From time to time have we heard of impostors, who have pretended to be the unfortunate Dauphin, a fact which of itself proves that the assertion of his death was not generally believed. All of these pretenders have, however, sunk into obscurity as soon as they appeared. This person, notwithstanding, succeeds in keeping his ground, and, unlike those who have thus preceded him, courts, instead of shunning investigation into his pretensions. He has submitted his claims to the competent tribunals in France, and

* "An Abridged Account of the Dauphin, followed by some Documents in support of the Facts related by the Prince. With a Supplement. Translated from the French, by the Hon. and Rev. G. G. Perceval, Rector of Calverton, Bucks. London, Fraser, 1838."

declares his determination to stand or fall by their decision ; but the French cabinet, in its wisdom, has thought fit to prevent him from thus establishing his identity, by sending him out of the country. This the English editor of the work before us declares to be a strong corroboration of the prince's statement ; since it shows that the French government are afraid of him, knowing him to be really the son of Louis XVI., and to have in his possession documents which, if produced, must put the fact of his birth beyond all doubt. This reasoning acquires weight, from the consideration that every other pretender to the title has been brought to trial by the governments of the time :—witness Richemont, &c. &c. The present is the only instance in which they have endeavoured to stifle all inquiry.

Furthermore, it appears that Mademoiselle de Rambaud, who had the care of the young prince in his infancy, recognises this person as the Dauphin, and openly declares her belief that he is no impostor. This is a corroboration which ought to carry great weight, for surely she ought to know. These, however, are only two corroborations given by the English editor, as further proofs. Into the voluminous statements of the prince himself, filling a volume of 714 pages, we cannot now enter ; but we must say, that if he be an impostor, he can be no ordinary one. We never did find deception look so much like truth. But still must we repeat, that we cannot pledge ourselves on this matter : it is a point on which no hasty decision should be pronounced ; we are therefore open to conviction on both sides.

If this man be really what he says he is—if he really means all that he writes—if he is really honest in all he says, then does the following passage reflect on him great honour, and leaves us without all doubt as to his patriotism.

“ Yes, people of France, it is to the impartial justice of your magistrates that I appeal ; it is for you, through them, to judge whether I speak the truth or not. I am here then going to narrate the true history, and to give indisputable proofs of my identity with the most unhappy son of France. I call on you to aid me, *not by resorting to acts of insurrection, which I consider a crime unworthy of me* ; may God preserve me from such a calamity ! If the possession of my inheritance were to cost the life of one of the least of my friends, it would be too dearly bought. But I appeal to you to restore me to my country, and to secure me a grave in the land of my fathers. If you refuse me both of these, you will add to my misfortunes, that of seeing my lawful rights rejected by the perversion of your sense of justice. *I am not come to France to put forward my claims to the crown.* No ! no ! The true son of the Martyr King could not ascend that throne, where his faltering steps would be every moment arrested by the blood of his relatives. How could he secure your happiness, when he would be engrossed by his own sorrows ! Sorrows, alas ! which can never cease, since they will descend with him to the grave. * * *

I ask for nothing but my civil inheritance ; that is to say, the private property which belonged to the royal family of France before the first revolution. No government has a right to deprive me of this inheritance.”

Thus we see that the assumed prince has no intention of plunging France again into the horrors of a revolution; he no longer wishes to ascend the throne; all he wants, is to have his civil right restored to him, as any other subject. It is in this he speaks from his heart; but we will say no more; our readers will judge how much dependence is to be placed on his promises.

In translating the Dauphin's account of his misfortunes and claims into English, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. G. G. Perceval has declared, that his sole motive for so doing, is simply to present a most interesting historical question before the public, not to disturb the government of France. The misfortunes experienced by the royal family of that country, he says, excited in his breast the most painful interest. Of this melancholy chapter of royal suffering, no part seemed to him more truly shocking and revolting, than the treatment of the illustrious martyr's children: especially of the young prince who had the misfortune of being heir to his father's crown; the brutal treatment of whom, he continues, gave rise in his breast to feelings of inexpressible disgust against the "human demons who were his persecutors"—feelings which only subsided, under the belief that he had passed through these tribulations into a better state, and had been united, without fear of another separation, to those of whose tenderest affections he had ever been the cherished object.

These sentiments are commendable; and we believe will be participated in by every friend of humanity. As for the rest we are glad that Mr. Perceval has translated the book, for as a collection of documents relating to an important historical question, the volume is valuable.

We cannot do better than conclude this article with some observations made in the French preface, on the inscrutable decrees of Providence—and on the direful effects of Divine wrath when provoked by repeated offences against its just decrees.

"If the reader," says the writer, "should feel within him a righteous indignation against the relentless persecutors of the prince, or if he should detect some little murmurings against that Providence which has suffered an innocent victim to groan under such a long oppression, let him call to mind this terrible threat of Scripture, 'I will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children even to the fourth generation.'

"Monarchs, like gods upon earth, have thought themselves free from every restraint, and provided they have kept clear of tyranny, their dissolute morals, the source of national corruption, have been applauded; but the judgment of the Most High is very different from that of man, and they who think themselves mighty against him, require with might to be chastised. In vain does Louis the XIVth, cover the scandal of his adulteries with the royal robes. By the side of that disgraceful offspring, his legitimate descendants will in his old age disappear. And lest the judgments should pass unobserved, it is in the hereditary line that three generations are in an instant overwhelmed.

"Spared as if by over sight, Louis the XVth, far from profiting by a lesson so severe, outdoes if possible his great-grandfather's

immorality ; his son dies without coming to the throne, which his grandson only occupies to pass from it to the scaffold ; the eldest son of this latter already awaited him in the tomb.

"Spared also like Louis the XVth, Charles Louis Dauphin of France, has no better habitation than a dungeon. Misfortune seized him in his tenderest infancy. If Providence leaves him to breathe awhile, it is only that, by becoming the father of a family, he may offer new victims to inexorable justice ; it is only to satisfy, by pangs of hunger, the extreme rigour of the Lord's vengeance in the fourth generation.

"A victim from his very cradle, his sufferings were long an impenetrable mystery to him ; his reason rebelled against unmerited afflictions ; now that he understands it, it is only by humble solemn submission that he can soften the rigour of divine justice.

"Now therefore, O Kings ! receive instruction ! learn, ye people, what are the chastisements of the Almighty. And you, reflecting reader, recognise in this inexplicable series of misfortunes the indelible stamp of legitimacy."

We wish that this had been less French and less fine ; but there can be no doubt that the writer sincerely thinks himself to be the Dauphin. That Monsieur Le Baron de Capelle should have taken the absurd interest that he appears to have done, concerning the attempt on the life of the claimant, is, to say the least of it, extraordinary. Why so solicitous to spread the report, that the assumed Duke of Normandy had procured, or attempted his own colourable assassination ?—and why so unwilling to stand by the consequences ? Who is Mons. G. Aiguillor, the author of the disgraceful letter to the publisher of the volume that has excited these brief remarks ?

AUTHORS AND ACTORS ;

OR,

LIBRARY COLLOQUIES, AND GREEN-ROOM DIALOGUES.

1.

Great is the power of books in the estimation of reading men ; nor small in theirs who read not. Two magics, the black and the white, have been supposed their property by the latter ; and more than magic implies is known to belong to them by the former. No wonder that spiritual influence has been attributed to their possession, since it would be hard, even in the abstract, to tell how that which they impart is imparted—how those barren signs should suggest sounds—sounds communicate words—words communicate thoughts—thoughts, ideas—and ideas—what ? Being and God ! Would we raise a Spirit ?—take up a book, and one stands face to face with us, even the spirit of the writer. The ghosts of the dead, and the wraiths of the living, are with us, equally ! In a word, every one who reads a book is a ghost-seer.

Our library is to us a land of enchantment—an isle of necromancy ; like that of Prospero, peopled with the supernatural, and full of sweet sounds and noises, that give delight but hurt not. It is the palace of vision, and the chamber of dream. Things of beauty haunt it which are joys for ever ; aerial things, and godlike shapes, and virgin loves, and infant fancies, and cherub imaginations, and seraph principles—adorations and glories, ardours and powers and thrones—genii and demons—demigods and gods. And with all these we converse, and intermingling embrace—immortalities and shadows that are realities, and realities that are shadows, and both ideal. We are in another world—even the World of Books !

To read is to sleep; to sleep?—perchance to dream! To read is to die;—and then what dreams do come? To sleep?—to die? Ay, to the ordinary and every-day world; escaping from which, we find ourselves in another: and that other—a world even after our own mind. For we hold this to be the true faith in regard to books, that every man reads himself in the book that he peruses. No two men ever read the *same* poem; but to every man the same apparent types in the same apparent order of arrangement, present, in reality, a different picture, reflecting, as in a mirror, the condition of his inmost self. It is but a glass in which he views his own likeness. He who would commune with his own heart and be still—let him take up a book—and read!

Even thus it is with us; and speaking from our own experience, we would add, that no man ever reads the same poem twice. With what different feelings have we at different periods perused the apparently same printed volume, and found therein more or less, or other, at this time than we had at that, and sometimes nothing at all. Shakspeare's *Hamlet* has not always been pregnant to us, and *The Midsummer Night's Dream* has sometimes proved no "open vision," but a blank void. What wonder, when even the unidea'd worldling looks not always on earthly things with none or the same emotions. Strong is creative passion, and will give life and utterance to moon, and star, and sun—to hill, and tree, and stream, which at other times are mute as the deserts of Hades, and dumb as the wilderness of the unborn.

We are a magician, and can make all these things as we like; for us our wishes are realised facts. Facts? Not things done to us, but what we do: these are the only facts. We are a factor—a doer. Your poet is your only actor: but this is a truth for the initiate. We cast not pearls before swine.

One of these facts has happened to us, or we to it—while looking earnestly through the *late* series of "THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE"—anxiously desirous of discovering, by much investigation, the Spirit of it. By a magical exercise of the will, as it were (the magnetical period of twenty minutes having elapsed), we saw distinctly as possible the well-natured and happy countenance of the late editor peer up through the pages. Every word, letter, each particle of type, formed itself into a portion of his features—then of his bust, gradually produced—and at length of his whole person. We were like Faust, when first visited by Mephistophiles; though this was not our first visit from Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, but it was the first in which he had come in a manner supernatural, or preternatural, whichever would best describe the action and the law of the species of apparition, of which an example was granted to our editorial experience.

"You do not expect," said he, taking up the subject of a former conversation, "to enter on your new duties, with such lofty assumptions, without considerable opposition?"

New Editor. Opposition? Principles such as I shall advocate have, in general, outsoared all opposition, being in themselves not only positive, but (if the word may be allowed) *pro*-positive; and, when legitimately worked out, reconciling the very elements of antagonism themselves, in the production of an artistic unity, which the artistic acknowledge as the proper offspring of true legitimated art.

Old Editor. But, envy! There is one writer who will never forgive you for having been "classed, in a minor periodical, with those great poets, Milton and Wordsworth."

New Editor. He cannot be more displeased with the fact, if it be one, than I am.

Old Editor. How?

New Editor. I take it as no compliment. I would rather stand alone. I come after the poets named. Unless what I do shall be something other, or better, than they have done, I must needs be inferior to them as a man and an author; if the same, or worse, then am I a despicable imitator and essayist, and not worth the man's anger.

Old Editor. You will astonish him.

New Editor. He is easily astonished. But I forgive him—for his wrath proceeds from an error, not of judgement, but of belief. He suspects me of having written, anonymously, certain animadversions on his own productions, by which the sale of certain volumes has been ruined. It is a mistake—I never sanctioned even such a course of proceeding.

Old Editor. He takes you for the most truculent of critics and of persons.

New Editor. He misjudges whom he knows not—the gentlest of mortals, and the meekest of writers.

Old Editor. Nevertheless, you express yourself with energy.

New Editor. I do, in the advocacy of principles: I speak of these boldly—without fear, without favour; as one standing between God and man, charged with the interpretation of truth. But I condescend not to personalities—no, not even when attacked. If I speak now, it is not for my own sake, but for *his*. A choleric temper always manifested will eat at last into his own heart—failing of effect on any other. This it must do, because of the world's familiarity with it, and consequent contempt for it.

Old Editor. For my part, I wish you every possible success.

New Editor. And I am proud of your experienced approbation, and shall be happy in your generously promised assistance.

Old Editor. You care not, however, for the squibs and crackers of the press.

New Editor. They are mainly serviceable as advertisements—they attract attention. The sale of a work depends on its intrinsic merits, or extrinsic attractions. Neither are made by critical notices. These are but echoes, and in all cases of success 'denote a foregone conclusion.' Where they do not, no success follows.

Old Editor. I am happy that in our present relations I can give in my adhesion to the new standard without suspicion of temporizing; since, long previous to our personal acquaintance—I mean, in the last April No. of the "Old" Monthly—I praised highly your lecture on *Poetic Genius as a Moral Power*.

New Editor. You were one of the few critics who understood me. I am sure that it was not in reference to you, as supposed by some carpers, that the proprietors of this work considered, that an advantage belonging to the new editorship would be gained, in the fixed and permanent principles on which the *Monthly Magazine* would be now conducted. No! the assertion was doubtless made in regard to periodical literature in general, which hitherto has been as the weather-cock to the wind. No, sir!—you have shown a mind of far higher aims; and in your tales I recognise a vein which only wants working to be profitable.

Old Editor. Your principles, so admired by me, whatever critics may think of them, are spreading fast and widely. See, in proof, a pamphlet which we have had by us now for some time, and have much admired.

New Editor. "Poetry as an Universal Nature; a Lecture delivered 8th June, 1838, at the Town Hall, Grimsby, for the Mechanics' Institution of that place; to which is added, The Poet, an Ode. By J. Westland Marston."

The author tells us, that it would not be matter of great surprise to him, if the singular subject of his lecture should excite some little feeling of wonder and curiosity;—"Of poetry (he proceeds) as mere mechanical versification—of poetry, as figurative language—of poetry, as a heterogeneous mass of tropes, hyperboles, interjections, and similes, we have, I believe, not unfrequently heard; but of poetry, as the life of high and glorious principles in our being—of poetry, as a nature, which is universal as vitality itself—of poetry, as an inheritance, to which the man of mean station and unenlightened mind may prove a title, indubitable as his who can boast a rank the most elevated, and an intellect the most unlimited—of poetry, according to this interpretation, little indeed has been heard; and the endeavour to make manifest its right to the pre-eminent distinction which I unhesitatingly claim on its behalf, is a task, to accomplish which my will may be greater than my power; but in no

event can I regret the devotion of my energies to this labour, because, however unsuccessfully employed, I feel that the mere *attempt* to support the affirmations I have to make on the subject, will be an honour and a reward above my deserving.

"I regret, in some degree, that in explaining a new theory regarding poetry, or rather, in reviving an old one, I should want the sanction of age and experience. When one so young as myself presumes to assert positions which are somewhat extraordinary, and recognized by a comparatively small number, the kindest and most partial auditor is apt to inquire, whether the speaker's views are not more formed by enthusiasm and imagination than by reflection and judgement? My answer, however, to such an interrogatory would be briefly this :—'The elements of my creed are so simple, that they may be understood by the commonest apprehension, although sufficiently sublime to elicit the sympathies of the most acute and expanded minds ; so that while the sage may study, with improvement and delight, its lofty precepts, its alphabet may constitute the language of an infant's heart.

"What is poetry? We reply, love, beauty, and truth. What is a poem? The lovely, the beautiful, the true. It is essential that we distinguish between the poetry and the poem : poetry is the cause, the poem the effect ; poetry is the active life which manifests itself in various forms, the poem is its manifestation in one.

"We shall now consider poetry as an universal nature.

"Poetry as an universal nature : 'What!' you will exclaim, 'do you mean to affirm that every one is a poet?' Not exactly so, but we mean to affirm that every one *may* become a poet. We affirm that the elements which constitute a poet are common to every human being, although in the mass their operation may be thwarted and obstructed.

"And how,' you ask, 'do we prove that poetry is common to all?' We prove it by the universal law in creation, that whatever sympathises is precisely the same nature as *that with which it sympathises*. In the external world, one drop of water *sympathises* with another, and the two *unite*. By no process of chemistry could you compel water to coalesce with oil, because being of different natures they cannot sympathise. In actual life, you behold the intellectual man seeking the society of intellectual men ; because the intellect in one sympathises with the intellect in the others. We might continue the parallel, by bringing before you all the various classes and coteries of life, and we should find in every individual, who helped to constitute a particular class, a feeling common to all its members—in fact a sympathy."

While perusing this passage, the spiritual apparition of Mr. Reynolds gradually faded from our attention, and at last from our vision. A new spirit emerged—that of the Lecturer, whose eloquent prelection we were perusing.

"Mr. Marston," we remarked, "that chemical simile of yours is hardly correct—water and oil have been blended."

J. W. Marston. No ; both have been destroyed. The introduction of a third ingredient has effected an analysis of the other two.

Editor. No—only of one. The oil, but not the water, is decomposed. It may be done in two or three ways. For instance : when potash is mixed with water and oil, the oil is decomposed and becomes resolved into margaric, and oleic acids, and glycerine ; and these unite with the potash, and thus become miscible with water. However, you are a better metaphysician than a natural philosopher. You understand poetry, at any rate, and deserve credit for believing, that whoever sympathises with poetry possesses the same feelings that animate the poet : *ergo*, poetry is an universal nature. Why are not all poets?

J. W. Marston. To such a question, alas ! but one reply can be made :—
"Instead of yielding our obedience to poetic laws, we are, as a world, constantly rebelling against them. Poetry is love : we love not, or love only in a selfish form, and in a concentrated sphere. How few of us are willing to bestow

even the cup of cold water! How few of us are seen administering food to the poverty-stricken, aid to the sick, and consolation to the mourner! How comparatively few are the friendships we form, and the sympathies which we elicit! Does it not prove how little practical obedience we yield to love's beneficent laws, that whilst we may be surrounded by, and live in the midst of, a population of thousands, our friends seldom amount to a fiftieth part of the number? We allow conventional usages and the etiquette of a false system of society to prevent an unrestricted communion with our brethren. 'Some,' it is deemed, 'are too poor, some too ill-bred, and some of an opposite political creed.' We allow these petty external forms to divorce immortal natures. Wedded to outward distinctions, the fashion of a day, we are strangers to the identity of our being; we live the mere puppets of circumstance, and die without having discharged our high mission of love, the bond-slaves of paltry contingencies.

"If we are then in the habit of offering obstructions to the manifestations of love in our being, it follows as a necessary consequence, that beauty and truth, the remaining elements of poetry, will represent themselves in a faint and imperfect manner; for beauty is the child of love. In the proportion that we are under the influence of love shall we be disposed to behold the *loveliness* or beauty of external creation, which after all is but a type of the great original within us. This is no crude and unsubstantiated theory: I will make it matter of personal experience with you—I will ask you whether you cannot recall any period to your minds, when being under the influence of angry and resentful feelings, though the sky may have been most clear, the earth most verdant, and the air most serene, you have been unable to feel the beauty or to contemplate the charm of these external conditions. Yet have there not, on the contrary, been seasons when, under the influence of love and affection, the most common and perhaps seldom noticed prospects have appeared invested with a light and a glory never before observed in them? Yes—love is the life in all feelings. The delight we experience in the view of outward nature is but the exhibition of love or sympathy in the perceptive form. The intelligence which 'tellecth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names,' is but an intellectual manifestation of the love which 'healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.' The beauty in an object depends not upon itself, but upon him who beholds it. Therefore to see aright that which is lovely, we must be under the dominion of love.

"That upon which this perception of the beautiful depends for its permanency is truth. The true man is he who surrenders himself habitually to the teachings of conscience; for if there be a law of love in his being, of which he is conscious, but which he only obeys at times, his best sympathies and perceptions will be transient and unstable. Truth is therefore requisite to make man *habitually* a poet: most men have what they term 'better moments,' when the poetic triumphs over the selfish. These seasons are the results of a temporary obedience to the high internal nature. Truth, however, is that law which *incessantly* demands this obedience: how seldom is it rendered! Our seeing is—O, how frequently!—above our being. We are *false* representations of our belief, and are to be numbered amongst those 'whose life is a lie.' If, then, having love, beauty, and truth—in one word, poetry, within us, we disregard its laws and resist its operations, are we to be surprised that we fail to become poets?

"To be poets, we must be the subjects of poetry; her law must be our rule, her breath our inspiration; we must depose from the throne of the heart, the usurper, Self, the tyrant whom we have installed therein; we must banish him from the realms of the soul; we must sacrifice every association connected with him at the shrine of the legitimate sovereign; every trace of his power must be offered up; for it were mockery to present the divine poetry in our being (insulted too long) with a partial and limited homage."

Editor. Very well, our good friend! you are an orator—but we cannot permit you to say anything more at this time. Hey, presto! at the word—

you fade—and what seemed corporal of you has melted like—— Sir Martin Archer Shee, Knt., your most obliged servant!

Sir Martin Archer Shee. The conversation you have just held was so much in accordance with the sentiments delivered in my Address, which now lies in quarto dignity beneath your elbow—

Editor. Where? Here! Yes—I see.—(*reads*) “Address to the Students of the Royal Academy; delivered before the General Assembly, on the Distribution of the Gold Medals, 10th December, 1837. By Sir Martin Archer Shee, Knt., President.” * Very good.

Sir M. A. Shee. I could not help, I say, yielding so far to the influence of the conversation just concluded, as to make some attempt to bring to your mind the cognate sentiments on the subject in my address.

Editor. With all the rest of the world, at the present time, you believe in a New Era; and for yourself, find evidence and illustration of it in the change of site now occupied by the Royal Academy.

Sir M. A. Shee. The change which has taken place in the local position of the Royal Academy naturally leads to a consideration of its past and present state. The period of its establishment in its new abode may be said to form an era in its history; on arriving at which, we pause for a moment to review the course which has been hitherto pursued, and calculate the chances which, in its future progress, may facilitate or impede the great object for which it was originally founded—the promotion of the Fine Arts.

Editor. You hold, I perceive, that Reynolds still stands unrivalled at the head of the British school; and Hogarth and Wilson may, in many respects, contest the palm with the most eminent of their successors.

Sir M. A. Shee. But, in every department of Art, a powerful mass of talent has been created which is creditable to the genius of our country, and which seems only to await a fit opportunity, and an appropriate stimulus, to start forward with success in the noblest race of renown. A new art, also, may be said to have sprung up amongst us. The imitation of Nature, through the medium of Water-colour on paper, has assumed a character and efficiency unknown to former ages: a power has been displayed which appeared hardly compatible with the nature of the materials employed in its exercise; and with rapid strides this department of art has advanced to a perfection which at once surprises and satisfies the beholder, who doubts, in his admiration, if higher excellence can be hoped for or desired.

Editor. We cannot agree with you, Sir Martin, as to the improvement of the public taste; it has not kept pace with the progress of any art. The reasons are obvious. The public taste has had its leaders—and these leaders have betrayed their trust. Pseudo critics have made a waste, where they should have cherished a garden. Demand of your historical painters, what they think of the public taste? or, perhaps, rather what they know of and concerning the patrons on whom artists depend for support? Look at the last three or four years:—during that time have Etty and George Patten met with the guerdon that they had a right to expect? Not they! not they!

Sir M. A. Shee. The cultivation of the public taste, certainly, has not extended to the fullest desirable extent—still something has been done. Not only have the connoisseur and the collector obtained a sounder judgement in art, than that which had hitherto prevailed in the circles of *virtu*, but a considerable degree of information on the subject has been generally diffused among the educated classes of the community. Though a cultivated taste has not yet become an essential attainment in our system of national education, yet ignorance of the Arts is considered to denote a want of refinement; and is now rarely avowed in respectable society without some sense of humiliation.

Editor. Yet, where are your purchasers? and what are your artists to do without them?

Sir M. A. Shee. Too true—not even the Academy can produce patrons! It

may cultivate the powers of genius, but it cannot employ them. Of all the competitors for fame, the artist is the least fortunate. Dependent on extraneous circumstances, and requiring a co-operation of aids and accommodations which, though essential to his purpose, he cannot always command, he requires every sort of encouragement. The Architect will plan his building, the Sculptor will prepare his model in vain, if nobody requires the erection of the one, or the execution of the other. The Painter cannot, like the Poet, as Johnson relates of Savage, compose in the street, and beg, from the first shop within his reach, the means of transcribing his effusions. The painter depends more on time and place; he must wait for opportunity and patronage. Barry justly observes, that "Raffaello, Michael Angelo, and the Caracci, could not have produced their wonders without the Sistine Chapel, the Vatican, and the Farnese Palace; but Milton's poem required neither a palace nor a prince."

Editor. Public exhibitions are more useful in giving the needful tone to the public mind, than in forming the artist's. Genius requires no model but nature—were it otherwise, no other models would have existed.

Sir M. A. Shee. True. Great works, presented to us in the full blaze of fame, would seem rather to paralyse than inspire. Our faculties are awed before the idols of time and authority; and the rational respect which is due to preceding merit, degenerates to superstitious veneration. Moreover, experience, in every age, has proved that Art advances with a steady pace, as long as she fixes her regards faithfully upon Nature. She retrogrades from the moment when she turns her eye upon herself. Yet to this fate, by a Narcissus-like fascination, all arts would seem to tend; and the progress of the human powers is obstructed, not so much by the defect of their weakness, as by the misapplication of their strength. The study of Nature leads to originality and excellence;—the study of Art to mediocrity and imitation. The one forms the Poet and the Painter; Authors and Artists are the production of the other.

Editor. Excellent remarks! That the artist takes the wrong direction, is due to the perverted courses of criticism, which, judging all at the outside, always judges wrongly.

Sir M. A. Shee. The critic, indeed, expatiates so learnedly on the wonders which have been wrought in past times, and holds them up to the admiration of the present, in such a strain of fanciful refinement and rhapsodical exaggeration, that the works of Men are allowed to supersede the great model which they represent, and we are taught to turn our back on the real object, to study the reflection. An age of criticism, indeed, seems not to be favourable to the operations of genius. Homer little suspected that the caprices of his fancy were to become the fetters of his posterity.

Editor. We shall yet have new Homers and Shaksperes, who will give laws, not take them. Artists will yet arise who shall assert the independence of genius, and, while they drink copiously from the streams of knowledge, shall feel it to be their privilege and their duty to trace them to the source from which they flowed. While they will profit by the merits of other times, they will refuse to be bound by their authority, and will surpass, because they look beyond them.

Sir M. A. Shee. That was certainly the case with Michael Angelo and Raffaello—Titian and Correggio, who have never since been excelled, because they have been always imitated.

Editor. And only because of that. Sir Martin! we shall have new Michael Angelos—Raffaelles—Titians, and Correggios!

Sir M. A. Shee. When we consider the rich and luxuriant tracts which the natural taste of Shakspeare led him to explore, we surely have some reason to rejoice that he travelled without a guide,—that no books of the road were found within his reach,—that no critical finger-posts had yet been set up in his time, to lure him into beaten paths, and hackneyed highways. There is little credit to be obtained in going over the same ground where others have preceded us, and we can only follow in their footsteps. One happy invention is worth a thousand imitations; and I do not envy the ambition of him who

would not rather be an original Hogarth, than a second-rate Raffaele or a mock Michael Angelo.

Editor. The National Gallery is in fearful proximity to the Academy's Exhibition. We shall perpetrate an article on this subject.

Sir M. A. Shee. The Exhibition of the National Gallery consists of a selection from the labours of three centuries,—of works culled from every school that has existed since the revival of the Arts, and anxiously rescued by taste from the general wreck of time. Although the merits of many of the productions thus carefully transmitted to our day do not entirely justify their celebrity, and others must be considered rather as supplying the illustrations of the history of the arts for the antiquarian, than examples of their perfection to the artist, or the amateur, yet all are invested with a character of excellence, and regarded with that unquestioning reverence which the superstition of taste is ever ready to pay to pretensions which appear to be sanctioned by the authority of time.—The Exhibition of the Academy, on the other hand, is formed from the contributions of a single school,—a single city,—and, in almost every instance, of a single year. It is necessarily regulated on principles which forbid any fastidious severity of selection, and which render exclusion invidious. The works of which it is composed, too, are not always the best productions of their respective authors, but such as the ordinary course of their professional engagements, and the good pleasure of those who employ them, may chance to supply. Thus circumstanced, our annual exhibition might reasonably claim to be regarded with some indulgence; yet the prepossessions of the public taste are seldom in its favour. Those who have no confidence in their own judgment, are still distrustful of native talent; the pretender to taste thinks it safer to depreciate than to praise; mediocrity finds little mercy, and even the highest merit can expect but a cold and hesitating commendation.

Editor. It is the same in literature, too;—all the same, to a tittle, Sir Martin! I have been exceedingly pleased with your remarks on the apparently sombre hues of old pictures, only because they are old, and the apparently gaudy hues of new pictures, only because they are new. Some thing, however, comes out of these accidents which is of more than accidental benefit;—a medium of colour, better than either, may be conceived—and once conceived, presented in execution.

Sir M. A. Shee. The mistakes of the amateur on this topic are extremely mischievous. There is, in consequence of them, a disposition rather to tighten than to relax the reins by which the fiery steed of genius has been too long confined to the regular paces of the School. The amateur, meanwhile, shows some desire to supersede the artist in his function of leading the public taste, and claims a right of interference and control in his operations which, I conceive, would at once reduce him to the level of a mechanic, and make his art a trade. But surely a pretension of this kind cannot be reasonably sustained. The Poet and the Artist, when operating in the true spirit of their avocations, must always exercise more influence on the public mind than the critic or the connoisseur.

Editor. The Poet?—yes, we *have* poets in our day, both foreign and domestic. Esaias Tegner—for instance——No sooner had we pronounced the words, suiting thereto the action, also, by taking up “Axel, from the Swedish of Esaias Tegner, by R. G. Latham, M. A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge,”*—than the eloquent rhymester and orator on Art, like the spirits who had preceded him, vanished. In his place, we saw the reverend Latham—not in his canonicals, but in a plain suit of sober black—seated by the library fire, and heard him sing or say—in fact, churning a chaunt—like this:—

“I love the old heroic times
Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory;
And deem them fittest for the scenes
Of stern or tender story.

* London: T. Hookham, Old Bond-street, 1838.

For he was blythe as Peace may be,
Yet boisterous as Victory.
Even now, on high, there glide,
Up and down, at eventide,
Mighty men, like those of old,
With frocks of blue, and belts of gold.
O! reverently I gaze upon
Those soldier spirits clad in light;
And hold as things most wonderful
Their coats of buff, and swords of giant height."

Editor. Sweden, although long considered by the South of Europe as the land of poverty and rudeness, is not destitute of meritorious poets. Among these, Esaias Tegner stands pre-eminent. His "Frithiof's Saga" is one of the boldest, and, in many respects, the best, of the Swedish poems. Its metrical arrangement is new and curious. There has not, we believe, been any thing like it in any other language.

Mr. Latham. You may begin with the title-page. Instead of the notifications generally contained in that indispensable part of a printed book, he gives us a vignette representing the heroine, and a stanza of the poem affords an idea of the subject of the succeeding work. The requisite information as to the name of the author, publisher, &c. &c., being ousted to the last page. The Saga is divided into twenty-four cantos, of which none are very long, while some are excessively short. Each change of scene is accompanied by a change of canto; and each canto has a metre of its own, and consequently there are twenty-four different kinds of metre in this singular production.

Editor. Nor was this all. There were some novelties attending its first appearance. The *last* nine cantos were printed at Stockholm in the years 1820 and 1822, and were afterwards followed, in 1825, by the fifteen *previous* ones; truly a reversal of the usual order of publication.

But our business now is with "Axel." The picture of the Old Warrior, with which the poem opens, is fine:—

"He seemed like some triumphal pillar,
Undermined by Time.
The scars along his forehead were
Like sculptures on a sepulchre;
There flowed behind that old man's ears
The silver of a hundred years."

This, and other parts of the poem, are evidently in the style of Byron's *Mazeppa*—but, as Esaias Tegner is a bishop, his hero conducts himself with the propriety befitting the cloth.

Mr. Latham. The tale of the hapless loves of Axel and Thecla, is supposed to be related to the poet by that ancient warrior—a soldier of King Charles the Twelfth, and runs thus.—The monarch, immediately after the disastrous battle of Pultowa, gives a letter to Axel, "his henchman brave," saying—

"Bear it to Stockholm. Heaven be with thee still—
And greet, from Charles, the old ancestral hill."

Axel is portrayed as of exceeding loveliness—yes—though, at the same time, "cheery, bold, and wild;"—

'Cheery, bold, and wild;—
At Holofsin his sire had died,
Slain, sword in hand, by Adolf's side;
And left but him, the tent's true child,
With weapon-clang, and warrior-cry,
For matin song and lullaby.
—The rose's dew, that meets the morn,
Was not so fresh as he;
The slender fir, on Dovre's side,
Was not more straight and free.

The lines of his brow would change and play,
Like the clear sky's own on a sunny day;
And, glad though they were, betrayed no less
Of hardihood, than of earnestness.
His eyes' bright azure seemed to be
For gazing at heaven hopefully;
Or for leading him onward, without despair,
Through the fabled gloom of the fends of air!"

He was of Charles' body guard—men who were trained to scorn of death, and to hardihood beyond their viking ancestors; sleeping on turf or plank, sung to rest by the northern wind, and curtained by the colder sky.

Little they cared for the flame's red aid,
 Save for the sake of the cannonade;
 Casting light as fierce and dun
 As a winter's blood-red sun.
 They deemed no battle lost or won,
 To lesser odds than seven to one;
 And then retreated, soft and slow,
 With their faces to the foe.
 But harsher laws than these, I ween,
 Lay upon those armed men;
 Never to look on a maiden's eye,

Never turn ear to a maiden's sigh,
 Never to heed the sweet words she said,
 Ere Charles, that cold stern chief, was wed.
 No matter how soft voices strove
 To match the music of the grove;
 How lips might mock the rose-bud's hue,
 How eyes, the violets steeped in dew;
 How breasts might heave for love's sweet sake,
 Like floating swan on silver lake—
 Vain were eyes, and breasts, and words,
 They were wedded to their swords.

Young Axel, while on his mission, is intercepted by the Cossacks, on the "unlimited Ukraine," over which he was shooting like an eagle—nothing less!—and, after battling it bravely—one against twenty—falls—in death—on swoon? Thus doubtfully left, Thecla, a female warrior, passing her native steppes with huntress train discovers him. Lovely she like the morn, and mounted on a "tiger-striped courser"—

She scarcely paused to draw the rein,
 But sprang like lightning on the plain:
 Each pale attendant checked her horse,
 That swerved for fright at Axel's corse.
 It lay like an oak on Norway's plain,
 Felled by the might of the hurricane;
 Crashing, on the spot it stood,
 All ignobler underwood.
 Bloodless, with his blood around him,
 Axel lay, as Thecla found him.
 Bent to view him, breathing deep,
 Like, as on the Latman steep,
 Dian, over the weird sleep
 Of the youth she donated on,
 Tender-eyed Endymion.
 A form of equal grace delayed
 The goddess, and the mortal maid.

A little spark of life remained—
 She told it by his bosom's swelling:
 They made a hearth of oak-tree boughs,
 And bore him thence to Thecla's dwelling.
 Half in pity, half in prayer,
 Thecla sat beside his pillow;
 With a bosom beating there,
 Like an ocean's billow.
 Of the glances cast on him,
 Weak, and white, and sleeping,
 Each was worth the brightest gem
 In a monarch's keeping.
 So a rose of Grecia's own
 (That lovely world that now lies dead),
 Over a giant's statue heads
 Its burning blushing head.

Axel, when first he observes Thecla, thinks of his vow to the king; but the natural effect of their situation soon follows—they love!

Eastern maidens ever were
 Of sunlit cheek, and raven hair,
 In curls as dark as Midnight's own,
 And flashing like the thunder-stone.
 And Thecla was an Eastern maid,
 Child of a sun that knew no shade;
 And Eastern fire bore its part
 In the mad tide of Thecla's heart;
 And spread its crimson o'er her cheeks,
 Like Daylight's own, when Morning breaks;
 And twined her brow, in lines of gladness,
 To wreaths of smiles that laughed at sadness.
 Subdued by pride, she seemed to be
 An image head of victory.

On some Valkyria's shield.
 A hue like her's, Aurora's seems,
 Behind her scarf of morning beams.
 Her step, elastic, tripped at ease,

Her tresses singing to the breeze;
 The queen of the Orades
 So bounds along the field.
 Her guileless bosom knew but truth,
 It beat with health, it beat with youth,
 Like ocean's waves that love to leap,
 Ere morning's breeze has sunk asleep.
 A form of love—to that was given
 A soul of fire, a southern heaven,
 For warmth and light, that steeps the air
 With the odorous gossamer
 Of the flowers that behold
 Summer sunset's burning gold.
 A bard might deem that in her eye,
 Two spirits strove for mastery:
 One proud and fierce, like lightnings sped
 From Jove's own eagle's radiant head;
 The other gentle as the pair
 Of Aphrodite's dove-drawn car.

Axel loves, yet forgets not his duty; and delivers the brief to its appointed receivers. Sweden's honour, however, is nothing to Thecla, who becomes doubtful of her lover's fidelity, and suspects a previous pledge—an earlier attachment,—and resolves, her sex concealed, to enter the Russian army, that she may find her lover in the ranks of war, perchance the shock of fight.

The breast that seemed as frail as glass,
 Is shielded by the hard cuirass:
 Each raven curl, that seemed to twine
 Like tendrils of the winding vine
 (As Spartan matron's), grows a braid,
 For helm to press, and plume to shade:
 And o'er her milk-white shoulders swung
 (Where scarf of silk before alone,
 Or huntress-gear, at most, was thrown),
 Full fraught with death, a carbine hung;

Her shining girdle twice drawn round
 (A cestus for the charms it bound),
 With strings of silk was stretched to bear
 The lightning of her scymitar.
 Beneath and o'er her lips appeared
 A shade that would have been a beard;
 So smirched, those ruby lips did show,
 Save that they seemed too fair for woe,
 Like roses at a burial,
 Flung upon the ebony pall.

Editor. The poet in this place, if I recollect aright the original, throws out some indignant invectives against the Muscovite power.

Mr. Latham.

— Muscovy's proud capital;
New rapine-blasted, gorged with prey,
The citadel of tyrant sway.
Who boasts of crowns in power like thee,
Acropolis of Slavery?
I say, thou once wast weak and small,
The humblest, most despised of all,

Stunted in stature as in soul.
Lash'd by each Kalmuc Czar's control;
Yet even then didst seem to be
As adder in its infancy,
Just old enough for spleen and spits
To brew the venom in its bite.

Thecla arrives at Sweden in male disguise, and takes part in a battle with the Cossacks, on whom the poet in his national wrath heaps his curses like coals of fire. Thus,

— tender Thecla lends her hand
For harrying her Axel's land.

Great power is shewn in describing the fight.

Editor. We cannot help thinking of Sir Walter Scott in perusing it. That the Bishop has read the Baronet needs no ghost to tell us. Axel's charge is described with surprising spirit. The recognition of the lovers is tender enough; but, O translator! somewhat spoilt by ungrammatical rendering. 'It is her,' and 'Yes, it was her,' would spoil the otherwise best passage in the language.

Mr. Latham. I regret my transgression.

Editor. You are pardoned. The rest is exquisite.

Serene and pale
For far her silver speech should fall,
In broken whispers, calm and light,
She breathed her latest long good-night.
"Good night, my Axel! Death's control
Lies icy cold on Thecla's soul.
Ask not what thoughts, what passions bear
The torn and luckless maiden here,
Whom hope enchanted, love misled—
Ah! how changed, how frail appear,
The things that erst we held so dear,
On the chill confines of the dead.
Oh! love like ours, that heaven gave,
Is all that lives beyond the grave.
Forgive me all—I yearned to know
The cold stern oath that bound thee so;
Now mine—for aye, that oath shall be
Sphered with yon stars, and all for thee;
And then shall Thecla's soul survey
Her Axel's faith, as pure as they.
It was a woman's weakness—such
As hearts may feel that love too much;
Then pardon, for my spirit's state,
Each tear that falls for Thecla's fate.
I have no father, kinsman, mother—
Thou wast my father, kinsman, brother;
Thou wast mine all. Oh! whisper me,
That e'en in death I'm dear to thee.—
I hear it all—Oh! hie they move
Assurance sweet of deathless love—
Now welcome Fate; that last dear word
Outweighs what years, what lives afford.
Yes, uncomplaining is the death I die;
For brief, though sweet, was Thecla's history.
No earth so suits for grave of maid like me,
As this far land, defended, saved by thee.

"Ere yon faint cloud has passed before
The silent moon, shall all be o'er;
And what was once thy Thecla be
A stary soul that prays for thee.
But then, where that still maiden lies,
First, Axel, some sweet southern rose,
That with the summer sunbeam blows,
And when the winter chills it dies;
Like southern Thecla, laid below
Her Axel's native northern snow:

She bloomed for one short summer's day—
Axel! the cloud has passed away;
Farewell, a long farewell!"—she sighed,
And pressed on Axel's hand—and died.

Then started from his hell beneath,
More ghastly than his brother Death,
With night-shade in his tangled hair,
And writhing lip that mocked Despair,
And step that staggered, frenzied eye,
And tooth that gnashed for agony,
Unhallowed madness—Axel's brain
Spins round for her he loved in vain.
A blighted shade of restless gloom,
He wanders wild by Thecla's tomb.

"Be still, be still, ye waters blue!
Ye know not what your voices do.
Whose wind unwelcome, babbling stream,
With blood-polluted chafing wave,
Mars the frail bliss of Axel's dream,
And sings the dirge that suits his grave.
A southern rose's scent was shed
Beside the grave where one is dead;
The foreign child—her clime's glad pride,
Like one that should be Axel's bride.
They say she sleeps, serene and sweet,
With Earth's green lap for winding sheet:
They say she sleeps in silence there,
Till Spring's soft song shall waken her.—
Is love to sleep? But yester-night
I viewed her in her lovely light.
A thin unearthly Spirit, sent
Between me and yon battlement—
As pale as a departed one—
It was because the cold moon shone—
And chill her lip, and white her cheek—
It was because the wind was bleak—
I prayed her pass her fingers o'er
The brow that was so burned before:
I prayed her speak—this breast and brain,
So reft of hope, so scattered by pain,
She touched, and all grew bright again.
Then fast before my eyeballs roll
The infant hours of this lone soul—
Bright as her own unclouded sky,
The morning dreams of memory.

A distant fort, a bower of green,
 That she, the loved one, dwelt within;
 A castle in a lonely grove—
 That castle was the maid's I love.
 A bleeding, clay-cold corpse, that lay,
 For life to melt itself away—
 Remains of one tumultuous strife.
 That one sweet kiss restored to life.
 Then hope and love alone brightly o'er
 The soul that was so dead before:
 It grew like her's—glad, warm, and free. }
 As hearts that grow in love should be—
 And all that heart she gave to me. }
 It now lies stark and still beneath
 The freezing, fatal breath of death.

Shine not, ye silver stars, that meet
 To shine in concert—mine is set
 In seas of blood too red to view—
 Methinks this hand grows ruddy too."

So Axel wept on Solankær—
 When day was dawning he was there:
 When day was done, and evening came,
 Was Axel there; he wept the same.
 One morn a lifeless corpse was there:
 His hands were clasped as if in prayer;
 The tear was standing on his cheek,
 Half frozen, for the wind was bleak;
 And on the grave of her he mourned,
 His cold unclosing eye was turned

While reading the above passage, we thought, somehow or other, no longer of the parson-translator, but of the bishop-poet; so true is it to the original. Little known to this country, Mr. Latham deserves abundant credit for introducing Tegner into our literature. He seems to have taken considerable pains with his version; and even where he comparatively fails in producing an English poem, preserves the spirit of the Swedish.

And have we no poets? A small volume lies before us with the following title:

The Demons of the Wind, and other Poems. By HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL. London: J. W. Southgate, 164, Strand.

It is evidently the production of a young author, who has but just learned to think for himself, and has not yet quite freed his mind from the trammels of imitation. His versification is perfect—perfect almost to a fault, and, as we think, savours a little too much of the exceeding accuracy of Pope, in whom reason often yielded to rhyme, and sense to sound. The style of thinking, though by no means the thoughts themselves, is after the model of Byrom, who is evidently, at least in his earlier poems, a peculiar favourite of the writer. In one of his concluding pieces, however, he has taken a higher flight, and one which leads us to hope, that he has already begun to appreciate a school of poetry which has wisely incorporated an ardent search after truth, and the investigation of the human mind, with the tales and fictions which have for many years formed the staple of English poetry. We will give our reader a few lines of this poem, where the author seems struggling out of the bondage of the mere *intellect* into "the perfect law of liberty" of the *reason*, though he is not yet entirely emancipated. They are contained in a poem on fancy.

"O 'tis lovely thus to flee
 From surrounding misery!
 Truth and substance on the eye
 Like a phantom glance and die;
 All our visions real seem,
 'Tis reality's a dream."

The poet appears here yet unable to cast away all his bonds; he could not say boldly, "all our visions real *are*," but his "real *seem*" is evidently a half concession to those whose flag he is happily deserting. Let him not fear, but cast out boldly into the sea of real poetry; and, if we mistake not, he may yet become "a star among the stars of light." We will say but few words with respect to the longer poem, "The Demons of the Wind." It is a good idea, expressed in very smooth verses, and containing many beautiful passages; in it, by means of a colloquy of the Demons of the Wind, he takes occasion to express some very pretty thoughts upon many parts of the world. In conclusion, we heartily recommend this little volume to our readers as one that will certainly afford them an hour's amusement, and some profitable instruction.

Enter (abruptly) FRANK HALL STANDISH, Esq.

Mr. Standish. You were talking of poetry.—Some verses of mine— —

Editor. A traveller, I presume.

Mr. Standish. Right; from the shores of the Mediterranean.* My first volume having been received with indulgence by the public, I am encouraged to present them with a second. A work entitled *Constantinias*, printed at Venice in 1824, has been my guide in treating of the ancient remains of Constantinople. In my slight notices of the Granadian Wars I have followed the dates of Zurita, in his *Parlos de Granada*, and Agapida. They differ by several years from those of Irving, but this perhaps is not material to the reader, where the facts and succession of events are the only subjects of interest. To Don Francisco Paula Diaz of Seville, who accompanied me, I am indebted for notes taken during my excursion to Granada and Malaga.

Editor. Your first volume was good. There are many choice passages that might be extracted from the present. I have travelled in thought once before by the shores of the Mediterranean, and can answer for the fidelity of your pictures. You walk the waters, and, as you journey, give us cape and headland, and prospect of town and village,—discoursing, as you pass, of times old and new—of fable and of history—sprinkled every now and then with personal reflections that are delightful.

Mr. Standish. The voyaging historian has wandered not for himself alone; the reader roams with him.

Editor. As I do now—as once did Miss Brackett with Colonel Stone, according to the startling narrative published at New York. She travelled mentally through the air a distance of two hundred miles, but I am with you on the wide, wide sea—the Mediterranean Sea. Such is the power of animal magnetism!

Mr. Standish. Every voyager is an animal magnetist.

Editor. Your words are true; I feel their truth. I am on deck—alas! a poor voyager—sea sickness!—but it has worn off—and I now can rough it out with the best of you.

And verily, we seemed to be all afloat as we said these words, moving as in a dream—for now the ship was no ship, but one of those vessels described by Coleridge, as flashing along—

“—those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!”

Clear enough it soon became that we were not, with Mr. Standish, voyaging the Mediterranean in one of those majestic specimens of our old navy, that swept the waters with a swan-like rise and fall equally beautiful and sublime. No—but we were steaming it away to India† at incalculable speed. Steaming to India! Ah, to India! What have you to say to that? It is practicable, despite all doubts to the contrary. By what route shall we go? Some maintain that the most advisable is by Egypt and the Red Sea, and affirm that it offers advantages not to be foregone. Others prefer the usual course round the Cape of Good Hope. We prefer the Red Sea route. The voyage round the Cape of Good Hope is liable to two objections—two positive objections—first, the distance; secondly, the perils. The Egyptian passage is free from these objections. The course is so direct that it may almost be said to be endowed with a self-propelling power towards the East; and as to the second objection, all the inconveniences which may now be felt, can, will, and may be remedied by the influences of science and enterprise.

You will try to frighten us with the plague prevailing in Egypt, and the

* “The Shores of the Mediterranean. By FRANK HALL STANDISH, Esq.” Vol. II. Black & Armstrong.

† “Steam to India, via the Red Sea, and via the Cape of Good Hope. The Respective Routes and Facilities for Establishing a Comprehensive Plan by way of Egypt Compared and Considered.” London: Smith, Elder & Co.

consequent danger of carrying the infection into England by means of the merchandise, and the personal risk which the passengers would sustain while within the sphere of its influence. Now Dr. Bowring's pamphlet proves that we have all along laboured under a great delusion respecting the contagiousness of the plague, showing from incontestable evidence that *it is not at all infectious*. This sets at rest the argument founded upon that hypothesis, and completely renders unnecessary the evidence which the present writer has collected upon the subject. We wonder he could have thus overlooked Dr. Bowring's pamphlet, when it contains arguments bearing so strongly upon his position.

But then the dangers of passing the Desert of Suez † O, they have been much magnified! Besides, the want of water has, of late years, been removed by the sinking of new wells, and the deepening of old ones. The cry raised about the plundering attacks of the Arabs of the Desert is worthy of no attention, as those casualties are of very rare occurrence; seldomer indeed than similar robberies in many parts of Europe.

The "*Comprehensive Plan*" is required for the steam communication, if to be made efficient; that is to say, it must not be confined only to a single port of India, but, on the contrary, must be extended to many or all. After which would here naturally follow sundry arguments concerning expence, &c. &c., into which we must be excused from entering.

And thus it was that, in imagination, we were carried by steam to India. We felt the moving deck—nor was this altogether fancy. The mystery is soon explained. Our library is constructed on the plan of a diorama, and the floor was, in fact, turning round, that we might witness another scene. We were thus transferred from our book-room to our green-room—a room all verdant,—floor, and walls and roof,—adorned with statue and with bust of Shakspeare and of Jonson—of Beaumont and Fletcher—of Massinger—of Shirley and of Milton, with other immortals too numerous to mention. And there, to our visionary eye, were the managers and actors of all theatres gathered together into one assembly. Every thing was in a state of confusion and wrath—opinions were evidently divided as to the respective merits of Mr. Macready and Mr. Bunn—rivals unparallded either by one another, or by any third. Disappointed dramatists, also, were present—who, it may be supposed, lent their aid to increase the hubbub of the place and time. We thought it a good opportunity for making a speech, and, having compelled silence with a waive of the hand—thus! addressed one of the most attentive audiences that ever listened to green-room, or green-curtain lecture, in the following terms:—

"Gentlemen,

"We regret to say that you have this month given but little opportunity for the blazon of a Magazine article. To write much on your doings would be, indeed, to 'monster your nothings.' You, Mr. Bunn, have produced Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, with *all* the music, as you advertise—but, in reality, with the greater part only of the music—certain recitations, symphonies, and such like, having been substituted for dialogue, as better fitted for the English stage. A skilful manager, you knew that a five-hours' opera would never be endured by free-born Britons, and wisely abstained from making even Rossini a bore.

Mr. Macready, you have, also, on your boards, produced Rossini's music; but you have done it in conjunction with Mr. Sheidan Knowles's *William Tell*, and this with the approbation of the author. To make room for the mountain choruses—the songs of liberty among the valleys and the rocks of the Cantons—the comic portions of the original drama are withdrawn. These scenes we value, because they first indicated to us the comic powers which the author has since developed so successfully. Let it be, however, that the main action of the play gains in simplicity by the new arrangement, and that it does so, we are willing to allow; and that the musical introductions, all things considered, conduce to the national costume of a Swiss drama;—this, also, we reluctantly not at conceding. Nevertheless, we are afraid of one thing—we are afraid that

the example you have set is of bad omen. Recollect, Mr. Macready ! that you have more means of ruining the national drama than ever Mr. Bunn possessed. Suppose some future manager were to produce Shakspeare's *Othello* upon a similar plan—leaving out the comic scenes between Iago and Rodrigo, and others, and substituting for them the music from Rossini's *Otello*—what then ? You reply, that Mr. Sheridan Knowles's *William Tell*, though called a tragedy, is, in fact, only a five-act melo-drame, and therefore not demanding that regard and respect which belongs to one of the noblest exertions of human genius. It may be so—but still it has been called a Tragedy—and theatrical managers, like lawyers and statesmen, will strain a precedent when it is their interest so to do. Rather would we see thee, O Macready ! bringing-out six new tragedies, good, bad and indifferent, in a season, than thus fatally experimenting on the public taste. This mixed kind of entertainment is a corruption—and if persevered in, would indispose theatrical audiences for the pure representation of any piece. Think of this—and be cautious ! ”

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

A beautiful landscape—FAUST bedded upon a flowery grass-plot, tired, restless, striving to sleep.

TWILIGHT.

A band of Spirits, beautiful little creatures, hover around.

Ariel (sings, accompanied by Æolian harps).

When the vernal shower of blossoms
Over all things hovering sinks ;
When the meadow's verdant blessing
Shines on all the sons of earth ;
Little elfins' spiritgreatness
Hastens where it can assist ;
Whether holy, whether evil,
Him they mourn whom grief afflicts.

You who around this head in airy circles hover
Show yourselves here, as noble elfs should do,
Within this breast the angry strife assuage,
The glowing arrows of reproach withdraw,
And free his bosom from experienced pain.
Four are the pauses in the night's dark course,
Now fill them gently up without delay,
First place his head upon this pillow cool,
Then bathe him well in dew from Lethe's stream :—
Soon shall his cramp-benumbed limbs be healed
If he await in strengthening sleep the day.
Perform the noblest elfin duty
Restore him to the holy light.

Chorus (at first singly, then by couples and more, alternating and together.)

O'er this spot, all grass-environed,
When the genial breezes creep,
Cloudy veils and balmy odours
Twilight spreads upon the plain.
Whisper sweet and gentle pleasures,
Rock his heart in baby rest,
And before the tired one's vision
Open wide the gates of day.

Night already is descending,
Stars course stars, a hallowed throng ;
Mighty lights and little sparklings
Glitter near and shine afar.
Mirrored in the lake they glitter,
High in the clear night they shine ;
Sealing bliss of deepest slumber,
Rules the moon's full majesty.

Lo ! the Hours are now extinguished,—
Pain and Pleasure disappear.
Feel the promise ! thou'lt be healèd,—
Trust the new day's coming look.
Vales are verdant, hills are swelling,
Hedged around with shady rest ;
And in bending silvery billows
Towards the harvest waves the seed.

Wish on wishes to accomplish,
Look towards the glittering there ;
Flimsy are the bands that hold thee,
Cast off sleep—'tis but a shell.
Hesitate not, but be daring
When the people fluctuate ;—
All the noble soul performeth,
Comprehends and quickly acts.

(An exceeding great noise announces the approach of the Sun).

Ariel. Hearken ! hark ! the horal tempest !
Sounding, for a spirit's hearing
Born already is the day.
Rattling creak the rocky portals,
Clattering roll the wheels of Phœbus,
What a din the light is bringing,
How it clarions, how it trumpets,
Eyes are dazzled, ears astonished,
Hear not what may not be heard !
Slip into your flowery petals,
Deeper, deeper, to dwell silent,
In the rock, beneath the leaves—
Hear it not, 'twill deafen you.

Faust. Fresh and living beat the pulses of life mildly to greet the ætherial dawn. Thou, O Earth, wert this night constant, and now, newly refreshed, breathest at my feet: already beginnest thou to surround me with thy pleasures, already movest and excitest a mighty resolution ever to press on to the heights of Being. The world now expands to the glimmering of dawn, the forest resounds with many-voiced life, within—without the valley the mist-streaks are poured, yet the brightness of heaven sinks itself into the depths, and twigs and branches have sprouted refreshed out of the vapoury glen, immersed in which they slept. Colour, also, upon colour, gradually clears itself out of the depths where flowers and leaves drip with trembling pearls:—around me lies a Paradise.

Gaze above! The giant mountain-peaks are already announcing the most solemn hour. The eternal light, that later comes down to us, they can early enjoy. Now upon the green Alpine meadows new sheen and brilliancy is poured, which, step by step, descends on us:—now it approaches; and, alas! already blinded, I must needs turn away, my mortal eyes aching with excessive light.

Thus is it when a longing hope, which trustfully has striven after the highest wish, finds the doors of fulfilment wide open: but if out of the eternal depths breaks forth an over-measure of flame, we stand aghast. When we would kindle the torch of life, a fire-sea, and what a fire! environs us!—Is it love? Is it hate? that glowing winds itself round us, fearfully alternating with pain and gladness, so that we again look down to earth to conceal ourselves in the most youth-like veil.

So then let the sun remain behind me, while I gaze with ever-increasing rapture on this cataract roaring through the rocky clefts. From fall to fall, pouring itself in a thousand and still a thousand streams, it plunges, scattering foam on foam high in the air. But how lovely budding from out the storm doth the changing continuity of the variegated bow vault itself, now clearly outlined, now flowing away into air, spreading cool showers around. This mirrors human striving. Look on *this*, and thou wilt comprehend the other better. In the coloured reflection we have life.

SCENE II.

Imperial Palace.—Hall of the Throne.—Trumpets.

Enter several magnificently arrayed Courtiers.—The Emperor goes up to the throne; on his right the Astrologer.

Emperor. Trusty and well beloved, from far and near assembled, I greet you. I see the wise one at my side, but where is the fool?

Page. He fell down on the step just behind the train of your robe. The lump of fat was carried out: whether dead or drunk, nobody knows.

Second Page. And, lo! another with wonderful rapidity immediately presses forward to take his place; splendidly yet fantastically attired, so as to astonish all: the guards outside crossed their halberts before him, yet here he is—the bold fool.

Mephistophiles (kneeling before the throne).

What is cursed, yet always welcome?
 Always scouted, yet desired?
 What is always well protected?
 What derided and abused?
 Whom dar'st not to call before thee?
 Whom do all love named to hear?
 What now to thy throne approaches?
 What has banned itself away?

Emperor. You may spare your words now. Here is no place for riddles, they are these gentlemen's business. I shall be, however, glad to hear your solution of it. My old fool is gone, I fear me, a long way off; do thou therefore take his place, and come to my side.

Mephistophiles ascends and places himself at his left.

Murmur of the Crowd. A new fool—to our new pain;—where is he from?—how came he in?—The old one fell—he squandered well;—he was a tub,—this is a lathe.

Emperor. Welcome then from far and near, trusty and well-beloved; you are met together under a lucky star, for health and weal are written for us above: but tell me, why now-a-days, when we have freed ourselves from care, have given ourselves up to masquerading, and only desired to be merry,—why we should trouble ourselves with consultations? Well—if you think affairs would not go on without them,—be it so—let it be done.

Chancellor. The highest virtue, halo-like, surrounds our emperor's head, which he alone may lawfully exercise: justice, which all men love, all require, all wish, and all unwillingly miss,—this he has it in his power to award to his people. Yet, alas! of what use is understanding to the mind, goodness to the heart, or willingness to the hand, when every thing in the state is feverishly raging, and evil is ever hatching evil? To one, who from this lofty place looks down upon the wide empire, it appears a heavy dream, where deformity has dominion over deformity, where lawlessness lawfully prevails, and a world of errors unfolds itself.

One man steals flocks, another women; another the cup, the cross, and the candlesticks from the altar, and boasts of it for many a year with a whole skin and uninjured body. Accusers press into the hall, the judge sits in splendour on his lofty cushion, whilst in angry swelling the growing crowd of uproar billows. He who rests upon the most wicked accomplices, may boast of shame and crime, while "Guilty" is the verdict when innocence alone defends itself. Thus will the world tear itself in pieces, and annihilate all that is becoming! How then shall the faculty which can alone lead us to justice, develope itself? Even a well-disposed man at last succumbs to the flatterer and the briber: a judge who has no power to punish at last allies himself to the criminal. I have painted blackly, yet gladly would I draw a thick crape before my picture. (*Pause*). Resolutions must be taken. When all are injuring, and all suffering, majesty *itself* will at last become a prey.

Commander-in-Chief. How it rages in these wild days! Every one

strikes, and is struck; but all are deaf to the word of command. The burgher, behind his walls, the knight, in his mountain nest, have conspired to stand out against us, and hold their powers firm. The hired soldier becomes impatient for his pay, and if we owed him nothing would be off for good. Whoever forbids what all desire, disturbs a wasp's nest; while the kingdom they should protect is plundered and desolated. Their ragings and furious doings are permitted: half the earth is already squandered away: there are, indeed, kings abroad, yet no one thinks that it in any way concerns him.

Treasurer. Who will boast of allies?—the subsidies promised us, like water in conduit pipes, are cut off. To whom, sire, in your wide domains has possession fallen? Wherever we go a new one keeps house; and *he*, forsooth, will live independently: *we* must look quietly on. We have given away so many rights, that no right upon any thing remains for ourselves. Now-a-days, too, there is no reliance to be placed on parties, as they call them; *they* may blame or praise—their love and hate have become indifferent. The Ghibellines, like the Guelfs, have retired to rest themselves. Who will now aid his neighbour?—every one has enough to do for himself. The gold-gates are barred; every body scratches, and scrapes, and collects together, and our chests remain—empty.

Lord Steward. What misery must I, too, endure! every day we wish to save, and every day we spend more, and my troubles renew themselves daily. The cooks take care to want for nothing: wild boars, stags, hares, deer, turkies, fowls, geese and ducks—dues, sure rents—these all come in pretty regularly. Yet, after all, there is no wine. If *formerly* cask on cask of the best seasons and situations were piled up in the cellar, *now* the never-ceasing swilling of the noble lords swallows all up to the last drop. Even the town council must retail its stock; people snatch at goblets and cups, and the feasters lie under the table. Now I am to pay and reward all; the Jew will not spare me. He procures *anticipations*, which are consumed year by year before-hand. The swine do not fatten, even the pillow of the bed is pawned, and bread eaten in advance comes upon the table.

Emperor (after some reflection to Mephistophiles).

Say, dost thou, fool, not know of some trouble?

Mephistophiles. I, noways! To look round on the pomp, on you and yours! Is confidence wanting where majesty unsparingly commands? Where ready power overthrows hostility—where a good will, powerful through understanding, is at hand? Where such stars shine, what could join together for misfortune and darkness?

Murmur. That is a rogue—plays well his part: he works by lies, so long as they act. I know now what—there lies behind: and what is't more?—a project *then*.

Mephistophiles. Where on earth is there not some want? One wants this, another that; but here gold is needed. *That* cannot be picked up from the floor, indeed; yet even that which lies the deepest wisdom knows to procure. In mountain-veins, and in wall-foundations, gold, both coined and uncoined, is to be found; and if you ask me who can bring it to light?—the natural and spiritual power of endowed man.

Chancellor. *Nature and Spirit!*—that's not the way to talk to Christians. For this we burn Atheists; because such discourses are highly dangerous. *Nature* is Sin; spirit is Devil; and between them they foster Doubt, their mis-shapen hermaphrodite child. This is not our way. In our emperor's ancient lands only two races have arisen who worthily support his throne: these are the clergy and the knights; these stand against every storm, and take church and state as their reward: an opposition of reprobate men develops itself to the popular mind: they are the heretics and the wizards who destroy town and country. Such men you are now about to smuggle into this high circle with bold jokes: you cling to depraved hearts,—they are nearly related to the fool.

Mephistophiles. In this I recognise the learned man: what you do not touch, stands miles away from you; what you do not grasp, *that* you entirely miss; what you do not reckon you believe untrue; what you do not weigh has for you no weight; what you do not coin you think of no value.

Emperor. All this does not alleviate our needs;—what are you at with your Lent sermon? I am tired of the eternal how and when?—we want money;—well—do you get it for us.

Mephistophiles. I will get as much as you want, and even more. Easy is it, indeed; yet is the easy difficult. It is already there; yet how to get at it?—that is the skill: who knows how to do it? Just consider now, in those times of terror, when floods of men swamped countries and nations, how each one, however much it afflicted him, hid here and there all he held the dearest. So was it formerly in the times of the mighty Romans, and so on till yesterday; yea, even till to-day. All this lies buried in the ground: that is the Emperor's—he shall have it.

Treasurer. Not so badly said for a fool! That is indeed our ancient emperor's right.

Chancellor. Satan is laying golden snares for you;—all is not *right* here.

Lord Steward. If he only brings welcome gifts to us at court, I don't mind a little *wrong*.

Commander-in-Chief. The fool is clever, and promises what serves all; the soldier won't ask whence it comes.

Mephistophiles. If you believe yourselves deceived by me, here stands a man—here, ask the astrologer. In circle around circle, he knows both hour and house: tell us, then, how look the heavens?

Murmur. They are two rogues—one knows the other: phantast and fool,—so near the throne! 'Tis an oft-sung and ancient song—While the fool prompts, the wise one speaks.

Astrologer (speaks, Mephistophiles prompts).

The sun itself is pure gold, Mercury the messenger serves for favour and pay, the Lady Venus has betwitched you all, early and late she looks lovingly on you. The chaste moon has fantastic whims: though Mars strike not, yet his power threatens you, and Jupiter still remains the fairest star. Saturn is great, though to the eye distant and small; as metal we honour him not much; little is he in value, though heavy in

weight. Yes! if the moon join properly with the sun, gold with silver, then will there be a cheerful world; the rest is readily obtained—palaces, gardens, bosoms, red cheeks. The learned man, who can do what none of us can, will perform all.

Murmur. What's that to us? A thrice-told tale: calendery—and chemistry—I've heard it oft—and falsely hoped: and if it come—'tis but a show.

Mephistophiles. There stand they round astounded, and give no credence to the high discovery: one fables of kobolds, another of the black dog: what consequence is it if one witticizes, and another complains of witchery, if nevertheless his foot once is tickled,† if his sure step fails?† All of you feel the secret working of ever-swaying nature, and out of the lowest realms the living trace† presses upward. If there are cramps in all the limbs,† if you feel awe-stricken in a place,† immediately resolutely dig and back: there lies the musician,† there the treasure.

Murmur. It lies in my foot, like a leaden weight; I have cramp in my arms, that is gout: I have itchings in my great toe, my whole back aches; according to such signs, here is the richest treasure-house.

Emperor. Only be quick, thou wilt not again escape; prove thy frothy lies, and immediately show us the noble spots. I will lay down sword and sceptre, and will with mine own high hands, if thou dost not lie, finish the work: if thou dost—send thee to hell.

Mephistophiles. The way there I can perhaps find, yet can I not sufficiently tell you what lies waiting every where unowned. The countryman ploughing the furrow throws up a pot of gold with the clod: another hopes to get saltpetre from a clay wall, and finds, frightened, yet glad, gold rouleaus in his poverty-stricken hand. What vaults are there to blow up! in what clefts and passages must he who is aware of a treasure, press to the neighbourhood of the world below. In distant well-concealed cellars he sees rows of golden goblets, dishes, and plates, set up for him. Ruby cups are there; and if he want to use them, ancient moisture lies near: yet, if you will trust him who knows, the wood of the casks has long rotted, and the tartar has made a cask for the wine. Not only gold and jewels, but the essences of the noblest wines veil themselves with night and horror. Here seeks the sage unweariedly: it is folly to recognize them by day: at night mysteries are at home.

Emperor. Those I leave to thee. What can that which is dark profit? if any thing is valuable it must come to light. Who can know the rogue in deep night? Then all cows are black, all cats grey. Draw your plough, and plough to light the pots of heavy gold.

Mephistophiles. Take spade and hoe, dig thyself, this peasant-labour will make thee great; and a herd of golden calves will be torn up from the soil. Then without delay, gladly canst thou adorn thyself, and wilt adorn thy mistress,—a glittering, coloured and shining stone adorns beauty as well as majesty.

Emperor. Quick, quick; how long will you delay?

† All the passages marked (†) contain allusions to the technicalities of treasure-digging.

Astrologer (as before).

Sire, moderate such pressing eagerness ! Let the beauteous, joyous play first pass by : a distracted mind will not lead us to the goal. We must first reconcile ourselves into composure, and deserve that which is below through that which is above. He who wants good, let him be good first ; he who wants joy, let him calm his blood ; he who wants wine, let him press ripe grapes ; he who wants wonders, let him strengthen his faith.

Emperor. So then let the time be spent in enjoyment, and, much-desired, Ash-Wednesday will arrive : meantime, whatever haps, let us the more merrily solemnize the joyous carnival. [*Trumpets, exeunt.*]

Mephistophiles. It never occurs to the fools how merit and fortune are chained together : if they had the stone of the philosopher, they would not have the philosopher for the stone.

(A spacious apartment, with side-chambers, adorned and prepared for a masquerade.)

Herald. Think not that you are in the German domains of devil's, fool's, and dead men's dances ;—a cheerful feast awaits you. His Majesty, in his Italian campaigns, has, in order to profit himself and please you, passed over the lofty Alps, and won for himself a cheerful kingdom. The Emperor first begged the right to his power at the sacred feet ; and when he went to fetch the crown for *himself*, brought back also the cap for *us*. Now are we all born anew ; every man of the world pulls it comfortably over his head and ears ; it likens him to mad fools, and he is wise under it how he can. I see already how they *mass* themselves—how wavering they separate, and friendly pair off : band closes thickly with band. In and out unwearied ! The world, with her hundred thousand follies, remains still as before—a single great fool.

Garden-Girls (sing accompanied by mandolins).

'Tis to win your approbation
We have tricked ourselves to-night :
Young Florentine girls, we follow
The splendour of the German court.
In our dark-brown locks we carry
Many a flowery ornament :
Silken threads and silken tassels,
In its place each plays its part.
For we think it is a merit,
Praiseworthy and very right,
That our flowers with art should glitter,
Blooming sweetly all the year.
Every sort of coloured cuttings
Are in order fair arranged,
Though each separate slip you scoff at,
All together must attract.
Neat and fair we are to look on,
Garden-girls, and polished too,
For the natural in women
Is related near to art.

Herald. Let us see the well-filled baskets,
On your heads so lofty carried,
On your arms themselves displaying;
Every one choose what he pleases!
Hasten, that in walks and foliage
Gardens to the sight may open;
Worthy are they to encircle
Both your goods and you, the sellers.

Garden-Girls. In this bright place make your offers,
Do not higgie-haggie here,
But with words, short, intellectual,
What he has let each one know.

Olive-branch (with fruit).

No flower-blossoms do I envy,
And I hate all sorts of quarrel,
For my nature loves them not.
Yes! I am the country's marrow,
And (to pledge that still more surely)
Sign of peace to every land.
Now I hope 'twill be my fortune
On some fair one's head to glitter.

Golden Wheat-garland.

Gifts of Ceres to adorn you
Sweet and fair before you stand:
Now, let that which is most useful
Be your brightest ornament.

Fancy-wreath.

Varied gaudy flowers like mallows,—
Wondrous flowerage sprung from moss,—
This is not the wont of Nature,
But the fashion wills it so.

Fancy-nosegay.

To declare to you my titles
Theophrastus would not venture;
Yet I hope I may please some *one*,
Though perhaps not every lady,
To whom now myself I offer,
If she'll bind me in her treasures,—
If with speedy resolution
She'll admit me to her bosom.

Invitation.

Now may sweet and varied fancies,
As the fashion bids them, blossom,—
May strange wonders (as ne'er nature
Showed herself) be now unfolded;
Stems all green, and bells all golden
Look from out the well-filled tresses!
Yet we—

Rosebuds

—— hidden hold ourselves,—
 Happy he who finds us fresh :
 When summer's glance itself announces,
 Rosebuds then themselves enkindle.
 Who can spare such joy—such beauty ?
 First the promise—then performance
 Rule supreme in Flora's kingdoms,
 Over sight and thought and heart.

(The garden-girls arrange their wares under the green leafy walks.)

Gardener (song, accompanied by theorbes).

See the flowers gently budding,
 With their charms your heads adorning :—
 Fruits will never lead you straying ;
 Each one tasting may enjoy them.
 See how cherries, plums and peaches
 To you their dusk faces offer :
 Buy ! the eye decideth badly
 When opposed to tongue and palate.
 Come and eat of fruits the ripest,
 Come and eat with taste and pleasure :
 You may poetise on roses,
 But for apples you must bite them.
 Let us, pray you, let us join you
 In your rich and youthful bloom,
 Whilst a store on high we pile you
 Of our ripe fruit, neighbourly.
 'Midst the sweet and pleasant windings,
 In the leaf-adorn'd alcoves,
 Every thing you can discover—
 Leaves and blossoms, flowers and fruit.

(Amidst alternate song, accompanied by guitars and theorbes, both bands proceed to arrange their goods in terraces for sale.)

Mother and Daughter.

Mother. Maid, when first thou saw'st the light,
 With little cap I dressed thee :
 Then thy face so lovely was,
 And thy frame so tender.
 Then I thought of thee as spouse
 To the richest youth betrothed,
 Thought of thee as wife then.
 Now, alas ! full many a year
 Useless has flown o'er thee ;
 And the varied suitor throng
 Quickly has passed by thee.

Lightly didst thou dance with one,
Gave another a still touch
With thine elbows slily.

All the fêtes we thought of were
Vainly celebrated ;
Forfeit games and blind man's buff*—
None would catch a lover.
Many a fool is loose to-day :
Open, dearest, spread thine arms,
Some one may be netted.

(Girls, playfellows, young and beautiful, throng together,—their confidential gossip becomes loud.)

(Fishermen and Birdcatchers with nets, fishing-lines, limed twigs, and other tackle, enter and mingle with the pretty girls. Alternate attempts to win, catch, escape, and hold fast, give opportunities to most agreeable dialogues.)

Woodcutters (enter roughly and rudely).

Room ! room ! make room here !
Room ! room we want here.
We fell the tall trees
Which crashing fall down,
And when we bear them
Roughly we jostle.
To our praise do ye
Set forth this clearly,
That, if the rough ones
Had not existence,
How would the fine ones
Ever be found here,
Proud as they are now.
Of this be full certain,
You would be freezing
Were we not sweating.

Punch (clownish, almost silly).

You are the blockheads
Born with your backs bent ;
We are the prudent
Who ne'er were burdened,
For our jackets,
Our caps and our patches,
Are easy to carry.
And, always idle,
Still 'tis our pleasure,
With feet clothed in slippers

* Having been unable to find the game exactly meant in the German by "Dritter Mann," literally "third man," I have rendered it, hap-hazard, (being of no great consequence) "Blind man's buff."

To run through the market,
 And midst the people
 Open mouthed standing
 Crow at each other.
 After such crowings,
 Through crowds and throngings
 Like the eel gliding,
 Together to frolick,
 United to riot.
 Whether you praise us,
 Whether you blame us,
 We nothing heed it.

Parasites (coaxing wistfully).

You gallant porters
 And your brave kinsmen,
 The charcoal burners,—
 You are our people ;
 For all sorts of bowin
 Affirmative nodding,
 Long-winded phrases,
 And double blowing
 Warming or cooling
 As each one feels it,
 What can it profit ?
 If, a great wonder,
 Down from the heavens
 The fire descended,
 Were there not faggots,
 Cart-loads of coals, too,
 To fan into glowing
 The hearth and the furnace ?
 There's roasting and boiling,
 There cooking and bubbling,
 And the true eater,
 The right good plate-licker—
 He smells the roast meat,
 Fish he forebodes, too ;
 These make him bold at
 The patron's table.

Drunkard (half seas over).

Every thing to-day shall please me
 For I feel so frank and free.
 Cheerful songs and freshening breezes
 I myself have just brought in.
 Therefore drink I ! Drink ye ! Drink ye !
 Clash your glasses ! Clink ye ! Clink ye !
 You behind there, come out here !
 Now, I think that's nicely done.

If my wife behind me screaming
Scoffed at this bright coloured coat,
And howe'er myself I prided,
Called me only a masqued block,
Still I'd drink on. Drink ye! Drink ye!
Clash your glasses! Clink ye! Clink ye!
Clash your glasses, you masqued blocks,
If they clink well, all is done.

Say not I am gone astraying,
I am where it pleases me:
If host and hostess won't give credit
Then the bar-maid must at last.
Still I'll drink on. Drink ye! Drink ye!
Drink, my comrades! Clink ye! Clink ye!
Each to t'other, so go on:—
Now, I think that's nicely done.

How and where I am contented,
May I, may I always be.
Let me lie here, where I'm lying,
For no longer can I stand.

Chorus. Brothers all, come, drink ye! Drink ye!
Toast again, friends! Clink ye! Clink ye!
Firmly sit on bench and chair,
He that falls—his work is done.—

Herald (announces different poets, poets of nature, court and chivalry singers, tender as well as enthusiastic. In the crowd of competitors of every kind, no one lets the other come to speech. One sneaks by with a few words).

Satirist. Do you know what would please me?
The poet, most of all things.
Could I only sing and utter
What nobody would hear me.

(The night and sepulchre-poets send apologies, inasmuch as they are occupied in an interesting conversation with a fresh arisen vampire, from which a new kind of poetry may perhaps be developed: the Herald is compelled to admit their excuse, and meanwhile calls on the Greek mythology, which, though in modern masks, loses neither character nor charms).

The Graces.

Aglaia. We with grace adorn your manners,
In your gifts that grace exhibit.

Hegemone. Show that grace in your receiving.
Pleasure crowns the wish accomplished.

Euphrosyne. In the bounds of these still ev'nings,
Truly graceful be your thanking.

The Fates.

Atropos. Me, of all the Fates the eldest,
Here to spin they have invited :
There is room for deep reflection
In these threads of life so tender.

That it might be soft and pliant,
Sorted I of flax the finest :
That it might be smooth and even
Will the cunning finger settle.

If you would in joy and dancings
Show yourselves too madly joyful,
Think upon this thread's thin limits ;
Then, beware ! It may be broken.

Clotho. Know, that during these last ages
It is mine the shears to bear,
For the conduct and proceeding
Of the old one did not please.

For of spinnings the most useless
Kept she most in light and day ;
And the thread of noblest promise
Cutting dashed she to the grave.

I, too, in my youthful practice
Made a slip a hundred times :
Now to keep myself in order,
In the sheath the shears I place.

Gladly therefore am I bridled,
Friendly on this place I look :
In these free and joyful seasons
Riot ever on and on.

Lachesis. To me, alone with reason gifted,
Keeping order was assigned.
I, though I am always lively,
Never have too hasty been.

Threads are coming, threads are reeled,
Each one in its path I guide,
None I suffer to pass over,
All must in the circle join.

Should I be but once mistaken,
I should tremble for the world ;
Hours are counted, years are measured,
And the hank the weaver takes.

Herald. You would not know those who are now approaching,
If you were e'er so learned in ancient writings :
To look on those who plan so much of evil,
Most welcome of all guests you sure would call them.

They are the furies (no one would believe us),
Pretty, well-shaped, and young in years, and friendly ;
Be friends with them, and you will soon discover
How very serpent-like such doves can injure.

They are malicious, yet in this, the season
When every fool is boasting of his failings,
They also do not want the fame of angels,
But call themselves the plagues of town and country.

Alecto. What help for you, for you will surely trust us,
For we are young, and fair, and flattering kittens ;
If any 'mongst you ladies have a sweetheart,
We will so long persuade him, so long coax him,
Until we dare, with face to face, to tell him,
That she he loves on *this* or *that* is winking,
That she is dull in head, and lame and crooked,
And, if to him betrothed, is good for nothing.
We also know how to torment the lady,
And say, some weeks ago, her love had spoken
Contemptuously of her to one more favoured,
And still, though reconciled, a grudge remaineth.

Megara. That's but a joke ! for if they're once united,
I take it up, and always in all cases,
Their greatest joy through their caprice can poison,
Unequal 's man, unequal are the hours ;
And no one ever grasped the wished-for firmly,
But that he foolish longed for something better,
From that the highest joy of which he wearied—
He flies the sun, and longs the frost to kindle.
With all these things, I know the way to manage,
And here I bring Asmodeüs, the faithful,
Unlucky things to strew in the right season,
And so destroy the human race by couples.

Trisiphone. 'Stead evil tongues, I mix and sharpen,
Poison—daggers,—for the traitor ;
Lov'st thou others ?—sooner—later,
Will destruction sure transfix thee.
All the sweetest of the moment
Must be turned to gall and poison ;
Here's no haggling—here no dealing,—
As he sinned, so must he pay it.
Let none here speak of forgiveness,
To the rocks I will complain me ;
Hark ! the echo answers, Vengeance !
He who changes,—he must perish.

Herald. I pray you, move a little to the back-ground,
For what is coming is not of your kidney ;

You see that mountain there, that presses on,
 With coloured tapestries are his sides adorned,
 A head with serpent-trunk, and teeth gigantic,—
 Mysterious 'tis, yet I've the key to solve it.
 A tender lady sits upon his neck,
 And guides him onward with a beauteous staff;
 Another stands above sublimely grand,
 And throws a light that dazzles all too much :
 Beside her go in chains two noble ladies,
 The one is sad, the other glad to look on,
This would be free, *that* is, and feels it, too ;
 Let each one who she is declare.

Fear. Vapoury torches, lamps, and tapers,
 Through the feast perturbèd gleam ;
 'Midst all these deceitful faces,
 Fetters keep me fast, alas !
 Hence, away, unhallowed laughers !
 I suspect that faithless sneer.
 Every one of my opponents
 Presses on me hard to-night.
 Here a friend a foe becometh,
 Now I recognise his mask ;
 That one there desired to slay me,
 Now detected, creeps away.
 Willingly in each direction,
 Would I to the world escape,
 Yet from yonder threats destruction,
 Holding me 'twixt fear and night.

Hope. Hail ! all hail ! beloved sisters !
 Though to-day and yesterday ye
 Have been pleased in masquerading,
 Yet I've heard from all for certain,
 That ye will unmask to-morrow.
 And though we, by light of torches,
 Are not very well contented,
 In the cheerful day we shall be
 Ever as it best delights us ;
 Now alone, and now attended,
 Free through beauteous lands to wander,
 Rest and act as wills our pleasure ;
 And in life, by cares unruffled,
 Ne'er to fail, and still strive onward :
 Comforted as guests who 're welcome,
 We step in to every place :
 That which best is, we may surely,
 Somewhere, surely, we may find.

Prudence. Two the worst of man's opponents,
 Hope and fear, together fettered,

Keep I from the thronging people :—
Room there, room ! You're saved from danger !

Look, ye, how this live colossus,
Tower-laden, I am bringing ;
And he unfatigued is walking
Step by step on paths of steepness.

See, upon the lofty turret,
That fair goddess, with her rapid
And extended wings, for favour
Turn herself to every corner.

Round she casts a light and glory
On all sides about you shining :
Victory 's her appellation,—
Goddess she of every action.

*Zoilo-Thersites.**

Bah ! bah ! I'm just in time arrived.
I call you altogether bad.
Yet what I chose out for my goal
Is she above—Victoria ;
With that white pair of wings of her's
She thinks that she an eagle is,
And wheresoe'er she turn herself,
Nations and lands to her belong.
Wherever ought of great I hear,
It puts me in a mighty rage.
When high is low, and low is high,
And crooked is straight, and straight is crooked,
That—only that, can please me well—
So will I all things here on earth.

Herald. So then may this good staff's hard blow
Catch thee with haste, thou ragged hound—
There, bend and crouch thyself at once :
See how the double dwarfish shape
In a foul lump itself hath rolled ;
Yet wonder ! to an egg it turns,
Which puffs itself, and bursts in twain.
Now from it falls a birth of twins,
The adder and the hideous bat :
The one creeps onward in the dust,
The other, black, the ceiling seeks :
They hasten both outside to join ;—
I would not gladly be the third.

(To be continued in our next).

* From Zoilus and Thersites, the well-known Homeric character. Zoilus being the name of a snarling critic. *Vide* "Lempriere's Bibliotheca Classica."

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

A CRYPT is a sacred or secret place for the careful deposit of whatever should be hidden from the eye of the profane. The *Cryptic* is the hidden, the secret, the occult; and a *Cryptographer* is one who writes in secret characters. There is also a secret or enigmatical language of discourse which is called *Cryptology*. The term *Apo-crypha* is from the same root, and according to some writers, it characterised such books as were not deposited in, but removed ἀπὸ τῆς κρύπτῃς, from the *Crypt*, ark, chest, or other receptacle in which the sacred books were kept, though others derive the word from ἀποκρυφή, implying that the said books were concealed from the general body of readers, as not of recognized authority.

We shall use the word *Crypt* for that part of our magazine, which is devoted to the communications of correspondents, on all subjects, and particularly to such as shall propose philosophic or scientific questions for solution; or contain literary or other information with which our readers ought to be made acquainted. For the Hebrew *Crypt* or Ark, or whatever term may be proper to name the receptacle of the sacred books, contained only, notwithstanding its implied secrecy, the writings which were authoritatively circulated. The secret and the public were the same in the end—and this department of our Magazine, though sacred in a great measure to private and personal correspondence, will be open to the world and for the world's benefit! The *Cryptographer* of course understands secret characters, since he writes in them, and we shall doubtless be called upon to explain many an enigma, and it may be, shall, if only for amusement, deal a little, occasionally, in the *Cryptological* ourselves.

We shall also beg to reserve for this series, the notices of such books as we cannot conveniently review in our Library Colloquies, and the register of such miscellaneous varieties as may deserve attention. To this humbler purpose we devote the remainder of this present paper.

SCIENCE.

I.—BOTANY.

"The London Flora," containing a concise description of the phænogamous British plants, which grow spontaneously in the vicinity of the metropolis, with their localities; arranged in conformity to the natural system: also, a Linnean arrangement of all the indigenous British species, to which is prefixed a comprehensive Introduction to the natural method, an account of Classification, and a sketch of Botanical Geography.—By ALEXANDER IRVINE, of Marischal College, Aberdeen, London—SMITH, ELDER & Co.

One of the senses in which the word *Crypt* is used refers us to subterranean cells or caves, especially under a church, for the interment of persons. It is sometimes used to describe a subterranean chapel or oratory and the grave of a martyr. All this is redolent of death and mortality—in Botany we have the word used in connection with birth and floral life. The *Cryptogam* is a plant whose stamen and pistils are not distinctly visible, and which is therefore so called as implicative of concealed marriage. Of this class are ferns, mosses, seaweeds, mushrooms, &c. We much value the work before us, for the assistance which it renders to the student in reducing the specific knowledge to method. At first the study of plants was confined to nomenclature, and so it long continued. Many ages, indeed, elapsed before it began to be considered in a philosophical view. Mr. IRVINE presents us with his own system, for which we only wish that we had room.

II. OPTICS.—*The Microscope.*

"Microscopic Illustrations of Living Objects, &c. &c." By Andrew PRITCHARD, 1838. 8vo. with Plates; 248pp.

The Microscope is to be ranked high among the scientific achievements of an age abounding in mechanical, in mental, and sublime discoveries. It is the very railway into and through, external nature's arcana; and its thoughtful employment brings man's mental powers into a closer connection with the primary law, and consequently

to a truer preception and enunciation of it. In Mr. Pritchard's hands the Microscope becomes an instrument for loosening another seal from Nature's book, and enables man to read at least a few lines deeper than he can by any other scientific instrumentality. The Optician leaves far behind him the mere mechanical manipulative Chemist, the Geologist, the Pneumatist, and most other investigating divisional scientific students. In what externally appears to be the pettiness of his science, lies hidden the very fact of his approximation to universality. As by the pen, the smallest of scientific instruments, man is enabled to express himself more or less successfully on all subjects, without rending or destroying them in themselves, however erroneous his own particular views may be; so the Optician, with his improved Microscope, is able to converse with nature, without violence to her most tender fabrics. While the mechanical philosopher operates with his material masses in solid, fluid, or gaseous form, and strikes the mind's eye with awe, by his conjunctive operations with nature, on a grand scale externally,—while the Chemist by his clever tests, his heat, and his cold, must, even in his most careful experiments, ravish all natural productions to fit them to his cups and his retorts,—the Microscopic observer is employed in watching not only the external results, but those all but primary motions of the living law which are hidden from vulgar eyes. To catch a glimpse of nature's vibrations, emanations, or circulatory motions in a manner which leaves these words no longer unmeaning parrot-like expressions, is truly to elevate the mind towards the central position whence ultimately we apprehend all science must be contemplated. Optical laws, even in their present state, without any such conscious intention on the operator's part, do in fact bring us to a less exoteric state than sciences which are more popular and vulgate. Connected with the grand Light-Law, which as a study is yet in its infancy, Optics have to develop large progressive strides *reflecting* powerfully on both intellectual and physical phenomena. By the junction of the two departments of colour on the one hand, and motion on the other, the investigator has before him a vast untrodden field, and ampliation of encouraging effort and of rewarded labor.

Mr. Pritchard in his "Introductory Remarks" forcibly yet modestly says:—

"Whilst the mind dwells with the highest admiration on the advances which are daily and hourly being made in the pursuits of science, we are recalled almost naturally to what is perhaps one of the most important considerations connected with this deeply interesting subject, namely how it is, that we are thus enabled to make discovery after discovery into the inexhaustible treasures of Nature, and by the help of what machinery it is that we are making this astonishing progress.

"To investigate the genius and faculties of the human mind, the *primum mobile* in devising all that is great and all that is valuable, would fall within the province of the profound metaphysician, rather than that of the practical man of science; but to elucidate the methods by which genius is aided in its high researches after truth, and in conducting those researches to their desired proficiency, although an occupation of a much humbler grade than the other, is one, nevertheless, that is by no means insignificant, or devoid of interest."

Certainly not; and we look confidently to a development of the Optical Law, physically, in concurrence with the Menti-optical Law, as at once the latter's result and its outward emblem. It is as impossible that mental light can be lawfully or consciously developed without evolving a truer theory for the physical phenomena, as that observations on the latter can be multiplied without a primary effect upon the mind. Though the greater power is by scientific men usually attributed to their works, a very moderate consideration will nevertheless show, as our author admits that the higher and antecedent science and work is purely mental.

In accordance with this view we anticipate a more general taste for such pursuits as have a charm for Mr. Pritchard and his fellow-students, which is inappreciable as well by the ordinary scientific as by the sensuous man. Then shall the extracts which follow these remarks have a higher claim with the public at large, than the gratification of curiosity or the filling an idle hour, as already they have with our readers.

On the straw-coloured Gnat, an aquatic insect not perceptible by the unassisted eye in consequence of its transparency and small size, the author observes (p. 54.)

"The transformation of this animal from the larva to the pupa is one of the most singular and wonderful changes that can be conceived; and, under the microscope, presents to the admirer of nature a most curious and interesting spectacle. Although the whole operation be under the immediate inspection of the observer, yet so com-

plete is the change, that its former organisation can scarcely be recognised in its new state of existence. If we now compare the different parts of the larva with the pupa, we remark a very striking change in the tail, which, in the previous state of being, was composed of twenty-two beautiful plumed branches; while, in the latter, it is converted into two fine membranous tissues, ramified with numerous vessels. This change appears the more remarkable, as not the slightest resemblance can be discovered between them, nor are the vestiges of the former tail readily found in the water. ;The partial disappearance of the shell-like or reniform bodies is another curious circumstance. The lower two, it may be conjectured, go to form the new tail; for, if the number of joints be counted from the head, the new tail will be found appended to that joint which was nearest to them in the larva state. The two small horns which form the white plumed antennæ of this species of Gnat, when in its perfect state, are discernible in the larva, folded up under the skin near the head. The alimentary canal appears nearly to vanish in the pupa, as in that state there is no necessity for it, the insect then entirely abstaining from food; while, near this canal, the two intertwined vessels, seen in the larva, have now become more distinct, and are supplied with several anastomosing branches.

"At a later stage, the rudiments of the leg of the perfect insect are folded within the part which appears to be the head of the pupa. It may be necessary to observe, that the head of the pupa floats just under the surface of the water; and the insect, in this state, is nearly *upright* in that fluid; while the larva swims with its body in a *horizontal* position, or rests on its belly or sides, at the bottom of the pond or vessel in which it is kept; the fringed tail being downwards.

"The circuitous manner in which the Creator appears to produce this species of Gnat, and many other of His smaller creatures, is truly wonderful. Other beings are produced directly, either from the egg or the maternal womb; as, however, the Deity does nothing in vain, it may be presumed that He must have had in view some important object in the preliminary steps through which these beings have to pass—from the egg to the larva, *chrysalis*, and *perfect insect*; and however low these minute of nature may be held in the estimation of the unthinking part of mankind, his most elaborate proceeding renders it not improbable that they may be deemed by Him choice and exquisite productions. These mysterious operations of nature, as detected and unravelled by microscopes, are surely grand and capital subjects for observation. I should pity the man who scorned to be amused by inspecting these MARVELLOUS METAMORPHOSES, and disdained to be informed of the manner in which they are effected."

III. MECHANIC INVENTION.—*The Soniferon.*

Samuel Wesley, the celebrated musician and organist, was as deaf as a post. Loss of hearing is a very serious calamity to any one; but it must be particularly so in the case of an organist who has to attend to the musical service of a Church. Had Wesley known before his death, of the existence of the *Soniferon*, he would not only have made it his perpetual companion in the organ loft, but most undoubtedly have placed the invention upon a level with the immortal fugues of Sebastian Bach, which were to him the *Alpha* and *Omega* of existence. The *Soniferon*, as an instrument for the assistance of the deaf, is the most valuable result which mechanical skill and scientific observation have yet produced. In its construction, the inventor has judiciously imitated the actual formation of the human ear, by introducing a convoluted pipe in the body of the instrument, through the spiral passages of which the sounds rush as through a shell. These are finally concentrated into a tapered tube which conducts them to the ear, by which means the "tympanum" and auditory nerve are forcibly acted upon, and *hearing* is produced. The *Soniferon* is constructed upon acknowledged acoustic principles, and is a capital specimen of what may be done towards remedying or alleviating a defect of nature by copying nature herself. Upon a pillar such as is used for table lamps, a hollow metal cone is horizontally placed, on which it revolves for the convenience of turning the open part towards the person of the speaker. The smaller end of this cone or drum is closed, the larger end being covered with a perforated plate, through which the sound enters; and the interior is fitted up something after the manner of a shell of the Nautilus, with spiral chambers, from which the concentrated sound is propelled into the before mentioned tapered tube, which finally conducts it to the ear. The effects produced by the *Soniferon* are astonishing. Persons who had

never heard a sound have been suddenly startled by a single word transmitted in the common tone of voice of the speaker. Some, who had lost their hearing by disease, age, or other causes, have had it completely restored to them by this acoustic phenomenon. We ourselves were witnesses of an experiment tried upon a boy who had never heard a sound in his life, wherein the effect was electrical. The start, surprise, and even terror, which he exhibited at the newly awakened sense, were incontrovertible evidences of the vast power of the instrument. The scientific world is indebted to Dr. Scott for this valuable invention which offers not only a new field for critical and mechanical examination, but a grand stimulus to that particular section of inventive genius which has the alleviation of personal suffering for its praiseworthy object. The deaf are under obligations to the same gentleman for many other valuable auxiliaries, minor in importance only to the one in question.

FINE ARTS.

I. SCULPTURE.

Outlines of celebrated Works from the best Masters of ancient and modern Sculpture. Numbers 1—6, published by Charles Murton.

An excellent design well accomplished. When the work is further advanced, we shall treat of the subjects at large. At present we remark only, that the Numbers before us contain the Farnese Hercules;—the Laocoon;—Museo Borbonico's Venus and Cupid;—Canova's Graces—Venus and Adonis—Hector—Venus Victorious—Magdalen—Hebe—Hercules and Lichas—and Infant St. John;—Westmacott's Cupid;—Baily's Eve at the Fountain;—Bacon's Narcissus;—Thorwaldsen's Hebe; with Flaxman's Mercury and Pandora—and Resignation.

II. PORTRAITURE.

Ryall's Portraits of eminent Conservatives and Statesmen. No. 10.

The present number of this splendid work contains Francis Lord Ashburton—John Wilson Croker—and Sir F. Pollock. The first and second are by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and are exquisitely engraved by Mr. Artlett, and Mr. W. Finden. The third is from Phillips by Robinson, and no less excellently executed.

III. ARCHITECTURE.

The Churches of London—By George Godwin, junr. F.S.A. Associate of the Institute of British Architects, assisted by John Britton, Esq. F. S. A. No. 24.—C. Tilt. This work continues to deserve attention.

IV. CARICATURE.

Heads of the People, taken off, by Quizfizz.—No. 2. Tyas.

Very cleanly and cleverly decapitated.

The Comic Almanack for 1839. An Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest, containing "all things fitting for such a work." By Rigdum Funnidos, Gent. Illustrated by George Cruikshank, London: Charles Tilt.

This is a capital publication to drive away the blue devils. It fully supports the character of its predecessors. The illustrations are in Cruikshank's very best style. The tale of Bob Stubbs, also is capital, but we cannot stay to particularise, when every thing is equally good.

Hood's Own, or Laughter from Year to Year, No. 11, completely keeps up the character of its predecessors.

LAW.

I. PRACTICE.

The Legal Guide. Weekly Periodical. Richards & Co. Fleet-street.

Admitting the justice of the editor's remarks in the preface to this work;—"We live in an age in which it is with some difficulty, that a practitioner can understand what the law really is upon any subject; so great and varied are the constant changes,"

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—and again that—"the student is placed in even a more distressing situation; he commences his career and studies one set of laws, and ends his clerkship under another set, consequently as ignorant of the laws as he began;"—we consider an attempt to lessen the mischiefs consequent on those evils highly commendable; and should the cherished expectations be realised of ultimately "remedying" them, great service will be rendered to society generally. The number of legal periodicals now in circulation speaks much in favour of the growing intelligence of legal students. The new race of lawyers will present very different aspects from what the old exhibited. As a liberal profession nothing can tend more to liberalise it than such publications as these, which bring daily to the office door, the knowledge daily required within and without it; thus abridging labour, and giving time for higher studies.

The Scarlet Fathers. The Church and the Widow; an exposure of the case of Mary Anne Woolfrey, exhibiting the mischievous and intolerant nature of Ecclesiastical Courts, with Observations on other Scandals in the Established Church. By an Officer of the Crown: London. Southgate, Strand, 1838.

THIS is a spirited pamphlet on a topic on which we have already treated at full in the present number. It is well written and well argued, though on the antagonist ground which we mean to avoid on all subjects. It adduces facts, showing the practice in many instances of the Established Church to be in favour of the widow's cause, and produces many epitaphs of a similar tendency to hers, yet extant in Cathedrals, churches, and burial grounds. The decision of the Arches' Court must be gratifying to every true Christian.

II. INSANITY.

A Letter to the Right Honourable the Lord Chancellor, on the Present State of the Law of Lunacy; with Suggestions for its Amendment. By a Barrister of the Inner Temple. London: William Crofts, 19, Chancery Lane. 1838.

THE author before us asserts that, until insanity be better defined by the English law than at present it is, justice requires a more solemn enquiry to be made, and some more constitutional tribunal to decide whether an individual ought to be kept in confinement, and deprived of his liberty, merely because his understanding is partially disturbed, his affections deadened, his attachments warped, or his feelings become changed. And in corroboration of these opinions, the writer states the recent case of Mr. Paternoster; in which, however, the jealousy of the law vindicated its sufficiency. We have no power, truly, to prevent wrong; but we have, it would seem, in this particular, enough to remedy it when done. But the subject is one surrounded with difficulties. It may be that individuality is madness; and it then becomes a moot point for the law to decide, of what degree of aberration from the general standard, or of difference between man and man, it shall take cognizance.

Dr. Mayo distinguishes insanity into moral and mental. Every dereliction, however slight, from the line of rectitude, is a sign of the former. Wickedness is madness. This is the doctrine of the Scriptures, which make no difference between the fool and the knave; and daily experience testifies still that one involves the other. Some writers are of opinion that *all* madness has a *moral* source. Madness, says Coleridge, is not simply a bodily disease. "It is the sleep of the spirit with certain conditions of wakefulness; that is to say, lucid intervals. During this sleep, or recession of the spirit, the lower or bestial states of life rise up into action and prominence. It is an awful thing to be eternally tempted by the perverted senses. The reason may resist—it does resist—for a long time: but too often, at length, it yields for a moment, and the man is mad for ever. An act of the will is, in many instances, precedent to complete insanity. Bishop Butler said, that he was all his life struggling against the devilish suggestions of his senses, which would have madened him, if he had relaxed the stern wakefulness of his reason for a single moment."

This is the most important *phase* of the disputed matter. In regard to the intellectual aspect of it, if we concede the definition that "when a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, he is mad,"—how many of us are there who unconsciously do this! More than would be at first imagined,—if, indeed, the number stop short of all mankind. The whole of Berkeley's theory is framed on the converse of this hypothesis,—namely, that persons and things are only our thoughts,

which all men constantly mistake for something else. This would dispose of humanity at one fell swoop, and leave us no room to wonder that moralists are sometimes led to contemplate the world as a bedlam.

"Talk with a stormy sky, man! Prone to deem
That nothing is, because of thine own dream."

Aberrations from the moral and intellectual standard take the form of all the relative powers and faculties, and differ in their modes and names accordingly. Of these we shall probably give, ere long, a proper analysis. The pamphlet before us deals with the question only in its relations to the liberty of the subject, and proposes, instead of the power being vested, as it now is, in the hands of any two physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries, that no person whomsoever should be confined in any madhouse, lunatic hospital, or licensed asylum, until an inquest of twelve men had first determined upon the fact, whether the individual was sane or not. It would then become a matter of proof, to be supported as well by the evidence of medical men, as also by that of the friends of the unfortunate sufferer (the latter being frequently, from their connection, the better judges, whether the subject of enquiry ought to be under any actual restraint). Counsel, if required, on either side, should be permitted to attend; and the supposed lunatic, if not in a dangerous state, should always appear before the inquest. If, however, it would be imprudent to produce the lunatic, from any ill consequence which might attend the violence of the malady, it ought then to be compulsory on two medical men, or one medical man and two other persons, to testify such facts upon oath.

"This trial by JURY," continues the writer, "might be very easily carried into effect throughout the country, by constituting as judge upon every such enquiry, the coroner of the county, division, or jurisdiction, within which the lunatic might happen to reside, or to have been taken charge of by the parish officer. The coroner to be paid in like manner as he now is, upon other inquests which he holds. In the metropolitan districts, where the vast proportion of lunacy cases arise, an officer, appointed by your Lordship, might occupy, in this respect, the place of coroner upon such occasions; and he should also be invested with the same power as the coroner now possesses, in compelling the attendance of jurymen, &c. Upon the record of a verdict of "Insanity," it would then be competent to the constable, parish officer, or a relative, with such a warrant, to take charge of the lunatic, and place him under keepers, until such a time as his sanity was restored."

TRANSLATIONS.

GERMAN WORKS.

Original Maxims for the Young, by the celebrated J. C. LAVATER. Translated by the daughter of a Clergyman. London. B. WERTHEIM.—1838.

We need not say much upon this little book; LAVATER's name is its sufficient passport. It consists of thirty-four short pithy maxims for the regulation of the younger portion of the community, besides thirty-six sentences which contain miscellaneous instructions on many topics. We cannot enough recommend this unpretending volume to those who have charge of the rising generation. It is calculated to promote correct principles in the mind of youth—and to produce in after life excellent members of society.

A Key to the Difficulties, Philological and Historical, of the First Book of SCHILLER's Thirty Years' War, forming a guide to German construing, for the use of English Students, by ADOLPHUS BERNAYS, Phil. Doc. &c. &c. London B. WERTHEIM.—1838.

Dr. BERNAYS is so well known by his German Grammar, &c.—and his merits have been so generally appreciated, that any commendation, on our part, of his numerous labours would be useless. In the work before us, he has undertaken the task of smoothing the perplexing difficulties which English students of German encounter in SCHILLER's *Thirty Years' war*, especially with regard to the first book. Need we add, that he has fully succeeded! The name of Dr. BERNAYS appearing in the title-page is sufficient to place that beyond all doubt.

1. *Relics of Elijah the Tishbite*; being a selection of the most striking passages omitted in the existing translation. Translated from the original work of D. F. W. KRUMMACHER, London. B. WERTHEIM.—1838.

2. Jacob Wrestling with the Angel. By the Rev. G. D. KRUMMACHEE, Author of "Israel's Wanderings in the Wilderness." Translated from the German. London. B. WERTHEIM.—1838.
3. On Restitution;—Lot and his Wife; The Rich Man; Christian Composure. By the Rev. FRIEDRICH STRAUSS, D.D. Chaplain to the King of Prussia, &c. &c. Translated from the German, by Miss SLEE. London. B. WERTHEIM.—1838.

THESE writers are very well in their way; but nevertheless they do not exactly belong to that school of German literature which we should like to see introduced into this country. The stern Briton-mind requires higher food than that which they afford. We wish to soar beyond the clouds, while they are scarcely able to reach mid-air; yet are their wings strong, and we may safely trust ourselves to them as far as they go; but then that is only half of the distance. This section of our work is not, however, a fitting place to enter into the opinions which we have conceived on all these subjects. Other articles in this magazine will be devoted to the explanation of those exalted principles which we have announced in our "New Year's Greeting." Wait, reader, for these.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches of Judaism and the Jews. By the Rev. ALEXANDER M'CAUL, D.D. Of Trinity College, Dublin. London. B. Wertheim.—1838.

These sketches (excepting some additions which seemed necessary to their publication in a separate form) originally appeared as articles in the British Magazine, at various times, between 1834 and 1838. They form a most interesting fasciculus of papers upon the different Jewish sects, manners, &c. &c. The first section, upon the "Intellectual state of the Rabbinical Jews," contains much that would well repay the perusal. The account, in the second section, of a fanatical Jewish sect called the Chasidim, is entertaining in the extreme. Not that their tenets are always *wrong*, but, because the professors are always extravagant, and often ridiculous. Their devotion to their Rabbi or Tzaddek, completely outdoes all that was ever said about the Roman Catholics' submission to their Father Confessors; and they at least go as far in ascribing infallibility to this said Rabbi, as ever the Romanists went in claiming it for the Pope. Take the following extract:—

"The most important of all principles is unreserved devotion to the Tzaddek; never to turn aside from his precepts; to reject wisdom and science, yea, one's own understanding, and to receive only what the Tzaddek says. Even when one thinks that the Tzaddek is acting contrary to the law, he is still to believe that the Tzaddek is in the right; he must therefore reject his own understanding, and rest confidently on that of the Rabbi." What could go beyond all this? On the whole, we think Mr. M'CAUL's book a valuable addition to the library.

The Cathedral Bell; a Tragedy in five acts. By JACOB JONES, &c. &c.

There was a country in ancient Greece called Boeotia, and since many other names—Mr. Jones is an owl of that region. If Vulcan were to forge dramas, they would be such as this author's. They seem written with a sledgehammer. Nib your pen, Mr. Jones:—your calligraphy is coarse—not strong.

The Works of Ben Jonson, with a Memoir of his Life and Writings. By Barry Cornwall. Moxon.

THIS is like all Mr. Moxon's books, worthy of the publisher. Barry Cornwall's life of glorious old Ben is in a more amiable, and yet more discriminating spirit, than Gifford's; and we like it the better. This great poet has been too much neglected; and it is a disgrace to the British stage that his plays are not more frequently performed. The man was a perfect artist in his way. We are persuaded that the revival of his *Catiline* and *Sejanus* would be safe speculations for Macready.

In his new biographer's opinion, Jonson stands second to Shakspeare. He was more original than any other theatrical writer of the age. But he had his defects, and was not superior in judgement to Shakspeare. O no! That and genius are always on a par. Jonson's great strength lay in satire, and in his power of depicting manners. His weakness was in drawing too much on the conventional and the temporary. He was an *experimental* poet; and, like the *experimental* philosopher, trusted not sufficiently to principles. In what he designed, however, he fully succeeded: to describe manners, to embody humours, and to brand vice and folly with a scathing iron. His lyric powers were exquisite.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.—EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

Vol. I.] FEBRUARY, 1839. [No. 2.

MILTON.

PART THE FIRST.

CONVERSING, the other day, with the justly-celebrated Thomas Carlyle (Author of "The French Revolution, a History," and of other productions scarcely less remarkable) *anent* certain contributions from his pen that were desiderated for this New Series of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE; we were gratified at finding that he knew more of some affairs connected with this periodical than ourself. Among other things, he mentioned, that it was at his suggestion to a former editor thereof, the Head of Milton became imprinted on the cover. This information was naturally calculated to give a spur to our mind; and in the end it occurred to us, that it would be no unseemly thing if we carried on the suggestion, by presenting a literary Portrait, also, of the Bard Divine to the admiring students of our pages. On this hint, accordingly, we have written; and have now only to entreat the reader's favourable acceptance for our papers on MILTON, his Character, Genius, and Works.

Nothing is more wanted than a good life of MILTON, with a Critical Commentary on his great poems—that is, on all his poems—for they all are great. Notwithstanding the labours of Addison and Dr. Johnson, and some later critics, most literary men are of opinion, that his immortal work, *The Paradise Lost*, has not yet been rewarded with a criticism equal to its merits. Can it ever be? Something, however, might be accomplished in the way of approximation. Schlegel abroad, and some writers at home, have done tardy justice to Shakspeare—such as they might. That justice yet remains to be done to Milton. Mr. Martin's publication afforded an opportunity for the production of a dissertation on the writings of Milton, worthy of his genius and character, with advantages respecting type and size that may not again for some time occur. We must, however, observe, that we believe the custom in publications of that kind is to give no more than the bare text as explanatory of the illustrations it accompanies. It is a custom that would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." This breach Sir Egerton Brydges in some degree made—but much still remains to be done.

We are profound admirers of the genius and the productions of Milton; and would, therefore, though not so extensively as desirable, our limits being necessarily contracted, endeavour to contribute, in our degree, to that act of justice in which we consider the world of letters is yet indebted to the "Old Blind Man of Britain."

Of the labours of Addison and Johnson, we have spoken in terms which imply, that they left something for their successors yet to accomplish. The critique of Addison is less ambitious than Johnson's, but it is more accurate. Having, however, been composed in the childhood of criticism, it partakes the feebleness of infancy. It partakes also the character of the writer's mind, which depended rather on the graces of Art, than the energies of Nature. The author of "Cato" could only afford one concession to the genius of the poet. He was contented to waive the question, whether the poem was heroic, or not, so it were allowed to be divine; and proceeded to judge of it, by the rules applicable to epic poetry. Determining not the fate of single persons or nations only, but of a whole species—the united powers of Hell arrayed for the destruction of mankind—the Omnipotence of Heaven exerted for their preservation;—in greatness he allowed it to transcend all previous efforts, both in the action and the actors. "Man," says Addison, "in his greatest perfection, Woman in her highest beauty; the fallen Angels their enemies, the Messiah their champion, the Almighty their judge—all that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of Nature, or out of it, has its proper part assigned to it in this admirable poem."

Just as this tribute is to the merits of Milton, and honorable to the taste of Addison, more decidedly honorable if we consider the age in which he wrote—an age in which there was little feeling for Nature in her freshness, and a mania for Art in the very last stage of vapid imitation—it yet, as we have before insinuated, partakes the constitutional fault of the writer, and also the error of his times. The first enquiry of the critics of old was into the genius of a poet—or, rather, it was no enquiry, for it was no question—they found it acknowledged by general consent, and recognised it in its effects on their individual consciousness. This point, therefore, having been both settled for them and by them, they proceeded to examine the work which had been so universal and permanent in its influence, the principles of its construction, and the rules of its composition. But they forbore to put legal shackles on what ever was, and ever must be, a law unto itself. They derived the canons of poetry from a perusal of the poets, and, questioning a work of genius as an oracle, were concluded by its responses. Our critics have professed an anxiety to bring back the old spirit to the writings of their contemporaries; it would be as well if, in this particular, a greater portion of it had been exemplified in their own.

Addison's conduct in his critique was of a mixed character—he yielded at once to the authority of antiquity, and the pre-eminence of the poet's genius. But though he gave the poet a fair hearing,

he judged him by the precepts of Aristotle. He enquired not so much into what this poem differed from his artificial prepossessions, as into what it agreed with them; not so much those characteristic distinctions which made it what it was, and originated its identity, as those general marks by which it might be assimilated to other productions—a mode of proceeding, we are bold to say, only calculated to keep the art in a given station, not to advance it beyond, to a greater degree of excellence.

Milton, however, claimed expressly higher privileges when he proposed to execute a “work which the world should not willingly let die”—“whether,” says he, “the rules of Aristotle herein are to be kept, or nature to be followed, which, in them that know art and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art.” Our examination will tend to show, that he exercised the liberty which he claimed, and, by following nature, was enabled to enrich epic composition with additional graces, otherwise unattainable.

Johnson was a critic of a higher mark. It was not the foible of his mind to succumb to authority, whether ancient or modern. He showed well in his Preface to Shakspeare, that he could grant to genius its prerogatives, but claimed extraordinary privileges for criticism. It is remarkable that in his *Lives of the Poets*, he always says his best things, and gives his most cordial commendations to the works of inferior writers. The sense of superiority sheds a complacency over his mind and feelings, which is benignantly expressed in his opinions. He makes, as if he were doing a kindness, and delivers his sentiments with a rough good nature of which we have nothing to complain except its ostentation. When he meets with a master mind, his own rises in opposition—“Greek meets Greek.” His conduct on these occasions, by such as are ignorant of the workings of a great intellect, has been attributed to literary jealousy—a feeling which, surely, cannot generally exist towards departed genius, although the instance of Lauder’s forgeries, and another example or two, serve to show that it sometimes may obtain.

The mind of Johnson was of a manly frame, and his conduct must be laid rather to the account of that emulation which incites a noble spirit to measure its energies equally with the living and the dead. Of this feeling might be produced many illustrations. Hear what Burns in expressive language says of himself. “I weighed myself alone—I balanced myself with others—I watched every means of information to see how much ground I occupied as a man and a poet—I studied assiduously nature’s design in my formation, where the lights and shades in my character were intended.” A similar impulse seems to have actuated Johnson; he was desirous of ascertaining the measure of his capacity as an author by means of comparison with the powers exemplified in the results of the genius of other men, though of a different kind. It must, however, be confessed that he felt his ambition somewhat baffled by the transcending excellence of Milton; and it appears that he would have been better satisfied with an author of less merit. This, indeed, he very ingenuously confesses, in terms frequently animadverted upon,

and not calculated to be soon forgotten. "*Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburthened, and look elsewhere for recreation; *we desert our master and seek for companions.*"

In the latter clause of this sentence, Johnson unconsciously permits the emulation by which he was incited to appear; an emulation laudable in every point of view, and which whoever should condemn would only prove himself incapable of being awakened to any noble exertion by example or precept, or, indeed, of attempting any thing beyond the run of every-day mortals. The reason, however, for the reluctance to repeat the perusal of *Paradise Lost*, is to be sought for in a want or deficiency of a corresponding taste in the mind of the reader, considered rather in kind than in degree. We can readily believe that there are lovers of many sorts of poetry, who would feel no particular affection for this sublime epic—many who have no relish for the epic at all. In such the poet would have to *create* the requisite taste; a task which every great poet in every age, we will venture to say, has found it necessary to accomplish. All minds are not constituted to dwell with delight on the song that reports of heroic deeds, any more than all poets possess the feeling and genius to celebrate them in no unworthy numbers. In fact, only the few of either are capable of elevating their genius or taste to the conception or appreciation of what is eminently great and lovely in action, character, or sentiment. Heroes, philosophers, martyrs, and epic poets are few indeed; they require a kind and degree of enthusiasm seldom to be found, and which the rest of the world are too apt to consider as madness or folly. One of their own order describes them as

"— the madmen, who have made men mad
By their contagion; conquerors and kings,
Founders of sects and systems; to whom add
Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool."

Milton was of this order of men; but it does not appear that the last line of the preceding extract is at all applicable to him, as a poet. He neither appears to have fooled others, nor to have been made a fool himself. Not ambitious of popular applause, but of enlarging and elevating the compass and stature of his own understanding, the fame which he sought was that "which the clear Spirit doth raise."

"Fame is no plant that grows in mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

"The Muse" which he "meditated," so far as regarded its

immediate effects, was a "thankless" one; but his aspirations had no regard to "this ignorant present." Even "here on this bank and shoal of time, he jumped the life to come." His hopes stretched forward into the future, and his faith, though so elevated, yet deceived him not, for he cultivated his extraordinary powers rather as a pious duty than a pleasing recreation, and succeeded accordingly. Criticism existed not in his times as it exists now, periodically reflecting popular prejudice, on which most writers are contented to live "day by day," as they supplicate to receive their "daily bread." That this has an injurious effect, even on our men of genius, cannot be doubted. They forsake the permanent for the immediate and apparent, and in their eagerness to embrace the shadow lose the substance; of which truth the noble poet from whom we have quoted may stand as a proof and an ensample. The remark, which is not at all applicable to Milton, is in every way suitable to him; and doubtlessly, in this, as in many other instances, he wrote from personal experience. There can be no mistake more fatal to a genuine poet than the expectation of immediate acceptance with the public, and a trust in its opinion, rather than a "lively faith" in individual impulse and consciousness of power. We have in our day myriads of these empirical poets, men who live on the breath of others, and not in that breath of life, by which only, if at all, they can hope to "become living souls." These

"may flourish or may fade,

A breath may make them, as a breath has made;"

but the spirits which will go down the stream of time are those whose works, "if once destroyed, can never be supplied," in the freshness and vigour of original genius, by any thing to be found in the productions of others.

The order of men of which Milton was so eminent an individual, is divisible into two classes. Of the first and superior class, it is observable that they move in an atmosphere of their own, and derive every thing from individual resources. They may be distinguished by pride, but are exempt from vanity—a pride not ostentatious, but calm and dispassionate; conscious of inborn worth, regardless of opinion, which is to them as "the idle air," more idly articulated. Pride, subsisting in itself, is best gratified by silent Admiration; Vanity, dependent on external occasions, is anxious for the whispers of Praise or Envy. The individuals of the first class possess an intensity of character, to which those of the latter have no claim. Nor do they lose in comprehension what they gain in intensity; for they are all the world to themselves, and are, in themselves, a map of what the world is, and a universe of their own. In their own spirits the laws of nature are, as it were, prefigured; and all knowledge lies dormant in a state of pre-existence. Such, for the most part, are the "men of whom the world is not worthy." They are the "salt of the earth," hid, perchance, from the eye of observation, but exerting an influence almost imperceptible; yet the more permanent and powerful on that very account, and penetrating and impregnating, secretly and by degrees, every pore of the social body.

The other sort must have a kingdom for a stage, and the gazing world for a theatre; "their breath is agitation, and their life a storm whereon they ride." Knowing nothing of their own nature, but as it is reflected in the conduct and character of others, their motto is, "to know another well were to know oneself;" although the converse of the position form the truer axiom. The axiom is heaven-descended, but their position is of human fabrication, and therefore they like it the better. They must be "the observed of all observers," else they perish—and why? Because, having placed too much importance in the habit of observing others, they are dissatisfied, if they discover reason to suspect, that people think nothing is to be learned from them also. Yet, they must almost think as much themselves, since they refer so seldom to their own bosoms for instruction or enjoyment. Therefore it is that they are

"so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously."

Had they looked more frequently into their own natures, and made enquiry into the welfare and solvency of the tenant in their own bosoms;—had they put his house in order, and made a right arrangement of his affairs;—they would not have wrecked in the common bankruptcy of external advantages, their proper and personal opulence, those treasures of the spirit which "the world can neither give nor take away."

However the contrary course may suit with mere sophists and conquerors, founders of sects and false systems, who, of all men, are the most dependent on circumstance and observation, the poet can only be a poet in so far as he unfolds his own nature, however manifoldly propagated in apparently different copies of individual humanity. Although it is most truly said of Shakspeare, that the persons of his dramas are distinguished by distinct attributes, and not mere variations of his own identity, and that his personal character is never suffered to intrude—yet it is equally certain, that in every one of the *dramatis personæ* the poet is essentially present, animating and directing every movement with his own peculiar spirit. It is in this way the assertion of Dr. Johnson, that every character in Shakspeare is a species, may be reconciled with that of Pope, that every character is an individual. In so far as every character is something more than a mere copy of the reality which it is supposed to resemble, and is elevated above the stage of its ordinary conduct, and the range of its probable acquirements, it becomes something more than the representation of a single person. The truth is, that the character is generally produced after the image of the idea in the poet's mind, not after the conception of any particular individual with whom he may have happened to be acquainted.

It is said of Shakspeare and his companions, that "they gathered the humours of men wherever they came." This is very likely, and part of the business of a dramatic poet; but too much importance should not be attributed to it, lest the higher demands of art suffer prejudice and neglect. These humours are merely the "shapes" to which the poet "turns the forms of things unknown," previously "bodied forth by imagination"—the "local habitations and the names given to airy nothings." The individuals which the poet encounters in society, and presents in his works, are mere exponents of these preconceptions, of which he gladly avails himself for the purpose of incorporating them under the conditions of experience, in order to their representation as intelligible objects. The reader will perceive, therefore, that in Shakspeare, as in every good poet, it is not so much the portrait of an individual that is represented as an idea of which the individual is only an expositor. The poet from first to last is the life and soul of the character, and speaks in every word that is uttered. At any rate, the imitation is enlarged beyond the dimensions of reality, and excels it in every qualification.

This is particularly observable in Shakspeare's manner of representing the "bad characters" in his plays. Upon these, and with considerable judgement, he expends an unusual portion of his genius. Compare his Iagos and Edmunds with Ford's D'Avolos and Vasques. The latter are but petty every-day villains, as intellectually feeble as they are odiously wicked. Not so with Shakspeare; they are "bold bad men." Without interesting us in favour of their crimes, he engages our admiration for the energy of their minds, and the force of their characters. Power is the great charm by which he renders them attractive. Their spirits are as gigantic as his own, and we absolve them of their guilt because of their greatness. They are as gods in knowledge and resolution, though devils in act and intention. Yet certain it is, that the villains of Ford are much nearer copies of the actual villains in society than those of Shakspeare. The reason of this is, that Ford endeavours to portray them as they really exist; Shakspeare presents them only as they essentially are, or may possibly be, and thus only as subordinated to an attribute of his own mind—intellectual power; with which, in the exercise of a creative imagination, he has elected to invest them.

The distinctive characteristic of Shakspeare's genius will be found, upon accurate examination, to consist in the harmonious blending of the ideal with the real; and his peculiar power lay in his transfusing the former in such a manner into the latter as to identify it therewith in inseparable unity. Philosophically speaking, therefore, it is improper to say, that his characters are either species or individuals. In so far as they are symbolical of a class of men, they are assuredly something more than the latter; but as they have a definite existence, it is equally certain that they are something less than the former. Hence it is in the union and happy balance of these contrary elements, that we are to look for the proper excellence of our dramatic poet; and in this way his mind,

though it was divided amongst all it contemplated, and became whatever it beheld, yet, "remaining in itself, made all things new."

What has been written may, perhaps, not only serve to correct some errors touching the nature and office of dramatic writing, which have too generally obtained for the interests both of poetry and criticism, but to suggest a genial affinity between our dramatic bard and our epic poet not hitherto suspected or sufficiently observed. It has been more usual for our critics to contrast than to compare the merits of Shakspeare and Milton; they have rather attended to what was distinctive of either than what was common to both. We propose to perform each of these requirements.

The spirit of contrast and opposition, however, has been carried too far. A curious instance occurs in Pye's "Commentary on Aristotle." Pye, it would appear, almost conceived Milton to be wanting in a taste even for the peculiar merits of his predecessor. In spite of Milton's poetical tribute to the memory of Shakspeare, he imagines that in the two exquisite lines,*

" Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild,"

it was the intention of the poet of "L'Allegro" to disparage our dramatic prodigy, "somewhat in the same way a Cramer or a Haydn might be supposed to speak of a wonderful musical rustic, who, without musical education, was able to bring some wild sounds out of a violin." He however prefers (to adopt his own words) "a heavier charge against him with regard to Shakspeare. In his "*Eiconoclastes* there is a passage

' That sullies e'en his brightest lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half his bays.'

"Like all other censure of the same kind," the commentator on the Poetics of Aristotle proceeds to say, "it misses the intended mark, and recoils on the author; and we are not inclined to think the worse of the unfortunate and misguided Charles because we are told that Mr. William Shakspeare was the closet companion of his solitudes." He afterwards adds, "I cannot think, even, that Milton could easily have imagined, that among a people well versed in polite and classic literature, the *stuff* of Mr. William Shakspeare would be preferred to *Comus* and the *Samson Agonistes*."

This is severe language, and ought not to have gone so long unanswered, involving, as it does, an evident misapprehension. Let the reader judge for himself. Here is the passage. Milton had before observed, "that the deepest policy of a tyrant hath ever been to counterfeit religious." After producing examples, he proceeds:—

"From stories of this nature, both ancient and modern, which abound, the poets also, and some English, have been in this point

* This is also Schlegel's opinion, but we think that the grounds are entirely fanciful, and incapable of being put in opposition to his lines on Shakspeare, beginning,

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones?"

so *mindful of decorum*, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare; who introduces the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage of this book, and sometimes in the same sense and purpose with some words in this place; 'I intended,' saith he, 'not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.' The like saith Richard, Act II. Scene 1.

'I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds.
More than the infant that is born to-night,
I thank my God for my humility.'

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the whole tragedy, wherein the poet used not much license in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of his religion.*

Now we are well acquainted with Milton's esteem for "gorgeous tragedy," and how well affected he was to the dramatic art in general, his preface to *Samson Agonistes* might be adduced in proof; we therefore could not willingly believe, unless the author had expressly stated it, that he intended to censure Charles I. for making William Shakspeare his closet companion. We rather esteem it an honour done to the excellence of the poet that he should be cited for such a purpose by such a rival. But we suspect it was the word "*stuff*" that led the commentator astray. First, then, the word "*stuff*" is not necessarily a term of contempt. Shakspeare writes,

"the perilous stuff
That preys upon the heart."

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of."

Had Milton written, "other matter of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy," the objection would have been avoided. Yet *stuff* is only a synonyme for the material of which the play was composed. Suppose, however, the word to have been used contemptuously, of which use there are instances in Milton's prose writings; it follows not that it was of the poet he so spake. The term might have had reference to the character of Richard III. only, and particularly as it applied to the argument in hand—the political hypocrisy of a tyrant. His counterfeit piety was mere "*stuff*" (in the worst signification of the word) in the mouth of Richard; but, as it was appropriate to the character, affected not the merits of the poet, to whom Milton gives credit for having been "*mindful of decorum*." The term, however, told bitterly against the unfortunate monarch, whose memory it was designed to darken; and whose piety was thus stigmatised as, like Richard's, being only "*stuff*" and "*counterfeit*." Whatever may be the

* Eiconoclaste, p. 384, vol. i. Burnett's edition.

reader's opinion of Milton's political sentiments, it is manifest that nothing could have been further from his intention than in this passage to prejudice the fame of Shakspeare. "Like all other censure of the same kind, this of Mr. Pye's misses the intended mark, and recoils on the author."

In estimating, however, the relative dramatic merits of Shakspeare and Milton, it is necessary that what is accidental should be separated from what is essential to the genius of each. It is chiefly in what is accidental that they are to be contrasted, and in what is essential compared. In nothing are they more different than in the external forms of their dramatic efforts, and their choice of subjects. If Shakspeare had written after the model of ancient tragedy, the resemblance between him and Milton would have been considerably closer. There might then have been a strong family likeness; now the resemblance is, perhaps, but as of one stranger to another. Had Shakspeare subscribed to the unities and adopted the chorus, his productions would have wanted many characteristic traits by which they are now distinguished—they would have lost many of their faults, and some of their beauties would have been substituted by others of a different kind. Whether these restrictions would have been beneficial on the whole is another question. We think not. At any rate, he would not have been a poet so decidedly original.

In their choice of subjects a more essential difference is observable. Milton's fable is always of the simplest kind, and the incidents few. Shakspeare affects, on the other hand, a complexity of plot, and a variety of persons and events, and combines them with astonishing art and philosophical reference to the end proposed. He wishes to interest as much by the force of his story as by the vigour of his fancy. His poetry glances from one object to another, distributing its lights and shades with impartiality according to the merits of each, but leaving none entirely destitute of its visiting radiance. Milton dwells upon a single fact and upon a few objects, selected after painful search, "long chusing and beginning late," and encircles them with his own associations of thought and feeling, as with a magic girdle, until he makes them his own. Shakspeare's mind goes abroad in search of emblems for the embodiment of his imaginings, and presents them in shapes similar to those in which nature and being are exhibited to the senses. Milton's mind never strays beyond "the spacious circuit of her musings;" what she "hath liberty to propose to herself" within those limits, "though of highest hope and hardest attempting" is available to his "adventurous song;" but he never thinks of travelling out of the precincts of his understanding to reconcile the dim creations of his fancy with the actual representations of the material world. The shape in which he delineates his conception, is equally ideal with the conception itself—he gives it, not as it is found in nature or society, but as it is in his own mind, or as he has found it in books. But they agree in what all true poets must agree—in originating in their own intellect the conception of characters and circumstances—they differ only as to the manner in

which it is manifested. Thus it is that the results are very distinct, while the essential elements remain the same. In a word, Milton dwells upon his subject until he identifies it with himself, while Shakspeare identifies himself with his subject. The one unites all things into his own poetic personality—the other divides it among them. To which may be added, that of the one the fancy is of the schools, traditional and theoretical; of the other it is of the world, experimental and practical.

The occasion of this difference may be traced to the opposite circumstances attending their early life and nurture. Fostered by paternal protection, and regularly educated, the imagination of Milton was developed in the study of the models of antiquity. Whatever he knew of nature, whether material or human, except what he gathered from his own "bosom and business" was through the medium of his learning. Hence it is, as Johnson justly observes, that "his images and descriptions of the scenes or operations of nature do not seem to be always copied from original forms, or to have the freshness, raciness and energy of immediate observation:" which remark, however, must be qualified in the words of a recent critic, by the assertion that "Milton's learning has the effect of intuition. His imagination has the force of nature." The truth lies in the medium between the two, or rather in the harmony of both propositions. Whatever the object of his observation, it was immediately associated with the stores of thought already accumulated in the treasure-room of his fancy, compared or contrasted, frequently combined, and then re-presented to notice as a new creation. Milton's descriptions bear the stamp of reflection. They are never expressed as they may be supposed to have impressed his perception, but, having been remanded to the tribunal of a higher faculty, re-appear attired with intellectual beauty. So of scenes and objects of which he could only have read. Those which had actuated his senses were idealised by a reflective memory, these were realised by a similar process of the fancy. He had so long employed himself in identifying the real with the imaginary, that he found but little difficulty in amalgamating the ideal with the actual. He occupied the middle ground of imagination where the two extremes are reconciled. He speaks of the lucid streams of the Abana and Pharpar, with their fertile banks, and the delightful seat of fair Damascus, as if he were a denizen of the spot, and of the roving Tartar, as if his life had been passed in the society of the savage hordes, and all the local circumstances of their mode of existence were as familiar to him as the voice and countenance of his mother. He thinks it a sufficient illustration of the Garden of Eden, to compare it with the Vale of Enna; and he assists his reader's conception of Satan's passage over Chaos by reminding him of Argos's between the Cyanean rocks, or of Ulysses when he

"on the larboard shunned

Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steered."—

as of scenes and stories familiar from earliest childhood.

No notion is more erroneous than that the poet's business is limited to merely copying in idea the impressions of sense, or, in

Johnson's language, to "copy from original form with the freshness of immediate observation." Nature is to be imitated, not copied. Something must be left for the genius of the poet; and the imitation must be identified therewith, to bear the stamp of originality. This is not to be done, but by reproducing in his own mind the scenes and objects of which he had been percipient, and therefrom combining something like the original form, but essentially different in itself, by a process of imaginative re-creation. To show, therefore, that Milton is no mere copier of nature, is only to prove that, in the highest sense, he is a poet. His garden of Eden, of course, was conceived from the common gardens of earth; but did he content himself with merely copying the objects of his ordinary perceptions? No: he carried up the conception into the high region of fancy, and the glorious element of reason, where his imagination sate, like a god, and from gross materials elaborated a creation, of which in his time there was no example. It is worthy of reflection, that Milton's idea of gardening was anticipative. "We are not only indebted to him," says Hayley, "for having extended and ennobled the provinces of epic poetry, but he has another title to our regard, as the founder of that recent and enchanting English art, which has embellished our country, and

'made Albion smile
One ample theatre of sylvan grace.'

"The elegant historian of modern gardening, Lord Orford, and the two accomplished poets, who have celebrated its charms both in France and England, De Lille and Mason, have, with great justice and felicity of expression, paid their homage to Milton, as the beneficent genius who bestowed upon the world the youngest and most lovely of the arts."

He who should attempt to give only copies of natural scenes and objects, either in poetry or painting, would produce something ludicrously grotesque, like the rude attempts at both in the earliest stages of the respective arts, and as far from what we now understand by imitation in either, as a tune that should merely express the modulations of the human voice in common conversation, or those discordant sounds which are sweetest harmony to tribes rude as their song, would be from all we are taught to consider now as peculiarly constituting musical excellence. We no longer recognise genius in its manifestation, and only appreciate it in its development.

Milton lived at a period when poetry, having overleaped the technical impediments that ever lay at the threshold of all Art, had beautifully unfolded itself in power and promise, in the morning of her glory, while the dew was yet on the leaf in the freshness of nature. His genius also had received every assistance calculated to awaken its dormant energies into vigour and expansion. His mind fed upon the past, and all the sources of classic lore were opened to his investigation. A diligent student, his application was equal to his genius; and his memory was rich as his fancy was active and his imagination lofty. In perusing the poems of Milton,

therefore, we are gratified not only with the attractions of poetry, but with the treasures of knowledge. He is continually referring you to what preceded him, and is not afraid to provoke a comparison between the productions of his predecessors and his own. He never wrote as if no poet had existed besides himself, and always proposed the most approved models for his imitation. He does not appear to have believed that poetry was incapable of improvement, and the unassisted energies of nature were sufficient for a perfect work of high art. This is particularly observable in his diction, which, though breathing with the vigour of original thought, is composed of centos from the works of antiquity, yet intuitively not elaborately produced. Perhaps it would not be incorrect to assert that Milton was the first fabricator of that poetical diction refined upon by Pope and his followers; but which, as they, with a taste almost fastidious, were pleased to select from its variety, they contracted of its compass and deprived of copiousness and expression. Since their time, however, many words and phrases, then excluded as prosaic, have been redeemed to the service of the muses. Poetry, which is, as it were, the spirit of all knowledge, should have a vocabulary as extensive as science, and universal as nature. Expressions of which Shakspeare and Milton were not ashamed, their successors need not be too nice to use, if only they be seasonably introduced, and applied with propriety.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(*Continued from page 109.*)

Murmur. Quick! they're dancing there behind—
No! I wish I were away.
Feel'st thou how the spectral band
Flits around us every where?
Now it rustles o'er my head—
Now I feel it at my feet;—
None of us is injured yet,—
But we all are terrified.
Quite disturbed is all the fun;
That is what the brutes desired.

Herald. Since I have, in masqueradings,
Taken up the herald's duties,
Carefully I guard the portals,
In this pleasant place that nothing
Which can injure should approach you,

Nothing yield, and nothing tumble :
 Yet I fear that through the windows
 Airy spectres in are gliding ;
 And from ghosts, and tricks of magic,
 I know not how I can protect you.
 The dwarf hath made himself suspicious !
 See ! behind there, how they're streaming !
 The hidden meaning of the figures
 To unfold, my duty bids me ;
 But what I, too, comprehend not,
 I to you cannot discover,
 All of you assist to teach me !
 See there through the people rushing,
 Drawn by four,* a glittering chariot
 Through them all is swiftly carried :
 Yet the throng it doth not sever ;
 Nowhere see I a confusion :
 Bright it glitters in the distance ;—
 Varied wandering stars are shining,
 As if cast from magic lanterns :
 On it snorts with stormy force—
 Room there ! room ! I shudder—

Boy (charioteer).

————— Hold !
 Stay your rapid wings, ye coursers,
 Feel again your wonted bridles,
 Yourselves restrain, as I restrain you,
 On again, when I inspire you !
 Let us not these scenes dishonour !
 See, in circle upon circle,
 How the wondering throng increaseth.
 Herald, up ! as is thy custom,
 Ere we flying shall escape thee,
 Us to name, and us to picture,
 For we, too, are allegories,
 Therefore oughtest thou to know us.

Herald. I do not know how I could name thee,
 Rather, far, would I describe thee.

Boy (charioteer).

Try it then !

Herald.

We must confess,
 Firstly thou art young and fair,
 As yet but half-grown art thou : yet, the ladies ?
 Why they had rather fully grown behold thee.
 Thou seem'st to me to be a future suitor,
 And from thy very birth a gay deceiver.

* German "Viergespann," a team, or yoke of four. I had translated it " Drawn by four steeds," but found out by the context that the *steeds* were *dragons*.

Boy (charioteer).

Pretty well said, *that!* Pray, proceed,
Now strive the cheerful riddle to explain.

Herald. Thine eyes' dark lightning and the night of tresses
Made cheerful by the jewelled band!
And what a well adorned robe
Flows to thy feet from off thy shoulders,
With purple hem and tinsel gaud!
One might a maiden, mocking, call thee,
And yet thou wouldst for weal or woe,
E'en now in favour be with maidens,
They'd teach thee then the A. B. C.

Boy (charioteer).

And he who as a beauteous figure
Sits there in glory on the chariot throne?

Herald. He seems a monarch, rich and gentle,
'Tis well for him who gains his love,
He needs to strive for nothing farther.
Where ought is needed flies his glance,
And his pure love to give is greater
Than any happiness or wealth.

Boy (charioteer).

Thou can'st not here end thy description,
Thou must describe him still more fully.

Herald. The noble cannot be described,
Yet, there's the healthy moon-like face,
The rounded mouth, the cheeks so blooming,
Which 'neath the turban's beauty glitter;
In the robe folds what rich composure!
And of his grace what shall I utter?
As ruler seems he known to me.

Boy (charioteer).

'Tis Plutus, god of riches named,
He comes in mighty splendour here,
The emperor desires him much.

Herald. Now of thyself declare the what and how.

Boy (charioteer).

I'm dissipation, I am poesie—
I am the poet who becomes perfection
When his own property he hath expended.
Immeasurably rich am I,
And Plutus' equal call myself,
For him inspire, and make the feast and dance,
And what he fails in that do I impart.

Herald. Boasting becomes thee but too well,
Yet let us now thine arts behold.

Boy (charioteer).

Here, see me now but snap my fingers,
It shines and glitters round the chariot.
See, from it springs a string of pearls :
(*Continually snapping*).

Take golden clasps for neck and ear,
And comb and crownlet without fault,
The costliest jewels, too, of rings.
Flames, too, I scatter now and then,
Expecting where they kindle may.

Herald. How the dear people seize and scramble,
In truth they almost squeeze the donor :
He *snaps* forth trinkets as in dreams,
And all snatch up in this wide space :
Yet, still I live to see new juggling,—
Whatever each so hasty snatched at,
That pays him very bad indeed,
Far flies from him the gift away ;
The string of pearls is all unloosed,
And beetles crawl within his hand :
The poor fool throws them all away,—
Around his head they hum and buzz :
The others, 'stead of solid trinkets,
Wild butterflies alone are catching.
How very much the rascal promised,
And gave what only *shone* like gold.

Boy (charioteer).

As for the marks I see you can explain them,
But of the shell the kernel real to fathom
Is not the herald's court employ :
A sharper vision that requires ;—
But hold ! I'll keep myself from every quarrel,
To thee, O master, turn I speech and question.
(*turning to Plutus.*)

Hast not the whirlwind given to me
Of the four-drawn chariot ?
Do I not lead thee well where thou directest ?
Am I not in the place to which thou pointest ?
Did I not know on daring pinions
To win for thee the palm ;—as often
As I for thee in combat battled,
Each time have I the victory gained.
If laurel has adorned thy brow,
Have I not it with hand and wit enwoven ?

Plutus. If it be needful that I bear thee witness,
Gladly I say ; thou'rt spirit of my spirit ;
Thou actest ever as I wish,
Art richer than I am myself.

Thy service to reward, I value
The green branch before all my garlands.
This is the truth, to all will I declare it ;
"Thou art my dear Son, and full well I love thee."

Boy (charioteer) to the throng.

The greatest gifts my hand can pour—
Behold how I have spent around ;
On this or that one's head a flame,
That I have sprinkled on it, glows ;
From each to each it swiftly bounds,
It holds to this one, that one flies,
But very seldom flames on high,
And sudden shines with blazing short ;
With many, too, before they know't,
It sinks and mournfully burns out.

Female-clacking.

See there upon the chariot top,
That is, full sure, a charlatan,
A clown—he crouches there behind,
By thirst and hunger worn away,
Such as one ne'er has seen before,
Were we to pinch him, sure he would not feel.

The Starved-One.

Away from me, hateful women, away !
With you I know I'm never right.
When woman first kept careful house,
They called me *Avaritia* ;*
Then fortune smiled upon me bright—
'Twas then "much take and little give !"
For chest and box I catered well ;—
That was regarded as a sin !
But in these very latest seasons,
The wife no more is prone to saving,
And, like to every tardy payer,
Much more of wishes has than money ;
Thus has her husband much to suffer,
He sees but debts where'er he turns him ;
And if she ought can earn by spinning,
She spends it in her dress and lovers :
She dines, too, better ; drinks still more
With the seducer's evil host.
This raised for me the charms of gold—
I'm male—my name is Stinginess.*

Chief-woman.

With misers may the miser gather,
Still 'tis at last but cheat and lies :

* The two German words are "*Avaritia*," feminine, and "*Geiz*," which also means avarice, and is masculine. This is almost inexpressible in English.

He comes to call and rouse our husbands,
They're now unreasonable enough.

Mass of Women.

The scarecrow ! give him on the ears a fillip !
What threatens he—the martyr-stake ?
His phiz to frighten us, indeed !
Pasteboard and wood compose the dragons,
Come on ; and in upon him press.

Herald. Ho ! by my staff ! Ho ! peace there ! quiet !

Yet scarcely needed is my aid ;
See how the angry mis-shaped monsters,
Moved in the quick-obtained space,
Unfold in air their double pinions.
The dragon's jaws all fire exhaling,—
Scale-surrounded, now are shaking,—
The throng recedes—the place is clear.

(Plutus descends from the chariot).

See he descends ! how sovereignly !
He becks—the dragons stir themselves ;
And see—the chest with gold and av'rice,
Is from the chariot set before him ;
There it is, standing at his feet.
A marvel is it how 'twas done.

Plutus (to the charioteer).

Now art thou quit from the too heavy burden,
Art free again—now to thy sphere fly swiftly !
Here 'tis not ! troubled, party-coloured, wild,
A mad caricature surrounds us here.
There fly, where clear all clearness thou behold'st,
Where thou belong'st to, and but trust'st thyself ;
There fly, where good and fair alone will please,
To solitude ! there make thyself a world.

Boy (charioteer).

A worthy messenger myself esteem I,
And thee I love as my relation nearest.
Where *thou* dost dwell is plenty ; where *I* am,
Each one in noblest winning feels himself ;
In contradict'ry life he often wavers ;
Shall he to me or thee himself surrender ?
Your followers, indeed, can idly rest,
Who follows *me* has always much to do.
Not secretly do I perfect my actions,
I do but breathe, and straight I am discovered.
Farewell, thou grantest me my happiness ;
Yet, if thou need'st me, whisper, and I'm back.

[Exit as he came.]

Plutus. Now is it time the treasures to unfetter,
The herald's rod will serve the locks to open.

'Tis opened now! look here! in brazen kettles
It shows itself and flows in golden blood-streams:
Near them of crowns and rings, and chains th' adornment,
It swells, and, melting, threatens it to swallow.

Alternate Cry of the Crowd.

Look here— O there,—how rich it flows,
Up to the brim the chest is filled,
And coined rouleaus are rolling there,
And ducats stamped are jumping there,—
O how it doth my bosom move,
There all my wishes I behold,
There roll they down upon the ground.
'Tis offered you, seize it at once,
Quickly stoop down and rich become.
We others, quick as lightning flash,
Into our hands the chest will take.

Herald. Hallo! what are ye at, ye fools?
'Tis but a masquerading joke.
To night no more you may desire,
Think you we'll give you gold and worth?
For such as you in such a game
The counters even are too much,
Ye clowns! forsooth a pretty show
At once the solid truth must be.
What want you truth? Madness extreme
In every corner here you meet.—
Thou mumming Plutus, hero masqued,
Drive off this people from the field.

Plutus. Just ready is thy staff at hand,
For a short season lend it me.
In seething and in fire I'll dip 't,
Now then! ye masks, be on your guard.
How 't cracks and lightens, spirts in sparks!
Already glowing is the staff,
And whosoe'er too near advanced
Is most unmercifully scorched,
Now then my circuit I 'll begin.

Cry and Crowd.

O misery, we all are sped,
Let every one who can, escape
Away, away, thou man behind!
How hot it spirts into my face.
The glowing staff's weight presses me,
We all, alas! we all are lost!
Back, back, I say, thou throng of masks,
Away, away, thou stupid crowd.
O had I pinions, hence I'd fly.

Plutus. Now has the circle back been driven,
And none as I believe is burned:

The crowd retreats,
'Tis scared away,
Yet of such order as a pledge,
A band invisible I'll draw.

Herald. A wondrous action hast thou done,
How much thy prudent power I thank.

Plutus. Yet, patience needs there, worthy friend,
For many tumult threatens still.

Avarice. Now can we, if it pleases us,
With great content this ring behold,
For always foremost are the women standing,
Where there is aught to see or aught to catch.
I am not yet completely inly rusted,
A lady fair is always fair ;
To day, because it costs me nothing
In comfort we 'll a-wooing go.
Yet since in this place over crowded
All words to all we cannot utter,
I'll soothly try and hope to be successful
In pantomime to show my meaning clearly.
Since hand and feet and gestures will not do,
I must endeavour to invent some trick.
Like moistened clay I 'll knead the golden pieces,
For into all things we can change this metal.

Herald. What is the meagre fool about ?
Can such a starveling boast of wit ?
He's kneading all the gold to dough,
It softens underneath his hands,
Howe'er he rolls and presses it
It ever still remains mis-shaped.
He turns him to the women there,
They scream and try to get away,
They're making gestures of aversion ;
For ill the rogue seems always ready,
I fear that 'tis his best delight
When decency he violates.
This cannot I in silence suffer,
Give me my staff from hence to drive him.

Plutus. What threatens us from thence he does not think,
Let him proceed with all his folly,
There will be soon no room for this his nonsense,
Mighty is law, but mightier still is need.

Tumult and Song.

Together comes the raging band,
From mountain heights and forest vales
It comes on irresistibly.
They celebrate their mighty Pan,
And know what no one else here knows,
And enter in the empty ring.

Plutus. You and your mighty Pan full well I know,
Together have you ta'en a daring step.
Full well, what every one cannot, I know,
And open readily this narrow cirque.
Them may a happy fortune follow,
The wonderfulest may be done :
They do not know where they are going,
They have not even looked before.

Wild-song. Thou throng bedizened, tinselled show,
They're coming rough, they're coming rude,
With lofty jump, with hasty run,
Powerful and strong they're stepping on.

Fauns. The host of Fauns
In pleasant dance,
With oaken wreath
In curly hair.
A finely sharply pointed ear
Up presses to the curly head,
A stumpy nose, a flattened face,
With ladies they don't injure much :
The fairest will not refuse to dance
When the faun stretches out his paw.

Satyr. Now comes the Satyr hopping in
With goatish foot and shrivelled leg,
These must thin and sinewy be.
In chamois fashion on mountain heights
He loves to climb and round to look,
And then, in freedom's breeze refreshed,
Woman, and child, and man he scorns,
Who in the valley's steam and smoke
Contentedly think that *they too* live,
Though pure, untroubled, still to *him*
The world above alone belongs.

Gnomes. Now tripping comes the little band,
They love not going two and two.
In mossy robe with lamplet bright,
They move 'mong one another swift,
Where each is busied for himself
In many a throng like glittering ants,
And here or there is bustling much
In all directions full of work ;
To the *good-people* near allied,
Full well, as rock chirurgists known,
Into the lofty mountains dig we,
And cup the abundantly filled veins,
We throw the metals in a heap,
Cheered with the cry, Good luck ! Good luck ! *

* The cry of the miners to their comrades, ascending or descending the mines, is " Glück auf !" literally, " Luck to or on (your journey) !"

Indeed we mean this true and well,
 For always we the good befriend,
 Yet to the day the gold we bring,
 Only that men may pimp and steal.
 Iron will never fail the man
 Who universal murder planned.
 And he who the three commandments scorns,
 Will never much respect the rest.
 But all this is not our fault,
 Therefore be patient you, as we.

Giants. The wild men are we named and called,
 On the Harz mountains well we're known.
 By nature bare in ancient strength,
 We come together giant-like,
 With pine stem in the right hand borne,
 And round the waist a padded band,
 With thickest apron of leaves and twigs,
 Body guards as no pope e'er had.

Chorus of Nymphs (surrounding the great Pan).

He comes ! he comes !
 The all of the world
 Is shown to us
 In mighty Pan.
 Surround him now, ye cheerfullest !
 In sportive dance fly round him now !
 For since he good and earnest is,
 He wishes every body glad.
 Whilst under the blue-vaulted roof
 In constant watch he keeps himself,
 To him the streamlets ripple low,
 And zephyrs cradle him mild to rest.
 And if at mid-day hour he sleeps,
 Moves not the leaf upon the branch,
 With balsam odour of sweet sweet plants
 The still and silent air is filled ;
 The nymph no longer dare be gay,
 But where she stands she falls asleep.
 But if with unexpected force
 All suddenly his cry resounds
 Like thunder-roll or ocean-roar,
 None know then whither they may flee ;
 The army 's scattered far and wide,
 And in the tumult heroes quail.
 So honour to him to whom honour is due,
 And health to him who led us here.

Deputation of Gnomes (to the great Pan).

When the shining rich possession
 Stretches through the clefts in veins,

The cunning rod of treasure-seekers
Can its labyrinths display.

In the dark cells, troglodytish,
We o'ervault our gloomy house ;
Whilst amid pure daylight breezes
Kindly treasures thou divid'st.

Now near here we can discover
A strange fountain, wonderful,
Easy promising to give us
What could scarcely else be got.

Take it, Lord, in thy protection,
This thou mayest now perfect ;
When within thy hands, each treasure
Useful is to all the world.

Plutus. To lofty thoughts we now must raise our spirits,
And quietly allow what will to happen,
Thou wast from olden time with courage filled.—
A thing most dreadful is about occurring,
Stiffly will world and after-world deny it,—
Write thou it truly in thy protocol.

Herald (taking hold of the staff which Plutus keeps in his hand.)

The dwarfs are leading the mighty Pan
Gently to the fount of fire,
Which seething up from lowest depths
Into the depths down sinks again,
And gloomy is its open mouth ;
Again in seeth and glow it boils :—
Well pleased stands by the mighty Pan,
Rejoices at the wondrous thing
Which sprinkles pearly spray around.
How can he such an agent trust ?
He bows himself to look below,
And now his beard has fallen in.
Who may the smooth-chin be, I pray ?
The hand conceals it from our sight.
A great misfortune happens now,
His beard inflames, and, flying back,
Sets fire to wreath, and head, and breast ;
The pleasure soon is turned to pain,—
His followers run to put it out,
Yet no one from the flames is free ;—
And as they strive to slap and strike,
Continually new flames arise.
And woven with the element
The clump of masks is in a blaze.
But what is't that I hear declared
From ear to ear, from mouth to mouth ?
O wretched, ever ill-starred night,
What woe and suffering hast thou brought ?

Next morning will to us announce
 What no one will be glad to hear.
 From every side I hear them cry,
 The emp'ror's suffering this pain.
 (O that aught other thing were true),
 The emp'ror burns and all his train
 Cursèd be they who him seduced,
 And wrapped themselves in pitchy twigs,
 With roaring song to revel here
 For universal overthrow.
 O youth, O youth, then wilt thou ne'er
 Put a fit bound on this rejoicing?
 O power, power, wilt thou ne'er
 Act reasonably as almighty?—
 Already flames the wood consume,
 With tongues of fire they lick on high,
 Up to the wood-encompassed roof.
One conflagration threatens all,
 The cup of grief is over full.
 I know not who can us preserve.
 A heap of ashes of one night
 This royal pomp at morn will lie.

Plutus. Spread abroad enough is terror,
 We may now convey assistance.
 Strike the force of the holy staff,
 That earth beneath may shake and sound.
 And thou, spacious wide-spread air,
 Fill thyself with moistures cool,
 Draw anear to hover round us,
 Fogs and clouds and pregnant vapours,
 This flaming tumult cover o'er!
 Spatter, rustle, curl, ye cloudlings,
 Slip around us, gently moisten,
 In all places, quenching, combat.
 You, the assuaging ones, the moist ones,
 Change into a summer lightning
 Such a play of empty flames:
 If spirits threaten us to injure,
 Magic arts must prove their power.

SCENE

Pleasure Garden.

MORNING SUN.

The Emperor, his Court, gentlemen and ladies, Faust, Mephistopheles
(dressed according to the fashion in a usual but not extravagant
manner, both kneel).

Faust. Sire, dost thou pardon the sport of flames?

Emperor (motioning him to rise). I should like many of such sports.
 On a sudden I saw myself in glowing spheres, it seemed to me almost as

if I were Pluto. A rocky chasm of night and embers, glowing with flamelets, was there. Many thousand wild flames curled out of this and that gulf, and together flickered up into one vault. They rise up in tongues to the highest dome, which always was forming and losing itself. Through the far space of spiral fire columns, I saw the long lines of nations in motion. They pressed forward in the wide circle, and did homage as they always have done. I recognised one and the other of my court; I appeared prince of a thousand salamanders.

Mephistopheles. That art thou, Sire! for every element acknowledges majesty as unlimited. Thou hast now experienced fire to be obedient; cast thyself into the sea when it rages at its wildest, and scarcely dost thou touch the pearl-abounding depth, when a noble rotunda waving forms itself. Up and down thou beholdest the light green billowing waves swelling with purple edge for a most beautiful habitation round thee as centre. At every step, where'er thou goest, go the palaces with thee. The walls themselves rejoice in life, in arrow-swift throngings, in the striving to and fro. The monsters of the deep press to the new mild light; they shoot on, and none dare enter. There sport glittering golden-scaled dragons—the shark gapes, thou laughest in his jaws. However much now the court delights itself around thee, thou hast yet never seen such a throng. Yet, dost thou not remain separated from that which is loveliest, for curious Nereids approach the splendid dwelling in the eternal freshness, the youngest, shy and greedy, like the fishes; the elder, prudent:—already it becomes known to Thetis, who presents hand and lips to the second Peleus. Then the seat in the domains of Olympus!

Emperor. I will forego the realms of air; one ascends that throne quite soon enough.

Mephistopheles. And, noblest sire, earth hast thou already.

Emperor. What good fate has brought thee hither? Thou art direct from the Arabian Nights! If thou art like Scheherazade in fruitfulness, I promise you the highest of all favours. Be always ready, when your day-world, as often happens, most terribly displeases me.

Lord Steward (steps hastily in). Most serene highness, I never thought in my life to have given such an announcement of exceeding good fortune as this, which highly delights me, and enraptures me in thy presence: bill after bill is settled, the usurer's claws are appeased; I am free from such hell-pain! it cannot be more cheerful in heaven.

Commander-in chief (follows hastily). The pay is settled in advance, the whole army bound anew to us, the mercenary feels fresh blood in himself, and host and damsels prosper.

Emperor. How your breast breathes expanded! Your wrinkled face becomes cheerful!--how quickly you step forward!

Treasurer (entering). Ask those who have done the work.

Faust. It behoves the chancellor to lay the matter before you.

Chancellor (advancing slowly). Happy sufficiently in my old days! Hear now and see the paper heavy with fate, that has turned all woe into weal (*he reads*). Let every one who desires know that this bill is worth a thousand crowns. As a certain pledge, buried property in the emperor's land lies assured to him. It has been now provided that the rich treasure, immediately raised, should serve as repayment.

Emperor. I suspect crime, terrible deceit! Who has forged here the emperor's signature? Is such a crime to remain unpunished?

Treasurer. Recollect thyself! Thou hast thyself but last night signed it. Thou wert standing as the great Pan, the chancellor spoke with us to thee. Grant to thyself the high festive pleasure, the weal of the people, by a few pen-strokes. Thou mad'st them clearly; then were they this night by *clever fellows* multiplied a thousand fold. That the benefit might at once prove advantageous to all, we stamped immediately the whole set,—tens, thirties, fifties, hundreds are ready. You cannot think how much good it did the people. Look at your city, formerly half mouldering in death, how all things live and pleasure-enjoying throng! Although thy name has long since blessed the world, people never beheld it so gladly before. Now, for the first time, the alphabet has become too large, in *this* sign every body is blessed.

Emperor. And it passes with my people for good gold? Suffices the army and court for full pay? However astonished I am, I must let it pass.

Lord Steward. It were impossible now to stop the flying ones. With lightning speed are they scattered in their course. The banks are wide open, every paper there (with discount indeed) is honoured with gold and silver. From thence they go to butcher, baker, public house; half the world seems to think of eating, whilst the other half is strutting about in new clothes. The mercer cuts out, the tailor sews with "Long live the Emperor!" It is sparkling in the cellars; *there* is boiling and roasting and clattering of plates.

Mephistopheles. Whoever promenades the terraces alone, sees the fairest splendidly dressed out, with one eye covered with the proud peacock feather; she simpers to us, and looks after such heads, and the richest favour of love is obtained more quickly than through wit and eloquence. People will no longer plague themselves with purse and bag; a paper is easy to carry in the bosom, and lies comfortably with a love letter. The priest devoutly carries it in his breviary, and the soldier, in order to turn himself more rapidly, lightens quickly the girdle at his loins. Your majesty pardon me, if I seem to lower this high work into smallness.

Faust. The excess of treasure, that, fixed, waits in thy land deep in the earth, lies unemployed. The most extended thought is but a sorry limit of such wealth. Fancy in her highest flight is continually striving, and can never satisfy herself. Yet spirits worthy to look deep give boundless confidence to that which is boundless.

Mephistopheles. Such a paper, in place of gold and pearls, is convenient, so far that one knows what one has. One is not obliged first to market or barter, but can get intoxicated with love or wine, as one pleases. If we want metal, a money-changer is at hand; and if that fails we may dig for a time. The cups and the chains will be sold, and the paper, at once cancelled, will shame the sceptic who audaciously scoffs at us. People want nothing else, and will be accustomed to it. Thus, from henceforth, jewels, gold and paper will exist abundantly in all the emperor's lands.

Emperor. Our kingdom thanks you for the signal benefit, and the reward shall, if possible, be equal to the service. The inner soil of our

kingdom shall be entrusted to you; ye are the worthiest keepers of the treasures. You know the broad well-preserved hoard, and if any one digs, it shall be at your word. Ally yourselves now, ye masters of our treasure; fulfil with pleasure the dignities of your place, where the world below joins that above, blessed in the union.

Treasurer. Not even the most distant strife shall arise between us; I like to have the magician for a colleague. [Exit with Faust.]

Emperor. If I now make presents to each individual at court, let him confess to me what he'll use them for.

Page (receiving). I'll live merrily, cheerfully, and jollily.

Another (as before). I will directly buy chains and rings for my sweetheart.

Chamberlain (receiving). From this time forth I will drink twice as good wine.

Another (as before). The dice already itch in my pocket.

Banneret (cautiously). I will free my land and castle from debt.

Another (as before). It is a treasure, with treasures will I lay it.

Emperor. I expected desire and courage for new deeds; yet whoever knows you will easily guess you. I well see that, though every treasure flourish round you, you remain just as you were before.

Fool (advancing). You are distributing favours; grant me, also, some of them.

Emperor. And dost thou still live? Thou wilt spend them in drinking.

Fool. The magic leaves! I do not rightly comprehend them.

Emperor. I believe that, indeed, for you use them badly.

Fool. There—others are falling. I don't know what I'm doing.

Emperor. Take them, they fell to thy share. [Exit.]

Fool. That five thousand crowns should be in my hands!

Mephistopheles. Thou two-legged bag, art arisen again?

Fool. That happens to me often, yet never so fortunately as now.

Mephistopheles. Your joy is so great, that it has put you in a perspiration.

Fool. Here, look here, is this really worth money?

Mephistopheles. You can get for it what your throat and belly desire.

Fool. And can I buy land, houses, and cattle?

Mephistopheles. Of course! only bid,—they will never fail thee.

Fool. And castle with forest and chase and fish-pond?

Mephistopheles. Certainly! I should like to see you a *worshipful lord*.

Fool. To-night I will cradle myself in landed property.

Mephistopheles (solus). Who now doubts our fool's wit?

Dark Gallery.—Faust—Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles. Why dost thou draw me into these gloomy walks? Hast not pleasure enough within? Is there not opportunity for fun and trick in the numerous and gaudy crowds of the court?

Faust. Tell me not that, thou hast long since worn it away. But now thy going to and fro is only to avoid answering me. I am pestered to act, the steward and chamberlain urge me. The emperor wills, therefore must it immediately be done,—wills to see Helen and Paris before him; to see, in distinct forms, the pattern, as well of men as of women. Quick to the work! I may not break my promise.

Mephistopheles. It was foolish to promise inconsiderately.

Faust. Thou hast, fellow, not considered whither thy arts lead us; first have we made him rich, now must we amuse him.

Mephistopheles. You think it can be done in a moment: here we are standing before steeper steps; thou art attempting a domain the richest of all, and at the end wilt criminally incur new debts: thou thinkest to call forth Helen as easily as the paper spectre of florins. With witchery and spectres, or goytered dwarfs, I am at once at your service; but devils' darlings, though not to be sneezed at, cannot pass for heroines.

Faust. There we are with the old song. With thee, one always gets into incertitude; thou art the father of all obstructions; for every expedient, thou desirest new reward. It can be done, I know, with a little muttering; before we can look round, thou wilt bring them on the spot.

Mephistopheles. With the heathen-folk I have nothing to do, they house in their own hell; yet are there means.

Faust. Speak, and without delay.

Mephistopheles. Unwillingly, I discover to you a higher mystery. Grand in solitude, there are enthroned goddesses—around them no place, still less a time: to speak of them is an embarrassment; they are the Mothers.

Faust (terrified). Mothers!

Mephistopheles. Dost thou shudder?

Faust. The Mothers!—Mothers! It sounds so strangely.

Mephistopheles. So it is too. They are goddesses unknown to you mortals, not willingly known to us. Thou mayest dig into the deepest after their dwelling. It is thine own fault that we need them.

Faust. Which is the way?

Mephistopheles. No way! Into the untrodden—the not to be trodden; to the ungained by prayer, not to be gained by prayer. Art ready? There are no locks, no bolts to push aside, thou wilt be driven around by solitudes. Hast thou a conception of voidness and solitude?

Faust. I should have thought you might have spared such speeches; this smells of the witches' kitchen, of a long passed time. Must I not deal with the world? Learn the empty, teach the empty? If I spoke rationally as I saw it, the paradox sounded doubly loud; I was obliged to fly from adverse blows to solitude, to the wilderness; and in order not to live quite neglected and alone was at last obliged to give myself over to the devil.

Mephistopheles. And wert thou to swim through the ocean, and there beheld the boundless, yet there wouldst thou see wave coming upon wave,—even wert thou quailing before destruction, yet wouldst thou see something. Thou wouldst see indeed dolphins cutting through the green of the stilled sea; wouldst see clouds moving, sun, moon and stars;—*nothing* wilt thou see in the eternal empty distance, the step that thou makest thou wilt not hear, and where thou retest nothing firm wilt thou find.

Faust. Thou speakest as the first of all mystagogues, who have ever deceived faithful neophytes: only the reverse. Thou sendest me into voidness, that I may there increase art as well as strength; thou usest me, that I, like the cat, may scratch the chesnuts for thee out of the fire.

Only forwards ! we will fathom it, in thy nothing I hope to find every thing.

Mephistopheles. I praise thee before thou leavest me, and well see that thou knowest the devil. Here, take this key.

Faust. The little thing !

Mephistopheles. First catch hold of it and esteem it not lightly.

Faust. It grows in my hand ! it shines, it flashes !

Mephistopheles. Do you now nearly see what one possesses in it ! The key will smell the right place : follow it down, it will lead thee to the Mothers.

Faust (shuddering). The Mothers ! It always strikes me like apoplexy ! What is the word which I may not hear ?

Mephistopheles. Art thou so confined that a new word disturbs thee ? Wilt thou only hear what thou hast before heard ? Let nothing disturb thee, however more distant it may sound, being long ago accustomed to the most wonderful things.

Faust. Yet in imperturbability I do not seek my weal : shuddering is humanity's best part. However costly the world make the feeling to one, when seized, one feels the monstrous deeply.

Mephistopheles. Sink then ! I might say also, Rise ! It is the same thing : fly that which has come into being, in the unbound spaces of forms. Delight thyself in a thing long ago no more existing ; like cloud-processions the motion interweaves itself ; swing the key, hold them from thy body.

Faust (enthusiastically). Well ! holding it firmly, I feel in my expanded bosom new strength to the great work.

Mephistopheles. A glowing tripod will at last inform thee, that thou art in the abyss the deepest of all. By its light thou wilt see the Mothers ; some sit, some stand or walk, as the case may be. Shaping, re-shaping, the eternal amusement of the eternal intelligence ! Hovered around by forms of all creatures they will not see thee, for they can see spectres alone. Then gather your courage, for the danger is great, and rush straight at the tripod ;—touch it with the key.

Faust, takes a decided commanding attitude with the key.

Mephistopheles (looking at him). That is right ! It will attach itself to it, follow thee as true slave ; thou wilt rise calmly, fortune will raise thee ; and before they notice thee, thou wilt be back with it. And if you have once brought it here, you can call hero and heroine out of night : the first who has ever ventured that deed : it is done and thou hast performed it ; then by magic treatment the incense cloud must immediately turn itself into gods.

Faust. Well, what now ?

Mephistopheles. Let thy being strive downward. Sink, stamping ; by stamping wilt thou rise.

(Faust stamps and sinks.)

Mephistopheles. If the key but avails him for his good. I wonder whether he will return ?

*Brilliantly lighted Halls.—Emperor and Princes : the Court in motion.
Chamberlain (to Mephistopheles).*

You still owe us the spirit-scene ; set to work at it ! His Majesty is impatient.

Lord Steward. Just now the most gracious one asked after it; take care you delay not, to the vexation of majesty.

Mephistopheles. My companion is gone away on that account; he knows already how to begin it, and labours shut up in silence: he must exert himself very intensely; for he who wishes to raise the treasure—the beautiful—needs the highest art, the magic of the wise.

Lord Steward. No matter what arts you need; the emperor's will is, that all should be ready.

A Blonde (to Mephistopheles). One word, Sir! You behold a clear countenance; yet in the horrid summer it is not so! Then sprout a hundred brownish red spots, which to my vexation cover the white skin. A remedy!

Mephistopheles. Pity! such a shining little dear should be spotted in May, like your young panther. Take frogs' spawn, toads' tongues, mixed together, and carefully, in the fullest moonlight, and when she wanes, lay it cleanly on: spring comes; the spots have vanished.

A dark Girl. The crowd presses round to court you. I beg for a remedy. A frostbitten foot hinders me in walking and dancing, even in curtsying I move awkwardly.

Mephistopheles. Allow a touch with my foot.

Brunette. Well, that is done among lovers.

Mephistopheles. My footstep, child, has greater meaning. Like to like, whatever the one suffer; foot heals foot; so with all the members. Now, then! Give heed! You shall not return it.

Brunette (screaming). Oh! oh! that burns! That was a hard step, like a horse's hoof.

Mephistopheles. With it you receive the cure. You can now exercise the dance at pleasure, and, revelling at table, touch feet with your lover.

Lady (pressing forward). Let me through! My troubles are too great. They dig boiling into the depths of my heart: till yesterday he sought his bliss in my looks. He chatters with *her*, and turns his back on me.

Mephistopheles. The matter is doubtful, yet hear me: you must press gently up to him: take this coal, give him a stroke over his sleeve, cloak, or shoulder, as it may happen; he will feel gentle pangs of repentance in his heart. You, however, must immediately swallow the coal, and not bring wine or water to your lips: yet to-night he will be sighing before your door.

Lady. You are sure it is no poison?

Mephistopheles (enraged). Respect where it is due! You would have to run far after such a coal; it comes from a pyre which we formerly stirred more assiduously.

Page. I am in love, and am thought not yet mature.

Mephistopheles. I know not which way I am to listen. (*To the Page.*) You must not set your happiness on the youngest; those advanced in years will know how to appreciate you.

(*Others press to him.*)

Still fresh ones! What a terrible confusion! I must help myself out with the truth—the worst shift! The need is great. O Mothers, Mothers, let Faust loose! (*Looking round.*) The candles are already

burning dim in the hall, the whole court is on the move. I see them moving orderly in procession through the long walks and distant galleries. Now they are assembling in the wide space of the old knight's hall, which can scarce contain them. Tapestries are suspended upon the broad walls; corners and niches are decked out with armour. Here I should think no magic words were needful; spirits find themselves of their own accord in the place.

(To be continued in our next).

A LOYAL ADDRESS

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY—

One of the most loyal of your subjects has ventured to present this early Address to your Majesty's gracious acceptance, on a subject which touches the security of the British Crown, and the glory of the British Empire.

I present it in the name of that Supreme Sovereign whose gospel is an enunciation of union and universal peace; and in the name of the august body of Catholics and Syncretists who have in all ages and nations striven to promote coalition, co-operation, and concession, among the champions of sects and parties.*

Yet I should not have presumed to plead the cause so gloriously advocated by Philo, Origen, Plutarch, Cicero, Erasmus, Cassander, Calixtus, Grotius, Selden, Schlegel, Starck, Burigni, Guizot, and Butler, if those who are better able to do it justice had not thought proper to keep silence, at the very time when a manly declaration of their syncretic sentiments is imperatively demanded.

* Throughout this address we have used the title *Catholic* in its most enlarged sense, as it is employed in the Liturgy of the Church of England, to imply the Church Universal, comprehending all pious Jews, Papists, Protestants, &c. This sense of the word is nearly expressed by the Greek term *Syncretist*. The word *Syncretism*, according to Plutarch (in his treatise *De Fraterno Amore*), is derived from *συνκρητισμός*, to combine. The etymology of the word (says he) must be traced to the island of Crete, the tribes of which endeavoured to protect themselves by coalition against internal feuds and attacks from without. This term, *Syncretist*, has been largely adopted in modern Latin and German literature, and figures on the title pages of above a hundred learned works recited by Walchius in his *Bibliotheca Selecta*. It has been recently revived and defended by Guizot's friends at Paris. We have ventured to use in the same sense the English titles *Unionist* and *Coalitionist*. He who would advance the philosophical study of political science is necessarily obliged to employ the strongest and clearest designations he can find, to display the essential relations of things. Nor can he prudently renounce the use of the plainest and most expressive terms, because they may have been occasionally abused by careless writers, or desecrated by profane ones.

Nor yet should I have pretended to recall the syncretic system of legislation and jurisprudence to your Majesty's attention, nor develop a plan of union and universal coalition, had not the noisy orators of sects and parties so generally destroyed each other's credit, by mutual recrimination, exposure, and abuse.

This theory of catholicity or syncretism, which enables monarchs to look with an eye of equal patronage on all their subjects, is no new-fangled scheme of innovating empirics, but the aboriginal and patriarchal law of ecclesiastical and civil policy. This doctrine of syncretism and of peace has been eloquently pleaded by the fathers of the Christian Church, who were most sedulous in extending the harmonies of divine religion over the discords of party prejudice. It was supported by a long succession of divines and statesmen, who have been regarded as the most enlightened writers on political philosophy.

The religious and political maxims of these syncretists and pacificators, formed the guiding light of Europe during the seventeenth century—a period of gigantic energy and vehement agitation. A re-statement and revival of the same theory of concord and harmony has become a matter of intense importance, as regards your Majesty's interests, and those of the British empire, in the present critical position of public affairs.

When the grand system of catholicity is once adopted by a monarch, it confirms and establishes him, beyond all other principles, in that sovereign authority which is equally super-eminent over the Church and the State. It enables him to extend an equal patronage to the catholic and universal church of his kingdom. This catholic and universal church comprises the spirits of all just men, whether Jews, Papists, Protestants, Conformists or Nonconformists of all religious denominations. In the same way, the universal state comprehends all political orders, Tories, Whigs, Radicals, and the multitudinous parties, or rather factions, that wage interminable hostilities.

It is natural that the people of Great Britain, your loyal and devoted subjects, should regard your Majesty with intense interest and affection, not unmingled with anxiety. They have, of late years, been enduring a sort of moral and intellectual civil war; and the august constitution itself has reeled beneath the tempests of insensate dispute. The principles of national aggrandisement, the reverence for the old and the thirst for the new, have been clashing in incessant collision. The main strength of the people has been exhausted and overwhelmed by the conflicting interests of corrupt factions. They have been struggling through a long and stormy night of religious and civil dissension—of jarring polemics and discordant policies; and they regard their youthful Queen as the rising star of day, before whose benignant and universal radiance the clouds of darkness and tempest dissolve and melt away.

How would the majestic spirits of Grotius, and his biographers, Burigni and Butler, exult, if they beheld the noble cause of sacred union and peace, for which they spent their memorable lives, thus dawning upon men:—

“How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone,

When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the sunny ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity."

So carefully instructed in sacred and general literature, your Majesty is perfectly aware that there exist two great systems of government, and only two: one the *syncretic and harmonic*, the other the *divisional and discordant*. From these two result all the more technical distinctions of political constitutions.

Religion and universal history speak in favour of the first, the *mediatorial and harmonic*. It has been the special praise of all the saints, the sages and philosophers, who have caught a glimpse of the holy jurisprudence of heaven, and who have risen from the cloudy atmosphere of partialities, passions, and prejudices, into the upper firmament of divine and universal philanthropy.

The second kind of government, namely, the *divisional and discordant*, has been the idol and the curse of little and vicious minds—of intellects that could embrace nothing greater than the insignificancies of sects and parties, and of passions that were panting for the destruction of fellow-creatures, and fellow-subjects, and fellow-citizens.

That the syncretic style of government, the all-embracing and reconciling system of politics, is the only one recognised by Scripture, is clear to every man's conscience. "Revelation," says a noble writer, "by its doctrine of an universal Father, sweeps away all the barriers of sect, party, rank, and nation, in which men have laboured to shut up their love. I meet in Christ only discoveries of a vast, bold, and illimitable character, fitted and designed to give energy and expansion to the soul.

"When we look on the history of kings and emperors, and all the great chiefs of the earth, the only test we have of their real greatness and magnanimity is this fine Christian criterion of *catholicity*, which rises superior to all sects and parties, and embraces all their developments in its ample and far-sweeping circumference. These are the true sovereigns of the earth: they share in the royalty of Christ, whose highest end was that he might act with a new and celestial energy in the human mind: they have a greatness which will be more and more felt. The time is coming, its signs are visible, when this long mistaken attribute of greatness, will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, and writings, leave imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind."

And is not this the great Christian test by which we have always measured the relative greatness or littleness of the kings and queens of Britain? Have we not always considered them great in proportion as they rose superior to sects and parties, and embraced and reconciled their conflicting and clashing interests? And have we not always measured the littleness of our monarchs by the proportion in which they became bound up to some favourite and cherished party, thereby sacrificing the interests of the rest?

Let your Majesty consider whether this statement is not confirmed by the relative esteem, or censure, in which all your predecessors are held by the glorious people you govern. What makes us so fond of Elizabeth but this, that on the whole she rose superior to Papists and Pro-

testants, to sects and parties, and, with a magnanimity almost unrivalled in woman, chose her ministers with reference to their merits, and promoted worth and talent wherever she found them.

It is with the deep conviction that this Catholic and universal policy is the only one worthy of your Majesty's patronage and cultivation, that I make these remarks in favour of syncretism among church and state parties; and, that our arguments may not appear without authority, we will quote the names of those eminent worthies who, in their lives and writings, have confirmed the syncretic law.

Among the Roman Catholic syncretists who have been desirous of correcting the doctrine and discipline of the Romish Church, so as to make it harmonise with the Protestant Establishments, we find Erasmus, Vives, Mirandola, Cassander, Vicellius, Bossuet, Fenelon, Du Pin, Cane, Ganganelli, Geddes, Haywarden, Sir Thomas More, Huet, Burigni, Montesquieu, Berresford, Murray, and Charles Butler.

Among the Protestant writers who have recommended syncretism among Papists, Protestant Churchmen and Dissenters, and the different parties of politicians, we cite Grotius, Casaubon, Junius, Leibnitz, Wake, Parreus, Duræus, Amyraut, Dallæus, Puffendorf, Calixtus, Bacon, Selden, Locke, Huntingdon, Baxter, Burnet, Doddridge, Watts, Wesley, Burleigh, Whichcote, Burke, Addison, Mason, Nightingale, Tancred, O. Croly, Bates, and Noel, and the authors mentioned in Evans's "Golden Centenary."

Such are the men who have stood manfully in defence of political union, in opposition to political disunion and party-spirit. They have evinced, beyond all contradiction, that political union has formed the very nucleus of Great Britain's strength—that, in proportion as political union has prevailed, in that proportion has she been prosperous; and that every degree of party-spirit has gone to abate her energies, and to impoverish her resources.

Bright and youthful Queen, whose mind is now opening in its first clearness and amplitude, nor yet overclouded and contracted by the impious quarrels of parties, O seek the sublimer sovereignty of religion, and the larger empire of universal syncretism, patronage, and coalition. Thus become the delight of mankind, and the glory of thy people. In this thy true greatness lies, thy true honor and happiness. In that lofty and matchless empire, where thou alone dost reign, be like the moon when she traverses the eternal azure, and looks down from her glorious serenity on the earth beneath.

Such be thy sublime monarchy, O dawning star of Britain! Impersonate that great Spirit of Unity who is above all, and in whom all consist. Outsoar all parties, and embrace them all. Be the Catholic of the Catholics, and the Protestant of the Protestants, and the Conservative of the Conservatives, and the Whig of the Whigs. Let all look up to thee as their common glory and consolation; let none rise above thee in catholicity, or extend beyond thee in philanthropy; but follow that supreme law whose seat is the bosom of God, and whose voice the harmony of the universe.

That the Queen of Great Britain is, in truth, a most Catholic Majesty, and may become the most Catholic of the Catholics, is evident from a brief review of the history of dignities.

The dignity of patriarch, pontiff, or supreme hierarch, seems always to have been considered the first and highest of all human authorities; such pontiffs were Moses and the Judges of Israel: the next order was that of pontifical, sacerdotal, or sacred emperors and kings, such as David and Solomon, combining both the sacred and secular functions, and subordinating beneath them all orders of priests and lay officials.

It has been identically the same with Italy and the states of Europe. From the earliest times, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and the Pontiff Hierarch, or Pope of Rome, were considered first in abstract dignity. Saving this immemorial title in the ranks of foreign precedency, legitimate emperors and kings were absolute in their several kingdoms, permitting no foreign interference, and standing above all archbishops, bishops, and priests of all religious orders. The propriety of this political organisation was gladly recognised by all their loyal subjects.

This religious pre-eminence of kings has been enforced by the most venerable defenders of the divine right, both Papist and Protestant as well as those that have adopted more popular views. The office of king, has ever been held a sacerdotal and sacred office of supreme dignity, as Hooker has proved at large. Thus the fear of God is coupled by divine authority with the reverence of kingship. Thus Plutarch tells us, that the Persians honoured the king as the image of God, that preserveth all things. St. Basil calls the king a living image of God, and Plato extols the regial dignity as a divine good among men. Such is the glorious prerogative of kings, who combine the sacred and secular characters, and stand above all priests and laics whatever.

Such (saving the patriarchal or pontifical dignity) is actually the light in which the august emperors and kings of Russia, Austria, Prussia and France, are regarded by their subjects. And what hinders your Majesty from assuming this sacred pre-eminence of a Catholic and superepiscopal Sovereign, both ecclesiastical and civil? The defender of the universal faith of Christian parties, as well as the civil rights of your mixed population.

Believe me, that saving the title of the Pontiff abroad, which must still stand where it does in the rolls of European precedency, Roman Catholics have ever revered the super-episcopal monarchs of Great Britain *as absolute in the British empire*. The Roman Catholics of this country would reverence the authority of our kings, as supreme defenders of the faith of Christians of all persuasions, and the interests of subjects of all parties.

We have shown that the monarchs of Great Britain, once simply Catholic, are still Catholic and universal in a larger sense: the constitution of Great Britain is as essentially a universal and mixed constitution. It is a mixed constitution composed of Jews, Papists and Protestants. The Papists composing nearly one third of the population, and the Protestants nearly two-thirds. The constitution of Great Britain is a mixed constitution, by the very same rule as Austria, Prussia, Holland and Switzerland. They are none of them purely Papal constitutions; they are none of them purely Protestant constitutions; but they are all mixed constitutions, in which general union, toleration, and coalition are the order of the day, and Papists and Protestants are equally

patronised by the state, equally paid by the state according to their deserts, and treated with the same liberality.

We conceive no political error more gross, monstrous or mischievous, and more utterly unfounded in fact, than the vulgar opinion, that Great Britain is a purely Protestant constitution. Every constitution is an aggregate consisting of component parts; a constitution therefore must necessarily be mixed where its component parts are so. This error has sometimes betrayed our monarchs into limited partial invidious and ungenerous lines of policy, and has divided the good brotherhood and freemasonry of our countrymen in general, by most atrocious hostilities, jealousies, and calumnies, beyond all calculation.

If your Majesty should be disposed to assume this sacred eminence of Catholic sovereignty; if that Majesty raising an ecclesiastical Lord High Chancellor above all clergy, whether Papal or Protestant, chose to patronise the Papal and Protestant bishops and priests assembled in convocations according to their loyalty and merit; if that Majesty should advance those healing measures which have been already adopted in Belgium and America, whereby all religious parties are patronised and paid by the state according to the sacred services—would not this, beyond any other line of policy, consolidate and harmonise the empire?

The more our kings have assumed of a Catholic and universal patronage of religion, the more they have promoted religious toleration and general coalition, the more has the authority of the pontiff abroad merged in the beneficence of the monarch at home. Witness the solemn oaths and declarations, showing with what religious reverence they are inclined to venerate and defend our legitimate monarchs; their blood has attested their sincerity in our armies and our fleets. With what warm hearts have they sought to aggrandise the renown and happiness of their own heaven-appointed native and natural sovereigns, let the sacrifice of their fortunes and their interests speak for them. How painful for loyalists like these to find themselves overlooked and neglected by monarchs who have lavished their patronage on time-servers of other parties!

Queen of thy people's hopes, be thou at least a catholic syncretist, if none of thy subjects have moral genius or courage enough to rise to the same policy. Imitate the example of the heroic apostle of dawning Christianity, that heaven-inspired syncretist, who to the Jews became a Jew and to the Greeks a Greek. The crown of Britain is essentially catholic and all-inclusive—it is at once Papal and Protestant. They destroy its catholicity altogether who assert that it is either Papal or Protestant in a disjunctive and segregate sense. In proportion as we become either Papists or Protestants, in a partial manner, we become sectarian,—for Papist and Protestant, like Tory and Whig, are mere party names.

Rise, then, in the name of the Deity, who placed you on the throne of the mightiest empire on earth—in the name of the Universal Spirit, who has adorned you with graces which have inspired unbounded loyalty—rise to a somewhat sublimer policy than that adopted by the jealous partisans who swarm around thy palaces.

Emulate, therefore, the example of those gallant emperors, those high-minded and renowned queens, who choose their chancellors and their

ministers from the wisest and ablest men of their age and nation—the queens who consolidated their domination by that catholic and syncretic policy to which all philosophic spirits gradually culminate—the queens who established an august and dignified coalition of all those political worthies who knew how to prefer philanthropy and patriotism to sectarian puerilities, and would not give up to party what was meant for mankind.

Yes, all great and heaven-instructed spirits arrive, sooner or later, at the same ennobling jurisprudence. I see Guizot, in France, after having oscillated, with painful and anxious vacillations, from party to party, at length assuming that catholic and syncretic policy which extends an equal patronage to Jews, Papists, Protestants, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals. He sees that no possible stability can exist in those partisan administrations which, like the puppets of a baby's toy shop, are raised up in one minute for the purpose of being knocked down in the next. He sees the incalculable mischief of making the government of great kingdoms the mere sport of factious time-servers, who thus foment a spirit of dissension among all orders of society, and divide the national energies, which, by being severed, are so easily annihilated.

Queen of thy people's hopes, though thou art young, thou canst do much in uniting and composing parties. By showing favour and patronage to all noble-spirited unionists and coalitionists, you may advance political harmony; and by regarding with disapprobation all violent partisans you may abate civil discords.

Treat your contentious and stormy subjects as a benignant mother would treat her quarrelsome children. Beneath thy mild tuition, they may learn what all history is striving to teach them—the benefits of syncretism, union, and universal coalition. Men will then discover how pleasant it is to stand with "good Erasmus, in an honest mean;" and be inclined to sympathise in the sentiment of Pope—

" In moderation placing all his glory,
By Tories called a Whig, by Whigs a Tory."

Nor is it impossible that they may even understand the fable of *Æsop*, respecting the old man and the bundle of rods.

Queen of Britain, the only path to greatness, and universal empire over the energies and hearts and passions of your subjects, lies open and plain before you. It is the path of that Wisdom whose ways are ways of pleasantness and peace. Show yourself disposed to cherish the wise and virtuous coalitionists of approved talent and honesty. Choose your ministry from men such as these; and like a second *Elizabeth*, so admirable for the patronage of merit, sweep from the circumference of power the idle hirelings of party.

Believe me, that the real moral and political contest in this country exists between unionists and coalitionists on one side, and the divisionists and party-mongers on the other. If the first triumph, this monarchy and country will be immensely consolidated and corroborated; if the latter succeed, it will be impoverished, broken, and scattered.

Compared to this great, this all-absorbing and all-important struggle betwixt political harmony and civil discord, the low and sordid contentions betwixt Tories and Whigs and Radicals sink into most pitiful

insignificance. Nor would any men be base enough to make such a stir about them were not their eyes dazzled by passion, and their hearts petrified by interest. But, forsooth, they tickle the pugnacious propensities of those noisy Britons who are never so happy as when they are quarrelling about moonshine.

That the preceding arguments in favour of union, coalition, and peace, are not unconfirmed by authority, will appear by a few quotations, which I take the liberty of adducing.

"When the legislator," says Montesquieu, "has believed it a duty to permit the exercise of many religions, it is necessary that he should enforce a toleration among these religions themselves. It is a principle that every religion which is persecuted becomes itself persecuting; for as soon as by some accidental turn it arises from persecution, it attacks the religion that persecuted it,—not as a religion but as a tyranny.

"It is necessary then," continues Montesquieu, "that the laws require from the several religions not only that they shall not embroil the state, but that they shall not raise disturbances among themselves. A citizen does not fulfil the laws by not disturbing the government; it is necessary that he shall not trouble any citizen whomsoever."

"A sovereign," says Bielfeld, "should be the umpire and arbitrator of his kingdom, when the divisions of sects and the factions of parties become formidable. His authority will generally mitigate the misunderstandings among the chief leaders of the state, and the discords of the people will be appeased.

"A prince sins against sound policy when he contents himself with favouring either one faction or another. He will secure few real friends, but he will make many real enemies. The whole science of monarchy consists in extinguishing the rising fires of faction. They may appear insignificant sparks, but they are surrounded with combustible materials.

"These quarrels and animosities are not called factions in their origin; they only deserve this name when they embroil great numbers against great numbers. Such were the Guelphs and the Ghibelines; such are the Tories and the Whigs.

"These factions," continues Bielfeld, "are often a long time in forming: their views are generally weak and limited at their birth, but their projects grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength. Taking their rise from particular interests of individuals, they end with embroiling whole nations. Infamous in all their degrees, they contradict the very object of civil societies, formed for the common benefit and mutual assistance."

But the panegyric of political union has never been more eloquently written than by Cicero himself, in his newly recovered treatise on the state. "I see," says Lælius, "what sort of duty you would impose on our imaginary prince." "Yes," replied Scipio, "I would urge him to one noble enterprise of philanthropy and patriotism, which includes all the rest. I would advise him never to suspend his self-reverence, or his self-examination; and thus seeking to obtain a kind of personal perfection, he will excite his subjects to a most admirable emulation. For, as in musical instruments and voices, a certain consent and concord is to be preserved among the distinct sounds—which, however little violated, would shock an accomplished ear—which exquisite harmony is formed

by the blending and coalition of tones various and dissimilar, so is a wisely governed state to be composed by the re-union of the three unequal orders, and political harmony to be educed out of elements the most opposite. For what musicians call concord in song is union in the social empire—union, the strongest and the best bond of public prosperity; union, which walks hand in hand with justice."

This idea of Cicero's is thus imitated by Montesquieu: "That which we call union in the body politic is that harmony which is composed of all parties, however opposite they may appear to us, concurring to the general good, as those dissonances in music which blend in universal concord." △

CALIBAN.

To be poor, to be alone in the world, to devote one's whole faculties, one's whole future to an art, which those who treat it as frivolous are not the worst enemies of, to have the consciousness of one's talent, and doubt whether it will be able to develope itself in its true vocation, to remain unknown when one loves glory, strives after it, and would attain it, if deserving it were alone necessary; verily this is sad!

Yes; but the painter Randal was twenty-four years of age; and at twenty-four we snap our fingers at Destiny. Thus did he, and he had good reason. Nature had made him a visionary, but she had given him energy and health, qualities as necessary to an artist as imagination itself. I can tell you, that when we are suffering, the Beautiful veils itself from our eyes: a man's health is the whole man, and there are many things in that question, How are you? all insignificant as it may seem.

Rarely was it addressed to Randal. He lived apart, and had no one to meet; nothing commodious for him who loved to walk alone in the crowd, or occasionally took a ramble with a friend—a friend whose charming face was concealed under a long veil. The lover then thought little about painting; yet the artist was no loser thereby. Love does harm only to philosophers—to nobody.

Thanks to it, Randal tasted those lively and beautiful emotions, which his obscurity hindered him from finding in the career of glory: like many others, he owed to his sentiments for a beloved woman his only resource against what is vulgar, what is impoverishing in the destiny of the greater number.

He was happy then, after all, and saw, without giving way to despondency, his precocious and vigorous talent still unrecognised. But, all of a sudden, his labours were disturbed, annihilated, in a manner at once so irritating and so strange, that he was thrown into the most violent condition of mind that can be imagined.

Every time he quitted his study, he found, on returning, his canvas smeared with great strokes of the brush, by a pitiless hand; and it was always the parts least imperfect, which this ruffian-hand seemed to have taken pleasure in spoiling the most. The mischief, with great difficulty made good again; came new and more intolerable repetition. The

horriblest mixtures of the palette were rubbed in, here and there, on the canvas, with a disorder, a fury of the brush, indicating, you would have said, a hand rendered convulsive by hatred. Oftenest, even, scratchings, as of ten fingers loaded with colour, tore up, in a thousand ways, the devastating marks of the brush. It seemed as though the scoundrel could not sate himself with hurting the unfortunate painter's work, but must grope, widen, torment with his hands the wounds which he had every where laid on.

Yes, hatred alone, and better than ignorance, could do such mischief, and so much mischief. Hatred alone could invent those hideous tints, those forms (if they were such), more monstrous, more maddening, than the abortions of a hag-ridden dream. That alone could every time invent something worse, and scourge with defacements, ever more horrible, this canvas where the genius of art seemed still to yield to that genius of destruction. * *

So thought Randal; and his stupor was not less in contemplating what power of imagination hatred can inspire, than in finding it so fiercely set against himself. He could almost have envied this infernal hand, this fever of execution. One would have said it was one of those frenzies that are catching to look at. Impelled, sometimes, by a movement quite mechanical, detesting his accursed work, and, as if fascinated by those diabolic apparitions, he would seize a brush, and try, mad in his turn, to cope with them, to seize, at least, the secret of them. A man can injure himself as much as his cruellest enemy; a man can kill himself: but Randal could not, so much as his enemy, injure his own work. * *

Calamity to drive one madder than mad! to find, on a sudden, and without a reason for it, that you have got a dastardly and fatal enemy, when you are alone in the world, and without a friend, or, rather, when you know nothing of the sentiments of others, except what is best and sweetest in the heart of a woman. To learn hatred against oneself, and within oneself, by all that is fiercest in the character of hatred,—to feel it against one knows not whom, so that it recoils wholly on oneself,—this inconceivable warfare, these strokes so well-directed at the heart of an artist, a whole power employed in destroying, this mixture of petty mischievousness and indefatigable cruelty—Randal lost head; and when the friend in the long veil stole over to encourage him, she quitted him, still weeping, and without having left consolation.

Randal lies in wait, watches, goes out every day, scarcely shutting his door; for, at any price, he will surprise his enemy. By and bye, one thing becomes clear to him, that the villain, namely, cannot (would you believe it?) enter except by the window, traversing the roof, at the risk of killing himself twenty times for once. "He must be very far gone in hatred," thought he; "What can I have done to him, then?"—and he searched in his memory. "But it is incredible, it is a predestination, a dream." The idea occurred to him for a moment, to fasten to his window some deadly trap. "No!" cried he; "when I shall get him, I must have him still alive."

Finally, he plants himself behind his door, his eye intently watching through the key-hole. He waits, impatient and immoveable. Suddenly a face, a hand, shove themselves half in at the side of the window.

Randal's heart stands still. A foot advances, some one enters : O surprise which exceeds all that he had imagined !—he has recognised his enemy, but he can scarcely believe his eyes ;—it is the last whom he would have supposed capable ;—he does not believe it yet ;—but the other pushes back the window, places the drawing-frame better or worse, seizes palette, brushes, maulstick, installs himself. Randal falls back in a peal of laughter : it was an ape !

Yes, an ape ; Caliban, the most ridiculous face that an ape ever received from heaven, perched upon a body of no common cut. Randal had seen him twice or thrice, in front of his window, leaning with his arms hung over the railing of a loft, grave, his eyes constantly fixed on him while he worked, motionless, except the arms, which he swung negligently to and fro, or darted out in capture of a fly.

Ha ! ha ! wise painter that thou art ! Diabolic hatred—genius of destruction—contagious frenzy—fatality—thirst of vengeance—and not so much as an ape's malice in it ; for it was with the best purpose in the world that Caliban did the thing.

"My God !" thought Randal, "how she will laugh when I tell her ;" and he laughed himself the more heartily.

Another might have been at once ashamed and angry ; for Randal, all this had become too absurd ; he could not but have a right laugh over it. Then, after cursing over a demon infernally bent against you, how feel any anger at a poor ape ?

Happy chance for a painter of twenty-four ! A spectacle so grotesque, an orang-outang-crochet so droll ! Figure to yourself Caliban, the artist, better than I can describe him to you ; imagine, that whilst he falls to in joy of heart, you view him by stealth and through a key-hole.

It was a picture which would have required another ape to copy it ; and Randal, the good youth, would not, for his best picture ruined, have missed the enjoyment of it. In brief, he enters. Caliban, wholly given up to his inspirations, had heard nothing.

"Keep your seat, neighbour," said his comrade to him. The other rose hastily, drew back, but without laying down his arms. Then, perceiving the window closed, and that the artist smilingly extended his hand to him, he returned, negligently gave him his, and in the finest manner, with much grimacing and gesturing, he recommenced his skirmishing against the canvas.

Randal gave him credit for his coolness. "We shall be good friends," said he, twitching his ear ; and, taking a palette and brushes in his turn, "have with you, comrade !"

And behold them who to be first ;—brushing, smearing, thumping the canvas, and at each stroke, laid on with ever more vigour, turning on each other a look of defiance. The painter got heated overmuch ; the ape had the best of it.

"Retire," said Randal, seized with a sudden desire. Never had he felt himself in such aptitude. Caliban was truly unique of his kind ; now every thing which distinguishes itself pertains to art. And with this first movement so rare, so powerful, so imperative in true artists, with all the energy of that sense which sometimes bursts out in them, which inspires and directs all their organs, the painter fell to, full dash,

on a new canvas, to paint the portrait of Caliban. A rude draught of a man, the poetical image of an ape.

And be it said in passing, I see but one barrier between the two species, and that is the excessive and perpetual mobility of the ape's ideas ; it seems as if nature had found no way but this to keep him in subjection to us, and that she purposely assails him with a thousand changeable impressions, to hinder him from turning his lively and supple intelligence to any account.

Verily, to keep him from reflecting, from rising higher, she employs a still surer method, namely, to make him even as you are, an imitator ! Now Randal knew well that the ape is not the only one whom that hinders from becoming a man ; he thought that a painter ought not to copy nature even, but in so far as seems good to him, that art is the true master, and the other subject to it.

However, he scrupulously copied the ape Caliban. Art is feeble, when it does not exaggerate ; but this time he had only to imitate ; imagination could find nothing more striking, more fantastic. That face so restless, so expressively grimaceful, on a body which, by a singularity rarely to be found in that turbulent brood, had acquired, I know not where, habits of repose, and, as it were, of gravity ; an ape visage with the deportment of a philosopher ; what a precious contrast ! Happy chance for a painter !

Our's, accordingly, made a fine thing of it. Every work of art is fine, when it evinces energy and originality in its author ; art is a revelation, and I seek not less in a picture to know the man, than to enjoy his work. This time, Randal experienced (noble effusion of the artist) that the subject was nothing for him, and, as those who, in an imperfect language, express strong and original thoughts, so he transmitted to the eyes, across the deformities of an ape, the expression of a powerful and original genius.

The chief difficulty was, to put the sitter in position ; Randal placed himself before him in the attitude which he wished him to take. Caliban understood quite well, and faithfully repeated the posture : but, when he had kept it some time, he required that Randal should take it in his turn. When, after two or three sittings, his portrait was completed, the ape paid no great attention to it : he had already seen himself in a glass ; he thought this was one, and took to counterfeiting the satisfied airs of the painter, well-pleased with his work. Good caricature of the self-complaisant artist.

This singular portrait was in fine exhibited. It proved striking by an impress of wild spirit, which suited the general effect of the work and its first impression on you, to the character of the original. The abrupt bold touch, the wondrous posture, the design at once firm and easy, every thing, even to the capricious distribution of the light and shadows, accorded happily with the nature of the original.

Caliban was represented slightly bent, and suspended, as it were, on a long stick, which his uplifted arms held aloft along his left side ; one of his legs wound itself at the bottom, like a vine-tendril round its prop. His face showed itself projected between his arms ; and, retaining the light for those vivid and fantastic tints which tatooed it like the face of a savage, it shone out amidst the sombre and vigorous hue spread over

the body of the ape. It reminded you of those brilliant colours that sparkle on the surface of a palette browned by long use.

But what was captivating for the eye at first view, did not divert it from seeking and seizing in the features of Caliban that expression of almost convulsive life, and alert intelligence, that air of savage and defiant mockery, of curious malignity, and unquiet disdain, which make the ape rival of all that is strangest, most vivacious, and most mischievous in the madman. Faithful to his original, the painter had concentrated in that face the whole ape-nature, half-perverse, half-foolish : and Shakspeare, if he had seen that whimsical and wicked face, grimacing on a ground of details fantastic as itself, would have recognised in it some features of his other *Caliban*.

In brief, nobody had taken heed of the young artist's other works, which nevertheless revealed a true talent. The crowd did, however, gather round the image of the ape ; for the crowd is first struck by what is singular, and relishes original men long before the critics, whom novelty affrights and disconcerts. These were not more just towards Randal than heretofore ; but, thanks to the sovereignty of the people, from that day was to be dated for him a real and extensive success. Whereupon he fell to thinking that glory and fortune are sometimes singular in their ways, and that it was amusing how an ape should have been caught in America, expressly for the good of a poor artist whom it had made wish himself at the devil.

To artists that happens often : but Randal supported thereafter, with patience, all the freaks of Caliban, who had become, at a large price, his property, his messmate. Besides, it was only to him that Caliban took. He had attached himself to the young painter, preserving all along his independence of character ; for he was actually his friend. Now this character of Caliban's distinguished him among his fellows no less by his own altogether original humour, than by the excess of that common to all the kind.

Accordingly, what fine pranks might I not recount ! were it but his ape-quarrels with the ancient dame who took charge of the artist's household. Caliban played her all the tricks he could think of—tricks more than I could tell. When he passed a day without mischief done her, he regarded it as a day lost. Once looking in the pot, where she reckoned on finding her favourite meat, she drew forth (O fury of an old woman !) only the feathered fragments of a magpie, worthy foster-child of her ancient self : it was Caliban, who, plagued with its babbling, and finding it wrong so to ape the human voice, had plunged the magpie into the vessel, holding down the lid with his foot. Crouched underneath the cage of the victim, he laughed in silence over the duenna's imprecations, then, per force, clasped her in his arms.

There were, also, many grotesque scenes between Caliban and the models that Randal employed. Randal's exaggerated shapes were nothing to the inventions of the ape ; the advantage was always on the ape's side : his gravity alone was proof against the tricks which came into his head, and we all know there is not a more forcible contrast than the gravity of a buffoon.

His failed him only twice, and it is with that that I will conclude. One time was when Randal amused himself in procuring an interview be-

tween Caliban and that extraordinary mimic, whom we have seen so well ape the ape. Caliban was not to be deceived : he let the other dislocate himself as much as he pleased ; and when he saw that he seemed desirous of vieing with him, suddenly he became again the man-of-the-woods, writhing like a serpent, bounding like a bird : the hardest swimmer would not have dared to risk himself in the flood as Caliban did in the air. His springs were so agile, you might have taken him for a veil hanging in the wind, furling, rolling, unfolding itself there. The mimic threw away his mask, and Caliban anew quitted that vivacity as unsuitable in our cities.

This vivacity, in fine, he recovered once again, when Randal took him out, one summer, to pass some time in the country. The air of the woods penetrated even to Caliban. He resumed his nature ; then he became horribly sad. Instinct soon triumphed over habit ; and one day when Randal went alone to the town, he, on his return, no longer found his friend. All search was vain. But after a time, Randal, walking one evening in the forest which surrounded his habitation, heard suddenly footsteps not far from him in the furze. He stops, looks, believes that he recognises, or, rather, he divines. "Caliban," he cries, "is it thou?" He advances. No advance towards him, but, also, no retreat. His heart palpitates.—"But after all," thought he, stopping, "is he not free?" and he turned. "Adieu, Caliban, adieu ! I will always receive thee well, Caliban, I promise thee. Wilt thou come?"—No movement. Randal resumed his walk. The other listens to him some time, hastening away. His eyes glittered in the copse ; then, uttering a feeble cry, he flings himself into the thickest part of the wood. O Liberty ! thou art then more precious than a friend !

C.

THE PLEASURES OF GENIUS.

A POEM, IN THREE PARTS. BY JOHN A. HERAUD,

Author of "The Judgement of the Flood," "The Descent into Hell," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

The Genius of Peace ; Domestic Life—Children of Genius—Benjamin West—Episode of Lucretia (Maria Davidson) : Genius in Physic ; Browne—Calus—Linacre—Mead—Pringle—Armstrong—Akenside—Harvey—Sydenham—Huxham—Cullen—Hunter—Baillie—Jenner—Physiology : Genius in Law ; Valour its offspring ; The Origin of Evil—The Progress of Law and Religion—China—India and Egypt—Minos—Moses—Britain : Eloquence : Demosthenes—Cicero : Law a Science ; Sir William Jones—Mansfield—Romilly : Statesmen ; Chatham—Burke—Fox—Pitt—Canning : Trade and Literature ;—Injustice of the Law relative to Copy-right : Address to Poesy ; Wither—Death—Cibber—Roubiliac, Banks, and Flaxman—Blake—Fuseli—Barry : Genius must be associated with Childlike Simplicity.

No more of War, O Muse ! the song pursue.
Peace hath her Genius, and her Pleasures too ;
So mighty, so delightful, as to yield
The unwilling warrior, alien from the field,

Of bliss domestic an unwonted sense,
Humble yet holy, noiseless but intense.

Domestic bliss! all charities are thine:
Home is their temple, and the hearth their shrine;
The social board their altar is, where they
To Heaven and Love due sacrifices pay—
For Love inspires, and, as relation grows,
The moral Law in wider circles flows.

Love! holiest Power! from thee all Order springs,
All forms of being, all degrees of things.
From thee proceed, and to one centre tend,
The names of husband, father, brother, friend—
All civic sympathies commence with thee;
The world thou makest but one great family.

How pleasing, Genius! in the world of home,
Should be thy presence, when thou deignest to come—
For here the heart might feel, and here be set
Upon its treasures, free from all regret;
Affection mend what Taste might not approve,
Love the sole mentor, the sole critic Love.
Yet oft, alas, the prophet, owned elsewhere,
(Too oft for peace), is felt no prophet here.
But these laments to other harps belong—
Not of thy pains, O Genius! is my song—
And by thy pleasures evermore obscured,
Well may they rest unsung, and be endured.

Thus gentle White in secret proved his art,
And found no refuge—save his mother's heart.
But happier some find in both parents taste,
To know how much by genius they are graced,
And to their child, in aid and counsel, be
What ——— thou, and ——— are to me.
—Thus daring West, by Nature taught alone,
Blest in his parents' love, to boyhood grown,
Stood mid the Sacred Circle to attend
What spirit on that Council might descend:
Then faithful Friends addressed the Boy inspired,
Whom in the Wilderness remote, retired,
Art, with the Cherokee, had visited,
And laid the hand on his devoted head.
—What thoughts were his, then, in that solemn time?
How teemed his heart with feelings, pure, sublime!
Already had that mystic Wind which blows
Even where it lists, and freely comes and goes,
Breathed on his soul high energy sedate,
And taught him what to love, and what to hate;
Already there the seeds were sown that soon
Expanded into beauty, at life's noon,
When only he had painter's skill to tell,
How Wolfe, while gazed the warrior Indian, fell!

But then most sweetly art thou manifest,
When, Genius! thou inspirest the female breast.

—Thou wert, Lucretia, beautifully fair,
 With thy black swimming eye and raven hair ;
 Shy of thy beauty, of thy genius shy,
 For Merit still consorts with Modesty !
 On the precocious spirit of the child,
 The Muses in their fatal fondness smiled.
 She “ lisped in numbers ” to admiring ears,
 Or, mis-suspected, shed indignant tears.
 And as she grew, she read at leisure hours,
 And gathered honey both from weeds and flowers ;
 Or watched the passing storm-clouds one by one,
 The fading rainbow and the setting sun.
 But while on dreams her fancy loved to muse,
 Her anxious heart still paid its filial dues ;
 For by her parents fostered and caressed,
 It met their wishes ever ere expressed.

How judged the world ? From peril not exempt,
 They watched her progress with suppressed contempt.
 And Prudence whispered that her parents’ part,
 Was to restrain, not urge, the love of art.
 To love of art what evils still belong !
 And chief to one so lovely and so young !
 These friendly warnings must her parents hear,
 But will not wound therewith Lucretia’s ear—
 Yet heard by chance, in secret she resigned,
 And gave to vacancy her taskless mind,
 Employed her hands in household work the more,
 And read not, thought not, wrote not, as before.
 —But Exercise to minds like her’s is health ;
 How her’s declined her mother saw, by stealth.
 —“ You have not written lately ”—then she wept,
 And told the secret she for months had kept.
 Thus to her tasks remanded, like a bow
 Restrung, returned her vigour ; and the glow
 Of seeming health once more bemocked her cheek,
 And flushed her forehead with a lightning streak.

Fixed in her window for her own delight,
 She loved to read, to meditate, and write,
 To the wild wind-harp’s murmurs, late and long,
 And thought she heard a spirit’s holy song.
 O ! Music laid a spell upon her soul,
 And, at the twilight hour, possessed it whole,
 For then her sister, by her tears reproved,
 While silence listened, sang the song she loved.
 And thus was fed the fever which consumed
 Her nature, while her spirit it illumed.

Smit with the passion for immortal fame,
 Athirst for knowledge with a generous flame,
 She of the Tree partook, whose fruit was—Death !
 —I twine these verses for her funeral wreath.
 Happy ! ere seventeen summers passed away,
 Transformed to spirit, and dissolved in day—

Sphered in the world where Thought is ripe and rife,
She thrives on Wisdom from the Tree of Life!

Not for the mind's disease is physic given,
And her had wronged had it detained from heaven.
—Yet Power to it belongs, ingenious skill,
And o'er its pains supreme rules pleasure still.
Benevolent and active, versed in woe,
It feels the joys that generous spirits know.
Science exalts and purifies the mind,
By love of letters it is more refined—
Such merits, Physic, to thy sons belong,
Thyself one power with Melody and Song.
In Learning's groves thy votaries hence appear,
A Browne, a Caius, and a Linacre;
Hence princely Mead, with fame and fortune graced,
And moral Pringle, proved the joys of taste;
Hence Armstrong with Hygeia dared explore
"Paths that the muses never trod before;"
And Akenside on wings of rapture soared,
And high in heaven the Eternal Mind adored.

Let not thy sons the human frame assay,
If Genius prompt them not and point their way.
Genius is Nature, and reflects the states
Of Nature quickly, or anticipates.
Art without Genius, Paracelsus said,
Like works deprived of Faith, is merely dead,
And though dark things he wrote, and wildly too,
This precept's clear, but not more clear than true.
To every art hath righteous Heaven assigned
Its proper Genius, its right turn of mind.
This let the parent, let the tutor note,
And e'er to its peculiar end devote;
But shape beside with accident its aim,—
So grew a Harvey and a Sydenham.

For God *creates*, the son of Sirach writes,
Physicians, and to honour them delights.
From Him comes healing, 'tis to Him we owe
The skill which raises the Physician's brow.
A Huxham's genius, and a Cullen's art,
A Hunter's memory, and a Baillie's heart,
A Jenner's victory over beauty's foe,
From him derive "the uses" they bestow.

Honour awaits on the Physician still,
Man is his study, Man demands his skill.
O what a labour of that Sculptor Wise,
Who scooped out ocean and o'er-arched the skies,
Is his to touch, to question and admire,
To re-create, as if with Heaven's own fire!
May Genius e'er a nobler task employ?
Shame on the man to whom it brings no joy.

A noble fabric for the soul designed,
Communion to maintain with other kind—

See here each sense its proper organ held,
 And the fine nerves intelligence impelled.
 The limbs with muscles and with tendons strung,
 Moved at her will—the bones with cunning hung
 In ligaments, with cartilages thin,
 And all compact, protected by the skin—
 And here the tongue once uttered vocal signs,
 And gave expression to what thought combines—
 And here the treasure-house of blood, the heart,
 And here its channels nourished every part.
 —Thus all the secret wonders of the frame
 Disclose their structure, and imply their aim.

The “Purple Island,” by the Poet sung,
 In allegory's now forgotten tongue;
 This was the house not made with hands, wherein
 Man, child of Heaven, yet the heir of Sin,
 Received from Nature homage as her king,
 And ruled her spirit in its minist'ring,
 And, in the mighty whole could comprehend,
 How Being still on Being must depend,
 Each all requiring ere itself could be,
 And all co-ordinate in harmony,
 Each lower nature to the higher given,
 Matter with Spirit, linking Earth and Heaven.
 —Thus o'er the Flower still Psyche flutters free,
 Herself a Flower, but with Mobility.

But not alone the health of Man demands
 Protection, Genius! from thy guardian hands;
 His life, his property, his freedom, cry
 On thee for aid, from wrong or tyranny—
 And not alone dost thou the cause confide
 To armed strength and military pride,
 But to the Laws entrust the social weal,
 While Eloquence to Justice makes appeal.
 Nay, Law it was that birth to Valour gave;
 Thy sons, Lycurgus!—Moses! thine were brave!

Whence sprang the evil that demands redress?
 Poetic Power! 'tis given to thee to guess.
 —Mind has a fountain of creative might,
 It saith—Let Darkness be; and there is Night—
 A principle divine, an energy
 Of conscious Will, that bade the Enigma be.
 Original, eternal, at its nod
 Teemed Nature with the mandate of the god.
 Then Sin had being, child of human birth—
 Unwrit in stars of heaven, on flowers of earth,
 The groves sang not, nor dulcet Nightingale
 Tuned, to the hushed Obscure, the deadly tale—
 Thy waters, Eden, unpolluted ran,
 They told it not to paradisaal man!
 —But from th' Imagination of the Heart,
 As Pallas from the brain of Jove might start,

Forth came the mystic Shade, and 'gan to brood,
An incubus o'er all that erst was good,
Bade Nature minister to her desires,
Art feed her pride, and Genius fan her fires.

Then Law arose, the growing pest to stay,
And teach the wandering soul a better way.
—Hence each relation—Life and Death became,
And Labour their mere elements to tame.
Then Property began, and Nature still
Her errors bowed to a diviner will.
Be Law within the soul of man enthroned,
And Liberty therewith shall be atoned,
But once displaced from that most sacred shrine,
It reigns a tyrant, yet by might divine.
Yes ! though by right divine, a tyrant reigns ;
For man, become a slave, must yield to chains—
Lo, the Chinese, no wiser, better grown,
Each act of life reflected from the throne,
In improgressive state, with servile awe,
Bows to the yoke of arbitrary law.

How, then, shall man the immortal spirit free,
And Law consist with human Liberty ?
Truth, by Religion taught, emancipates
The awakened soul, and triumphs o'er the fates.

Yet let no priest o'er-rule the enquiring mind,
Lest he become blind leader of the blind—
The Arts of life may flourish ; nay, the Creed,
With fancy, warm—'tis but a gorgeous weed !
In vain majestic, it shall fail to save
Whom it deludes, the bondsmen of a slave !

Thus Ind, and thus the watered of the Nile,
Old Egypt, grew in wisdom for a while,
Till knowledge found a sacerdotal shore,
And priest and people wiser grew no more.

Law, of Religion void, is void of life,
And quenches manhood while it quenches strife.
The regal founder of the Cretan state,
Knew both to prophesy and legislate—
And He who led a people through the sea,
United both in one Theocracy.

O'er man Law rules,—not yet enshrined within,
Not yet victorious o'er the Law of Sin :
Free is the Man whose heart the Law obeys,
Free is the Nation over which it sways—
Free art thou, Britain ! where it reigns alone,
No higher Power—superior to the Throne !

Ye who have wrestled at the busy bar,
By all life's interests roused to wordy war,—
O ye can tell what hopes and fears compose
The joy, the triumph that attend on those—
How each excited energy of mind
Wakes at their call, and strengthens like the wind.

Till the full burst of wild enthusiasm
 Rush, like a tempest from a mountain chasm,
 And thou, O Genius ! through the conscious breast
 Art felt how great, and tremblingly confest,
 While to his height Demosthenes ascends,
 Or Cicero with artful vigour ends.

But I prefer thy graces more retired,
 To watch the student pondering, half inspired ;
 Who, animated with a generous zeal,
 Makes Law a Science, can its pleasures feel.
 Conceiving more the more he comprehends,
 He grasps the world of knowledge, and extends—
 He in the legal pile, like Jones, reposes
 “ The gathered wisdom of a thousand years.”
 Who studies thus, and loves his country's laws,
 May fitly in the senate fight her cause.

The Senate !—at the word my muse awakes,—
 Whose wisdom guides the world, whose thunder shakes.
 Here may the patriot glow with that delight,
 Which only he who feels can know aright.
 A Mansfield here, and here a Romilly,
 Find scope for genius ample as the sea.

O many were the tears I wept for thee,
 Nor inharmonious, generous Romilly !
 THERE was a Man ! a Spirit upon earth,
 Who shamed the boast of power, the pride of birth ;
 Love led him on in the career of fame,
 And cheered his bosom with the purest flame.
 Such was his brow, the stamp of man it owned,
 And Mind was on its awful arch enthroned ;
 Such the quick lustre of his ample eye,
 It beamed Intelligence and Charity ;
 The souls of men its mastery did confess,
 While that declared his own was masterless ;
 Firm in the right, unconquerable in truth,
 Faithful in years, and dutiful in youth—
 Such strength with his sweet eloquence was strung,
 Upon his words applauding senates hung,
 And o'er her sceptre Justice leaned, and grew
 Gentler, dissolved by his lips' honey-dew.
 —Thus did he flourish like the laurel-tree,
 Upon whose stem the dews descended free,
 And the sun shone, exulting through the day,
 Over the wonder of his vital ray :—
 But soon I looked—and lo, he is no more,
 And void each station which he filled before !
 O ! bosomed in domestic peace alone,
 A son's—a husband's—father's heart his own—
 He was—what is he now ?—O, there—alas !
 Love sorrowing sighs, she can but say—He was !
 The eyes that weep—the hearts that bleed—to his
 Linked by the eternal chain of Love and Bliss—

Recoil astonished, and in terror cry,
Must then the Righteous as the Wicked die?
Exalted but more terribly to fall,
As he who robbed the Orphan of her all?

How little art thou, Man! thou heart of pride!
Whose haughty crest hath Heaven itself defied!
Thou, fledged with vanity, hast earth explored,
"Swept the long tract of day," . . . and further soared;
Yea, and to teach thy Maker hast essayed;
How he should rule the creatures he hath made,
Or vaunted in presumption wild and high,
We need no God, save our own Majesty!!
Behold thy frailty, and boast no more;—
Where is thy greatness now? be humbled, and adore!

Thy genius, Chatham, brightest at the last,
Was fiery, comprehensive, pure, and vast;
Impelled the will by sympathetic force,
And urged the passions o'er the reinless course.
—But Burke expands and elevates the mind,
Informed by science and with song refined,
From him we learn what principles o'errule
The social fabric, great and beautiful.
Pitt might the fancy charm with verbal art,
And Fox amuse the memory or the heart;
Burke taught men how to think, ill-understood,
If they would purpose for the public good.
—O happy they! born in the tide of time
That heaved and tossed to render them sublime,
Making a chaos, that, with might divine,
They might reshape the mass and recombine.
A mighty chaos, whose subsiding storm
Thy genius, Canning, yet had power to form.

The State two master interests engage,
Lull it to calm or lash it into rage.
The body has its wants, its wants the mind,
To Commerce those, to Letters these assigned.
For both the voice of Eloquence be heard,
But to the body be the mind preferred.
Age after age, from rude to more refined,
For that has laboured, never for the mind.
The sons of Trade devolve from heir to heir,
The fruits of Toil, or Fortune less severe;
But they who for the glory of their fame
Earn nothing but the whistling of a name,
Even in the work whereon themselves they spend
Transmit their children nothing in the end;
Who, by a law unjust deprived, . . . unawed,
See villains riot in the legal fraud,
And weeping their lost birthright, turn away
Their shamefast brow, and execrate the day,
When an unthinking senate gave them cause,
To doubt its wisdom and to hate the laws.

To mourn their fathers were the great and good,
And feel how sharp thy tooth, Ingratitude !

Ingratitude ! Man ! this mounts high ! for He,
Who gave thee life, gave Genius gifts for thee !
How good the gift, even thus augments the crime ;
Hence suffer most the luckless sons of rhyme.

O Poesy ! to thee of old 'twas given,
To breathe to man the Oracles of heaven—
Thy sons were *vates*, and prophetic power
Was shed on them, in inspiration's hour.
They sang creation ! how, with word of might,
God said, Let there be Light ; and there was Light !
Then Night and Day, and Land and Waters were,
Herb, fruit-tree, sun and moon, and starry sphere ;
Earth, sea, and air, grew populous with life,
And Man arose—the husband and the wife.
They sang Redemption, Mind regenerate,
The second birth, the spirit re-create.
—Wild o'er thy harp thy hand, Isaiah, swept,
Tears how melodious Jeremiah wept,
David in holy tenderness excelled,
And Job from sorrow into grandeur swelled—
Sublime and bold Ezekiel dashed the lyre,
And John baptized, with spirit and with fire.

Then was the roll of mighty poets sealed,
Till, Truth ! thy fountain was again revealed :
Then, Genius ! then divinely touched again,
Thy voice was heard in thunder, not in vain—
Then Lear appealed to heaven amidst the strife—
Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, sprang to life—
Then Satan, from the dread abyss released,
Bridged Chaos o'er, that Death might have his feast ;
Poetic Rapture wed Religious Zeal,
And poets uttered what *they* only feel.

Wisdom divine, who lovest the holy soul !
Touch now the lips of bards with living coal !
Shrined in their hearts, O make them know that they
Are prophets, heralds of a brighter day,
An undecaying priesthood still to be,
Designed to unfold the mighty mystery,
That dread Idea, with whose sacred birth
Creation groans, in Heaven and in Earth.

O only he who hath the poet's eye,
The hallowed vision, the nice faculty,
May read the mystic legend traced in all
The forms of Nature, hear the secret call,
That fills the soul with Hope and Faith and Love,
And makes harmonious all around— above !

While o'er the brow of youth the muses wreath
The glory which illumines all beneath,
Ah ! though the world upon his labours frown,
Though care and sorrow work his spirit down,

Yet he hath joys the world can give or take
As little as it can discern or make.

This Wither felt—his spirit still was free.
Cramped in a cell, or wide at liberty—
Not Burns more joyous “on the mountain’s side,
Following his plough in glory and in pride.”
Death crowns most poets, and their art divine
Hath shone on others, as the sun would shine;
Him living cheered it, in his heart and home,
Blest now with joy, as well as fame to come;
Taught from each thing, however mean, he saw,
To heighten pleasure, or invention draw,
Daisy, or shady bush, or “bough rustling,”
Or the sweet murmur of a quiet spring,
Nay, even from objects of despair, delight
Extract, and comfort, by the muse’s might.

Life has no fears for such—and what has death?
O Death! *the Poet!* crown me with thy wreath!
Sleep is a phantast, and aye holds a key,
That opes the gardens of Felicity;
But thou hast glorious visions far beyond,
Such as the soul, and quit of earthly bond,
Not Eden ere man fell had joys sublime,
Like those thou hast prepared from eldest time;
No poet yet has sung, nor sage conceived,
What treasures thou, for them who here have grieved,
Who strive for truth, nor from the right have swerved,
Hast in thy worlds of more than dreams reserved.
On these hath mused my fancy late and long—
O Death! *the Poet!* smile upon my song.

Thou hoverest o’er the works of Sculptors old,
And wrapst in wrath the aspects they unfold;
On forms divine, with youth eternal blest,
Thy clouds of melancholy darkness rest.
Less stern the Artists of more modern time,
Florid with life, if lovelier, less sublime—
Sculpture, like Painting, in luxurious art,
With flowers, leaves, fruits, embellished every part.
No more, severe, grave Reason frowned in stone,
And solemn awe in Madness reigned alone.*
Gone sweet Repose, Roubiliac’s statues dance,
And Handel writhes in inspiration’s trance.
Gone sober Truth, in allegory’s maze
Sense wanders lost, and Wonder stands agaze.
But Poetry once more the marble wreathes,
In Bankes awakens, and in Flaxman breathes.

Flaxman! in thee the poet’s soul was rife,
Blest thee in art, and blest thee in thy life—
Found in thy bosom, in thy happy home,
As much of inspiration as in Rome;

* Cibber’s figures of Raving Madness, and Moody Melancholy.

For there Religion dwelt, and Truth divine
 Raised o'er thy humble hearth a sacred shrine—
 Religion that in cloudless Italy
 Led captive sense, and awed the adoring eye.

With high endeavour beat his zealous heart,
 To adorn a simpler creed, with equal art.
 'Twas not enough that Homer he subdued,
 Or clomb with Dante to the sculptor's mood;
 With fiery Æschylus, majestic still,
 In stern composure, stamped unconquered Will:
 The Cross must yet its stubbornness subdue,
 And in its spirit blissfully renew.

Over the fallen knight the angelic twain
 Mourn for the dead; and shall they mourn in vain?
 Restored to life, what fearful shapes to see!
 Again the Burning Cross appears to thee.
 Fear not the dart of death, the mouth of hell,
 For Love celestial waits to greet thee well;
 Commissioned then, a guardian spirit, thou
 Brood'st o'er Creation, purging all below.

Strange work but true, yet far less strange and wild
 Than Blake imagined, Fancy's dreamiest child—
 Whom grief made thoughtful, Solitude a seer,
 While Voices touched his spiritual ear—
 To him, superior to the world's annoy,
 His love of art was a domestic joy.
 And, in the orient land of Cherubim,
 Taught its mysterious origin to him,
 With that Outline which, though the Almighty trace,
 Yet *demon* painters glory to efface.

Happy! at evening's hour, beside the sea,
 With whom sage Dante and Virgil, visibly,
 Homer and Moses, friendship old renewed,
 While Milton soothed with song his listening mood.

And sooth to say, who would an artist be,
 Fuseli-like on visions gaze must he;
 Draw shapes in air, and people vacant space
 With heavenly beauty, and angelic grace.

Stern as the Sculptors old, lo, Barry's soul
 Her life and love on art expended whole—
 How poor, how abject, him imported not;
 All, save thy pleasures, Genius! all forgot.
 With nought to cheer, to comfort or to hope,
 His passion strengthened and enlarged its scope—
 Looked back on times and men uncivil, wild,
 And marked the progress of the manners mild,
 Till in Elysium's bowers, Beatitude
 The Great awaits, the Pious and the Good.

Sagacious Spirit! whose poetic eye
 Revelled with Fancy and with Memory,
 And of the twain those gorgeous scenes arrayed
 To which earth's brightest is a barren shade,

Those glorious Virtues and heroic Names,
Whereat Man trembles—Boyhood ever aims.

And he who would with Genius always live,
And taste all pleasures that the muses give,
In man a wit, yet guileless, unbeguiled,
Must still remain, Simplicity ! thy child,
And be in all as they, to whom 'tis given,
Their angels see the Father's face in heaven.*

Thus He, of whom my song shall ne'er be dumb,
Said "Unto me let little children come;
Forbid them not ; of such the Kingdom is,
That wakens in a better world than this."

(To be concluded in our next.)

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

NO. II.—THE MARCHIONESS L—D AND LADY JANE URQUHART.

I KNOW not wherefore, but I have more than once began to copy out from my note-book the following relation, and have left it unfinished. There are some of our feelings that we cannot analyse—others that we dare not : again, we have some of a mixed or compound character ; and I rather think the cause of my destroying these extracts arose from a double impression on my mind, either of which singly would have been sufficient to effect the conflagration of them. The only feeling that I dare to own is, that had I then, at either of those times, made this little narrative public, it might have been offensive in some degree to a great person now no more. But as that fear is now removed, and the secret, or the unacknowledged part of the business, has ceased also to operate upon me, I see no reason why I should again commit to the flames this little sketch, relative to some people of high rank and consideration in this country ; taking, however, great precaution at the same time that no clue shall be afforded to enable the curious reader to point his finger at the exact individuals, or even family I allude to.

It is of little consequence who engaged me, but I found myself, after the adjustment of preliminaries, in one of the most magnificent mansions I ever set my foot in. Whether it was in town or country, I shall not say : like the oracles at Delphos, there shall rest a veil of obscurity and mystery over this narrative ; nothing shall be in bold relief. Much will be left to the imagination ; and yet, much will there be told ; better still, there shall not be an ounce of *fiction* throughout the whole of it ; no, not so much as would outweigh a tom-tit's egg, blown hollow, and strung upon a silken thread.

I am naturally fond of magnificence ; most women are ;—so having nothing to do for a long while after my arrival at the mansion in question, I amused myself with looking at, and admiring all the fine

* Matt. xxvii. 10.

things that lay in heaps around me. I walked from room to room perfectly at my ease ; lounged in the picture gallery, gazing at portraits of a long line of ancestry, painted, some by Lely, some by Vandyke, up to those of Sir Joshua and Lawrence. Then the library ! what stores of learning and amusement were ranged upon those decorated shelves !—then to look through the windows !—But if I say another word, I shall betray the locale of the splendid house I then inhabited, waiting, pleasantly enough, until the mistress of this noble residence, and all the wealth appertaining to it, should please to want me.

I think it always a bad sign when any person is exceedingly civil to me, whilst we are mere strangers to each other. It seems unnatural—a moral profligacy, to squander away more than courtesy and politeness upon those we know so little about : instead of feeling such extreme civility as a compliment, it makes me ever suspicious and watchful ; there must be some design, I ever imagine, under such sudden and unaccountable attentions to one who has not merited them. The manners of the Marchioness L——d, my present distinguished hostess, were of this description towards myself, and there was a peculiar look about her eye that I did not half like. Yet the eye itself was fascinating in the highest degree. It was only in its absence that I could reflect on its character, and seek to penetrate into its meaning. She was altogether a most glorious creature ; nature never made a woman in a finer mould. Ah, wherefore was she not left to the care of her who formed her ? Why did art come in to sully the masterpiece of the divine Isis ?

Lady L——d was about five-and-twenty, but looked much younger from her extreme fairness, and the youthful manner in which she wore her hair, namely, curling in ringlets of great length and brightness around her shoulders, merely parting it from her fine arched forehead by two combs of slight filigree gold of Venetian workmanship, connected together by a few delicate chains of the same material and make ; her cheek was perfectly colourless, yet so finely moulded that no one could have wished it otherwise than what it was. I have made another observation in my passage through life, that pale persons have more of passion and of thought than those who boast of the tints of morning painted by Nature's cunning hand upon their cheeks. All heroines, I should conceive, ought to look like alabaster, warmed into life ; and thus looked the fair Marchioness : but she destroyed my theory.

The Marquis L——d was then, at the time I speak of, ambassador at the court of ——, but on account of the delicacy of his lady's situation, she had not accompanied him ; he was expected home every day, having been recalled by a change in the administration. I gathered that he was some few years the senior of his lady, and that he looked forward with infinite delight to the time when he should be made a father ; especially as the next heir, should the Marquis have no children, was a profligate young man, who had rendered himself most obnoxious to his uncle, by his dissipated life and radical principles, as well as his personal rudeness repeatedly, both to his beautiful aunt and her lord. It was even rumoured by some young ladies, then staying in the house, who loved to hear their own tongues coin strange sayings, that this dissolute young relative, disappointed it was presumed at his uncle's marriage, had, on the introduction of the fair bride to the presence of royalty, publicly insulted them both, by hinting in an audible whisper

to a young patrician standing in the presence of his wild associate, "that his new relation might have been obtained at a much lower price than a coronet; but it was a hundred to one that she lost the precious strawberry leaves one of these days in a certain place called Doctors' Commons." This coarse and vulgar inuendo was heard by the kind-hearted monarch who then sat upon the British throne; who, pitying the confusion of the insulted bride, and the deep resentment of the peer, from that moment loaded them both with marks of both public and private favour, and had soon after offered himself and his august consort to be sponsors to their first child.

All this gossip I heard from time to time, as the said young ladies chatted away together; also, that the incensed nobleman, their host, had, in the plenitude of his anger, repeatedly sworn, "that his insolent nephew never should inherit his title and estates, even if he himself should not be blessed with an heir; for there was no scheme, however wild, he would not practice to remove from him the succession."

"What nonsense you *do* talk, Miss Calvert," said Lady Jane Urquhart, the favourite friend of the Marchioness, on hearing this last observation. "You should never repeat what was said in a moment of great excitement. How is it possible that the Marquis *could* prevent his nephew and heir-at-law succeeding him, in case of his having no male issue?"

"O I have no notion whatever," replied the pretty Miss Calvert; "I do not understand law matters: how should I?—but I do assure you, our dear Lady L——d herself told me that such had been the threat of the Marquis, when he came home from the Drawing-room that day. I hope he did not mean to assassinate Mr. Desborough, for that seems the only way—that is the only *certain* one of getting rid of his nephew and his claims,"—and the pretty chatterer laughed.

"You really should not speak in this manner, Lucy," gravely remarked Lady Jane Urquhart, "you put such odd notions into people's heads;"—and the conversation dropped for the present.

This Lady Jane Urquhart was a very lovely young woman, but had a very melancholy air impressed upon her fine features; she seemed to have the most devoted attachment to the Marchioness; they were almost always together; and I remarked, that very often Lady Jane, on leaving her friend's private boudoir, had traces of tears in her fine expressive eyes.

After about a fortnight's residence in this splendid mansion, I heard that the Marquis was hourly expected home; and all the guests, with the exception of Lady Jane Urquhart, departed; as it was whispered he always liked to have his home quiet, when he returned to it after any length of time, which Miss Calvert and the other young girls were very sorry for. They told me, "they should *so* have liked to have seen the *little Earl*, soon after he had made his appearance on his own inheritance!"

"You seem quite to have settled the matter in your own mind, Lucy," remarked Lady Jane, in the presence of the Marchioness, when Miss Calvert insisted upon it that the infant must be a boy; "you forget that it is quite an equal chance whether we have a little earl or a little ladyship."

"Not so much a *chance* as the world would suppose," murmured Miss Calvert, in a most peculiar tone; it caused me to look up from the splendid Mechlin-lace infant's cap I was drawing into a supposed proper shape to fit the head of the little human being now expected every day. This cap, with a robe equally costly and beautiful, had been sent as a present from the highest female personage in the land, to the Marchioness, for the use of her future god-child.

"Not so much a *chance* as the world would suppose!" were the precise words that came from Miss Calvert's pretty mouth. I caught, as I looked up, the glance which passed like lightning from Lady Jane Urquhart to her friend the Marchioness; it was more remarkable even than the words; it was full of strange and undefined expression! I could clearly distinguish, as it rapidly shot from one pair of eyes to the other, anger, alarm, and shame, mixed up together in that darting glance; also a sort of questioning, an appealing, a cautioning as to how this odd kind of observation should be answered. I perceived, also, that the other two young ladies looked up from their netting, as anxious for some sort of a reply. As for myself, I looked down instantly upon my employment; I felt that there would have been an impertinence, a vulgarity on my part, to have investigated any further, the involuntary expression of Lady Jane Urquhart's eyes at this moment; her mind seemed all unguarded—the door of the sanctuary within was left wide open. I had no wish to take advantage of a momentary surprise, and rudely gaze into the secret chamber that every human being, however simple and pure he may be, possesses, and wishes to guard from the survey of others. The smaller this chamber is, the fewer of *dark* treasures, unacknowledged, unredeemed, contained within such storehouse, the better are we: a pure angelic *spirit* does not possess such a magazine of abominations; nor shall we have one when regenerated. The whole temple will be thrown open. Until then, let us not seek to pry into this "blue chamber," where goblins dance belonging to others; rather let us try to cleanse out and keep clear our own.

It may give us some idea of the *comprehensiveness* of mind, when we reflect how much can be gathered, how much more surmised, from one instantaneous, magnetic transition from one immortal spirit to another, even whilst under the trammels, and bandages, and weights, and disadvantages of thus being, like books, bound in calf, ass's-skin, or human leather.

Let me return to the observation of the gay and piquant Miss Lucy Calvert, which, like the text of a sermon, I shall repeat for the third time, lest it should have escaped the memory of my sagacious reader. "Not so much a chance as the world would suppose;" and which said extraordinary remark drew from Lady Jane Urquhart a still more extraordinary eye-beam—no; the eye was only the battery that evolved it; the glance was a *mind-beam*, and, as it flew rapidly by me, scattered intelligence even upon my own; what must it have done to the mind with which it held correspondence? or, as the animal-magnetists say, was *en rapport*—no doubt it was fully understood.

There was a pause of nearly half a minute after this most eloquent language of the eye (pahaw, it was of the mind), and I must own I held my breath, that I might not lose a single tone of the marchioness's

reply. It came bland, collected, even gay ; but I could plainly distinguish a slight tremor in the voice, a certain admonitory cadence in the latter part of it, which I thought I could understand nearly as well, as no doubt did the lady to whom it was directed—but I deceived myself, I knew nothing about it.

"Lucy Calvert is a believer in signs and omens," said the Marchioness, "and more especially in Buonaparte's 'Book of Fate;' she thinks all those have portended that we are to have an *earl* of a span long amongst us shortly, and therefore that *chance* has nothing more to do with it. Is not this the case, Miss Calvert? 'Do you not thoroughly believe that *Destiny* has ordained that the Marquis will have an heir?'"

"*Destiny!*" said Lucy Calvert, running to the harp and sweeping her fingers across the strings—

No destiny o'er free-born man presides!
He is not ruled like shifting winds and tides;
He can refuse the good, or take the ill,
Man owns no Fate, but his immortal will!
Man's will can blind Destiny controul,
An Angel or a Demon make his soul;
Then let him use his privilege aright,
And act as do the seraphs clothed in *light*.

And Miss Calvert, after warbling in the sweetest and most playful manner the above words, immediately left the apartment;—that very evening she took her departure, also, from L——d House, and, I have every reason for believing, never entered it again.

Let them talk as much as they will of subtle miasma ; of the sudden and unaccountable effects produced by what they call contagion and infection ; what are these to be compared to the influence, the instantaneous working, fermenting power conveyed from one mind to another, tainting, as it were, the whole moral atmosphere around it. Shall I own it—the plague-spot was beginning to rise upon my own healthy mind, from being under the influence of that of Miss Calvert. She had conveyed to me, as if by magic, some dark misgivings. Suspicion sat brooding over it ; I became uneasy, watchful, taciturn, and thoughtful—extremely reserved, and, I doubt not, very disagreeable, yet striving with all my might to conceal my sensations,—to appear easy, unconcerned, and cheerful. And what was it I was so apprehensive of? Not yet shall my undefined thoughts be visible—the reader must accompany me through this labyrinth of mental perplexities, if he choose to to know all that was passing in L——d House at the time I was its resident.

The morning after the departure of Miss Calvert and the two titled young ladies, the other visitors at L——d House, I was sitting reading a most curious old vellum MS. I had hunted out from the back of one of the shelves in the magnificent library, having clambered up the mahogany steps (running on castors), to the very top of the ceiling, that I might search the highest shelf there, with the odd notion in my head, that what was little prized and placed out of sight in a nobleman's library, would most likely be the best worth reading. I had searched all round the topmost shelves, as Eve might be supposed to do, clambering up the tree of knowledge, to get an apple from the highest bough,

when I discovered the treasure I have just alluded to, now my own property, for the Marquis, as I supposed would be the case, put but little store upon a gentleman MS. with so dirty a face, and most freely made me a present, afterwards, of the queer little volume illuminated on its margins, and containing within it something that I shall as yet keep to myself. But it is necessary, to the proper developement of this narrative, that I should just mention the circumstance here, hinting, at the same time, once for all, that when a reader opens a narrative with the determination of going through with it, he is like a passenger on board a steam-vessel, he must trust himself implicitly to the guidance of the captain, and not be continually asking him questions, "Why he steers this way, or the other? why he runs out so far from the direct course, as a bird would fly, or a fish would swim, to the place he wishes to reach?" No, he must have patience; he must, moreover, have *faith*, and it is ten thousand chances to one, but that the captain, alias the writer, will land him safely at the port he wishes. Now, having cleared this *shallow*, we pursue merrily our way.

I was sitting reading this aforesaid vellum MS. in the splendid apartment allotted to my exclusive use, until I came into active service; an apartment where I had my dinner served up to me alone on gold plate, by a couple of tall handsome footmen, with tags upon their shoulders, and nosegays in their button-holes, for such had been the order of the Marchioness to ensure me every comfort and respect. And here, let it be remembered, that every day, when the dessert was laid on, it was the custom, in that gorgeous house, to have odoriferous perfumes burnt, in the shape of some costly pastile, upon the table, the small cut-glass finger-vases filled with Eau de Cologne, instead of rose-water, and an elegant bouquet of the choicest aromatic flowers, tied with silver cord, placed beside it. But if I mention more of the excessive luxury and refinement I witnessed in L——d House, I fear I may betray "its local habitation and its name," which I have no intention of doing;—people may *guess*, and so let them—after all their guessing, they can come to no certainty, it will only be a leap in the dark, at best.

"Mrs. Griffiths," said Lady Jane Urquhart, on entering this splendid sanctum of mine, after tapping at the door to request admittance, "I am going to request of you a great favour;" and she gave a sweet, but mournful smile. I could not but smile again in return; yet I am sure mine was every whit as melancholy as her own. "Pray be seated, madam," I said with courtesy. "How is your friend, the Marchioness, to-day?"

"Composed and happy," replied my visitor. "I think she grows handsomer and handsomer every day! did you ever see before so transparent a complexion?—But to my errand—I am going to ask of you the favour to accept this Indian shawl on account of the little stranger my beloved Georgiana is daily expecting;—I should like *him* to be beneficent, even before his birth. You can have no idea, *my dear Mrs. Griffiths*, of the interest I feel for this dear child, although yet unbeheld. The Marchioness and myself have been so deeply attached to each other from our very infancy, that every thing connected with her, seems as if it were my own; you will, therefore, accept this *trifle*, as a present from the future little Earl of ———."

How, in a moment, did these words present themselves to my lips, ready to be spoken: "What am I expected, madam, *to do* for this magnificent bribe?" But I repressed the honest and simple coinage of my heart, the instinctive reply of *right*, and substituted, as we all do, the artificial, and, therefore, *false* language of politeness and conventional life. "O madam," I said, gazing on the costly Indian scarf she unwound from her arm, rich with the brightest dyes, "this shawl is far too handsome for one in my capacity; it is fit for a duchess, and not for the humble Mrs. Griffiths."

"Mrs. Griffiths has been accustomed to wear Indian shawls, nevertheless;" argued Lady Jane, in the softest voice in the world, "and I will not be refused;" and she placed the superb Cachemire in my hands.

Lady Jane Urquhart had attacked me on my weak side. She had flattered my self-love. She had penetrated through my disguise, and had discovered the *gentlewoman* in the "Monthly Nurse." How very frail are the best of us! How could I rudely repel a lovely, distinguished, and clear-sighted young lady, who said such delightful things to me? Then the shawl—the elegant Cachemire, with its ends and borders so elaborately woven; so light, so ample! Was it in the nature of woman to be insensible to such a double charge of artillery; such a chain-shot upon her principles? I felt just as I did once before in the case of poor dear Mrs. Harcourt, which I have detailed in the first series of these papers. I felt the spells of fascination winding and weaving around me. I foreknew that something would be required of me that should not be done, and yet I weakly waited the development of the scheme, whatever it might be, with a strange mixture of curiosity, alarm, and interest. I might have saved myself by running away from temptation; but, like a daughter of Eve, I believed myself strong enough to overcome it, when it came fairly and openly before me.

"You have some very beautiful lace on your cap, and round your apron, Mrs. Griffiths," said the Marchioness to me, on the evening of the same day, when I was seated in her boudoir, enquiring a little as to her symptoms—a sort of professional visit I was in the habit of paying, and which was daily expected of me. "You are extremely choice I see in your style of dress;" added she. "Every thing of the best kind! I have remarked this before, when you attended on the Countess M——; indeed, you are quite famed for it; is she not, Jane?"

The lady referred to answered most warmly in the affirmative. I felt the spell working, and it made me look very thoughtful, perhaps a little distant. "Now," said I to myself, "it is all coming out; but they shall not warp me to their will, that I am resolved on, should it be as I suspect."

"Jane, dearest!" said the Marchioness, from her pale blue damask ottoman, with its pillow of aromatic buds and blossoms, collected in the east, and especially the Kakathan petals, from the hills of Chinese-Teiran, and the scarlet flowers of the Dwe-war, oulled with so much care from the banks of the *Bhur-on-pootah*. "Jane, dearest, you are nearer to that cabinet than I am, give me that card of Brussels lace, the very finest manufactured there I believe; for the Marquis bespoke it for *us*, Jane, you know, from Madame Antoine herself. There is enough here,

Mrs. Griffiths, to trim a cap, pelerine, and apron for you : so you must oblige me by wearing it at my *son's* christening, that is, should not a little unwelcome *girl* arrive to disappoint all our hopes."

"It would break our dear Marquis's heart, I believe;" interposed Lady Jane, handing her friend the card of superb lace: "he has been so long hoping for an heir, to cut off that odious nephew of his, Mr. Desborough, and thinks so much of his present expectations, that I am sure I dare not tell him, should you have a daughter."

"Yes," sighed the Marchioness, "it would break all our hearts; for I never shall present him with a child again! Do you like the pattern of that lace, Mrs. Griffiths?" I see you do: it shall be sent to your apartment;" and she rang for her upper maid, a demure, consequential sort of person, "to carry it to the work-box of Mrs. Griffiths, and place it on the lid." I could only bow my thanks, for my heart was full of many thoughts. I had ascertained whilst Lady Jane Urquhart took out the card of lace from the Indian inlaid cabinet, that part at least of my suspicions were true!

"Why do you not lie down on the other ottoman, my love?" demanded the lady of the mansion of her friend: "indeed, dear Jane, you do not take sufficient care of yourself; you pamper me up, make quite a puppet of me, but you never seem to think that *your* life is of as much consequence as mine;"—and she looked at me.

"You are too considerate for me, dearest Georgiana," replied Lady Jane, with a face suffused with blushes, and a sidelong glance at me. "Mrs. Griffiths, such is the extreme attachment I feel for this my earliest, and, indeed, my only friend, that I shall not be easy a moment away from her when she is confined."

I remained silent—indeed, there was nothing that required an observation from myself; but I felt a palpitation at my heart as she spoke, and a sort of dread of what was to come next. I even rose up to depart, but was overruled by both ladies in a breath: "They were low-spirited; they would thank me to remain an hour or two with them." The Marchioness especially complained of being rather unwell, at which her friend turned as pale as death, and suddenly burst into a flood of tears.

"You see her affection for me," said the lovely Marchioness, throwing back the ringlets of her hair, and half rising from the couch. "She will fret herself to death if she is divided from me by punctilio, when I take to my chamber; indeed, I shall be very unhappy myself. Can there be an objection, Mrs. Griffiths, for a small Turkish bed to be put up for my dear friend in my sleeping apartment, and then I shall know she is close beside me by night and by day?"

"It is always customary, my Lady," cried I, drily enough, "to preserve the greatest quiet in the apartment of ladies situated as your Ladyship is; any excitement is thought injurious, and therefore—"

"—And therefore it is that I would wish to have Lady Jane Urquhart sleep in my chamber;" said the Marchioness, with a slight pettishness of manner. "If she is with me, I am ever calm, contented, happy; away from her, I am uneasy, peevish, and irritable. As for *quiet*, Lady Jane is always so: she need not even speak to me if you, my good madam, forbid it: but, as for the Turkish bed, I shall order it to be put up immediately; I am sure the room is large enough, and the sooner it

is done the better,"—and the orders were given through her own woman.

I now rose up to go, in good earnest; and I doubt not my countenance expressed some shade of displeasure; for I am somewhat of a dignified sort of a person, and here was my judgment—my professional judgment—set at nought, without scruple or apology.

Lady Jane Urquhart perceived that her friend, the Marchioness, had gone too far; and she came forward to conciliate. She appeared so agitated too, that from my very soul I pitied her. I sat myself down again, and listened to what she had to say.

"My dear Mrs. Griffiths," urged that beautiful lady; "you are not a common personage. You have acuteness, discretion, *humanity*—"

As she pronounced this last word "*humanity*," her voice became tremulous, her lips quivered, and she turned exceedingly faint.

In an instant the Marchioness started from her couch, and flew to support her friend; I also tendered my services. Very soon Lady Jane recovered her self-possession: she turned her eyes on mine; they were suffused with tears, and had a look so appealing, so full of agony, that I could not resist their speechless pleading. "Madam," said I, "be comforted; if there is *any thing* I can do to *save exposure*, I shall be happy. As yet I know not what are your plans; but if I can lend myself to them with *honour*, assure yourself, I will do so."

"Generous and kind woman!" sobbed out Lady Jane Urquhart, upon my bosom.

"Most amply shall you be rewarded for this behaviour," cried the Marchioness, taking from her finger a precious ring, and placing it on mine. "Save but the reputation of my beloved friend, and—"

"Most richly," said I, "shall I be rewarded in my own feelings. Permit, me, madam, respectfully to return this ring; I cannot accept it for the simple exercise of that holy charity which is due from every woman on earth to any other, when situated as I grieve to see is the poor young lady now before us."

"Then you before suspected it?" breathlessly exclaimed the Lady Jane. "I thought this Eastern costume, Georgiana, would have effectually concealed it! the folding of this Cachemire so worn! O, should any one—the domestics—should Lucy Calvert have guessed it! What think you, Mrs. Griffiths? Let me implore you to tell me your opinion."

"Speak out fearlessly;" said the Marchioness, taking my hand, and replacing the same ring upon my finger. "You know not of how much consequence it is that *all this* should remain a profound secret amongst ourselves. The Marquis would run mad if he thought it ever would transpire."

"Does the marquis, then, *know* of the precise situation of his relative?" I demanded with an air of extreme surprise. "I have heard that the Lady Jane Urquhart is his cousin, and I should fear—"

I distinctly caught another look of peculiar meaning pass between the two ladies on my saying this, and it stopped me in the middle of my speech—the glance to me was inexplicable—I tried to solve it, but could not, and a reserve of manner, a painful consciousness of evil, again crept upon me, which neither the blandishments of the Mar-

chioness, nor the pensiveness of her friend, could remove. I felt as if some snare were spreading for me beneath my feet, and I repented me of the glow of womanish enthusiasm I had just experienced.

"It is the silver horn of his courier!" exclaimed Lady Jane Urquhart, springing up from her seat, and clasping her hands in ecstasy. "Dearest Georgiana! he is returned! returned! in another moment we shall behold him!"

"Scarcely had the words passed the lips of Lady Jane, when the door of the apartment suddenly opened, and, before I could make my escape by the other, a tall and exceedingly handsome man, with a rich travelling pelisse, lined and trimmed with most expensive sables, darted into the room, and caught the Marchioness in his arms, who I thought received him very coldly, nay, even half repulsed him, whilst some kind of anguish or other passed across her faultless countenance. The husband turned away, I saw, with some resentment and mortification in his manner, and met the melting eyes of Lady Jane Urquhart, and received her not reluctant form into his affectionate embrace.

"Dearest cousin!" I heard him say, as I left the apartment, "why is not my own Georgiana as tender and as loving as thou art!"

"All this is very strange," I said to myself, as I sat myself down in my own apartment. "What a superb looking man is the Marquis! Quite a prince in appearance! What very handsome features! What a very fine person! What a noble profile!—black mustachios! curling hair! a very model for a painter! and yet it is evident his lady loves him not! What a reception did she give him after an absence of six months! How very cool! almost insulting! How much fonder she is of her friend, than of her husband!—such a husband, too!"

Thus did I cogitate for at least a couple of hours after the arrival of the master of the house, and then I turned my thoughts towards the elegant Cachemire, the card of costly Brussels-lace, and the rich emerald ring that had been presented to me that day—"And for what?" I asked of my bosom's counsellor. It answered, "Only for assisting to hide the shame of a young and noble lady, who is on the point of becoming a mother, without being a wife! Well! I see no great harm in that; and no doubt the offspring of this unsanctioned *liaison* will be cared for—*It shall*," I said aloud, as the two men-servants brought me in some sandwiches cut from the breast of a guinea-fowl, and a glass of white-wine negus, for my supper. They started at hearing my apostrophe, and beholding my air of determination; but I changed the expression of my face very quickly into blandness, eat a couple of the sandwiches, sipped my negus, asked for a little more sugar, sipped again; then, taking up my gold candlestick, and lighting the aromatic wax from one of the argand lamps, with the shawl hanging across my arm, the card of Brussels-lace in my other hand, and my emerald-ring on my finger, I marched up-stairs to my elegant dressing-room, deposited my treasures in one of my drawers, and then sat down to ruminate again at my dressing-room fire, when Mrs. Cottrell, the Marchioness's favourite woman, requested admittance.

"Pray come in," I said, expecting she came to summon me to her lady's chamber.

"All is tranquil as yet, Mrs. Griffiths," whispered the lady's maid; "but I think we shall be disturbed before the morning, for Lady Jane Urquhart has been very ill; so I thought I would come in and have a little chat with you."

"I am obliged to you, Mrs. Cottrell," I replied rather distantly, "but I was just preparing to retire for the night; I must secure all the repose I can you know, whilst it is in my power."

"I beg your pardon," continued the precise *femme de chambre*, "but the Marchioness herself wished me to speak to you, to communicate—"

"I know quite enough, Mrs. Cottrell," said I, rather impatiently; "my duty here is to take care of your lady and her infant, when it is newly born. I will perform this duty with my utmost skill and tenderness; but I want to have no confidences reposed in me, I have suffered too much for them already."

"Am I to return that answer to the Marchioness?" enquired Mrs. Cottrell simpering: "it is of no use," she added, "attempting to play the heroics here; we are all in for it, and we must get out of it the best way we can."

"I do not understand what you mean by being '*in for it*,'" said I, trying to look grave, yet obliged to smile at the oddness of her phrase. "The Marchioness is '*in for it*,' as you observe, certainly, and so is—"

"Poor Lady Jane Urquhart," interrupted the demure Abigail. "What will be the end of it, is more than I can say: but, poor thing! she is much to be pitied."

"No doubt of it," I observed, becoming more interested every moment: "who is the villain who has deserted so beautiful a creature? I wonder the Marquis does not call him out, and insist upon his rendering her justice! the bosom friend, too, of the marchioness! and his own near relative! I trust she has not been the dupe of some *married* man; for, in that case, little good can come of it."

"Good!" repeated Mrs. Cottrell: "well, no matter, you will find it all out in time. I shall say no more, so good night, Mrs. Griffiths," and away marched the sober-minded lady's maid.

The night passed without any interruption. In the morning the Marquis posted away to meet the king in council, and give an account of the very delicate state-affair with which he had been entrusted at a foreign court—although the policy of the then ministry had been circumvented by the clear-sightedness of the great diplomatist who stood at the head of the foreign cabinet. Yet, with such tact and address had the Marquis managed the proposal made, and received the refusal of the offer, that, instead of any bad feeling having been created between the two nations, the British Ambassador had returned with costly presents for his sovereign from the foreign monarch, and letters professing the warmest attachment.

So much was His Majesty, our king, pleased with the whole conduct of the Marquis in this negotiation, that he insisted on his keeping a most elaborate and expensive piece of mechanism, the only thing of the kind in Europe, which was one of the chief presents of the foreign king to himself. It may be amusing, perhaps, to describe this elegant and astonishing piece of foreign workmanship, which I saw unpacked at L—d House on its arrival, wound up by the Marquis himself with a

small gold key, and beheld, with astonishment, its exquisite mechanic powers, never surpassed, I have heard, by any that the ingenuity of man has formed. A Mr. ——— was the mechanist, a German, who died before he had completed a duplicate one for the Emperor of ——— I have every reason to believe that this costly toy is still preserved, with due care, in L——d House; and that Royalty, both of British and foreign origin, have often witnessed the little drama it would act.

Let the reader imagine a richly-cut glass bason, or shallow vase, twelve feet in circumference, and about six inches deep, standing on a gold tripod.

In the centre of this splendid glass there was an elevation, that looked, when the vase was filled with rose-water (which was the first operation performed), like a little enchanted island, composed of precious stones, in the middle of which was a swan's-nest full of eggs, at least sixteen, and these were represented by pearls of great size, and of an oblong form; the nest itself was composed of filigree silver, beautifully wrought.

When the glass reservoir was properly filled, the Marquis took from an ivory case, ornamented with gold, the *Magic swan*, the piece of mechanism alluded to, which measured not more than six inches, from head to tail; the eyes were ruby; the bill and feet of pearl; the seeming feathers of silver filigree, and they looked so light, that you could fancy they moved by the breath.

When the magic swan had been wound up, the Marquis placed her on her nest of pearls, and she began to move like "a thing of life." At first the swan seemed to amuse herself with picking her feathers, and brooding over her nest; but quickly she arose, turned over some of her eggs with her bill, and then slowly descended into the water, where she majestically swam about, and then approached the margin of the reservoir, where four little silver baskets were hung at its cardinal points, filled with corns of barley made from gold. The magic swan came up severally to each of these baskets, and actually *swallowed up* the golden grains of corn, leaving but a few behind her; and then, after apparently well washing them down with the rose-water from the little lake, she returned, as it would seem, *con amore*, to her nest, and perfectly contented, continued to brood over her future offspring. Thus ended the first act of the marvellous doings of the magic swan.

All were loud in their plaudits of this piece of superb mechanism; and the Marchioness and her friend were in perfect raptures, when they found the performance was not terminated. The swan at length seemed uneasy, got up from her nest, and ruffled her feathers and wings, uttered a cry of seeming agony, and then poured forth a strain of most delightful melody, sad in the extreme, whilst her frame appeared to be convulsed with the pangs of death. After about five minutes of this pathetic music, taken from Mozart's *Requiem* (of which such an astonishing tale is told*), the swan appeared actually to expire; it fell down, closed its eyes, and all was silent; then there was a slight movement in

* It is reported that some supernatural being ordered this Requiem, which Mozart only finished a few hours before his death. It was sung for the first time over his own remains.

the wings, then in the head ;—it stood upon its feet again, rushed into the water, drank repeatedly, then proceeded back again to its nest, settled itself upon its eggs, nodded its head three times, and all was over!

Should there be any scepticism respecting this magic swan, let the reader only search out for the account of the Emperor of Russia's *mechanical duck*, now in his palace at St. Petersburg, and he will not so much wonder that it has been in some degree exceeded by this swan. If he still shake his profound head in doubt, why there is no help for it: I must leave him in that state, or bid him say with Sidrophel, in *Hudibras*,

"It must be supernatural!
Unless it be the cannon-ball,
That, shot i' the air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height,
That learn'd philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again;
But in the airy region yet,
Hangs like the body of Mahomet!"

All I mean to assert is, I saw this magic swan do all these wondrous things; and I also caught a whisper of the Marquis, as he stood between his lady and her friend, the Lady Jane Urquhart, who were both in raptures at the elegant toy,—distinctly did I hear him say, "This magic swan shall be the property of *her* who presents me with a son." The ladies exchanged glances, and smiled in perfect amity on each other, but there was a mystery couched beneath that smile, which in the course of a few days was to me, at least, clearly solved.

I had no further opportunity of seeing the Marquis in company with his lady and her friend for the next day or two. No visitors were admitted, but the porter must have had enough to do to answer all the calls, and take in all the cards from the distinguished personages who made enquiries, and expressed their *deep interest* in the delicate state of the fair Marchioness.

There was a tacit understanding between Lady Jane Urquhart and myself, after she had established herself in the Marchioness's sleeping apartment, and made use of the Turkish couch for her own repose. She was with her friend the Marchioness, Mrs. Cottrell, and myself, when, at about two in the morning, the surgeon pronounced, that the Marquis was at length blessed with an *heir*!—that the Marchioness had presented him with a *son*! Lady Jane Urquhart I thought looked disappointed: agitated she certainly was, beyond every thing I had ever witnessed; her lips became livid with emotion, and every feature convulsed. I thought she would have died, and so did the surgeon. So very ill was the poor young lady, that the Marchioness, who was doing extremely well, was but little thought of; all was confusion in the apartment for a couple of days; when, with a faint voice, Lady Jane thus spoke to her sympathising friend: "Dearest Georgiana! let me speak to *him* before I die"—!

"Run instantly, Cottrell, and desire the Marquis to come to me," said Lady L——d, clasping her hands together. "Beloved Jane! my own dear, dear friend! say not you are dying! Think of our compact; think of *his* bitter disappointment, and *try to live*.

The Marquis at this moment was entering the room, but the surgeon whispered something in his ear at the door, and he retreated; in a few minutes after, he pronounced that Lady Jane Urquhart was the mother of a girl; but he ordered Mrs. Cottrell immediately to apprise the Marquis, that his lady had brought him *twins*; that a daughter was also born to his high house; he then hastened to the Marchioness, and whispered to her, so that Lady Jane and myself could hear, "*It is a boy, madam; be comforted, all goes as you could wish.*"

A violent fit of hysterics, which had nearly carried her off, followed immediately on Lady Jane hearing this observation; after this she became more calm and composed, but asked one question still of her friend, the answer to which seemed most gratifying to her.

"Is our compact still held sacred?" was the interrogatory. "Yes; even after death," was the answer. I was in possession now of the whole enigma.

In neither instance had the surgeon uttered truth: the infant to whom Lady Jane Urquhart had just given birth was the *boy*; the one that had preceded it about eight-and-forty hours, the child of the Marchioness, was a *female*!

"Sir," said I to the medical attendant in an anti-chamber, a few hours after the birth of the Marchioness's little feeble girl, "I am at a loss to know what could have induced you to lend yourself to a *fraud* of this description? Suppose not that I will be a party to it."

"Poor little thing!" said the medical gentleman, leaning over the infant, "it has not many days to live! I am perfectly astonished that the Marchioness, in *her state of health*, should have given birth to a living child."

"Why, Sir, did you pronounce this a *male* infant?" said I, in no very gentle voice.

"For the same reason, my good Mrs. Griffiths," answered he, smiling with most excellent temper at my abrupt query—"for the same reason which has induced *you* not to contradict my assertion—that is, as yet, whatever may be your future intentions."

"I certainly intend to acquaint *the Marquis* that you have imposed upon him," said I; "and should have done it instantly, but for the alarming state of this unfortunate Lady Jane."

"Her life hangs upon a fibre, slight as a spider's thread," said the surgeon, significantly; "you had better not meddle in the concern; it is complicated enough already, in all conscience."

"It is clear enough to *you*," I muttered, as he was leaving the room; "you will receive a handsome bribe for this day's work, and that is all you care about." But I wronged him; not interest *alone* had swayed him; he knew more than I did; and he had suffered *pity* to hoodwink his principles. Have I not followed his example?

The little daughter of the Marchioness evidently took not to life kindly; the air of earth pleased her not: it was with difficulty that she was persuaded to breathe it for three or four of our human days; she panted for a wider range—for eternity; and departed to it, like a bird to its nest. When this circumstance was told the Marchioness, her only answer was, "Thank heaven! *it is not the boy!*"

This speech determined me how to act; for I saw well enough that it was the intention of both the ladies, assisted by the surgeon, to palm off the infant of Lady Jane to the Marquis and the world as his own; so I watched my opportunity, when I knew he was in the library, where he often took his wine, of going thither, under the pretext of returning the old manuscript book I had taken from one of its topmost shelves, to its former place.

"Pray come in, Mrs. Griffiths," said the Marquis, with much urbanity of manner, and a certain undefined tone, which all people have when they wish to conciliate either favour, respect, or affection,—which I have learned to call *the crocodile tone*; "pray come in, I was going to send my man to request your attendance here for a few minutes, that is, when you were at leisure, for you have had more employment here than I think you anticipated?"

I have always found it the wisest plan, when I know that there is some secret machinery at work, as at the present time—some purpose to be gained, to guard well the outposts; not to give any advantage to the enemy by word or gesture of encouragement or approval; so I merely bowed to the last insinuation, coldly and reservedly enough, and then observed, "That I wished also to speak to his lordship."

"Then pray sit down," said the Marquis, handing me a chair, "and let me request the favour of you, to drink the Marchioness's health, and—and the little one that remains, in this glass of Burgundy,"—so he poured me out one from a bottle that was nearly emptied; I perceived also that he had evidently taken more wine than had done him good. I declined the Burgundy, but took the proffered chair; and then we sat opposite to each other, the great diplomatist and "The Monthly Nurse," each determined to play their several parts with tact and address. But I had one advantage over the politician and tactician that he seemed not aware of; I had not taken a couple of bottles to my own share of generous Burgundy, and my head was the cooler for the omission.

"How very extraordinary!" said his most noble lordship, taking from my hand the vellum MS. I still held, "that you should hold there the very book I have been searching for the whole morning, with the assistance of Jenkinson to boot. I declare this is one of the oddest circumstances I could have imagined!"

"Well done, diplomatist!" I thought, "beginning your operations *a great way off*; but I shall watch every movement." Then, with dignity of manner enough to petrify any one, I apologised for having the book in my possession when his lordship needed it, and was going on to say, that I had received full permission to range about at my will amongst the books by his lady, when he stopped me by observing, "The whole thing has quite an air of magic about it, Mrs. Griffiths; I only wanted the book that I might *show it you*."

"This is bad generalship," thought I; "if you did not play your cards better than this at the Court of —, I wonder you got off with so much *éclat* and your magic swan to boot; I suppose this clumsy manœuvre, that an infant might circumvent, but which I disdain to take any notice of, is owing to the Burgundy." I merely hinted that I could not long be spared to have the honour of his lordship's most salubrious conversation.

"You think that I am not serious," said my most noble host; "I will soon convince you that I am; look here—this book was written above two centuries ago by a Romish priest, the confessor in the family of one of my ancestors—he was a man of strange habits, a studier of the planets, and their influences; he has left several works behind him of great research and originality; but this volume I hold in my hand, my father always imagined of *prophetic* character, and *now* I am assured that it is so."

"I will not sit here to be *fooled* in this manner," I exclaimed mentally; and I have no doubt my features expressed my thoughts, for the Marquis smiled, as much as to say, "What an impracticable woman I have to deal with." "Have you read all this MS.?" he enquired, swallowing the last glass of Burgundy that remained in the bottle. "No, I see you have not, or all the mysteries you have witnessed in this house would have been explained."

"A clear understanding, my lord," said I, as dry as a salamander, "can comprehend them all without the aid of the writings of a deceased monk to interpret them. I wished to inform your lordship—"

"What I already know better, perhaps, than yourself, but which I give you full credit for seeking to explain to me. Your intention has been most upright, and mine is so also, at least *now*. Leave me to settle it with *Him* who knows all the intricacies of my present situation; my complicated position, as regards my principles—still," and he smiled good humouredly, "I must draw upon your patience largely enough to make you ponder upon these strange couplets in the old monk's book;" and he turned and read me the following lines, spelt in old English, which was under-scored with pale red ink, and had an index finger drawn opposite to it, of the same colour, in the margin:—

"The stars have foretold! It shall sure come to pass!
Two wymen shall bring forth a lad and a lass!
They shall owe to *one* father, *two* mothers, their birth.
But the Childe of the *marriage* shall quit this earth!
And the sonne of the *mystress* shall take its place,
And be Lorde of the lands of an ancye[n]t Race!"

"There!" exclaimed the Marquis, returning me the book, "you see the thing is decreed!"

"Are *you*, then, my lord, the avowed father of Lady Jane's child?" I demanded with unfeigned astonishment.

A crimson blush of shame, and a look of extreme embarrassment, pervaded the countenance of my noble host as I thus spoke. "Is it possible," he at length said in a stammering tone, "that you were not aware of this circumstance! I thought the Marchioness, or my poor cousin, had acquainted you with our strange story. It is due to the— the reputation (he did not like that word)—to the feelings of us all, that you should hear some palliation of what, at the first blush of the thing, must appear so, so very extraordinary, so very *immoral*."

"I have no right, my lord, to expect any explanation," I observed, most frigidly, I have no doubt, "of a transaction which, I own, has much surprised me; more especially from the extreme friendship of the two ladies to each other. It seems so out of nature; so very singular, that I am altogether puzzled: but indeed, my lord, I shall be wanted;"

and I rose again, but the marquis, with great agitation of manner, would not permit my departure.

"You must not go until you have heard some extenuation of my conduct, and have learned to pity poor Jane Urquhart."

"I *do* pity her already," said I involuntarily, whilst a tear started to my eyes; "so young! so very lovely! so full of tenderness and feeling! thus to be blighted, and by him—forgive me, my lord—who ought to have protected her—her near relation!"

I spoke with the severity of a Roman matron, and was astonished at my own boldness, still more at the effect I produced upon the Marquis; he turned of an ashy whiteness, seemed almost choked; and at length, after a strong internal struggle, he relieved himself by what nature intended should do so, a violent flood of tears.

When women weep, so softly descends the kindly moisture, that it resembles a summer shower, and is often as quickly followed by a bright sun-shine; but it is otherwise with men; it is like a fierce tornado, a simoom, and alarms you by its violence."

"Calm yourself, my lord;" I cried, much moved, forgetting the crime in witnessing its punishment. "Calm yourself, my lord," I repeated in a still tenderer voice; "and may God pardon you all!"

As I spoke, I removed the cambric neckerchief from the swelling throat of the marquis, who, pouring out for himself a full bumper of brandy from a glass decanter that stood near, drained it to the bottom. "I am better now," he said, grasping my hand; "but I am not *quite* so great a villain as you think me—hear me patiently, in justice hear me."

I had no help for it, so resumed my seat; but inwardly determining, after looking at my watch, that he should not, on any pretext, keep me longer than five minutes, although I knew the Marchioness's favorite woman, Mrs. Cottrell, was in her lady's apartment, and would fully supply my place in my absence.

"Lady Jane Urquhart is, you know, my near relative," said the Marquis L——d; "we were betrothed together from our very childhood, and she loved me as few women are capable of loving; I thought I loved her too; and I did so, but not as she loved me. We were just on the point of marriage; the bridal vestments were prepared, the bride's maids selected. One of them, the bosom-friend of Lady Jane Urquhart, I had never, by some chance, seen before; would that I had never beheld her, then all this misery, all this disgrace, would have been saved. But I saw her, and in a moment, as if the Promethean spark had then first shot into my being, I knew what poets meant by *love*!"

'All-engrossing! all-pervading!
Honor, all things, over-shading!
Strong as giant, wild as madness;
Oftimes anguish, sometimes gladness:
Now an angel—now a devil!
Who shall call Love *good* or *evil*?' "

I touched my repeater (yes, gentle reader, and a very superb one it is), and recalled the Marquis from his quotation, for so I suppose it was, to go on with his story.

"My poor cousin Jane saw instantly in what a desperate state I was ; indeed Love had seized me with a giant's clutch. I was bound, enchained like a slave, and had not a word, a look, that was not his. I did struggle a little, it is true, in the toils ; but I only worked myself into a fever, and did not free myself a joint. My noble cousin herself put an end to my wrestlings and my fever together, by telling me, as she attended, like an angel as she is, by my bed-side, 'That she saw how matters stood ; that she could *endure* to lose me, rather than see me wretched, and that she was resolved to change places with her dear Georgiana, and be her bridesmaid, instead of claiming such service from her.'

"O how *selfish* a passion is love when it springs not from the divine seed ! I was well, I was in an ecstasy in a moment. Lady Jane was a heroine, a martyr ; she herself handed to me the ring at the altar, which made her friend, my adored Georgiana, my wife. But was I happy ? O Mrs. Griffiths ! as well might one expect figs from brambles, as happiness from so poisoned a source. The Marchioness never loved me ; I felt her coldness, almost her abhorrence of me, in every burning pulse of my impassioned being : I flew to wine to console me ; that disgusted her the more. I heard the gentle sigh of Jane Urquhart, at witnessing my disappointment ; I compared her exalted passion to my own selfish one, to the apathy of my idolised bride, who, strange to say, fully appreciated the sacrifice her friend had made, and loved her with an intensity, a constancy, I would have given worlds to share. The Marchioness and I had no children ; and the insult she received in the presence-chamber from one whom I will never acknowledge as a relation, made me furious ; added to this—are you not aware of it, Mrs. Griffiths ? my beloved wife has a malady that makes her still more anxious to avoid me than before ; you must know that she has a *cancer*, which, if she will not submit to a surgical operation, must be fatal to her."

"Under all these circumstances, with an exclusive and powerful attachment to myself, believing herself to be, as far as *she* is concerned, in heart and soul my wife, for she has sworn never to wed another ; with the full sanction, nay, the urgent wishes of the Marchioness, can you wonder that circumstances have taken place such as you now know ? We are all to be pitied ; none more than myself. The Marchioness is perhaps the happiest of the three ; any thing that draws attention to other than herself from me is a source of comfort to her ; yet is my love for her undiminished, and my generous, my devoted cousin, dear as she is to me, as the mother of my boy, my future heir (for such he undoubtedly will be) and the most enthusiastic of lovers and of friends, still holds but the second place in my heart. O that she, my wife, felt for me but one tithe of the boundless affection that Jane Urquhart cherishes for her ungrateful cousin !"

"You must perceive," continued his lordship, after a pause, "the necessity there is for preserving an inviolable secrecy in all these matters ; the reputation of a noble-minded and almost broken-hearted young lady of rank, hangs upon it : but I will exact no promise ; I have no right to do so ; nor will I insult your principles by offering you a bribe. If humanity, pity, woman's sympathy, are not powerful enough to chain your tongue, I am well persuaded *money* will not effect it. And now I will no longer detain you : keep that little vellum book ; when

you purpose to speak aloud of all these mysteries" (and he smiled painfully), "send it me back in a cover; I shall fully understand you."

I was sorry to see the Marquis L——d supply himself with another glass of undiluted alcohol, as I left the library musing on all the strange combinations that human life presents to us. There are so many complicated wheels in the great machine—so many that are new, coming into play every hour, and the still greater number that refuse to do the work allotted for them, that we cannot wonder that there is a *new pattern* to the web the destinies are weaving from the actions and deficiencies of man, that astonishes those who gaze upon it. Let no one say, "This is improbable;" or go still further, and exclaim, "All this is fiction!" be assured, that *fancy* cannot give that variety of hues—that breadth and exactness of outline, fit for angels and men to contemplate, that *human life* itself presents.

To avoid suspicion, it was immediately and publicly announced, that the Marchioness L——d had presented her lord with "a son and heir." No mention was made of the other poor little thing, lying like a cropped snow-drop in its cradle, with the signet of death upon it; and as it had not yet gone out to the domestics or the public, that the lady had borne twins, as it was first proposed, it became the business of the surgeon, and Mrs. Cottrell, the confidential woman of the lady—confidential, indeed!—for it was her duty to attend on, and dress the secret insidious disease that was undermining the life of one of the fairest of God's creatures—it became their business to dispose of the fairy blossom of mortality, so little cared for here, in some quiet nook, where its frail tenement could become dust again at leisure. It was carried out at midnight, cradle and all, which supplied to it, I believe, the place of coffin, and it was interred in — church-yard. I have never heard that its spirit *complained* of the want of a mahogany box, with silver nails on it, to complete its destiny. The immortal spirit laughs at the ceremonies of the grave, and all the mockery of funeral pomp. Happy infant! its accounts on earth were soon audited! Its balance sheet of life soon cast up! It had passed through the valley of the shadow of death, even at the very portal of life! Often do I think of this spotless child, as I dressed it in its splendid robe for the last time—that robe which was its shroud!

It was thought advisable that Lady Jane Urquhart, for the sake of appearances, should show herself in the drawing-rooms as soon as we dared to venture her there, and that she should receive in the name of the Marchioness, her friend, all the flood of grandees that poured in to congratulate and make enquiries for the health of that lady, and the little *heir*. O what compliments were heaped upon the head of the little unconscious babe! and how fatigued looked the *real* mother of that child, as one set of fluttering females gave way to another. If it had gone on long in this way, the "Monthly Nurse," from the golden fees scattered upon her, might have retired as they say, "to live upon her fortune;" but even the Marquis, stolid as he was in all things save his love for his Georgiana, at length surmised that his poor cousin might a second time become a *martyr* in his cause, so he ordered his great fat porter to admit no more company for the next fortnight, on the pretext that the noise of carriages disturbed the Marchioness. The last lady,

however, who insisted on admittance, on the plea of looking at the "bonnie bairn," and drinking caudle—then the fashion—was a lady of Scotch extraction, and a great rival in the world of fashion, and at Court, to the fair and delicate Marchioness. She was perfectly her antithesis, yet had her admirers and partisans in equal number amongst both sexes; all London high life was divided between them, and the milliners were gaining fortunes by displaying "the L——d bonnet," or "the Mac Gregor cap," for such was the name of the rival candidate for public notoriety.

The Marchioness Mac Gregor would not be repulsed: she forced herself into the small Turkish saloon, fluted with rose-coloured silk, where Lady Jane Urquhart, quite exhausted, had thrown herself down upon the divan or ottoman to repose.

"Wha's here?" cried the handsome, but corpulent lady, in broad Scotch, "not my leddie in the stra I see, but my winsome Jeannie, wie a face as *whit* as a curd in a clout! Bonnie lassie, ha you done the fash and a' the wark for my leddie, your cannie friend? ha you borne the bairn yoursel' to spare her a' the pain o't?" and the Marchioness Mac Gregor laughed immoderately at her own fun, little thinking how near her random shot had been to the bull's eye. I thought Lady Jane would have fainted, and was obliged to come to her rescue.

"Mental anxiety, my lady," said I, addressing the buxom marchioness, "is as exhausting as bodily pain. Lady Jane has never left her friend's apartment for a single moment until this morning, since her confinement."

"Then she is but a Solon goosie for her pains," exclaimed the highland ladie adjusting her tartan scarf—"She 's watched a' the bluid awa frae her cannie features; she maun tak a ride wi' me across the parks, and steal a wee bit o' colour fra the winds—there, bring her cloaks, and a' that.

"Not this morning, my dear madam," faintly urged Lady Jane—"Mrs. Griffiths, have the kindness to hand me that bottle of *eglantine*, it will revive me."

"O you patronise that winsome scent do you, Jeannie, woman?" asked the marchioness, pouring over her own embroidered cambrics nearly half a bottle of White's noted essence of that name, so much in request by the Queen and all the ladies of the court; "Weel, my darling, na compulsion; fade awa, sae it please you into a snaw-drap, but let me see the wee bit o' a chield; I aught to knaw somewhat o' baira's-flesh, sin I ha' had a dozen o' sic ware."—

The little "Earl" was accordingly shewn, and of course admired; a very Proteus was he, for in the eyes of the talkative goodhumeured lady, he was like a hundred persons in succession—like His Majesty, like the heir apparent; then the lord-chancellor; then honourable T. C. member for F——; then a judge; then Mr. Skeffington; then Mr. Monk Lewis; lastly, he had a touch of the Marquis his father, and a *smile* (an *Æolian* smile forned by the winds, I fear) of his dear bonnie mither and her friend too. "How strange! Leddie Jeannie 's pale as a ghostie."

After all these discoveries, the jolly Caledonian departed, taking another *pour* of *eglantine*, *con amore*, from the bottle, *sans façon*, making her kerchief perfectly *wet* with the precious aromatic.

I have given one description of a superb christening in my former story, of "Serjeant Chatterton." What is so dull as "a twice told tale?"—I have therefore nothing further to say, than that the king and queen, by proxy, stood for this little fortunate infant; that I had a hundred-pound note sent to me by their Majesties, in compliment to mine office, which Mrs. Cottrell insisted upon sharing with me, and I very readily conceded to her, considering what constant trouble she had with attending to the secret malady of her lady, and how very little in consequence my services were needed by her;—but I received from the Marquis a pocket book on my departure, with a much handsomer present in it, and a note in his own hand-writing laying himself, and the whole of the late history, entirely at my mercy. I have survived the Marquis the Marchioness, and the Lady Jane Urquhart; and I feel myself quite at liberty to disclose *thus far* this narrative. Indeed, the present Marquis, the very child of whom I have been writing, fully sanctions this my story of his birth, and of the mysteries of L——d House,

THE PRIORESS'S TALE, FROM CHAUCER.

THE intention of the translator of this, perhaps, best specimen of the simple unadorned pathos of Chaucer, was, to bring the language of the father of English poetry two centuries nearer that of his present readers: to make the muse of Chaucer speak the tongue of Spenser. In so doing, it has been the aim of the present versifier to preserve all the quaint force of the original, disencumbering it from the obscurity of the ancient text. As the charm of this "well of English undefiled," consists chiefly in simplicity and vigour, to the preservation of which no style later than that of Spenser is adapted, he has retained the language of that most luxuriantly imaginative of all our poets, to soften the rugged simplicity of his less fanciful predecessor. Whether the attempt has been successful or not, the judicious reader must decide.

It was not till the translator had finished his essay, and subjected it to the editor of the New Series of the Monthly Magazine, that he knew from that gentleman that he had been forestalled in his experiment by no less a poet than Mr. Wordsworth. The present renderer had no knowledge of any other version but one in prose, certainly, however ably executed, not likely to be successfully revived. In fact, he thought he came new to the subject. His allusion is only to this particular story: had he been otherwise informed, he should have stopped at the commencement; but as it is, however incompetent to a rivalry with the eminent master in the art, before alluded to, he is yet proud to have been his unwilling companion in admiration and devotion to so choice a spirit of the old English muse.

J. A. G.

PROLOGUE TO THE PRIORESS'S TALE.

"WELL said, by Corpus Domini!" quoth our host,
 "Now long may'st thou sail cheerly by the coast,
 Thou, gentle master, gentle mariner,
 And to the monk full many a like good year.
 Ha! ha! my sides do ache: Saint Austin save
 Our franks and wives from such a cunning knave.

Right wittily he fooled both man and wife—
No monk shall be my cousin, on my life !

“ But now, consider we, of all this rout
Who next shall pass the merry tale about : ”
And with that word he doff'd his cap, and said
(All courteously, as she had been a maid),
“ My lady Prioress, by your good leave,
An' it your gentle pleasure do not grieve,
I would demand a tale of your sweet telling,
If I might find in you accordance willing.
Vouchsafe you us the boon, my lady dear.”
“ Gladly,” quoth she, and said, as ye shall hear :—

PRIORESS'S TALE.

- 1 O Lord, our Lord, how wondrously thy name,
In this wide world is spread abroad (said she) :
For not alone thy praise, like incense flame,
Is offer'd up by men of high degree ;
But by the lips of prattling infancy
Thy bounty hath been sung : ev'n at the breast
Babes have grown wise, and (lispering) thee confest.
- 2 Wherefore to honour thee as best I may,
And that white Lily-flower which thee did bear—
Which thee did bear, yet is a maid alway,
A tale of verity I will declare :
Not that t' exalt her name I hope, or dare
Attempt—herself but next unto her Son,
Where sinners may for help or refuge run.
- 3 O mother-maid, where maid and mother vie,
(As bush unburnt—burning in Moses' sight)
Who ravishèdst down from the Deity
The Holy Ghost, that did upon thee 'light,
Charmed by humility's mysterious might,
The Father's fulness glad conceiving thence—
Teach me to tell this tale with reverence.
- 4 Lady, thy bounty and magnificence—
Thy virtue and submission—of these may
No human tongue declare the sacred sense ;
For often, Lady, ere to thee men pray,
Thy free benignity prevents their way ;
The light of thy pure prayer ere ours be meant,
For us pre-winning thy dear Son's consent.
- 5 Thus all infirm, O blissful queen ! my skill
In fitting phrase to laud thy worthiness,
That I the weight thereof sustain but ill :
For, as a child of twelve months old, or less,
That scarcely can a babbling sound express,
Right so fare I ; and hence thy guidance seek,
That so my song aright of thee may speak.

- 6 In a great city of the far-off East,
 There was, 'mongst Christian folk, a Jewerie,
 By native lord upheld, for gain unblest,
 Of filthy lucre and vile usurie,
 Hateful to Christ and to his companie.
 Free was this street, that Christian, Turk, or Jew,
 As by an open gate might journey through.
- 7 Down at the further end of which there stood,
 Of Christian men, a little modest school,
 Where crowds of children, come of Christian blood,
 Did, year by year, acquire their simple rule
 Of childish lore, from Candlemas to Yule,
 Content t' attain the lesson and the song,
 And what small wit doth to small age belong.
- 8 Among these children was a widow's son,
 A little clerkling of some seven years old ;
 Than whom more frequent at the school was none ;
 Or Jesu's mother's image to behold
 (As he had been her worshipper enroll'd),
 More lowly knelt, or piously did say—
 Ave Marie! as he went his way.
- 9 Her little son this widow taught to yearn,
 As to his mother, to Christ's mother dear—
 (O artless childhood ! ever quick to learn)
 Our blessed lady ; and this lesson ne'er
 Did he forget : nor, ay, can I forbear,
 When the remembrance o'er my mind doth pass,
 To think, in this young clerk I see Saint Nicholas.
- 10 This little child, while at his wonted seat
 Conning his primer, often heard the song
 Of anthem-boys ; and as they did repeat
 O Alma Redemptoris! deep and long,
 Listed and nearer drew this scholar young,
 And pondered on each word and tuneful note,
 Until the first verse he had learned by rote.
- 11 Now nothing knew he what these words should say—
 Small latin serveth for a child so young ;
 But soon his fellow he did beg and pray
 This song to teach him in his mother tongue,
 And tell him why it was this hymn was sung.
 Thus bare-knee'd oft the singing-boy he pray'd,
 It to construe, and say for whom 'twas made.
- 12 His fellow, then, who was his elder, too,
 Thus answer'd him : ' This song, so clerks relate,
 (As to our bounteous, blessed lady due)
 Was made her to salute and impetrate
 For help in death, which cometh soon or late :
 And of this matter I can say no more ;
 Song is my trade, and small my grammar lore.'

- 13 ' And is this holy chaunt in reverence
 Of Jesu's mother?' ask'd this innocent;
 ' Now, certes, will I spur my diligence,
 To con it all, ere Christmas tide be spent,
 Though slighted lesson bring sure chastisement:
 Even though I beaten be thrice in an hour,
 To win our lady's grace I'll do my power.'
- 14 Now privily at home his fellow wrought,
 From day to day, to teach it him by rote:
 Then boldly sang he what he had been taught,
 To each blest word according each sweet note.
 Twice every day it warbled through his throat,
 As he, or to the school, or homeward went—
 On Mary-mother, still fixed his intent.
- 15 This little child, throughout the Jewerie
 Passing, as I have said, did send before
 His young shrill voice, singing full merrille—
O Alma Redemptoris! ever more!
 Her sweetness, who our blessed Saviour bore,
 Hath touch'd his young heart, that he her doth pray
 With ungrudg'd song where'er he wends his way.
- 16 Upstarteth then the serpent Sathanas,
 Who in a Jew's heart buildeth his wasps'-nest—
 Our ancient foe, and crieth out—'Alas!
 Ye Hebrew people, is it fit ye rest
 While such a boy go'th singing, east and west,
 Whate'er he list of foul despiteful sense
 Against our laws and their just reverence?'
- 17 From this time forth the Jews 'gan to conspire
 Out of this world to chase this innocent;
 To compass which those cruel men did hire
 A homicide to do their base intent,
 Who seized on him as by that place he went:
 This cursed Jew across his throat then past
 His murderous knife, and in a pit him cast.
- 18 I say the Jews him in a foul place threw,
 Which they for vilest purposes did use.
 The old ye have surpast, O Herods new!
 Yet from your act what good to you accrues?
 Murder will out: full surely you t' accuse
 This blood outcrieth on your guilty head
 For vengeance, which to God's great praise shall spread.
- 19 Now singing mayst thou go, young martyr, wed
 In death (thus early) to virginity,
 Following the white celestial (Lamb) she said,
 Which 'rapt St. John in Patmos' isle did see,
 And wrote how these with a new minstrelsy,
 That 'compained the Lamb, did joying go,
 That woman ne'er they did as woman know.

- 20 Now waited that poor widow all the night
Her little son—and waited all for nought ;
For when, as soon as broke the morning light,
With face bleach'd pale with dread and busy thought,
At school and elsewhere she full anxious sought—
Till, finally, she tracèd out that he
Had last been seen adown the Jewerie.
- 21 With mother's pity in her sorrowing breast,
She wanders forth, like one half out of mind,
With grief and hope distract, in eager quest
Where she her little son may likeliest find :
And ever on Christ's mother meek and kind
She cried, until her steps are guided well
To where the accursed Hebrew people dwell.
- 22 Now beggeth she, and piteously doth pray
Of every Jew that dwelleth in that place,
To tell her if her child went forth that way ;
Which all deny : but Jesu, of his grace,
Gave her the thought, within a little space,
To cry after her son, as by she past
The filthy pit wherein they had him cast.
- 23 Great God ! who choosest to show forth thy praise
By mouth of innocents, lo ! here thy might !
This emerald—this gem of heavenly rays—
Fair Chastity, and eke the ruby bright,
Of martyrdom—with sever'd throat, upright,
So loudly *Alma Redemptoris* ! sang,
That all the Jewerie with his shrill notes rang.
- 24 Now whate'er Christian folk past by, in went
To see, and marvel at that wond'rous thing ;
And hastily they for the Provost sent,
Who came right quickly with small tarrying.
And lauded Christ, who is of heaven King,
With his pure mother, honour of mankind ;
And after bade he these false Jewa to bind.
- 25 With sad lament, out of his hallow'd gore,
This little child, that never ceased his song,
They raised, and to a neighbouring abbey bore
In full procession, following him along.
Beside the bier his mother swoon'd, and long
The people vainly to remove her try ;
Still this new Rachel near his bier will lie.
- 26 With torment and with shameful death, each one
Of these curst Jews the Provost doomed to die,
Who of this murder kenn'd, and sparèd none—
For wickedness so vile might none pass by :
Evil shall pay who doeth evilly:—
Wherefore he bade them with wild horses draw,
And after that he hanged them by the law.

- 27 Upon his bier lies this young innocent,
 Before the altar, while they masses say :
 And while, with all his train, the abbot bent
 To bury him, doth make what speed he may ;
 And when he sprinkled was, did cry alway,
 Aneath the blessed drops of holy water,
 Singing, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater !*
- 28 The abbot then, who was a holy man,
 As monks are ever, or should ever be,
 With sweet words to entreat the child began ;
 Saying, ' O dear child, I do conjure thee,
 By virtue of the Holy Trinity,
 To tell me how and why thou thus dost sing,
 Since that thy throat is cut to my seeming ?'
- 29 ' My throat *is* cut, indeed, to the neck-bone,
 And, following nature in her usual kind,
 Certes, I had been dead long time agone,
 But Jesus Christ, as ye in books do find,
 Would have his glory ever kept in mind :
 And for the worship of his mother dear,
 Yet may I sing, *O Alma !* loud and clear.
- 30 ' This well of mercy I did ever love,
 As far as doth to my weak age belong ;
 Which, when my forfeit life did sadly prove,
 She bade me truly sing this most sweet song,
 With dying throat in words full clear and strong—
 (As ye have heard) which, when that I had sung,
 Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.
- 31 ' Wherefore I sing, nor may my song refrain,
 To exalt this blissful maiden's dignity,
 Till from my tongue is taken off the grain ;
 Which, after she had put, she said to me,
 ' My little child, I then will come for thee,
 When they this grain out of thy mouth shall take—
 Be not aghast ! I will not thee forsake.' '
- 32 This holy monk, the abbot, him mean I,
 His tongue outcaught, and took away the grain,
 And he gave up the ghost full tenderly :
 Which marvel when the abbot saw, amain
 His salt tears trickled down, like summer rain :
 And then he fell all flat upon the ground—
 And still he lay, as though he had been bound.
- 33 The convent, too, upon the abbey-floor
 All weeping lay, praising Christ's mother dear :
 Then, rising up, out of the church they bore
 The little martyr from his bloody bier,
 And in a tomb of marble, smooth and clear,
 Enclosed they his little body sweet :
 There is it now : God grant his soul we meet.

34 Young Hugh of Lincoln, who wast slain also
Of cruel Jews, to Christ all implacable,
(As is well known, being not long ago,)
Pray, too, for us, poor sinful souls unstable,
That of his mercy, God, so mercurable,
On us his greater mercy do dispense,
To do his mother, Mary, reverence.

J. A. G.

LEGAL FICTIONS:

BEING A MODEST APOLOGY FOR A REVIEW OF

"State Trials.

SPECIMEN OF A NEW EDITION

By NICHOLAS THIRNING MOILE, Esq.,

Of the Inner Temple, Special Pleader."

WE are desirous of giving especial prominence to this book, not only on account of its excellence, which is very great—indeed, extraordinary—but because of the unexpected corroboration it gives, especially and expressly in the Preface, to the views we ventured last month in our article on *Prayers for the Dead*. We spake there of fictions, religious, legal and mathematical—being philosophical assumptions, which no rational mind can omit at the head of an argument, and as the principles which must be taken for granted throughout. Such, we added, are all the Definitions, Postulates, and Axioms of Mathematics,—things which must be conceded at once and for ever by the mathematician;—of this kind, we said, are the so-called fictions of Law—and of such kind are those of Religion. No science can be constructed without them; and it is by their means that philosophy connects itself so beautifully as it does with Poetry.

Mr. Nicholas Thirning Moile, having determined to versify the State Trials of Anne Aylliffe for Heresy, of Sir William Stanley for High Treason, and of Mary Queen of Scots (for —?), thinks fit, in his Preface, to defend his design and performance on the very ground taken up by ourselves.

The relics of the Twelve Tables taught to the youth of Rome, show the coincidence of jurisprudence both with verse and rhyme,
c. g.

"Si in jus vocat, atque eat; ni it, antestamino: igitur eum capito.

Si calvitur, pedemve struit, manum endo jacito."—*Tabula I.*

"Uni plura funera ne facito; neve plures lectos sternito: neve aurum a Dito."—
Tabula X.

But, adds Mr. Moile,

"Neither in this, nor in any other respect, can the civil law claim superiority to our own. Many of our ancient, and not a few modern, and even some living, writers in the profession have sufficiently shown, that their own genius, as well as their subject, possessed all other qualities of poetry in so eminent a degree, that the absence of verse has not concealed them from the closer observation of a kindred mind. What, for instance, can be more reverend or majestic, than Sir Edward

* London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., 1838.

Coke's impersonation of the two grand pronouns, *Meum* and *Tuum*; antagonists, never effete, as the Pope and Pagan, giants of Bunyan, but, like the good and evil Principles, still mingling with and perplexing all the actions and passions of man? What can be more beautiful than his tracing the secret affinities of our law with the divine inspiration of the great Latin poet?⁹⁶ The many classical citations and allusions of that eminent lawyer, his splendid illustrations, his comparisons, his imagery, his ingenuity in derivations and definitions, and that fervour and vigour of conception and expression peculiar to the Elizabethan age, suffice to show, that the compliment of, "How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost," has been merited by more than one of the profession. For my own part, if I dared say it, I am often struck with the palpable resemblance of the poetry of Comyn's Digest to the works of some authors, whom it would be invidious here to mention—but, for admission into whose class, I avow me to be here offering my humble pretensions—partly encouraged by, and partly dissenting from, the example set by several of my learned friends, who have transferred to lay literature poetical lucubrations, which, there is every reason to regret, were not, like my own, employed in illustrating the doubts, and describing the contests of *Meum* and *Tuum*."

Mr. Moile then proceeds to remark on the "pure poetry of our whole system of pleading," referring the origin of pleas to the actual speeches of counsel, while proceedings were *ore tenus*; a reason which, he also thinks, sufficiently accounts for the business-like view taken by our pleadings of the actions for crim. con. and seduction. The conversion of these injuries into a species of property, the value of which is to be ascertained, and compensated in the common measure of all prices, is characteristic, as he justly observes, of a commercial nation. But the *exquisite and refined dissimulation* with which the property alleged to have been injured is described,—in order to give its appreciation the requisite certainty and uniformity,—exhibits the most splendid instance of a continuous Figure † in obliquity and indirection, which, perhaps, no Poetry has ever equalled. Were ever fictions more beautiful or more amiable than those on which are founded the actions of ejectment and of trover? In the former of which, the injury done and suffered is entirely transferred to ideal personages; and in the latter, as also is so justly said of the institution of marriage, the law has improved and interpreted for the better the commonest instinct of human nature. "What could," continues Mr. Moile, "better exemplify the strong affinity of our laws for poetry, than the fond discretion with which all this and the like imagery has been preserved, in the unsparing cutting away of other matters less useful and brilliant. Indeed, the very name given in common to the whole of these proceedings—Forms (in the civil law, *carmina*), sufficiently indicates the faculty of the mind to whose exercise their origin is due, and with whose literary productions their use is to be classed."

* "*Foresta est nomen collectivum*," and, by grant thereof, the soil, game, and a free chase, doth pass. And, seeing we are to treat of matters of game and hunting, let us, to the end that we may proceed the more cheerfully, recreate ourselves with the excellent description of Dido's doe of the forest, wounded with a deadly arrow sticken in her, and not impertinent to our purpose.

'*Qualis conjecta cerva sagitta, &c. &c.*'—4 *Inst.* c. 73."

† "In figura, totius voluntatis fictio est, apparens magis quam confessa; ut illic" (In tropis) "verba sint verbis diversa; hic sermoni sensus, loci, et tota causæ conformatio: . . . ironiam habere videtur."—*Quinct. Abb.* ix. s. 2.

The following is so good that it must be quoted *in extenso* :—

"The strong analogy of criminal trials to tragedy has been ingeniously remarked by my learned friend and competitor, Mr. Jardine; and the resemblance of many *Nisi Prius* cases to comedy can have hardly escaped the most superficial observer; and something of it is curiously preserved by the Reports for the benefit of posterity. The action of *Replevin*, indeed, has already engaged the labours of both painters and dramatists. Under the name of '*The Rent Day*,' it has drawn tears from thousands of our national theatres; and the pencil of a *Wilkie* has proved a common-law, or statutable distress, may become of all others the most pathetic. But though, in both those works, the declaration and avowry are admirably delineated, there can be no doubt that the whole of the pleas in bar would be bad on a general demurrer. Succeeding artists may avoid this fault; and the design give rise to an emulation no less noble than that of *Timanthes* and *Parrhasius* to delineate the trial of the controversy for the arms of *Achilles*.

"If the kindred art of painting (continues Mr. Moile) succeeds so well in judicial subjects, can they prove less congenial to poetry? Undoubtedly, the statutes at large keep in reserve an inexhaustible and golden vein, the working of which prosaically has already attracted the attention of the Common Law Commissioners; a vein which waits only till the peculiar vocation of the present age for legislation shall have called for a lawyer, whose intellect may bear the same affinity for verse that the father of jurisprudence among the Greeks bore to the father of their poetry. The common law offers still more fertile resources. What fictions of heathen mythology are more imaginative than contingent remainders, executory devices, and springing uses? What is wanting but that delicate taste and fervid genius, which in Greece could express all earthly virtues, and all divine powers, by beautiful modifications of the human form,—to give body to a freehold in abeyance, and make the three certainties vie with the three graces in elegance and celebrity? In pleading, the field is equally promising to either art. A special demurrer to a negative pregnant would differ but little from the detection and exposure of *Calisto*, as pictured by *Dominichino* on the walls of the *Farnese* palace. But the most worthy subject of celebration would, perhaps, be the revival of the science itself, under the new Rules of Pleading: replication,—rejoinder, rebutter, and sur-rebutter, raising their heads again from under the all-whelming general issue, by which they had been nearly extinguished,—and advancing like Titans, led on by a demurrable declaration, driving the business of the country before them into the courts of equity,—to the entire reform and perfecting of the common law. In nothing is the age more remarkable than in having produced minds so superior to its occasions, that opportunities for the exercise of jurisprudence are only wanting, and their discovery itself employs no small number of commissioners. In that character have the sages of the law been nothing late or unwilling to enter on the career of reform. Other alterations may, perhaps, prove of doubtful utility, but the abolition of *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* (saving in ejectments) must be universally appreciated, and is alone sufficient to redeem the bar from the reproach of being wanting in the abstruser views of legislation and policy. It will be recorded, to the honour of our profession, that, in a self-denying era, when the peers gave up their boroughs, the Church pluralities, and the king pensions and sinecures, the lawyers, nothing behind the general march of improvement, have sacrificed common bail, and pledged to prosecute."

Here we must conclude our citations from this excellent work. The most exquisite irony pervades the preface;—two-edged irony, having operation both on the ultra-prosaic and the ultra-poetic, but wounding the latter the less. The three poems that it introduces are majestic compositions, in heroic couplets, equal, if not superior, to *Crabbe*; stern as his style, but with loftier reaches and deeper aims. All is weighty sterling gold. Mr. Moile deserves to be called the *Dante* of jurisprudence. The work, however, is not intended for the populace, but for that higher class of minds for whom only elevated souls should seek to write. We know not which to admire most, the legal accuracy and judgement, or

the poetic fire and spirit of this volume; of which it is but justice to add, that it is truly sublime and profound ("two names for one feeling," or rather, two states of the same emotion). There is hope for our literature while such a book as this appears once in a century.

R. U.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

OUR CRYPT is not, as might be supposed from its secret character, a dark, dungeon-looking hole, but airy, well-lighted, and dry. In it might you sit the whole day, without any fear of the lumbago. There is certainly a tale among the children and maid-servants, of its being haunted by a GOMIZ, not dressed in a winding-sheet, with great red flaming eyes as big as saucers, but a very quiet old gentleman, in a brown coat and bob-wig, having an immense book in one hand, and in the other a cane, with which he is reported to chastise those who should presume to break in upon his privacy. We, to be sure, have always, privately and publicly, treated this rumour as the "vision of a dream;" but such, nevertheless, has been its effect on the members of our household, that his bogleship has not had cause to make frequent use of his cane.

But come what might, we were determined to explore the hidden mysteries of the haunted Crypt beneath the strange old library, now inherited by us, as Editor of the Monthly Magazine. Accordingly we applied the rusty key to the still rustier lock of its door, at the further end of our *sanctum sanctorum*, and began carefully to descend an old-fashioned stone staircase, on which the dust had lain undisturbed ever since 1796. Our footsteps resounded hollowly throughout the vaults below, and our courage almost gave way. Determined, however, to finish our investigation, we proceeded. Arrived at the bottom of the staircase, we stood within the Crypt.

We gazed around us. Every thing in the place bore the aspect of the most venerable antiquity; the walls were totally destitute of ornament; the roof was supported by columns, some of which were rounded, others twisted, and neither in shaft or capitals were any two of them alike: the circumference of most of the shafts, so far as we could judge, not stopping to measure them, was about four feet, and the height of plinth, shaft, and capital, only about seven feet; the CRYPT, therefore, was not very lofty; and, in parts, we stood no bad chance of bumping our head against the ceiling.

Its contents were no less singular than its architecture, consisting of innumerable books, manuscripts, &c. &c., scattered without arrangement upon the floor, and covered with cobwebs, the growth of years; it had evidently been used as a literary Crypt in which our remote predecessors had *buried* what, perhaps, ought never to have lived at all.

We had only just time, however, to take a hurried glance, when we heard approaching footsteps. We felt a cold tremor—a creeping of the flesh—as we recollected the ghost-tale above related. Our first impulse was to fly, but the next moment, fearing to fear, we resolutely stood our ground. Had we not talked with spirits erewhile? The footsteps advanced nearer, and still more near. The Spectre and the Editor stood face to face!

He lifted up his cane to strike—our blood froze! Looking, however, into our countenance before he let fall the blow, the GOMIZ started suddenly back; a smile of joy came over his shadowy features; and then from his thin lips pealed a hollow laugh, which made the lonely vaults to ring again.

Monotonising a sepulchral whisper—"Follow me!" he turned and began to glide away. We obeyed him.

Through many a winding passage did the Bogle lead us. Every moment

were we stumbling over some forgotten quarto or other which laid in our way—(quartos, by the bye, are not published now)—and at every fall did our supernatural conductor look back with a malicious grin, as if amused by our want of skill.

At length he came to a full stop, in a passage more crowded with papers and manuscripts than any of those we had been in before. These he began, with no very sparing hand, to turn over, regardless of the cloud of dust he was raising, and, as it seemed to us, not caring one iota whether he choked us or not.

At last he found the object of his search. It was an old manuscript, that, from the dust and dirt upon it, appeared to have lain there for a time, times, and half a time.

The Ghost propelled it into our hands, murmuring, "Read it."

But this was an unperformable injunction, for time had so well played his part, that the writing was totally illegible. Upon explaining our distress to the Gobie, he put his hand into his pocket (enabling us thereby to add to our other attainments, the certain knowledge that Gobies sometimes wear pockets), and drew therefrom an instrument shaped like a microscope—a peculiar instrument, made by Tri-literal Francis, the inspired optician, which he gave us, intimating, by signs, that we were to apply it to the manuscript.

And, indeed, most wonderful were its effects. Upon looking through it at the manuscript, the whole writing became as plain as a pikestaff.

"Read it—print it—publish it," said the Gobie in a beseeching, dolorous tone, "and come for more. Put the shade of a poor Editor out of pain, sore smitten in conscience, in having been taken away before he had redeemed his pledge to an esteemed contributor."

He vanished. We remained in the haunted Crypt, and, with the help of the Franciscan microscope, proceeded to read the manuscript. The words, "unintelligible nonsense," written on it by some Editor, to whom the paper had been submitted for publication, first caught our eyes. This inspired us with no favourable opinions as to its merits, but still we persevered in our perusal of it.

There were some matters in it with which we agreed—some that struck us as having a Luciferian style. But this, perhaps, was only an association due to the questionable manner in which the manuscript came into our hands. How could we say, whether it brought with it "airs from heaven, or blasts from hell?" The circumstances were puzzling. "It may look better in print," said we. So we have even tried it.

I.—THE FINE ARTS.

THE MODERN CRYPTOLOGIST ON THE FINE ARTS.

ART is a second birth of Nature, or a second creation, of which human ingenuity is the immediate source. Nature is the art of the Divine artist; but the word art is vulgarly employed to express the creations of the creature only. It is by his artistic skill that man declares himself to be, in an especial manner, the image or representative of God. An artist is a creator, not an imitator only. The *beau idéal* of art is not to be found in nature, outwardly manifested to sensuous observation. It has a spiritual existence in the mind of the artist, even as creation in the mind of God, before the spirit broods over the deep, and gives organisation to the world.

There is a secondary species of divinity, therefore, belonging to art, which invests it with a religious sanctity; and the nearer it approaches the source of religious feeling, the more noble and dignified it becomes. The lower species of art lose sight altogether of the Divine relationship; but the higher species

approach the throne of the Eternal himself, and bask, like the seraphim, in the fire of love divine. Sacred oratory, sacred poetry, sacred music, sacred painting, sacred architecture, sacred sculpture, take the precedence of every other species of these respective arts; and it is this sanctity which peculiarly distinguishes the ancient from modern art. Religion is the very soul of Grecian poetry, which even now is a model for Christian genius to imitate. Heaven and earth were quickened into life by the creative fancy of the masters of ancient song. Mere physical causes were despised as beneath the dignity of the sacred lyre. The gods and goddesses of heaven were deeply engaged in all the transactions of men. Every cause was a deity. Every motive was a messenger of God. Every dream was divine in its origin, and important in its end. There is a life—a universal life—in the poetry of olden times, which modern materialism and chemical science have extinguished, and thus lowered the poetry of Christendom beneath the more sublime and elevating idealism of Paganism.

True poetry is merely the expression of wisdom, or the religious feeling. Science, or knowledge, is its opposite pole; one in general uses verse, and always rhythm; the other, prose. Formerly, the religious feeling was more free; less fettered by creeds and popular dogmatism than now. Homer felt very little difficulty in accounting for the origin of evil: evil and good were both distributed by the same Almighty power from the two urns of Jove, and heaven itself was divided into parties like our own society. Nature in heaven was perfectly analogous to nature on earth. The only difference was, that the heavenly race were possessed of more power, experienced higher and richer sensations of pleasure, and were better skilled in the arts of alleviating sorrow. It was not accounted blasphemy in a poet to represent a god as employing deceit to allure mankind, or to accomplish his own ends by human instrumentality; but still there were high laws of honour to which all the rulers of Olympus submitted with reverence, generous sentiments by which they were actuated, and intelligible motives by which they were influenced; all which creates a sympathy which it is impossible to feel for the personifications of Milton, or the horrific satires of Dante. A being all wicked, or its counterpart all good, is what the ancients never dreamed of. They mixed the two principles as they found them in nature; and even our own religious poets do the same; but they do it under cover, without being aware of their own departure from the faith which they profess. A modern Christian poet would scarcely dare to represent an inhabitant of heaven as of a mixed character like a heathen deity; and still less would he dare to place the urn of evil before the throne of the Eternal in plain language. But our most religious poet Cowper, under the mysticism of the word heaven, which he substitutes for God, ascribes even the dissipation of youth to God's shifting plans!

"So shifting and so various is the plan
By which *heaven rules* the mixed affairs of man;
Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,
The rich grow poor—the poor become purse-proud;
Youth lost in dissipation, we deplore
Through life's sad remnant what no sighs restore;
Our years a fruitful race without a prize,
Too many—yet too few to make us wise."

Had Cowper used the word God instead of heaven, he might have been accused of blasphemy. Homer would have used it without fear, and with richer effect; for there is a consistency in the religious poetry of the ancients, which it requires considerable scholastic skill in divinity to discover in the modern school. Hence there is more true nature in ancient poetry than in modern of the highest order. Milton's "War in Heaven," in which devils feel pain, and angels are invulnerable, stands in need of vindication. The gods of Homer are all intelligible; but more art is needed to induce us into sympathy with the Christian personifications.

Notwithstanding, there is evidently a higher order of divine conceptions aimed at in the Christian poetry. It may be called the second dispensation of poetry. There is a grossness of idea about heathenism which modern refinement never can relish. We can never return to pagan poetry, with all its nature and with all its sympathy. Moreover, we are becoming dissatisfied with Christian poetry. Our great poets still enjoy their reputation by tacit assent, but they are not much read. Milton lies on the shelf, like Jeremy Taylor, and Isaac Barrow, and other great men, whose genius has never been surpassed in Christian literature; and the age not finding any thing to satisfy its religious appetite, is running headlong after trifles which our fathers would have scorned as profane or puerile. Artists ought to perceive the change; and, instead of attempting to recur to that which has gone for ever, to fly to the eternal and exhaustless source of thought within their own bosoms, and bring out new treasures and new visions of God for new generations of men.

The first dispensation of poetry, which corresponds to the Legal in the history of the Church, was decidedly material in its character, but peculiarly fitted to the sensuous conceptions of young society. The second, which corresponds with the Gospel, is an attempt to escape from the laws of body *in toto*. This attempt is not only transcendental in respect to its impracticability, but also in respect to its moral re-action on the mind. Nature may rebel against it, and would have revolted, had the attempt been less successful. It is true, that all the poetic images and figures of speech, and the richest specimens of rapt enthusiasm, are the *beau ideals* of material nature. The poetic genius has had therein ample field for exercise; and, aided by its own richness, has therewith produced imperishable works of creative fancy. The celebrated *Inferno* of Dante is a work of genius in which the individual paintings are full of life and nature; the scenes are richly coloured, and the agonies of the damned are delineated with a masterly hand. But the conception of the piece is perhaps out of sympathy with the age in which we live, and the work itself is a Gothic ruin, venerable for its antiquity, admirable for its workmanship, picturesque and romantic as a specimen of art, but by no means a resting-place for the social and domestic feelings of men and women. In fine, Dante is a preternatural poet—we may say the same of Milton. Both are pedantic. The less learning a poet shews the better. He should never obtrude his information, whether of history, or geography, or any other science; whilst, at the same time, his images and figures should all be in perfect harmony with the laws of science. The theology of Milton is more sublime, but to some minds is not more satisfactory than that of Homer. The idea of God being sovereign of the south of heaven, and Satan raising his standard in the north, is to them infinitely heathenish. Is not God, they exclaim, a universal Spirit? Did not Satan know this? Was Satan a greater *ignorantone* in theology than an English school boy? Then the angels fighting with material swords, too, to settle a spiritual controversy, and throwing mountains at each other! Why no painter could represent the scene; the mountain would appear a mole-hill in the angel's hands, and the representation itself a caricature. Dr. Johnson used to sigh over this, as it seemed to him awful bad taste in our greatest poet. But we look upon it in another light. There are eras or dispensations through which the fine arts all move together, and become perfect simultaneously.

If we examine any other of the fine arts, we shall see the same characteristic steps of progress in each. We look at present to the great eras, overlooking minor changes, which, however, are all exponents of the mental or spiritual condition of their respective times. The temples of the Greeks are the first dispensation of sacred architecture. They constitute one complete branch of art to which nothing can be added. They are incorruptible like a revelation from heaven—perfectly isolated, and defying the genius of man to improve or modify them. They are a miracle in architecture, and the genius of masonry has now prostrated itself before them, vowed allegiance and sworn to preserve inviolable, their chastity, and their sovereignty. The Christian temple is very

different. It is like the Christian poetry, more sublime, but no less natural and more pensive. The Heathen temples were light and aerial, and low in stature. They were exquisite little specimens of masonic art. The Christian temples are majestic, tall, and proud, dark and cavernous, full of bones, and surrounded with death, and the monuments thereof,—the very counterpart of Dante and Milton's poetry; and like that poetry they at once excite fear and awe, as well as love and sympathy. If there be any exception at all to this universal character of Christian templar architecture, it is St. Peter's at Rome, which is light, aerial, beautiful, pleasing to the eye, and captivating to the imagination. But go down to the catacombs beneath it, to the shrine of St. Peter and St. Paul, to the sarcophagi of the popes and cardinals, and crowned heads of olden times, with a live torch in your hand, as you wend your way through the fearful labyrinth. You will walk up stairs with as sorrowful a countenance as if you had read the whole of Dante's *Inferno*, or the first book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

We know little of ancient painting; but we have many memorials of Grecian sculpture, and they display the same light, chaste, natural character as the poetry and architecture. There is a free exhibition of nature in ancient art; and as the poet did not hesitate to imbue his divinities with the passions and feelings of men and women, the sculptor did not fear to represent them entirely nude. Venus is adorned only with her own perfections; Mercury has got but a pair of wings on his heels, and a cap on his head; Minerva is clothed because she is spiritual; Diana, because she is chaste; Jupiter, because he is supreme and sovereign. But the prevailing character of ancient sculpture is nudity or simple nature. Christian sculpture, being more spiritual or less material, like the poetry, has clothed all its sacred characters; the Madonna is amply folded up in her robes of chastity; the Saints are tied up to the very neck in their woollen tunics; and the workmanship of God is concealed by the coarse manufactures of the loom and the shuttle. This is done to spiritualise or sanctify the figures. It is the death of the body. The dispensation of Christianity is the death of the body of the eternal Son. In correspondence with this theological idea, the body has been buried in the works of art of the highest and most religious order.

There is a profanity about a naked body at present, which forbids its identification with a sacred character. Symptoms, however, of a change of public feeling in this respect have shown themselves. This is especially visible on the Continent. At the last exhibition of living artists in the *Louvre*, some of the finest specimens of art were representations of pure male and female nudity. This predicts a change, a change which may be symbolically represented as the resurrection of the body. The body has long been buried. It has been buried in art, it has been buried in spiritualism and monkish mortification. It has been decried, insulted, abused, vilified, all to no purpose. It has asserted its rights, and defied its persecutors. The angels of God are rolling away the stone from its sepulchre, and the resurrection-morn is dawning upon it, which will restore it to life purified, and sanctified, and glorified, as the sacred image of that God, whose workmanship is perfect, and which, though susceptible of degradation and liable to fall into corruption and disrepute for a season, is doomed at length to rise victorious from the tomb, and to fulfil its sacred destiny.

Before we make any observations upon the drama, we must observe, that all the fine arts naturally belong to the church; who is, or ought to be, the mother and patroness of all that is sacred or sanctifying in its character. Religion or the church gave birth to the fine arts, and has been hitherto their best supporters. But religion is broken to pieces, and that which is now called the church, represents only a portion of the broken body. Hence the support given by the church personally or corporatively amounts to nothing. It is chiefly to the religious feeling* in its scattered condition—the wandering Isis of

* By *religious feeling*, we mean the highest order of spiritual or moral feeling independent of dogma.

the Prometheus of *Æschylus*—that the arts are at present indebted for their patronage. Nay, the church political, which ought to be their mother, is really their enemy; and the ecclesiastical authorities have, by their imperious restrictions, prevented the religious feeling of the country from sanctifying the drama by its moral influence. The drama is a branch of the church. It was the church of the Greeks; and they sanctified it. Their dramatic productions are purer and holier than ours, because they were unfettered, because the poetic genius had wing, and because the pagan prelacy of Greece forbade not the exhibition of sanctity on the stage. The public naturally has no tendency to encourage profanity of any kind; but if interdicted from giving free vent to its religious feelings by any narrow sectarian notions of individual mysticism or puritanism, its very natural tendency is to descend and vulgarize to excess. One extreme always begets another. Accordingly, we find that, sanctity itself being forbidden in its own native dignity, the caricature has been substituted, and the priests themselves held up to public scorn, as the personifications of cant and hypocrisy. Thus it is in the race of error that extremes meet.

The drama, we say, was the church of the Greeks, and corresponded with the synagogue of the Jews, which was a species of drama, being a free conference, in which a variety of mind was exhibited, and diversity of character manifested. This stage or dispensation was superseded by the Christian church, which has raised the dignity or sublimity of the church, and given a greater degree of unity to its character. But modern practice has departed greatly from ancient manners. Instruction is not communicable by one man legally ordained by authority. Such unity is always unsatisfactory. It is unfavourable to mental exercise, and tends to breed inward discontent and aversion. There is a natural prejudice against solitary dictation. Variety of thought, and variety of character, are not only more pleasing, but more instructive. Hence the impressions derived from stage representation are more lasting than those derived from preaching or lecturing; and the people flock to the theatre to spend their money, when they would not take a seat in a church gratis. Twenty theatres in London, open six days in the week, are equal to one hundred and twenty on a Sunday, and many of them hold triple or quadruple the number of an ordinary church or chapel congregation. The superior dignity of the church to the old Grecian stage, consists in its more elevated dogma, its higher order of divinity; but its inferiority consists in its utter deficiency of art or nature, if you will, in the means adopted to electrify the public mind with its own conceptions. Its dulness is now proverbial, but it has monopolised sanctity, and used the strong arm of the law to prevent others from doing that in another fashion, which, after its own fashion, it has failed to accomplish. In making these remarks, we have no concealed thought of converting the church into a stage; far from it: but we think the church might, with great security to itself and benefit to the public, patronise the stage, and help to sanctify it; and, moreover, we think that, now since science has raised up so many illustrations to the truths of revelation, the church itself might with great propriety introduce a new mode of instruction by the eye, in ocular demonstrations of the great doctrines of the fall and redemption of man, which would have a happy effect in giving unity of idea to the public mind. The eye is as sacred as the ear—the eye is the emblem of God.

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Thus far had we read, when we were alarmed by a great lumbering noise. We had left the entrance to the Crypt open in our library. The printer's Devil, having been shown into the room, in the full expectation that we were there, found himself alone. Prowling about in search of us, he at last stumbled over the trap-door, and came, head-foremost, down the stairs into the Crypt at once.

"O!" said we, picking up, compassionately, the spilt sulphur, "you want MS.?" "No"—replied he "but copy, sir!" So, to save pother, we tore-off

what we had just read, and gave him the above specimen of Cryptography. In return, he left with us a bundle of proof-slips, to which we now give such arrangement as befits orderly editorship.

FINE ARTS FOR THE MONTH.—*The Village Magazine*, a Journal of Literature, Fine Arts, and General Knowledge, with Illustrations, Nos. 1 to 4, to be continued Monthly, is, we must say, an amusing and instructive little Miscellany.—Caricature still continues to flourish. The Heads of the People, No. 3, contains The Spoilt Child—The Old Lord—The Beadle of the Parish, and The Linen Draper's Assistant. Cornelius Webbe's Sketch of the Beadle is excellent. Godwin's Churches of London, No. 25, presents us with Views of St. Mary's Woolnoth; St. Margaret's, Lothbury; St. James's, Garlick-Hithe; St. Peter-le-Poor, Broad-street; and St. Botolph's, Aldersgate. Splendid Library Edition of Fables, by the most eminent British, French, German, and Spanish Authors, illustrated with numerous Engravings, after Original Designs, by J. J. Grandville—Part 2—Tilt, Fleet-street, 1839. This is, in all respects, a worthy production.

II.—PHILOSOPHY.

Essay on the Method of Philosophical Study. By THEODORE JOUFFROY, Professor of Moral Philosophy at the *Faculté des Lettres* of Paris; translated from the French, with Introductory and Critical Notices by George Ripley.

M. JOUFFROY was first a pupil, then an assistant, of M. Cousin, in the Normal School, and is now his successor in the chair of Modern Philosophy at the *Faculté des Lettres* of Paris. The introducer, in a great measure, of the Scotch philosophy into France, and the especial favourite of M. Cousin, he nevertheless sustains a position equally independent of the Scottish school and of M. Cousin himself; his philosophy is a scientific system—based on the examination of Facts. The Soul has its facts as well as the Universe.

Jouffroy desires to solve the great problem of human destiny. Man is capable of contemplating every thing as created for a certain End. The Reason of Man is born with him; but it long remains in a state of slumber; it needs powerful influences to arouse it, and, so to speak, to bring out the principles which it contains. That which awakens man's reason, and commoves him to inquire into his destiny, is Evil; and this is the purpose of Evil's existence.

The inevitable sufferings of life, sooner or later, compel us to demand a solution of the problem—Why has man been placed in the world? To the same question, also, our happinesses lead us—for the highest enjoyments of life at length prove insufficient for the heart of man. Looking, also, on the great scenes of nature, we are tempted irresistibly to the inquiry, What is the Purpose of man's condition on earth? Reflecting on the history of our kind, we exclaim, What is the humanity of which we form a part? What is its origin? what is its end? Is creation only a theatre in which it comes to perform one act of its immortal existence? Will the light which does not shine upon its cradle, illustrate its developement? But who understands the course which it is to take? The Oriental civilisation has fallen under Grecian civilisation; the Grecian civilisation has fallen under Roman civilisation; a new civilisation, proceeding from the forests of Germany, has destroyed the Roman civilisation. What will be the issue of this new civilisation? Will it conquer the world, or is all civilisation destined to grow up and to decay? In a word, does humanity only revolve in the same circle, or does it advance? Or again, as some maintain, does it go back?

The discoveries of science, also, perplex us—particularly the science of

geology, which implicates nature in a series of attempts, proceeding from the less to the more perfect, and at length placing man upon the earth. Thus man seems to be only an essay on the part of the Creator, an essay, among many others, which he has been pleased to make and to destroy. Those immense reptiles, those shapeless animals, which have disappeared from the face of the earth, have formerly lived on it, as we do now. Why should not the day also come, when our race will be blotted out, when our bones, as they are discovered, will be looked upon by the species that are then alive, as the rude sketches of nature, in a first experiment? And if, then, we are only a link in this chain of creations, more or less imperfect, how should we regard ourselves? What are our titles to hope and to pride?

The first conception of human destiny is, to man, like the torch in the fable of *Psyche*. Before this fearful revelation, the man obeyed his instincts, and, without calculation, without disturbance, arrived, or did not arrive, at the end to which they impelled him: when he attained this end, he was happy; when he did not attain it, he suffered: those transitory distresses, soon effaced by the appearance of new passions, bore no resemblance to the profound sadness which takes possession of him who has conceived the question of human destiny, and observed the darkness which surrounds it: a new chord is then struck in the depths of his soul; and no external distraction can prevent its vibration on the slightest touch.

Hence the sentiments which are the glory and torment of our nature—the Poetical, the Religious, and the Philosophical. The lyrical is the Whole of poetry—all other sorts of it have only the form. The mystical is the Whole of Religion—and the psychical is the Whole of philosophy. Poetry, religion, philosophy, are three manifestations of the same sentiment, which is here satisfied by laborious researches, there by a lively faith, and still further by plaintive melodies; and it is this which creates a bond of brotherhood between poetical, religious, and philosophical spirits; which enables them to understand each other so perfectly, even when they speak such different languages; and which makes them equally unintelligible to those innocent minds which do not know, which do not yet comprehend, the tempest that agitates them.

The investigation of the destiny of man on earth is called *Morality*; after this life, *Religion*; of the destiny of the human race, the science of *History*; of the origin and the laws of the universe, *Cosmology*; of the nature of God, and his relations with man and creation, *Theology*.

The completeness with which these problems are solved, is the great criterion of every great philosophical doctrine. A philosophical doctrine which does not apply to them all, is only a half-philosophy. If we consult the great philosophers, we find this universality in their systems. The doctrine of *Epicurus*, for instance, contains a solution, such as it is, of every question which interests humanity; not one is without an answer. The case is the same with *Platonism*, with *Stoicism*, with the philosophy of *Kant*, with every great philosophy. Like every great religion, every great philosophical doctrine resolves all the problems which interest and which torment humanity. Christian wisdom also fulfils the same conditions.

“There is a little book (says Mr. Ripley, in his Introduction) which is taught to children, and on which they are examined in the church. If we read this book, which is the catechism, we shall find a solution of all the problems which have been proposed; of all of them, without exception. If we ask the Christian, whence comes the human race, he knows; or whither it goes, he knows; or how it goes, he knows. If we ask that poor child, who has never reflected on the subject in his life, why is he here below, and what will become of him after death? he will give you a sublime answer, which he will not thoroughly comprehend, but which is none the less admirable for that. If we ask him, how the world was created, and for what end; why God has placed in it plants and animals; how the earth was peopled, whether by a single family, or by many; why men speak different languages; why they suffer, why they struggle, and how all this will end, he knows all! Origin of

the world, origin of the species, question of races, destiny of man in this life and in the other, relations of man to God, duties of man to his fellow men, rights of man over the creation—he is ignorant of none of these points; and when he shall have grown-up, he will as little hesitate with regard to natural right, political right, or the right of nations. All this proceeds, with clearness, and, as it were, of itself, from Christianity. This, then, is what we may call a great religion, for it leaves no question unanswered which interests humanity."

M. Royer Colard was the founder of the Eclectic school, in Paris, to which Jouffroy belongs, but never published any thing on philosophical subjects in his own name, except the "Introductory Discourse," at the commencement of his lectures in 1813. A very interesting summary of his lectures, however, prepared from the manuscripts of the author, is given by M. Jouffroy in his translation of the works of Dr. Reid. It may not be unserviceable to mention, that Dugald Stewart's "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind" was, several years ago, translated into French by M. Prevost of Geneva, and the second volume by M. Farcy; and that his "Philosophical Essays" have since been translated by M. Huret; his "Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Principles," by M. Buchon; and his "Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man," by M. M. Simon and Huret.

Jouffroy disputes the assumption that the Science of Reality is solely physical. He believes that there are Facts of another kind—not visible to the eye, not tangible by the hand—which neither the microscope nor the scalpel can reach, perfect as we may suppose them, which equally escape the taste, the hearing, and the smell, and which, nevertheless, are capable of being observed and verified with an absolute certainty. Consciousness is one:—it is not one intelligence which perceives external objects, and another which takes cognizance of inward phenomena—one which recalls past events, and another which reflects, compares, and reasons. We feel, on the contrary, that it is the same principle which unites all these functions; this is one of the clearest decisions of our consciousness. Both classes of phenomena have, therefore, the same evidence, the same certainty. "We can, then," says Jouffroy, "determine, in a scientific manner, that is to say, by Observation and Experience, the laws of the internal phenomena; we can, also, obtain from them, by logical reasoning, valuable and rigorous inductions." We more than doubt the possibility of this—we know that laws are discovered in no such way—they are *a priori* intuitions, assumed, in every act, by the consciousness—in a word, Consciousness is itself the Law. The "Ultimate Facts" of Stewart are not Laws, as he supposed, but Exponents of Laws. To the *a priori* philosopher, they would be the Primitive Facts, accompanying, and identified with, the Evolutions of the one Law—namely, the One *Consciousness*.

In a subsequent section, Jouffroy says something almost like this himself.

"It is (he tells us) not true, as is commonly supposed, that axioms are the exclusive property of the sciences of reasoning. They belong also to the sciences of facts; and without them, observation cannot advance a step in the comprehension of nature. The notion of the constituent circumstances of every phenomenon bears all the characteristic, and in the natural sciences of Facts all the influence of a genuine axiom. This notion is nothing else than the necessary law of every phenomenon, the expression of that which inevitably takes place whenever a change is produced in nature. Whence do we obtain the knowledge of this law? How do we know that it is universal? Why do we believe that all phenomena, past, present, and future, in whatever corner of space they have been or can be produced, must be subject to this law? We have already said that this conviction is not the product of experience. Experience does not reach to all possible cases; and in the phenomena which it lays hold of, it would see only one fact succeeded by another, did not the notion of the law of every phenomenon aid it in discovering the relations which exist between these facts. The law of every phenomenon is a pure conception of reason, like all legitimate axioms. As soon as we perceive any change whatever, we know at once that it is an effect, that it has a cause; that this cause has acted to produce it; that it has been determined to produce it by

some deciding influence, and, finally, that this effect becomes itself a cause, and produces, in its turn, some new result. All this is the produce of reflection alone, before observation has ascertained the cause, the operation, the sufficient reason, and the result. All this appears to us to be true; not because we see that it is, but because we know that it must be; and precisely on account of this necessity, our reason confidently applies it to all possible cases, and regards it as the universal law of every phenomenon."

This and other passages of similar import, indicate that the system of M. Jouffroy is a kind of synthesis between Stewart and Kant. In conclusion, he argues that, it being conceded that there are Facts within us of a different nature from sensible facts, there must also be within us a Reality of a different nature from sensible reality. There must be a *Soul*, distinct from Body; and to this soul we must refer all the facts of consciousness, as to their principle or their actual subject. In other words, we are to believe in a special being, of which sensibility, volition, intelligence, are the specific attributes, and which is as distinct from material realities as these phenomena are distinct from material phenomena. Of the modifications which this principle experiences, the brain is the indispensable condition.

The phenomena of consciousness, therefore, being of a distinct nature, and bearing no resemblance to the other phenomena of human organisation, should be made the object of a special science, which should bear a special name. What name? The term *Ideology*, says Jouffroy, is too narrow—for it designates only the science of a part of the external facts. The term *Psychology*, consecrated by usage, appears to him to be preferable; for it designates the facts with which the science is occupied by their most popular characteristic, namely, that of being attributed to the soul. The term represents a science which should be no less thoroughly cultivated, and in a manner no less methodical and rigorous than its sister science, *Physiology*.

The Philosophy of the Mind. By James Douglas, Esq., of Cavers. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black; Longman and Co., London. 1839.

THIS writer distinguishes between metaphysics and philosophy. Metaphysics, he says, have occupied a large share of attention; the philosophy of mind is but of yesterday. Religion and philosophy, he adds, have their origin in the same law of thought, which ascribes every event to a cause. No wonder, therefore, that true philosophy is connected with true religion. But how does this agree with the yesterday origin of philosophy? Religion was from the beginning! To metaphysics the author ascribes a date no earlier than Thales: *ergo*, Philosophy is older than Metaphysics.

From Thales to Professor Brown, Mr. Douglas runs through the history of speculative opinions, making some shrewd and some captious remarks. Of Stewart, he says, that—

"It might have been hoped a mind so well trained and so well regulated, besides making known the merits of another, would have added new discoveries of its own; but the changes from Reid's opinions are few, and these apparently not for the better. The connecting belief with imagination was a return to the tenets of Hume and Hobbes. In changing what has been called the conceptualism of Reid for nominalism, he pushed a useful truth to an unnecessary as well as erroneous extreme. That words are the chief instruments of thought, is a truth in which all will agree; that they are the sole instruments of thought is erroneous; for the previous exercise of thought is implied in their application and discrimination.

"How admirably (continues Mr. Douglas) Stewart could discourse from his own proper fund of thought, is seen in his remarks upon the acceleration in the trains of our ideas from practice and habit. It is much to be regretted, that other passages, which are chiefly to be admired, are generally reflections upon the thoughts of others, rather than the original meditations of his own well-balanced mind; and it is often a disappointment to the learner, who thinks he has secured an incomparable guide along the steep and dizzy path that leads to mental truth, to find that all that guide proposes is a peripatetic ramble over a tessellated pavement of quotations."

The German methods of philosophising are held in little repute by Mr. Douglas; he clearly knows nothing of Coleridge's writings, and prefers before all theories that of the Baconian Induction. He proposes, therefore, to investigate the philosophy of mind by the process of induction. He seeks less after novelty, he tells us, than that central point of view which reconciles conflicting opinions, and changes those who deem themselves mutually opposed into fellow-labourers, co-operating, though unconsciously, in the establishment of the same ultimate principles.

Some of his objections are curious enough. To Kant's doctrine, that space is the form of outward sensations, he objects, that of the five senses two only have reference to extension; and each of these to a different extension. Singular that Wigram should have been teaching Kantism for several years with a recognition of the distinction stated. At a fitting time we shall enter at large on this point. In the mean time, suffice it to assert, that there is no object of any one sense that occupies not space.

The origin of thought, according to Mr. Douglas's induction, is threefold—sensation, reflection, and suggestion. Causation not being derived from sensation and reflection, there must be some third inlet by which we receive information. On all this we are already sufficiently informed. Nor do we know that the author presents us with any thing new, relative to "the train of thought and the mental faculties." That the association is under the control of our will is a truth well recognised by the writer, in the following terms:—

"The moral and probationary state of man is strongly exemplified by the law which the associations of ideas obey. These associations, which at first are obedient to the conditions of thought imposed upon mankind in general, begin more and more to take the hue of personal character—they are marked with the singularity and impress of each peculiar individual—they are moulded to suit professional habits of thought, and they are regulated by virtue, or disturbed by uncontrolled passion. The raw materials are furnished to every mind, but each constructs his own edifice—a hovel or a palace. Association has been compared to gravitation; each is the building principle in the separate worlds of matter and of mind. The resemblance is striking, but still more so is the difference: the force of gravitation is uniform—that of association ever varying. At first a natural law,—at last it is almost transformed into a moral principle; as the man is, such is the train of his thoughts. To read at once the history and the destiny of an individual, we need only behold the acquired association of his ideas. He needs no other oracle than the manner in which the images of his mind are grouped together; and in the characters which are engraven on his mental tablet, he carries within him the handwriting of his doom."

The following also is good:—

"The dividing the soul into various faculties, and giving names to every power, real or supposed, though it is attended with its conveniences, and though without this we should neither be able to dispute nor to speak concerning metaphysics, yet is apt to give us a false view of the mode of operation of the mind. In perception, for example, all the powers of the mind are exercised; the impressions come to us single, and in succession; but by the aid of memory we gather them together, and by the aid of imagination we blend them into a whole. We also unite an analysis with our synthesis; for while we collect every perception together, respecting each external object, and at the same time individualise it, we carry on a degree of abstraction, which separates the less important from the characteristic qualities of the object, and by the power of generalisation, and by the medium of language, assigns it to that class of beings to which we suppose it naturally to belong."

In treating of Imagination, Mr. Douglas tells us very finely, that it has been the great civiliser of mankind. It has reflected, indeed, earthly events and human passions, but always with less grossness than their reality, and with more heavenly hues. Thus the ideal has always gone side by side with the real—softening, amending, exalting; throwing a veil over what it could not change, and keeping alive ceaseless aspirations, if it often fell short of attainments. But if it was well for each generation to be attracted to a higher

vantage ground than that upon which it stood, posterity are often deceived on the other hand, in mistaking the aim for the attainment, and the aspirations of poetry for the progressions of history. Sismondi has given an excellent instance of this, when he points out the confusion between chivalry and feudalism,—the last, the actual condition of the middle ages; the former, that state which existed in imagination, in poetry, and in the loftier aspirations of the mind, but whose brilliant territories are chiefly beyond the confines of our nether world. Imagination is eminently fitted to man as a progressive being. He requires its wings to lift him up from where he is grovelling upon the earth. Its domain forms the boundary between sense and faith; and we must first pass through its portal before we can gain even a distant view of the regions of endless hope and immortality. All the improvements that have ever been effected in the world, necessarily had first their place in imagination. It is the nursery in which heavenly fruits must be acclimated before they can be transplanted to our daily world. Every discovery of science has had its first gleam there, before it settled into a steady radiance, and became fixed as one of the lights of heaven. The world of imagination has a double horizon. It affords an ever-widening prospect of progress and improvement upon earth, while in its loftier expanse, it discloses to us the worlds upon worlds on high, infinite in number, and endless in duration; where the individual soul shall attain that perfection above, which the short-lived generations of mortals below are ever pursuing, and ever slowly approaching, but which they can never attain.

Of what are called our abstract and general notions, the author judiciously remarks, that such "ideas are merely the *simple and original ideas of our childhood*, and our original perceptions, which we are endeavouring to regain in their simplicity, by endeavouring to abstract our attention from those complicated adjuncts which the plastic power of the mind is ever uniting with them." The truth is, that what Dugald Stewart denominated the Ultimate Facts are the Primitive Ones. We ought to ascertain them synthetically rather than analytically. These facts are few—the sevenfold evolutions of one principle—and are wisely provided to give unity to the indefinite multitude of objects in nature, or at any rate to reduce the variety to number.

Mr. Douglas points out a serious error into which Professor Stewart fell, regarding language, which he considered as necessary to a train of thought. On the contrary, Mr. D. rightly contends that it is Thought which is necessary to language. Without thought we could have no classification; without classification, no general terms. The modifying one single word (and this might be applied to many discussions and endless disputes) would have set every thing right. If, instead of affirming that we think *solely* by means of language, it had been affirmed that we think *chiefly* by means of language, there would have been no dissentients, and the doctrine and its inferences would have been the more correctly limited. As it is, Mr. Stewart lays far too definite a stress on language as the instrument of thought. If the doctrine of the nominalists were true, the maxim of Condillac would be true likewise—"L'art de raisonner se réduit à une langue bien faite." But though there is much truth in this, there is much more truth in the converse. If to speak well is to reason well, it is still more just, that to think right is to speak right. He who had the most felicitous choice of words of all writers, Horace, justly affirms,

"Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons."

"Thoughts and words (continues Mr. Douglas) act and react upon one another, but variously in various minds; master thoughts govern words, while words rule over the common understanding. Mr. Stewart himself is an instance, in whose writings great pains have been taken with the terms and phrases, but where the result is not proportionable to the preparation, and where, perhaps, from the over-care and caution of the writer, the reader is better furnished with phrases than with thoughts: while Bacon, on the other hand, who advisedly, and with the intention not to recede from use and antiquity, is often very censurable in his terms, leaves a well-defined and luminous tract of thought behind, in the mind of the reader.

Words are but hints; and the best selected phrases and sentences must both be limited, and filled up by the reader. A strong hint is more likely to be taken than a delicate one; and forcible words, rather than nicely selected ones, convey most clearly an author's meaning."

Nouns and verbs are convertible,—the action and the agent being denominated by the same root; and an example of this might be found in the Sanscrit radicals, which become either nouns or verbs, according as they are declined. Moreover, the ancientest words are imitative terms; and these were at once verbs and nouns. To trace, however, the original condition of speech, we should require to have the roots, not of one only, but of many tongues. It is pretended that the roots of the Sanscrit are determined; but they have been determined by the Bramins themselves, it is likely, too often upon arbitrary principles; and it would require the acuteness of some new Horne Tooke, with a more sober judgement and an intimate acquaintance with the language, to develop its structure, and show its original form. In the Sanscrit, two characters ought to be discoverable,—the primitive, where it closely resembled the ancient Persian, when those who spoke it carried their arms and their religion into India; the artificial, when it had become a sacred language, apart from vulgar use, cultivated by the priests, as the speech of the gods, deflected from all vulgar appliances, and flowing into sesquipedalian verse and mystical philosophy. It would be extremely curious to compare the two extremities of the chain—the Sanscrit and the Gothic; the Sanscrit so elaborately wrought up, and the Gothic long retaining its rude simplicity; and to show in what manner, languages, so very dissimilar in their features, have retained so many marks of their common origin.

The following is in a majestic strain of thought:—

"The pyramids may represent the greatness of the departed kings of Egypt, but Language is the only fitting monument of those geniuses that have given their light to the earth for a season, and of the thoughts which have passed with such intense rapidity through their master minds. It was an argument which struck the ancients, and which is forcibly expressed by Cicero, that the mind itself must be immortal, since the produce is so. And not only is its immediate produce, thought, imperishable, but the material vehicle, whether language or writing, in which it is conveyed—the characters which the hand of man has graven, still rekindle and reanimate, though in a succession of other bosoms, the images and the emotions which the authors desired to trace; and even when the connexion between the character and the thought has been broken, and the meaning appeared to have perished, as well as the hand which traced its signs, a resurrection may be awaiting all these buried workings of the mind, over which thousands of years had cast their veil, and then they may awaken again to life, and to greater interest than when they were first chiselled upon the stone. Thus the hieroglyphics of Egypt, engraved with a careless hand, and as a matter of mere formality, are viewed anew, and with intense interest, after their superstitions and their institutions so long have perished. Nor can we conceive otherwise, when the slightest shade of motion awakens a correspondent movement within ourselves, nor believe that the cause can cease while the effect remains; or that the mind that composed the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, removed to another stage of being, has lost any of the vividness with which it contemplated existence. But the argument becomes still stronger when it is considered that the moral effects of thought never perish—that the succession of generations forms only one community—that the virtues or the vices of ancient times, and of minds so long removed from the earth, still affect the moral condition of the present world—that the measure of benefits and injuries is still filling up—and that if the condition of men after death is to be determined by their fruits, that those fruits are still ripening and augmenting—and if their quality in many cases can be easily ascertained, that their full amount can only be determined when the earth and all its concerns are brought to their final period, and the ultimate reckoning is closed."

We shall be better able to follow Mr. Douglas through his chapters on reasoning and logic, on the emotions, on taste, on freedom and the will, on morals and religion, when we have opportunity to write at large on those high

matters, from our own stores. This we shall, *certainly*, do; and then we shall not forget to refer to the valuable work before us. Important, however, is it to record, even here, that, in our author's opinion, the syllogism of Aristotle implies a previous reasoning, upon the correctness or incorrectness of which every thing depends; itself, it is scarcely a process of thought, it is merely an arrangement of terms; and withdrawing the attention from what is important to what is unimportant, it is not futile, but hurtful. The true logic (which is one with the Logos) is yet to be published.

Concerning the emotions, we are also told, that final causes are more easily discerned than proximate ones; while the rise of the appetites, desires, and affections is obscure, the end for which they were given is obvious, and has been placed in a variety of lights, to display still more distinctly the traces of Divine benevolence and wisdom. The first moving cause, in many instances, is pain, as that which is most effectual in rousing the mind from its lethargy, and in hurrying it on to the task to be accomplished; but what deserves remark is, the economy with which pain is to be inflicted—only meted out where necessary, and in the necessary proportions, and immediately remitted when the end is gained; and then turned into pleasure: for example, the sensation of hunger is dull and obscure at first, and is only augmented in proportion to the danger of injury from want of sustenance; and it is rather the fear of it than the actual experience, which impels the majority of the world to an ever renewed course of labour and self-denial in procuring a subsistence; and that which is at first a pain, and which attaches to mankind a greater labour than that of slavery, is changed into a pleasure, and that, according to some, one of the most important in life—the expectation of the return of our regular meals. The principle of hoarding, converted into reasonable love of property among the many, or into the insane and avaricious love of money in the few, changes men from the consumers of the entire produce of their own labour into voluntary and frugal stewards for a distant futurity. And so on in other instances.

The emotions of novelty, beauty, and sublimity, are the elements of the ideal world; yet, wild as it is, legislators arise, in the shape of critics, to prescribe its laws; and metaphysicians, like the Tuscan artist, apply the optic tube to descry its diversities and describe its shadowy realms. The whole sphere of emotion is thus stated. That which pleases is liked; that which intensely pleases is loved; that which is universally loved is the supremely beautiful. Love rises by admiration and devotion to the One Sublime, and sinks by pity and terror to the Other—that is the sublime of enthusiasm and the sublime of terror.

In the pleasures of taste, it is not alone the subject of the poem, but our sympathy with the master-mind that has produced it, which delights. The ideal world is not only the anticipation of an improved condition of society, but it is the passage from the earth on which we tread to the illuminated regions beyond it. To mere sense, all is narrow and contracted; but imagination throws down the narrow boundaries of our terrestrial existence, and enlarges us into a middle state, whose limits are ever receding, till its confines appear to be lost in the expansion of the interminable heavens. They who are on earth, and whose notions are derived from the earth, seem to have no common medium of intercourse with the dwellers in heaven, who have ever abode in the light and breathed the air of immortality; but poetry and imagination serve as an interpreter between them and God, through the vehicle of images, and uniting the character of prophet and poet, has lifted up our minds by His heavenly messages and inspired messengers, from this "dim spot which men call earth," to behold the skirts of his far glory, and to elevate our thoughts and affections to the highest heavens; imagination serving not only as a vehicle of communication, but also as a preparatory instructor, withdrawing us from immersion in matter, to a world which is akin to spirit, and the native abode of mind.

Our author's theory of free-will seems to be embodied in these few words:—

"God governs matter by necessity; brutes by the simplicity of their instincts; man, amidst the multiplicity of his desires, by his reasonable and moral choice. All action supposes freedom." As to the determination of the will, we would be permitted to add, that the will is determined either by the conscience, or by itself, or by nature: if by the first, it is God-determined; if by the second, it is atheistically spontaneous; if by the last, it is materially enslaved.

With our author's theory of morals and religion we are not so well pleased. Here it is that his instrument of induction, as it ever must, fails him egregiously. His scheme ends where it ought to begin; and he seeks to illuminate that by his theory which should illuminate the theory itself. He quotes the sun as darkness, and then proceeds to illustrate it by a vain attempt at vision. It is here that on some future occasion our services shall be rendered.

A singular confusion occurs in this treatise in spelling the name of Dugald Stewart: in the first half of the volume it is spelt Stuart, in the second, Steuart, —both being wrong.

III.—POLITICS.

I. On the Constitution of Church and State, according to the Idea of each.—

II. Lay Sermons.—1. The Statesman's Manual. 2. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. William Pickering. 1839.

THIS is a reprint, edited from the author's corrected copies, with notes by his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq. M.A. When we review these, it will be by a paper in chief.

IV.—SCIENCE.

Observations on the Preservation of Health, in Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age, &c. By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Esq., Author of "Observations on the Preservation of Sight," &c. Second Edition.

IT has been very acutely remarked by a celebrated Frenchman, that "*L'auteur se trie à allonger, ce que le lecteur se trie à abréger.*" Most writers, in order to render their employment at all profitable, in order to *make a book*, as it is called, mix up the real information which they are able to afford with a vast quantity of extraneous matter, which, however amusing in itself, is certainly more or less unconnected with the subject. We do not pretend that this plan is altogether without advantages, in particular instances, as it often serves to render a dry and heavy subject pleasing and interesting; and by affording relief to the tired mind, enables the more careless reader to get through his task with ease and pleasure. But the real searcher after truth requires not these inducements to study. He wishes to grapple at once with his opponent, and to overcome him with sheer mental exertion. To this man all these extraneous matters are annoyances. They appear to him like Jack-a-lanterns and Will-o'-the-wisps, which, by a delusive appearance of light, lead him from his path. He struggles through them, and wades through ponderous volumes, approximating, with all his powers of memory and reason, the facts which lie scattered abroad, and separated by these quicksands and tempting hiatuses. For, in proportion to the beauty and attractive character of these digressions, the greater is the danger of the unwary reader becoming abstracted from the proper line of thought. The book-compiler on this score deserves the thanks of the public. He does, or ought to, collect the scattered data from the thousand sources of their birth, and arrange them with skill and discretion. Thus, by his individual exertion, he saves the labour of others; and if, in addition to this he possesses the ability to discriminate between the true and the false, and does not, in excluding the extranea of others, introduce his own, he produces a work which is probably highly useful and praiseworthy. These remarks are suggested by the neat little volume before us, which is of the character just alluded to. It contains little or nothing new, certainly; but the fountains from which it has been drawn are of the highest and most authentic character.

The arrangement is good, and, taken altogether, the "Observations" do great credit to Mr. Curtis, and will deserve the extensive circulation which invariably attends his productions.

V.—LITERATURE.

The Women of England—their Social Duties, and Domestic Habits.

By Mrs. ELLIS. London: Fisher, Son, & Co., Nov., 1838.

OF all the influences exercised in civilised countries over society, with the exception, of course, of the direct influence of the Deity, that which woman possesses is undoubtedly the greatest. To woman is committed all the early education from which the future ruler, the future statesman, the future man, receives his character:—to woman is committed all that powerful influence which her greater mildness, gentleness, and beauty give her over those same persons as youths:—to woman is committed the duty of cheering the fire-side, of sharing the cares of, and administering the balmy consolation of kind words to, those same persons when the solicitudes of life are pouring thick upon them, and when the finger of care is writing his name upon their troubled brow in all too legible wrinkles, and manifesting his abiding presence in their slow and heavy footfall. To the education, therefore, of women, in all the departments of life, in their dress, manners, domestic habits, conversation, character, intellectual attainments, &c., as being the influences by which society is, in the main, regulated, Mrs. Ellis calls the especial attention of the educators of the women of England.

The apology offered by her for writing on this subject at all is, if true, a fearful one: she says, that—

—"the women of England are deteriorating in their moral character, and false notions of refinement are rendering them less influential, less useful, less happy, than they were. And can we doubt the truth of this? Let us visit the ball-room, and there behold the pitiable languidness of some, and in others, the desire of attracting admiration by any means, however degrading: let us behold the arts of a mother to attract a nest of idlers round her daughter, holding up that daughter to be purchased by the highest bidder:—see that countenance, swelling with feelings of petty pride, when the artifices of its owner, mostly seen through and despised, have succeeded in throwing into the shade a less accomplished rival; and see the defeated candidate for the admiration of—perhaps a despicable rake—her face distorted by mingled feelings of jealousy, mortified pride, and dejected ambition—the bosom heaving with rage—every action expressing the height of mortification—and your conviction must be, either that the standard of female excellence was formerly too low to be farther lowered, or that the women of England, as a body, are, indeed, less influential, less useful, and less happy than they used to be. Let us change the scene; let us go to the favourite resorts of another class of ladies, those who aspire to higher excellence than their neighbours; let us visit the meetings of temperance societies, of Bible and missionary societies, of Protestant associations, and the like. We do not wish to depreciate such societies, for we know that there are many who attend them from a sincere desire to do good; but we also know, that, by the majority, they are attended to gratify a morbid eagerness after excitement; and we can see the causes reproduced in the effects, in the ranting unchristian speeches so often indulged in by the speakers, and apparently so much admired by the hearers at these meetings. Is the excess of drinking the theme? The burying of the mental faculties in the sensual appetites? How do the audience inwardly exult on hearing of men and women voluntarily depriving themselves of their reason, when they pity so sincerely the persons spoken of, consult so cordially for their improvement, and thank their God so piously, that they are not even as these men; yet, perchance, into their hearts the canker of the world is eating,—in their bosoms Mammon may have his loftiest shrine,—the beam is in their own eye, and they know it not, but they are ready to pluck the mote from their brother's eye. Fools! they know not that it is first needful to pluck the beam from their own eye, and they will then see more clearly to take the mote from the eye of another. With relation to such persons who are ever striving to improve the world, while in their own bosoms a hell of uncharitable passions is raging, we would apply the beautiful

saying of the German poet—'First become better thyself, soon will the world become better.' Is the theme the vice of the Roman, and the excellence of the Protestant Church, or *vice-versâ*? How delighted do they seem when they are told, on direct assertion, how wicked are the members of the opponent church, and, by inference (always readily drawn), how very good they themselves are:—they weep bitterly over the faults of their neighbours, but they forget to weep for themselves and for their children."

Such are some of the many confirmations of Mrs. Ellis's assertion, and to remedy the spreading evil is her book directed. Mrs. Ellis has sounded a trumpet of warning, of which the echoes are still ringing, and which must be sounded again and again, until the warning be heeded. She tells us,—and to those who have lived long enough in the world to feel its sorrows and afflictions, we leave to judge how truly, that—

—"the cry of utter helplessness is of no avail in rescuing from the waters of affliction, and the plea of ignorance unheard upon the far-extending and deep ocean of experience; and the question of accountability perpetually sounding, like the voice of a warning spirit, above the storms and billows of this lower world."

She tells the "women of England" that they have "deep responsibilities and urgent claims; that a nation's moral wealth is in their keeping." In this the philosopher, of whatever creed and school he be, will agree with her. In this the disciple of Locke must agree; for woman is the first to write upon that sheet of unstained paper, which, in his theory, represents an infant's mind. In this the followers of Coleridge or of Wordsworth must agree, for it is in the power of woman *first* to stunt, or to promote, the growth of those innate ideas with which they have peopled, even from the hour of birth, what was formerly considered the *vacancy* of the human mind. In this, all who take the trouble to think must agree, for all know that with woman rests the first culture, by precept and example, of the mind of man. And what ought to be the education of those to whom such an important duty is committed? Should it be the frivolous, foolish, piano-playing, embroidering, husband-seeking, miserable, petty education which they now receive? We do not mean to say that music, or embroidery, or drawing, are useless attainments: on the contrary, they serve to vary the wretched monotony of life. But should they be these alone? Assuredly not. If the blind lead the blind, shall not, nay, do not, both fall into the ditch? A moral and truly Christian education, not consisting in learning or writing out verses of the Bible, but in a real perception of the beauties, of the virtues, inculcated by our Saviour, should be the education of every woman in England. The influence a woman possesses is great,—great, in proportion, is the responsibility attached to the exercise of it. The question with every woman should be, "Do we perform all the good in our power?" If they perform less, they have much to answer for. If they abuse that power, how dreadful their responsibility! Poets may rave of the beautiful visions which their fancy incarnates, painters may point out to us the transcendent beauties of a favourite landscape, lovers of an admired face, historians of an heroic action, but we will defy them all to show us a sight more beautiful than that of a family of females, whose duties of charity and benevolence, commencing with the morning sun, end not till he sinks behind the horizon, who do not think it necessary that all their efforts should be expended abroad, but keep some of their charity to make their own home agreeable to their brothers or their friends—some of their gentleness to comfort those who have to breast the rougher waves of life—some of their influence to lead their friends from the almost necessary scepticism and despair induced by the toils of life to the sublime truths of Christianity set forth by their gentle lips, and corroborated by their powerful persuasion, some of those sweet smiles to refresh those who look for them in vain among the iron countenances who worship daily at the Mammon-shrine of business.

The influence women have over men in drawing their thoughts to religious subjects, is too great to need our expatiating. Would it were better

used ! Instead of the tales of petty gossip and scandal with which a tired husband is saluted on entering that place, where, if any where on earth, rest might be most expected, how many useful points of conversation are there with which a well-educated woman might entertain and benefit her husband ; how many things are there which the strong might learn from the weak. Above all, women should avoid, in their conversation, all expression of ill-will to others. There is malevolence enough in the world without, and it needs not to be introduced to the fire-side. All women have not the power of effecting a remarkable quantity of good, but all have it in their power to avoid giving pain.

" O ! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A *small* unkindness is a *great* offence ;
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But *all* may shun the guilt of giving pain."

Lastly, in recommending to all our readers the very eloquent and Christian book before us, let us join with Mrs. Ellis in demanding, that not a passive but an active assent should be given to the principles laid down in it, so that we may soon see its effect in the superior moral and intellectual education of women, and, therefore, almost necessarily in the superior morality of men. We are sure that we cannot conclude this review better than in the eloquent language of Mrs. Ellis, whose most important work we heartily recommend to all our readers.

" It is not (she says) through a lifetime only, though that were sufficient for our follies—it may be through the endless ages of eternity, that our good or evil influence shall extend. I have pointed out to my country-women, as I pursued this work, the high ambition of preserving a nation from the dangers which threaten the destruction of its moral worth ; but beyond this view, wide and exalted as it unquestionably is, there opens out a field of glory, upon which to enter might seem blessedness enough. Yet, when we contemplate the possibility of being the means of inducing others to enter with us, and those the most beloved of earth's treasures, surely it is worthy of our best energies, our most fervent zeal, our tears, our prayers, that we may so use our influence, and so employ our means, as that those whose happiness has been committed to our care, may partake with us in the enjoyment of the mansions of eternal rest."

The Genius and Wisdom of SIR WALTER SCOTT, comprising Moral, Religious, Political, Literary, and Social Aphorisms, selected carefully from his various Writings. With a Memoir. London : W. S. Orr & Co. 1839.

AT the commencement of the year, parents and friends are seeking from among the long list of glittering and highly-ornamented Annuals, fitting offerings to present to the rising generation. These are certainly, this year, beautifully got up, and are rich in the best specimens of the artist and engraver ; but they rarely contain any thing calculated to instruct the mind of youth, or to lead to serious and improving meditation. Those who wish to supply something more than mere amusement, would do well to purchase this neat little volume. We can confidently recommend it as one of the most fitting and handsome little books which have appeared this season. There is, probably, no name in literature better known in this country than that of Sir Walter Scott, and none which has been more popular. It would be absurd, therefore, to recommend it to his admirers, for all readers are such. The Editor, in his Preface, says, " that it occurred to him, whilst perusing one of Sir Walter Scott's inimitable works of fiction, that the passages in which are developed the novelist's peculiar notions of morals and philosophy, escape the attention of the generality of readers, in consequence of their minds being absorbed in the contemplation of the different varied incidents of the deeply interesting narrative they were perusing." The selection of these, and the addition of some of the most beautiful passages, of both prose and poetry, together with a well-written Memoir of the Great Unknown, form, altogether, as interesting and delightful a volume as could be offered to the public. It deserves to be circulated, as freely as the works from which the well-selected passages are taken.

But the atmosphere of the Crypt begins to feel close—and the walls, we fear, are damp; let us, therefore, adjourn again to the

GREEN-ROOM.

"STRANGE," exclaimed the philosophical Macready, "that distance of space should be distinguished by changes that had failed to mark the course of time."

"Yes," we replied, breaking in upon the discourse, "the late Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, says of Kotzebue, that 'having succeeded on every European stage, his power over Space already transcended that of Shakspeare; it remained to be seen, whether his power over Time will stand the test of centuries.'"

"The reputation of Madame is more like that of Shakspeare than that of Kotzebue. From the year 1797 to the present, her celebrity in England has suffered no abatement. But in Scotland and America she has not been able to assume a position. It were, truly, a curious speculation to estimate the different values of Fame in Duration and Fame in Extension."

"Why," said common-place Bunn, "the Americans had not seen her as we had in the gaiety and loveliness of youth—what she *is*, therefore, derived no *prestige* from what she *was*."

"There it is," said we. "The fame in space is constituted of sensations—that of time is an affair of the intellect. The acting of Vestris *now*, makes a demand upon the understanding. Moreover, we have to imagine the beauty and the juvenility that we no longer witness. The English public *will*, whatever may be said to the contrary, look through the visage into the mind,—a faculty not to be yet expected from the Americans; least of all if they happen to be, as it seems they were, in a state of disappointed expectation."

"So much," said Vandenhoff, "depends, in all these affairs, on circumstances. The accident of being rejected in America, only increased the warmth of her reception on her return to England."

How much longer this conversation might have continued we know not; but Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews entering, made the topic one of considerable delicacy; it was, therefore, very properly dropped.

Our attention continues to be fixed on COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, as the only place where the National Drama is presented on an extensive and ambitious scale. All the good actors there—Macready, Vandenhoff, Phelps, Ward, Elton, Serle, Anderson; Mrs. Warner, and Miss Faucit. At this period of the year, however, when inexplicable dumb-show, in the shape of Pantomime, usurps the throne of Melpomene and Thalia, we have little opportunity for remark. We are, however, happy to hear, that two tragedies have the chance of appearing. There is much promise about the one *last read**; and *David Rizzio* is by a man of talent, and, in its amended form, will prove attractive.

The exertions of Mr. Macready have evidently succeeded in forming the public taste to a better point than it had previously attained. It ought to be the task of critics, daily, weekly, and monthly, to urge public opinion to a demand of yet higher excellence, not rejecting, however, the *actual* for the *ideal*—the present attainment for some future possibility. What Mr. Macready has been doing, will force a future manager to attempt the highest standard of dramatic production. The time will come when the public mind will require, not only the *mise au scène* in as great, or greater, perfection than it can be given in Paris, but something more than the utmost *theatrical* display can achieve. All the possibilities of Poetry must be embodied in those attractive shapes which only the stage can realise. The New Spirit of an æra, as original in genial art as that of the Elizabethan age, must receive the warmest welcome and readiest assistance that the theatre can render. The present state of public developement has called the First of modern Actors to the helm—the next evolution will require the First of modern Poets, whoever he may be. The *beau idéal* of a management never can be reached until that consummation shall have been effected.

* *Richelieu*; or, *the Proud Brother*; by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE KARR.

My wealth, dear girl, is in the trees,
 The azure skies, the fields, and flowers ;
 The perfume-pregnant ev'ning breeze,
 Which plays amongst the almond-bowers.
 My wealth, &c.

But more than moss-bed, fresh and choice,
 More than the air, the flowers, the skies—
 My wealth—it is thy gentle voice—
 It is the glance of those blue eyes !
 But more, &c.

My wealth—it is thy breath, I vow,
 That with its fragrance well-nigh slays ;
 It is each lock that decks that brow,
 O'er which a word the blush can raise.
 My wealth, &c.

The linnet, on the hawthorn bough,
 Doth to the winds its songs repeat ;
 So doth thy silver voice bestow
 On ev'ry ear its accents sweet !
 The linnet, &c.

Like flowers within the smiling dale,
 Like sunbeam on the mountain's height,
 Thy breath, thy glance, thy smile, we hail
 With pure, but rapturous delight.
 Like flowers, &c.

Love, hopes, and life, take all for thine,
 But grant me, in return, a prize—
 O be thy soft voice *only mine* !
 Mine that sweet breath and those blue eyes !
 Love, hopes, &c.

D. G. O.

CENSUS OF SCIENTIFIC THEORIES.

No. 1.—THE UNDULATORY THEORY OF LIGHT.

BY CHARLES TOOGOOD DOWNING, M.R.C.S.—*Author of the "Fanqui in China," &c.*

It may be remembered, that at the last meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, after Sir David Brewster had read a most interesting paper on the combined action of grooved metallic and transparent surfaces upon light, there was a dead pause throughout the assembly. After a while, Sir John Herschel said, that the members must not suppose that the silence which prevailed betokened apathy respecting these splendid researches of

Sir David Brewster, but that it arose from the extreme difficulty of following with sufficient rapidity for discussion such an *absolute torrent* of new matter: silence was to be attributed to the general feeling, that the subject was too vast to be at once grasped by any one. Indeed the discoveries of Sir David Brewster, whether viewed in relation to the intervals at which they succeeded each other or the instruction they conveyed, equally filled the auditors with delight and astonishment. At another time, after hearing read an account of a new kind of polarity in homogeneous light, the same great astronomer, Sir John Herschel, remarked, that in whatever point of view light was considered, or in whatever field of experiments respecting it we became engaged, we were sure to meet with something to interest us by its novelty, or to astonish us by the unsuspected nature of the result: for his own part, his long absence from home had placed him very much in arrear of the present state of the Science.

If, then, so great a philosopher acknowledges his deficiency, and *the scientific* collected from all parts are dumb with astonishment at the wonderful march of discovery, it may be expected that the general reader will at least be equally perplexed. The fact is, that so many new phenomena have lately been discovered in this branch of science, that it is impossible for any one to keep pace with them, unless he devotes himself almost entirely to that particular study. In order, however, to obtain a proper share of information, and to be enabled to appreciate the importance of what is taking place, it is necessary to go back to the fundamental principles on which all these after-strata are founded. As no one subject, at the present time, occupies more of the attention of the learned than light and optics, and as frequent allusions are made to the undulatory theory, we thought it as well to introduce a short and familiar account of its origin and progress. More especially as, at this very moment, there is an animated discussion taking place on the subject, between two of the greatest men in science that Great Britain can boast.

In the investigation of nature, in the endeavour to dive into and explain the secret mysteries of her operations, it has frequently been remarked, that those things which more particularly elude the grasp of the mind of man, and defy his attempts, are those which are constantly obtruding themselves upon his notice. They stimulate his curiosity by frequent appeals to his senses, and thus awaken his industry to the search; while at the same time, by their intangibility and etherialism, they almost deny a possibility of success. The laws and properties of light have been studied with untiring perseverance by the greatest mathematicians and astrologers, and among those who have rendered themselves famous by their discoveries, may be mentioned the names of Snellius, Descartes, Huygens, Newton, Hooke, Euler, Malus, Young, Fresnal, Fraunhofer, Herschel, and Brewster. The success which has attended these labours, especially of late years, has been completely dazzling. Phenomenon after phenomenon has arisen in quick succession, and been applied with such profound skill to the elucidation of subjects

heretofore considered beyond the reach of man, that we are equally lost in amazement and admiration.

Light is arrested by some bodies, while it passes freely through others; is reflected from polished surfaces; is bent or deflected from a rectilinear course in passing near various bodies; is capable of dispersion and condensation in passing through certain media; it has a chemical action on certain compounds; and it apparently enters into the composition of substances, and is again extracted from them at pleasure. It is also well known to travel at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second of time: a velocity so greatly exceeding any motion produced by the art of man, that it almost defies the power of imagination.

Matter of such extreme tenuity, and at the same time possessed of such wonderful properties, may be well supposed to have excited endeavours to discover its nature. In fact, suppositions or theories of light, and its action on the eye to produce the phenomena of vision have been handed down to us from very remote ages. The Pythagoreans believed that it consisted of particles emanating from the sun and other luminous bodies, and entering the pupil of the eye; while Aristotle regarded it as a mere quality of matter. Plato and his followers considered that vision was occasioned by particles of something emanating from the eye, and feeling, as it were with a hand, the surfaces of objects. They were puzzled, notwithstanding, with the fact of this power being available only in the presence of a luminous substance, and could not explain why an object should not be equally well seen in the dark. Since those times, a variety of speculations have been offered, many of them of great ingenuity, and capable of explaining some of the more simple phenomena of optics, but totally defective when more scrupulously examined.

Two theories have of late years engaged the attention of philosophers. The first is the Newtonian, or corpuscular doctrine, which supposes light to consist of excessively minute molecules, or particles of matter, projected from the sun and other luminous bodies in every direction, with the immense velocity due to light, and acted on by attractive and repulsive forces residing in the bodies on which they impinge; by which means they are reflected, refracted, and otherwise turned from their rectilinear course, according to the laws observed. This theory, which was the one adopted by the great philosopher whose name it bears, explained in a satisfactory manner the laws of reflection, refraction, and the dispersion of light, but has been almost entirely neglected on account of the more ready and satisfactory explanation of recent discoveries afforded by the other hypothesis. One grand objection has been urged against the corpuscular theory which would appear, *prima facie*, conclusive. If light consisted of particles of matter, even if we suppose them to be many thousand times smaller than a grain of sand, yet, propelled at the astonishing rapidity before mentioned, the momentum they would acquire in reaching the earth from the sun, would be sufficient to overturn and destroy every thing they struck. Yet it is found that the strongest light does not disperse the finest particle of dust, or produce any perceptible effect upon

instruments especially constructed for the purpose of detecting its impetus. If, also, matter was continually emanating from the sun through successive ages, how is it that the substance of that luminary has not greatly decreased ?

These, and other reasons equally cogent, inclined philosophers to seek some other explanation of the mysteries of light ; and hence arose the Huygenian, or undulatory theory. Huygens or, as he is called, Huygenius, a Dutch mathematician of profound knowledge and acquirements, first communicated his notions to the Academy of Sciences at Paris in 1678, and subsequently published them, with enlargements, under the title of "*Traité de la Lumière.*" In the *undulatory theory*, it is supposed that an excessively rare, subtle, and elastic medium, or *ether*, as it is called, pervades the universe ; that it fills all space, permeating all material bodies, and occupying the intervals between their molecules ; that it is inappreciable when at rest, and, either by passing freely among them, or by its extreme tenuity, does not interfere with the motions of the earth, the planets, or the comets, in their orbits, as far as can be ascertained by the most delicate astronomical instruments ; and that it has inertia, but not gravity. The molecules of this ether are susceptible of being set in motion by the agitation of the particles of ponderable matter ; and when any one is thus set in motion, it communicates a similar motion to those adjacent to it, and thus the motion is propagated farther and farther in all directions, according to the same mechanical laws which regulate the propagation of undulations in other elastic media, according to their several constitutions, as air, water, solids, &c.

In the interior of refracting media, such as glass or water, the ether still exists, but, on account of the attraction of matter, in a state of less elasticity, compared with its density, than when in vacuo, and therefore the elasticity of the ether in the interior of media is less, relatively speaking, in proportion to their refractive powers. Wherefore it follows, that vibrations communicated to the ether in free space are propagated through refractive media, by means of the ether in their interior, but with a velocity corresponding to its inferior degree of elasticity. The sensation of light is produced when regular vibratory motions of a proper kind are propagated through the ether, and, by passing through our eyes, reach and agitate the retina, thus bearing a more or less close analogy to the way in which our auditory nerves are affected with the sensation of sound by the vibrations of the air. The colour and brightness of light are explained by a similar analogy. For, according to the theory of sound, the frequency of the aerial pulses, or the number of excursions to and fro from its point of rest made by each molecule of the air, determines the pitch, or note ; so, in this theory of light, the frequency of the pulses, or number of impulses, made on our nerves in a given time by the ethereal molecules next in contact with them, determines the colour of the light ; and that, as the extent of the motion to and fro of the particles of air determine the loudness of the sound, so the amplitude, or extent, of the excursions of the ethereal molecules from their points of rest, determine the brightness or intensity of the light.

This is the theory of undulation, as propounded by its inventor or discoverer; and it has been supported by the researches of Descartes, Hooke, Euler, Young, Fresnal, and others equally great of the present day. As the science of optics advanced, however, it was found necessary to modify some of the particulars, and to enlarge and add to the hypothesis, in order to explain the numerous and complicated phenomena which have been discovered since the time of Huygens. The principles on which the theory was founded did not originate entirely in the imagination, but were supported by arguments and data of the most weighty kind. For instance, that a universally diffused medium, resembling that which has been denominated ether, does actually exist, appears to be undeniably proved by the phenomena of electricity; and the rapid transmission of the electric shock would lead us to infer that the electric medium was possessed of an elasticity as great as is necessary to be supposed for the propagation of light. In the present state of our knowledge, it is impossible to form an opinion whether this luminous ether, and the electric ether, are the same, even if we suppose that they both exist; but probably this will be determined eventually by experiment. The rapid progress which is now being made in the sciences of electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, and the undeniable proofs which exist of the identity of fluids which were heretofore considered distinct and separate, would incline us to believe that the same principles will, some time or other, be applied to the elucidation of the laws of heat, light, electricity and sound.

The following quotation from "Newton's Optics" contains some of that great philosopher's opinions on the subject.—"Is not the heat of the warm room conveyed through the vacuum by the vibrations of a much subtler medium than air? And is not this medium the same with that medium by which light is reflected and refracted, and by whose vibrations light communicates heat to bodies, and is put into fits of easy reflection and easy transmission? And do not the vibrations of this medium in hot bodies contribute to the intenseness and duration of their heat? And do not hot bodies communicate their heat to contiguous cold ones by the vibrations of this medium, propagated from them into the cold ones? And is not this medium exceedingly more rare and subtle than the air, and exceedingly more elastic and active? And doth it not readily pervade all bodies? And is it not, by its elastic force, expanded through all the heavens? May not planets and comets, and all gross bodies, perform their motions in this ethereal medium? And may not its resistance be so small as to be inconsiderable? For instance, if this ether (for so I will call it), should be supposed 700,000 times more elastic than our air, and above 700,000 times more rare, its resistance would be about 600,000,000 times less than that of water; and so small a resistance would scarce make any sensible alteration in the motion of the planets in ten thousand years. If any one would ask how a medium can be so rare, let him tell me,—how an electric body can by friction emit an exhalation so rare and subtle, and yet so potent? And how the effluvia

of a magnet can pass through a plate of glass, without resistance, and yet turn a magnetic needle beyond the glass?"

It may appear surprising to those who have not studied the subject, that light should be propagated to such an immense distance without the velocity being greatly diminished: but this is a point which is especially favorable to the doctrine of undulations. For if light consisted of particles of matter projected from a luminous body, the momentum would decrease in a ratio to their distance from that body; whereas the velocity of light is the same whether these wonderful molecules are produced from the striking of a flint and steel together, a slight transmission of electricity, the white heat of a wind furnace, or by the intense heat of the sun itself.

By the Huygenian theory, the impetus is first given by the luminous body to the molecules of ether in its immediate vicinity, from whence it is propagated by undulations; and it is a well established fact that all impulses are propagated in a homogeneous elastic medium with an equable velocity. The propagation of motion through an elastic medium is a subject of considerable obscurity, and is probably the cause of the difficulty of explaining complicated phenomena. But, as is observed by Dr. Thomas Young in the *Philosophical Transactions* for the year 1802, "if the impulse be so great as materially to disturb the density of this medium, it will be no longer homogeneous; but as far as concerns our senses, the quantity of motion may be considered as infinitely small. It is possible, that the actual velocity of the particles of the luminiferous ether may bear a much less proportion to the velocity of the undulations than in sound; for light may be excited by the motion of a body moving at the rate of only one mile in the time that light moves a hundred millions."

It would far exceed the limits of a paper of this kind, to enter into all the reasoning which has been advanced in support of the different positions of this theory. Enough has been said, we should presume, to suggest to the general reader (for whose service it is designed), an idea of its nature. As we proceed with the subject, further details will be mentioned; and then they will most probably be much better understood when coupled with the phenomena which they are intended to explain. The chief supporters do not believe the undulatory theory to be perfect—probably no one actually believes in it in all its particulars. Theory must, in this instance, be regarded merely as the expression of a general law. By the exertions of the later philosophers it has been so much improved however, and, as remarked by Herschel in his "Discourse on Natural Philosophy," "is so happy in its adaptation to facts, and in the coincidence with experience of results deduced from it by the most intricate analysis, that it is difficult to conceive it unfounded. If it be so, it is at least the most curiously artificial system that science has yet witnessed; and whether it be so or not, so long as it serves to group together in one comprehensive point of view a mass of facts almost infinite in number and variety, to reason from one to another, and to establish analogies and relations between them; on whatever hypothesis it may be founded, or

whatever arbitrary assumptions it may make respecting structures and modes of action, it can never be regarded as other than a most real and important accession to our knowledge."

It cannot be denied that one or two objections to the undulatory theory exist, which certainly appear formidable, but which it will be as well to mention before we proceed farther. In the propagation of motion through an elastic medium, one of the principal laws is, that if the elastic medium be uniform and homogeneous, all motions of whatever kind are propagated through it in all directions with one and the same uniform velocity,—a velocity depending solely on the elasticity of the medium as compared with its inertia, and bearing no relation to the greatness or smallness, regularity or irregularity of the original disturbance. Thus, while the intensity of light, like that of sound, diminishes as the distance from its origin increases, its velocity remains invariable; and thus too, as sound of every pitch, so light of every colour travels with one and the same velocity, either in vacuo, or in a homogeneous medium. Now it is known that the deviation of light by refraction is a consequence of the difference of its velocities within and without the refracting medium, and that when these velocities are given, the amount of deviation is also given. From this it would appear to follow unavoidably, that rays of all colours must be in all cases equally refracted: and that therefore there could exist no such phenomena as dispersion or the separation of homogeneous light into the coloured spectrum. This is the best-founded objection which has been urged; and as yet the difficulty has not been overcome, although many attempts have been made.

Another objection was brought forward by Newton, and was considered by him conclusive against the doctrine, but has since been almost entirely overcome. If, it is said, there be a perfect analogy between light and sound, how is it that shadows exist? Sounds are propagated freely round a corner; how is it that light does not do so? A vibration propagated from a centre in an elastic medium, and intercepted by an immoveable obstacle having a small orifice, ought to spread itself from this orifice beyond the screen as from a new centre, and fill the space beyond with undulations propagated from it in every direction. This orifice ought to be seen in all directions as a new luminary, as in acoustics it is heard as a new source of sound. Many arguments against this objection are deducible from the laws of sound itself; for upon a strict examination it will be found, that sounds are not propagated round a corner with the *same intensity* as in their original direction. Any one may convince himself of this, by observing the sound of a carriage in the act of turning the corner of a street, or by holding up a tuning-fork to the ear and interposing now and then a slip of card. Dr. Young has satisfactorily shown that light is propagated round a corner, in explaining his third proposition of the theory of undulations, viz. "A portion of a spherical undulation, admitted through an aperture into a quiescent medium, will proceed to be farther propagated rectilinearly in concentric superficies, terminated laterally by weak and irregular portions of newly diverging undulations. For, at the instant of admission, the circumference of

each of the undulations may be supposed to generate a partial undulation, filling up the nascent angle between the radii and the surface terminating the medium; but no sensible addition will be made to its strength by a divergence of motion from any other parts of the undulation, for want of a coincidence of time. If indeed the aperture bear but a small proportion to the breadth of an undulation, the newly generated undulation may nearly absorb the whole force of the portion admitted: and this is the case considered by Newton. But no experiment can be made under these circumstances with light, on account of the minuteness of its undulations, and the interference of inflection; and yet some faint radiations do actually diverge beyond any probable limits of inflection, rendering the margin of the aperture distinctly visible in all directions: these are attributed by Newton to some unknown cause, distinct from inflection, and they fully answer the description of this proposition."

Now that we have stated the principal objections to the undulatory theory, and pointed out those phenomena which either *cannot*, or can be but imperfectly explained by it, we will proceed to show those *which can*. With this intention, and in order to render the subject, which is confessedly abstruse and intricate, as simple and intelligible as possible, we will commence with the well-known laws of reflection and refraction, but avoiding, as far as may be, the more complicated mathematical reasoning.

The sources of light are chiefly the sun, and combustible bodies in a state of ignition. In order to understand the way in which it is propagated, let us consider, for example, the flame of a lamp or candle. Every particle of it propagates around itself, as a centre, a series of concentric waves, which circulate in every direction, and intersect each other, but do not interfere. It is not supposed that in these undulations, the particles of the ether themselves though in continual motion are themselves carried along, but that they receive an impulse and transmit it necessarily to those with which they come in contact, in the same way as undulations are propagated in other elastic media, as, for instance, the waves of sound in the air, and those produced by a stone on the water. But in addition to the motion communicated by the ethereal molecule to the particles next in contact with it in a straight line drawn through the luminous source, a portion of the motion is necessarily communicated to all the other particles which touch it, and oppose its motion. Wherefore it is evident, that a new spherical undulation will be created round each particle of which it is itself the centre. But each of these secondary waves must be infinitely weak when compared with the original wave, as all the others contribute to its composition by that part of their surface which is the most remote from the luminous centre.

By a similar kind of reasoning, it will be evident why light, considered as the result of undulations, is propagated only in straight lines, always considering that the waves are progressing through a homogeneous medium. Each part of a wave propagates itself in such a manner, that the extremities are always comprehended between the same straight lines drawn from the luminous

centre. For though the secondary waves, produced by the contact of the primary one, also spread themselves out of this space, yet they do not concur to compose together at the same instant, a wave which terminates the motion, excepting in the circumference of the original wave which is their common tangent. Or we may suppose a luminous aperture bounded by opaque bodies, where the undulation propagated from the aperture will be always bounded by the opaque substances; for the secondary waves, without this boundary, will be too feeble to produce light. Hence it follows that, according to this theory, light is propagated in straight lines.
(*To be continued in our next.*)

LIBRARY COLLOQUIES.

No. II.

Editor (reading).

EXAMPLE is more powerful than precept, and feeling precedes reflection. We like or dislike without reference to abstract principles. The world did not want to be told that Shakspeare was a great poet, or Raffaello a great painter—they were stars that shone by their own light. The critic, indeed, may question our admiration,—may require a reason for the faith that is in us; but his place is to follow, not to precede. His comment must wait upon the text. His province is to examine and decide on results; not to interfere in the operations by which they are produced. He may be the dispenser of fame, but he must not assume to be the guide of genius. It is surely just that it should be so. The poet and the artist produce their testimonials; they bring forward proofs of their qualification for the office they undertake; the poem and the picture—the statue and the structure are before us, and submitted to our judgement: but who is to answer for the Winkelmanns and the Webbs, the Scaigers and the Bentleys of our day? Upon what grounds do they claim our confidence, and where are the credentials which authorise them to lay down the law? “Longinus,” we are told by Pope, “was *himself* the great sublime he drew;” but I am not aware that any of his successors can claim our submission by a similar title. We must recollect also that the same poet says:—

“Let those teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.”

It may be questioned whether the *Iliad* would have been much improved,

“Had e’en the Stagyrte o’erlooked each line.”

We may doubt if Phidias or Apelles would have worked with more effect under critical superintendence—whether the Sistine Chapel would have been benefited by being submitted to the control of a committee of taste—or if Shakspeare and Milton would have written much better if their pens had been guided by Bentley, Malone, and Warburton.

No, no, gentlemen! Genius cannot safely take the critic into partnership. That fastidious functionary would soon paralyse the operations of the firm; and chill the ardour of enterprise, by the fear of reproof and the prophecy of failure.

It surely cannot be considered very presumptuous to claim for the poet and the painter the free exercise of their powers, unfettered by the practice or the precedents of other times. I trust it is not quite unreasonable to suppose that Nature may not have so entirely exhausted her gifts on her ancient favourites, but that in her munificence, something has been reserved also for the use of the modern world, which may enable the genius of Great Britain to gain a laurel, even in the Arts, which has not been wholly grafted from the Grecian stock.

Seeing what we have seen in our own day—having witnessed the wonders

of our own age, in those pursuits in which the shell has been broken, and the wisdom of antiquity has been superseded by the philosophy of Bacon, and Newton, and Locke—he may indeed be said to be presumptuous, who shall pretend to set limits to the miraculous powers of man, who shall attempt to stay the mighty current of human knowledge, and, with the idle arrogance of a Canute, say to the advancing wave,—

“THUS FAR SHALT THOU GO, BUT NO FARTHER.”

And such is the peroration of the Address of Sir Martin Archer Shee, to which, because our soul responds greatly to it, we recur with still renewed pleasure; meanwhile, not unconscious that there stands at our very elbow a kindred Spirit. Who is he? The Nameless Poet of the *Reign of Lockrin*—a Poem to be published by Messrs. Whittaker and Co., Ave-Maria-lane, in the year of our Lord MDCCCXL. Why, who knows that Messrs. Whittakers may be publishers at that time?—or, if so, that they may then live in Ave-Maria-lane?—or that there may be an Ave-Maria-lane?

The Nameless Poet. Poets are vates. It is a prophecy: equal to any in Murphy's Weather Almanac.

Editor. Murphy is not far from phenomenal fact, and his theory has much to recommend it. His work on Meteorology is published by Baillière. And I would recommend to your perusal the third chapter of the book.

The Nameless Poet. The subject?

Editor. “The Union of Opposite Progressions esteemed the Fundamental Law of Nature, or that on which the whole of her Dispositions are Founded.”

The Nameless Poet. Do you hold with him?

Editor. I would project the argument to a higher point—that is, to an antecedent principle, of which the opposite progressions and the union he speaks of are equally evolutions. But what he writes of the said opposite progressions is true enough. How blind are mortals to the force of the merest truisms! *Every thing has its opposite!* How often is the affirmation made, without reference to its philosophical verity or scientific application! Murphy demands, what are the opposite, or the *right* and *left*, sides of animals, whose contrasts and sympathies have so frequently occupied the attention and speculations of the faculty?—the *root* and *stem* of vegetables?—the further sexual combination subsisting between the individuals of either kingdom?—the relation of the sun and planets, differing to such an extent as the former does from the latter?—what are all these, but instances of the universal union he contends for—in a word, the union of opposite homogeneous progressions?

The Nameless Poet. Does he extend the law to the world of sentiment and sensation?

Editor. He does. Each of the senses and passions, he declares, may be said to constitute a *centre*, or point of contact, to or from which the opposite progressions of heat and cold, of light and darkness, of pleasure and pain, of joy and grief, of love and hate, of desire and aversion, &c. &c., advance or recede. Reason and Deity, however, he excepts from the operation of this law.

The Nameless Poet. Such a theorist has no vulgar mind.

Editor. Our modern reviewers, however, only startle and stare

at such assertions—they are incapable of critically investigating them.

The Nameless Poet. Modern criticism! In a postscript to my Poem, I design to castigate all the professors of it. What appears to have been the main end of living or late reviewers? To put down men of merit, and raise up writers of bad taste. All late or living writers of any eminence have risen into notice in opposition to the critics of the day, who either tried to crush them on their first appearance, by unjust severity, or to keep them in the background, by affected contempt. There are, however, and have been a few clever fellows among them.

Editor. We have reason to speak well of the reception that the last number of the Monthly had among the daily and weekly critics. By one, in particular, we have been gratified. A long-cherished resentment has been nobly sacrificed, at the free suggestion of an honourable demurrer. That man and ourselves are henceforth friends on terms of mutual respect.

The Nameless Poet. It is the province of able critics to watch over the taste of the age; but with their eyes wide open, and not blindfolded by the vulgar prejudices arising out of party spirit, and which can only find place in heads of very narrow and limited views. They should not, therefore, while reviewing a new work, allow themselves to be influenced in their judgement thereof, by the country, rank, opinions, whether political or religious, of the author. Nor should they in any way make him smart for any private grudge which they may owe his publisher, printer, or even himself.

Editor. One great duty of the modern critic is to detect, for the public, genius in its infancy.

The Nameless Poet. But as this not unfrequently lies concealed amidst ruin and rubbish, he who can point it out must, indeed, have extraordinary powers of discrimination; he must be endued with something more than what is generally termed nice tact or taste. He must have, what only one in a century has, the eagle eye of a genuine critic. On further consideration, however, I perceive that this were to expect too much, now-a-days. We must wait for better times.

Editor. Your good critic were as rare as the good author.

The Nameless Poet. Hitherto the conduct of reviewers has, with very few exceptions, betrayed the most supine indifference in the exercise of their calling. They have allowed the monster of bad taste to make fearful strides through the land—they appear like men under the influence of some evil genius—a death-like apathy seems to hold them down, as though they were spell-bound. However, they have great need to arise and bestir themselves—for unless they do so, that ugly creature (meaning still the monster of bad taste) whose progress has been already so fearfully rapid and destructive, will, ere long, if still allowed to proceed, have converted their fruitful garden into a barren waste. Wise men should look to this: it is a matter of much more serious importance than many suppose. It is reasonable to expect that men whose views

are confined—whose cold breasts cannot even conceive what feeling, fancy, or imagination, is—it is reasonable to expect that such men should make light of poetry. It is far beyond their reach. Yet this should not be; that is, it should not be made light of. It is a matter of weighty consideration; even our legislators ought to be told so. The poetry of a country has an extraordinary influence over the minds of its people. It is the first to bring civilisation there; and when it declines, all that is good and great in the land seems to decline with it.

Editor. Your own poem — ?

The Nameless Poet. —Is on an old subject. There is no poem extant of any great repute, of which the story had not been known, and treated in some way or other, prior to the existence of him whose genius gave it the greatest celebrity. In proof of this, the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, *Paradise Lost*, readily suggest themselves. No poet therefore should arrogate to himself any extraordinary merit for the pretended originality of his subject.

Editor. Novelty, you mean. Serious differences exist between originality and novelty.

The Nameless Poet. I perceive: it is originality, not of the story, but in style and sentiment only, which can procure him fame. The story of Brutus seems to be an eligible theme for a British poem.

Editor. You mean the Brutus of the Monmouth Chronicle ?

The Nameless Poet. The same hero—but not according to the same historian or chronicler. I prefer for authority a rare old manuscript, discovered, long ago, in my grandfather's library. So poetical is the story, that all our great poets have alluded to it—Spenser, Milton, Hogg, and Wordsworth. Pope himself proposed to write an epic on the subject.

Editor. You prefer the Spenserian stanza ?

The Nameless Poet. I do; because of the difficulty of the measure. If the poet has any genuine powers of his own, nothing can tend more to call them forth than a difficult measure; as, on the other hand, nothing appears more calculated to show him off indifferently, than a light gingling one; and for this reason, that he gets on with it much too easily, to allow himself sufficient time for grave reflection.

Editor. You consider the making of noble verses a very grave and weighty affair ?

The Nameless Poet. I do. The great poet is unquestionably the greatest man of the day—which day, be it understood, mostly comes after his death. Compared with Shakspeare, all the monarchs, warriors, and statesmen of the earth, dwindle into mere nothingness.

Editor. Excellent as are your general notions, and meritorious as is the poem they accompany, I am afraid—or, rather, I hope that there is much that is heretical in your notions of modern English poetry. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Southey, and Byron, have had their appointed work; and even Thomas Moore is not without a final cause for his appearance and influence.

The Nameless Poet. Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, are my models.

Editor. The Muses forbid they should ever cease to be models and examples to their younger sons. But modern poetry, both in England and Germany, is the result of moral forces, that cannot be too much esteemed.

The Nameless Poet. I hate the egotistic character of the modern school.

Editor. Therein you show your own egotism. None hates the egotist but the egotist. If the feeling were not offended in you by the rivalry inspired in another's, you would be indifferent to its exhibitions. O the sympathy in all antipathy!

The Nameless Poet. So far am I from egotism, that if ever I publish a poem, in the first edition my name shall not appear.

Editor. For sundry good reasons, which are easily appreciable. But, as to the avoidance of egotistic expressions—it is the concentrated essence of egotism—the intensest form of it. The man who carefully, and on system, abstains from speaking of his own personal *I*, is the chief among egotists. This kind of egotism is one of the *weaknesses* of the present age—and is the most disgusting of all—the mongrel offspring, come of a cross between Vanity and Cowardice. We will none of it.

The Nameless Poet. Is it not to consider too nicely, to contemplate it in this manner?

Editor. Not a whit—not a whit. The man of genius knows all this experimentally. Here, now, we have with us HENRY MEAD, who recently delivered, at the Woolwich Institution, a beautiful Lecture* on the Moral Philosophy of Shakspeare. He can, from a fellow-feeling tell us, I am sure, something on this theme.

Henry Mead. I should have listened, as became me, in silence—but thus called-on, I will speak.

Editor. Ay, and speak out like an honest man.

Henry Mead. It has been made the subject of much discussion and conjecture, as to whether Shakspeare was fully appreciated by his contemporaries, and even whether he himself was aware of his own greatness. With regard to the latter question, I have no hesitation in giving my opinion in favour of his self-knowledge. It is true, that genius may, for a time, remain concealed from the individual so gifted, but the fact of its exercise reveals at once the secret of its existence. No man can possess great powers, and which are brought into active operation by his intercourse with the world, without arriving at the knowledge of the relation in which he stands, with regard to intellectuality, with those around him. He who is in the habit of performing things which he finds impossible to those around him, however naturally desirous of the rewards of excellence, soon begins to ascribe the phenomena to its right cause—that is, to a natural and innate superiority of mind.

* The Moral Philosophy of Shakspeare, as illustrated in a Lecture, delivered at the Woolwich Institution, by Henry Mead, author of "Freedom," "The Spirit of the Age," and other Poems. Woolwich: Richard Rixon's Library, Beresford-square, 1838.

Add to this, the deep and mysterious sympathy with the lofty and the terrible, which always accompanies the presence of genius, and the frequent finding of the gems and sea-weed that strew the shores of the ocean, which ebbs and flows within him; together with the thousand nameless and wordless thoughts which fill up the measure of his daily being, and we cannot but conclude, that genius is never long hid from its possessor.

Editor. And this is one of the truths you told your Woolwich audience?

Henry Mead. I did, sir.

Editor. It may be well spoken any where—whether in the meridian of London, Paris, or the modern Athens. What mean you by the Philosophy of Shakspeare?

Henry Mead. The lessons of wisdom and goodness which are scattered throughout his pages. The poet must have a thorough knowledge of the heart, of its hopes and fears—its joys and sorrows—its passions and affections. In proportion to the depth of his sympathy, will be the extent of his influence. Love, universal and all-embracing, is the source and the light of his intellectual existence—the fountains of his heart are opened up, and all who choose may drink of the pleasant waters. It is a knowledge of this, which has made the poet the especial favourite of mankind in all ages, whether barbarous or refined. The richness of his gifts, the confiding simplicity of his nature, and the inexhaustible benefits which he conferred upon his race; all these naturally disposed the minds of men to regard with affection one who seemed to be the natural denizen of another sphere, though fated to mingle awhile amongst the sons of earth, and drink, it might be deeply, of their cup of affliction. They saw that whilst the other children of genius warred with the world in their armour of proof, the poet stood naked and defenceless; like the song-bird of the forest, he seemed the natural prey of the spoiler, the mark for every wandering arrow. True it is, that the world gets wiser as it grows older; that the things which once were objects of affection, have now become a matter of speculation; and as we know that, like the nightingale, the poet lives but to sing, we proportion the measure of our gratitude accordingly.

Editor. Your talk is like singing.

Henry Mead. Yet there are those, who believe that the poet is the mere organ of impulses which he cannot controul; an intellectual pedlar, bartering away the treasures of his intellect for the gold and the praises of mankind. It is a strange creed, and one that seems stranger still, if Johnson's definition of genius be correct—namely, that it is but the application of strong powers, accidentally directed to some particular object. For what motive could induce men, who cared not but for their own interests, to embark in the perilous game of authorship? What is the labour of the peasant, who toils from morn till dewy eve, compared with that of him whose life is a perpetual fever, who in the solitude of his midnight studies, coins his heart for the benefit of mankind, and who feeds the vulture, Fame, with his own life-blood?

Editor. Truly!

Henry Mead. Is it wealth he covets? Away with the thought; such were only the dream of a madman. Unroll the page of history; look back upon the records of the times that are past, and around upon those which are present—when Homer begged, and Burns ploughed—ponder on the long line of glorious men, who have gone down to the grave in wretchedness and in despair; then turn to the opera-house and the concert-room, and the solemn conviction will be forced upon the understanding, that it is more profitable to *amuse* than to *instruct* mankind.

Editor. You tell us, that you stand forth as the advocate of those, who are too seldom enabled to advocate their own cause.

Henry Mead. I ask not for them that which themselves would blush to receive; but, in the sacred name of justice, I demand, that the brand of selfishness should never be affixed on the front of true genius.

Editor. The doctrine sought to be established by Mr. Thomas Moore in his life of Byron, that genius and selfishness are identical, is an abominable dogma. On the contrary, genius and benevolence are, in fact, synonymous terms. The world, however, provides not men of genius frequently with means for its exercise; yet if they have not silver and gold to give, they have that which neither, nor both can buy—the desire to benefit their fellow-creatures.

Henry Mead. The two greatest men the world ever produced were both born in the humblest stations—Homer and Shakspeare—the mendicant and the woolcomber! Long and worthily did that old Greek exercise his sovereignty over the realms of thought. Age after age rolled on! Greece became the mistress, and the slave of the world, and still his supremacy remained unshaken. Rome came, and saw, and conquered, and Homer also became the god of her idolatry. They who ruled the living, bowed to the superiority of the mighty dead. At length, nature (wearied of her favourite), in a lonely isle of the ocean (in a land, where a thousand years after Greece had flourished and fell, the naked savage roamed the barren wilderness), raised up a rival and a victor—men called him William Shakspeare.

Editor. And the gods—a poet, or an actor!—a creator—one of themselves!

Henry Mead. Fierce and desperate was the struggle, as be seemed the importance of the contest; but it has long ceased, and the united voices of the civilised earth have proclaimed, that the glorious Englishman is the sole emperor of the mental world. And never was the judgement of mankind more obviously based upon the dictates of reason and justice. It is in estimating the merits of Shakspeare that we discover the poverty of the language of praise. Generation after generation seems to have exhausted the terms of admiration, and yet each leaves something behind for the added panegyric of its successor. Other writers may have been unsurpassed in their peculiar department; but it was given to Shakspeare alone to unite every variety of literary excellence. So perfect is his superiority, so utterly eclipsing all that has ever preceded or

followed him, that it would seem as if nature had mortgaged her power for centuries to come, to produce this one great masterpiece. He has reached the pinnacle of human greatness, above which genius would be incomprehensible to the sons of earth. His fame excites no envy, for it defies competition. Others may be great, Shakspeare alone is **WONDERFUL**.

Editor. Enough. Wonderful, indeed, is the genius of Shakspeare, and passing wonderful. He did attain the highest point of wisdom—that in which silence of self is other and higher than any degree of egotism, however sublimated into concentrated essentiality. In Shakspeare and Homer's great productions, you never suspect them of having a distinct personality separate from the characters of their poems. You ascribe not their silence to intensified egotism; and yet how strongly it was felt in Shakspeare's case his sonnets testify! Why is this? The Silence in them is not an abstraction, but the still hush of acknowledgement that accompanies a superior Power. They are mute under the possession of the god! Self-knowledge, though attained, is merged in a higher consciousness, that of being known, and of knowing itself only, because it is so, and concurrently with being so. There is no egotism possible where man surrenders himself as the vessel of the Supreme, to be consciously spoken through, but not to speak. All that is called our Being is such an utterance; how then can what it utters be *more*? The Being of God is the Law to his Working, while the Law of this Operation itself suffices for the Being of Man! He who arrives at this Idea abandons Egotism for ever, however he may boast of the work done through him. Nay, of this he can boast all the more, because he is able to say, "Not I, but He who worketh in me!"

PROLEGOMENA TO THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has issued his official circular convening Parliament for the 5th instant. Affairs of the most urgent character await its decision.

Imprimis, the Earl of Durham has returned from Canada—big with wrath at being disappointed in enacting first business in the drama of despotism, and liable to censure for having appealed from his sovereign to the people over whom he had delegated authority. Some say, that for deserting his post in the hour of peril, he has incurred the certainty of impeachment. But, as the civilian is not a soldier, he may be permitted to run away from the brunt of battle. Besides, Her Majesty's present ministry want the requisite courage—if there were no other reason.

Secondly, The part designed to be played by Lord Brougham in the next session, is an important question. His position in Parliament is almost unique, and relatively to the present ministry, his

talents are really dangerous. The public have been eager to attribute to his pen the "Letter to the Queen," advocating the rights of the operatives against the shopkeepers, and declaiming against the lamentable circumstance that Her Majesty is now in the hands of a faction. This is somewhat irreverently stated—but the fact is even so, nevertheless. The defects of the Reform Act are also strongly urged—and the crisis in which we stand correctly enough described.

Meantime in every direction the Man, as we once before remarked, is working. The Birmingham Chartists have proclaimed the Rights of Labour against Capital—and the Masters of some of the Trades of London have combined against Workmen's unions. The cause of the former has been immensely aided by the indiscreet arrest of the Rev. Joseph Rayner Stephens, a religious enthusiast, in a political cause, whereof he is now stamped the martyr, whose punishment will be the seed of future germinations. In fine, the people, perceiving the imbecility of the ministry, have taken their own affairs into their own conduct, and the Government, as a Government, is in abeyance.

To divert attention, the present cabinet has resorted to the trade of agitation, and has succeeded in exciting an opposition to the Corn Laws. Much needless apprehension exists on this point. The only necessary results of their repeal are these: a decrease of the rate of interest on the National Debt to a *minimum*, or an increase in the relative value of the debt. Either effect is very tolerable. The virtual extra taxation produced in the latter case, would be readily met by the increased production of wealth on the part of the people. The better measure, however, would be the former, as the surplus revenue could then be applied to the reduction and ultimate abolition of the Debt itself—a consummation more easily practicable than is generally imagined. As in many other instances, the Will only is wanted. Should the Debt, however, be abrogated, it would still be expedient to promote a National Fund to as great, or even larger, amount, for the investment of private savings, and the properties of widows, orphans, and other annuitants. Such a fund, however, should be raised, not for the manufacture of soldiers' habiliments, to be hacked and hewed to pieces on the horrid field of mutual slaughter, but for the projection and execution of public works, so profitable as to produce the requisite income for the discharge of the interest, or so advantageous as to justify the popular mind in bearing, without a murmur, the burthen of the assessment.

Whatever arrangements of this kind may be made, there are two classes of society who should, if possible, be indemnified against loss—the highest and the lowest. The landed mortgager, and the mere labourer. If wages are to be reduced to the new prices, attempts will be made to reduce them below the average. Care must be taken that the proprietors of human industry and ingenuity become not the only class of persons benefited by the change. The interests of the master manufacturer undoubtedly, at this juncture, require it—but it should be made generally bene-

ficial. The way to elevate the whole of society, is by beginning at the base. Give to workmen of every description the highest rate of wages that can be possibly paid, and as much leisure for self-instruction as the business of the world allows.

But it is not in the State alone that public authority is substituted by private exertion. The acknowledged deficiencies of the Protestant Reformation, have become the motives of certain Oxford divines, to reproduce that unity of discipline and doctrine, once erroneously supposed to have characterised the Church of the Papacy, and which certainly ought to distinguish the Church of the Christ. The Bishops, who ought to have taken the initiative in this business, are, like the laity themselves, mere lookers-on and indifferent volunteers of passing and conflicting opinions on the spectacle presented. Of these, the judgement of the diocesan set over the divines themselves, is, of course interesting.

"In these days of lax and spurious liberality," says the Bishop of Oxford in his Charge, "anything which tends to recall forgotten truths, is valuable, and where these publications have directed men's minds to such important subjects as the union, the discipline, and authority of the Church, I think they have done good service.

* * But I would implore them by the purity of their intentions to be cautious, both in their writings and their actions, to take care lest their *good* be *evil spoken of*, lest in their exertion to re-establish unity, they unhappily create fresh schism—lest in their admiration of antiquity they revert to practices, which heretofore have ended in superstition."

Evil spoken of by protestants, the writers of the *Tracts for the Times* have been; and, doubtless, the whole affair will take a very serious complexion. Their main error lies in an exclusive sensuous and historical view of the subject; and their thus mistaking one half of the question for the whole. But how blind, how weak, how foolishly absurd, how ignorantly extravagant, are their opponents! Nevertheless, we tell them that we will no more submit to the Paper-pope that the said writers would set up, than we would to the dominion of a foreign priest. Neither will we, in any degree, surrender the great point of the primacy of man to the official!*

Such are the great—the important—the extraordinary matters that will press on our attention for the next month;—and, in truth, we feel neither the burthen light, nor the yoke easy to bear. But we have a city of refuge, and a rock of safety in the ineffable source to Being and Power and Law, however revealed, developed or manifested; and though in ourselves the weakest of advocates and of men, in his ever-present aid and the wisdom of his specially signalized providence, we are strong. We shall have a tough campaign; but our armour is of proof.

* How much, nevertheless, we are desirous of unity, our insertion in this number, of a loyal address to the Queen by a respected correspondent, on catholicity and syncretism may sufficiently evince. Doubtless it is the privilege of her majesty, as the visible head of the English Church, to stand in the situation of mediator between all sects and parties in the state; but to God alone, belongs the power of so disposing the hearts of her subjects, as to make such an attempt either possible or prudent.

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NORSE PAPERS.—No. I.

By GEORGE DOWNES, M. A., M. R. I. A.—*Author of Letters from Mecklenburgh and Holstein.*

[Under this title it is intended to insert an occasional notice of the literature, localities, and habits of the North of Europe, which was lately visited by the writer, who maintains a correspondence with the Scandinavian capitals.]

ANTIQUITIES AMERICANÆ.—*First Notice.*

THE Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, of Copenhagen, have lately published a work under the above title, which is distinguished by novelty and research. In fostering this expensive publication, by far the most important which has yet emanated from the Society, they have been actuated by a laudable anxiety to exhibit a satisfactory earnest, both as to matter and manner, of their future labours. This appears from some letters addressed to the late Dr. West, of Dublin, by Professor Rafn, the original projector of the present work, which was, indeed, nearly half printed before it, in lucky hour, came into the Society's hands. We say *in lucky hour*, because it is to this transference of the proprietorship (as stated in the Introduction by the Professor himself), that the work is indebted for its numerous illustrations, consisting of maps, plates, and fac-similes of various manuscripts, in which the illumination, and even the colour, of the originals appear to be faithfully imitated.

But it is time to let the work speak for itself, which it does through an English prospectus :—

"ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, who, of all modern travellers, has thrown the greatest light on the physical circumstances, first discovery, and earliest history of America, has admitted that the Scandinavian Northmen were the true original discoverers of the New World; a fact which several later writers of eminence have nevertheless either flatly denied, or called in question. The above-mentioned great inquirer has, however, remarked, that the information which the public as yet possess of that remarkable epoch in the middle ages is extremely scanty; and he has expressed a wish that the Northern Literati would collect and publish all the accounts relating to that subject. The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries considers it a matter of duty to comply with this wish, embracing a three-fold purpose: that of illustrating

ancient geography and history; that of perpetuating the memory of our forefathers; and, lastly, that of everlastingly securing to them that honourable station in the history of the world, of science, of navigation, and of commerce, to which they are justly entitled. This has appeared to the Society to be so much the more necessary, since the latest researches have rendered it in a high degree probable, that the knowledge of the previous Scandinavian discovery of America, preserved in Iceland, and communicated to COLUMBUS, when he visited that island, in 1477, operated as one, and doubtless as one of the most powerful, of the causes which inspired the mind of that great man, (whose glory cannot in any degree be impaired by the prior achievement,) with that admirable zeal, which bidding defiance to every difficulty enabled him to effect the new discovery of the New World, under circumstances that necessarily led to its immediate, uninterrupted, and constantly increasing colonization and occupation by the energetic and intelligent races of Europe. For this his memory will be imperishable among the nations of the earth. Yet still we Northmen ought not to forget his meritorious predecessors, our own forefathers, who in their way had difficulties to contend with not less formidable, since without knowledge of the properties of the magnet, without aid of compass, charts, or mathematical science, properly so called, they dared to navigate the great ocean, and thus by degrees discovered, and partly colonised, Iceland in the ninth century, Greenland in the tenth, and subsequently several of the islands and coasts of America, during the latter part of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century."

The prospectus goes on to enumerate the principal sources from which the work has been derived, and the measures taken to ensure its completeness. The last of the epochs just mentioned is alone brought under consideration. The "*Vinlandia*," of Torfæus, published in 1705, and now extremely scarce, is the only work anterior to the *Antiquitates Americanae*, which is specially devoted to the investigation of the Norse discoveries in America. It does not, however, contain the original statements, and the information which it does contain is meagre and incomplete. To supply these deficiencies is the object of the present work, and this has been effected by amassing an immense body of information derived from ancient manuscripts, including not only the materials of the *Vinlandia*, but several other documents. Of the former class are the historical accounts of Erick the Red, from the *Codex Flateyensis*, and the Saga of Thorfinn Karlsefne; of the latter are the various accounts of Vineland, furnished by Adam of Bremen, Are Frode, and Are Marson; to which are added notices of the Icelandic hero, Bioern Asbrandson, and of the Icelandic mariner, Gudleif Gudlaugson, together with extracts from the Icelandic annals of the middle ages, ancient accounts of Greenland and America, fragments of Icelandic geographical works, and an ancient Faroish poem. To this array of early documents are annexed a recent description of several memorials, chiefly inscriptions, found in Greenland and New England, which mutually elucidate, and are elucidated by the Sagas; and the results of recent geographical inquiries, undertaken at the instance of the Society by learned Americans. A chronological conspectus, copious indices, and curious genealogical tables, conclude the volume.

To discuss the goodly bill of fare here laid before us, would be more than our literary appetite could accomplish in one month; in other words, were we to undertake even a meagre analysis of this highly interesting quarto, it would cost us a supplementary number—a piece of editorial extravagance in which we are not wont to indulge. Instead, therefore, of running the gauntlet through a whole phalanx of outlandish names, we have selected for present consideration these passages which relate to Ireland (some of which will be familiar to those versed in Johnstone's "*Antiquitates Celto-Scandicæ*"); premising that the staple of the work is in Icelandic, accompanied by a Danish and a Latin translation, with an occasional sprinkling of other dialects—English, French, Faroese—so that the aspect of our quarto is that of a profane Polyglot.

In glancing over the pages of the *Antiquitates Americanae*, our attention was arrested by a few words, (p. 211,) of import so direfully humiliating to the "eight millions," of whom we form an atomy, that we had rather the enunciation of them had devolved on any other than ourselves. For—hear it, ye Fahys, ye Flahertys, and ye Fogartys, ye Shanahans and ye Shaughnessys, ye O's and ye Macs—descend from your attica, subside from your iambics—and learn, that *you are not Irishmen at all*, but only *LITTLE Irishmen*; for *GREAT Ireland*, ("*Irland eth Mikla*,") must be sought in the United States of America (*Tab. xvi.*)! The same ante-Columbian territory was also called *Whitemensland* ("*Hvitramannaland*")—in contradistinction, we suppose, from the land of the aboriginal "copper rogues," or "red rovers": and, if *GREAT Ireland* was the country of the *Whitemen*, is it not with strict, though unconscious, antiquarian propriety, that the "natives" of *LITTLE Ireland* are so prone to adopt the designation of *Whitenoids*?*

The notices of our "tight little island," contained in the *Antiquitates Americanae*, are few and unimportant. In the progress, however, of these *NORSE PAPERS*, it will assume a more conspicuous position. Meanwhile, it is interesting to us to see our native city, in which we live and write, looming, however dimly, athwart the Scandinavian fogs—a feeling which will, no doubt, be shared by many of our Dublin readers. From several of the following passages, also, written many centuries ago, it will appear that the metropolis of Ireland enjoyed a large portion of such commerce as then existed—passages which we have the more pleasure in adducing, as they seem to corroborate the well-known assertion of Tacitus, now cited for the myriad-and-first time:—

"*Aditus portusque per commercia et negotiatures melius cogniti.*"

It would appear, also, that there was some call for Limerick gloves at this remote period.† The extracts are translated from the Icelandic as

* It will appear from the first of the subjoined extracts that the *Whitefoes* are not exclusively indigenous to Ireland.

† The following extract from a letter, written by Sentleger to Henry VIII., in 1543, harmonises but too closely with the accounts which our newspapers at the present day so frequently exhibit, of depredations which materially retard the progress of our fisheries, and other local and national improvements: "Lymerike

literally as was compatible with their intelligibility, and therefore exhibit a tolerably fair view of the structure and idiom of that ancient tongue. The first six are from the Saga, or History of Thorfinn Karlsefne.* We thought that among our two-and-thirty counties, none but the odd (or rather even) two were dubbed *shires*—to wit, Downshire and Tipshire: Thorfinn, however, confers that title on a third—our own beautiful *Dublinshire* ("Dyflinnarskiri").

"A [certain] warrior-king hight Olave, who was called Olave White; he was the son of king Ingiald, son of Helga, son of Olave, son of Gudred, son of Halfdan Whitefoot, king of Upland. Olave harried with piracy westwards, and won Dublin in Ireland and Dublinshire, whereof he was made king. He got [to wife] Auda High-minded, daughter of Ketil Flat-nose, son of Biarn Splay-foot, a mighty man of Norway. Their son hight Thorstein Red. Olave fell in battle in Ireland; but Auda and Thorstein went then to the Hebrides."

Leif, being sent by king Olave to christianize Greenland, was driven out of his course, "They came within sight of Ireland, also they remarked birds from Ireland; then their ship was driven about on the sea."

"A [certain] man hight Thord, who dwelt at Hoefda on Hoefda-strand; he had [to wife] Fridgerde, daughter of Thorer Lazy, and of Fridgerde, daughter of Kiarval, king of the Irish. Thord was son of Biarn Butter-crock [!], son of Thorvald Back, son of Asleik, son of Biarn Iron-side, son of Ragnar Shaggy-breeches."†

Thorfinn Karlsefne and Thorhall engaged in a maritime expedition. "Then they sailed northward past Furdustrand and Kialarnes, and would cruize toward the west; then came against them a western storm, and drove them on Ireland, and they were there beaten and enslaved; and there Thorhall ended his life, according to that which chapmen have said."

"Then Biarn, son of Grimolf, sailed into Ireland's main, and they came into a snaky sea, and the ship was often sinking under them. They had a boat that was smeared with seal tar,‡ for thereat the sea-snake sticks not; they would go into the boat, and then they saw that it would not hold them all; then said Biarn, 'as the boat admits no more than half of our men, this is my counsel, that we cast lots for the boat, for it shall not go by rank.' This, all thought so nobly offered, that none would gainsay; they did so, and men were chosen by lot, and Biarn was allotted to go into the boat, and half of the men with him, as the boat admitted no more. But when they were come into the boat, there spake an Icelandic man, that was there in the ship, and had followed Biarn from Iceland: 'Thinkest thou, Biarn, here to part with me?'

haven, very good, and is your Highness; but much hindered by certain Yriahmen bordering on either syde of the same, the cytie being threescore myle within the land."—*State Papers. King Henry the Eighth*, Part iii. p. 447, note.

* "*Karlsefne*," a hard word, which neither Professor Rafn's Danish ("*den som tegner til at blive en djærv og stor Mand*"), nor his Latin ("*in quo materia viri esset*"), nor yet the English of the *Antiquitates* itself ("who promises or is destined to be an able or great man"), explains half so well as our own Hibernicism, "the makings of a man," or Byron's more courtly phrase, "a broth of a boy."

† The celebrated Ragnar Lodbrog.

‡ "*Seltjoeru*," Tar mixed with seal-oil.

Biarn answers, 'So will it now be,' He answers, 'Otherwise didst thou promise my father, then when I went from Iceland with thee than so to part with me; then when thou saidst that one [fate] should befall us both,' Biarn answers, 'It shall not so be; come thou down into the boat, and I will go up into the ship, for I see that thou art so desirous of life.' Biarn then went up into the ship, and this man into the boat, and then they went their ways until they came to Dublin in Ireland, and then they told this tale; but there are more men think that Biarn and his crew perished in the snaky sea, as there has been no trace of them since."

The next passage is nearly identical with the last but one.

"At that time Iceland was overgrown with wood in the mid-space between the fells* and shores. There were here Christian men, they whom Northmen call *Papas*; but they afterward went away because they would not live here with heathen men, and left behind Irish books and bells, and croziers; from this it might be judged that they were Irish men; but there was then a very great resort of men hither from Norway, until king Harold forbade it lest depopulation should ensue."—*Ari Frode*.

Ari, son to Mar and Thorkatla, was driven by a storm to Whitemensland. "This, some call Ireland the Great, it lies westward on the sea near Vineland the Good, that is six† days' sail westward from Ireland. Ari could not go away thence, and was there baptized. This relation Hrafn, the Limerick-farer, first related, who had long been at Limerick in Ireland."—(*Account of Ari Marson, in the Landnamabok*).

"Now, as was said, south of the Greenland which is inhabited, are deserts, wastes, and ice-bergs; then the Skrælings,‡ then Markland, then is Vineland the Good; next, and somewhat back, lies Albany, that is Whitemensland; thither [there] was navigation from Ireland formerly; there Irish and Icelandic men knew Ari son of Mar and Katla§ of Reykianes, who [a] long [time] was not forthcoming, and was then chosen there as governor by the inhabitants."—(*Ditto in a MS. marked 770°*).

"A [certain] man hight Thorodd, he was born at Medalfellstrand, and an excellent man; he was a great trader,¶ and had a ship on service. Thorodd had sailed [on] a trading voyage westward to Ireland to Dublin. At that time Earl Sigurd, son of Loedver of the Orkneys, harried towards the Hebrides, and all westward to Man; he laid tribute on the Manx; and when they had agreed, the earl left men behind to await the tribute; but it was mostly paid in molten silver; but the earl sailed then away northward to the Orkneys. But when they were ready to sail, who had awaited the tribute, they had a south-west wind; but when they had sailed some time, the wind veered to the south-east and east, and a great storm arose, and bore them northward under Ireland, and their ship was there broken to pieces on an uninhabited island. And when they had

* *Fjæll* heissen die Bergkuppen, wo keine Bäume mehr fortkommen (im nördlichen England—*FELL*). [*Fjæll* means the mountain-tops where trees cease to grow (in the north of England—*FELL*)]"—MEIDINGER.

† Evidently a mistake for some higher numeral, which the Editor of the work supposes to have been XX, XI, or XV, instead of VI.

‡ Esquimaux.

§ Called *Thorkatla* in the preceding extract.

¶ "*Farmadr*"—"Wayfaring-man." Thus *ἡμάρως* in Greek, and *vector* in Latin.

arrived there, Thorodd, the Icelfander, approached them as he was sailing from Dublin. The earl's men called to the chapmen to help them. Thorodd had the boat lowered, and went into it himself; and when they met, the earl's men called to Thorodd to help them, and offered money to him, that he might convoy them home to the Orkneys to meet Earl Sigurd; but Thorodd thought he could not do that, as he was before bound for an Icelandic voyage; but they pressed hard upon him, for they thought their money and liberty were staked on this, that they should not be caught in Ireland or the Hebrides, where they had harried before."—(*Account of Biarn Asbrandson*).

"A [certain] man hight Gudleif, he was son of Gudlang the Rich, of Straumford, brother of Thorfinn, from whom the Starlunge are descended. Gudleif was a great trader, he had a merchant vessel, Thorolf, son of Earl Leof of Eyra, another, when they fought with Gyrd, son of Earl Sigvald; then Gyrd lost his eye. It chanced in the days of King Olave the Holy, that Gudleif had sailed [on] a trading voyage to Dublin; but as he sailed westward he thought to sail to Iceland; he sailed towards the west of Ireland, and fell in with a north-east wind, and was then driven far westward over the sea, and to the south-west, so that they wist not of the land." However, they at length saw land, and ventured ashore; and certain "men advanced to meet them; they knew none of the men, but it seemed to them that they spoke Irish." Here follow a number of details (not, however, quite new to us), which will be introduced into our notice of Great Ireland. "After this, Gudleif set sail with them, and reached Ireland late in harvest, and they were at Dublin in winter."—(*Account of Gudleif Gudlangson*).

The two last passages, which are drawn from geographical sources, are identical:—

"Ireland (is) a large island, Iceland is also a large island to (the north of Ireland)."

There is likewise some mention of Ireland in a Faroese poem, which claims separate consideration.

Dublin, 9th January, 1839.

SONNET.—ENVY.

BY ROBERT STYLES.

THERE is a poison which the soul corrodes;
 A taint that vitiates the heart's pure spring;
 A discord jarring Love's harmonious string;
 A cloud portentous hanging o'er the abodes
 Of peace, which, with destruction charged, explodes;
 A dew from the destroying angel's wing,
 Spreading a blight o'er every lovely thing;
 A thorn which ceaselessly the bosom goads;
 A gloom cast o'er the spirit like a pall,
 Through which no ray of gladness e'er can shine;
 A bitterness that turns the heart to gall,
 Scorning all ties both human and divine;—
 Envy! first fatal curse that marked our fall,
 And stamped on Cain's dark brow the murderer's sign!

THE GLOBE-MAKER.—A REVERIE.

"**THEN** this globe will do," answered the master of the shop, packing up a terrestrial globe I had just purchased.

"**Excellently well,**" said I; "and for the celestial globe, let me have that on which the constellations are drawn in a pictorial form, not that whereon the different combinations of stars are merely separated by lines."

"**You are right,**" observed the optician; "there is a life in the former which we greatly miss in the latter; we see in them the results of that overflowing fulness which is the characteristic of the artistical man, or rather of man in general; for where is he that is no artist? The same energy which led the first sculptor to declare that the lifeless block of marble should bear the impress of his mind and his will—that it should bear in it the seal of his own life—this same energy led on the early astronomer to write, even on the unattainable skies, the pictures of his own imagination, and declare that even that expanse should be inscribed with the characters of humanity. Observe with what small regard to order,—to any real combination,—these constellations are arranged;—observe that there is no reason why the stars placed in the extremity of a constellation should not as well be assigned to the neighbouring one. Had they stood out at once in their several distinctive combinations, the work of man's imagination had been small; nature would have already sketched the pictures he was to fill up. But you see his task was one of extreme difficulty; his imagination ran along in *wild order* among a number of dots, and the whole became a combination of pictures, which have been handed down from age to age. We gain nothing by the substitution of the lines, and why therefore should we not allow the rich highly-coloured emanation of man's imagination to remain—illustrating as it does that tendency of life to develope itself—and so strongly withal, that man is ever urged on to make all nature bear the mark of his own living being?"

"The same considerations," I observed, "have always induced me to feel in a living presence when works of art were before me. They have, as you observe, the seal of life—and that not only of a general but an individual life—and when the artist has passed away, the manifestation of his energies still remains. Hence I have wondered that cities have not as many poets to sing their wonders as nature. What a picture of man's freedom and mind is a populous town! Every brick of every house bears the impress! And is not the continuous free acting of man, in whatever shape, worthy of as many songs as the *necessary* operations of nature?"

"It may be so," replied the optician, smiling; "but do not let us carry out our admiration of man at the expence of justice to nature. Leibnitz well observed, that the leading difference between the works of man and those of nature was this: that in the former we can declare where organization begins, as from a fixed point, in the latter not. Thus, in a watch, the minimum of organization is a single wheel—that is, as it were, an atom of the machine—break it up, and it is but a piece of brass,

and no integral part of the organized watch. On the other hand, take an organized work of nature, and dissect it as you will, you will come to no termination—but every part is a member of the machine—and organization begins at a point to which no human skill can reach—or perhaps does not begin at any *sensible* point at all. Here, however," he said, "is a work of art which bears no small resemblance to nature."

He lifted the cover off a small stand, and discovered a minute terrestrial globe. "Eye it closely," he said.

I looked at it attentively, and was startled to find that it was no mere painted thing, but that the land parts seemed really composed of some earthy substance, while the seas were actually fluid. I could discern little mountains and vales, and here and there several white specks situated close to each other, but which were too minute for me to discover what they represented.

The optician lent me a magnifying glass of exceeding power, and I then saw that these indistinct specks were little edifices arranged in cities and villages; and now still more minute dots were just visible, which from their motion about the streets of the towns, I concluded to represent the inhabitants. I could now also perceive symptoms of vegetation on the soil, and little ships moving across the seas.

"How," I exclaimed, "was a work so remarkable produced?"

"By a method the very reverse of that which is usually employed. We generally make a number of parts, and then fit them together, so as to form a whole. This globe, on the contrary, was made by a continuous process."

"I do not exactly comprehend you," said I.

"Follow me then," he said, "and I will show you my workshop."

I followed gladly; and after going through a passage of some length, we came into a dark ante-room, lit by a single lamp. To the right stood a number of children, decked with the most beautiful flowers, and clad in white dresses. They were amusing themselves with the fruit and flower-pots which stood on a table covered with an embroidered cloth. The flowers were of most brilliant colours, and of a kind I had never before seen, and withal so rapid in their growth, that while some of the children sowed seeds, they began to spring almost as soon as they had fallen. To the left stood also a number of children, but they were clothed in deep black, and adorned with wreaths of withered leaves; they were likewise amusing themselves with flowers, which stood on a table covered with black velvet; but their delight was to nip them short, and tear them to pieces. And a child kept running from table to table, bearing the withered leaves to the children clad in white, and the fresh and blooming flowers to those clad in black, and this interchange seemed perpetual.

"Dear children," said the optician, "thus you continue your pure and happy tasks. Both equally joyous, though your aspects be different."

Upon this the children burst out singing the following words:

Life and Death are sisters fair—
Yes—they are a lovely pair.
Life is sung in joyous song,
While men do her sister wrong,

Calling her severe and stern,
While her heart for them doth burn.
Weave then—weave a grateful wreath,
Crown the sisters, Life and Death.

If fair life her sister lost,
On a boundless ocean tost,
She would rove in great unrest,
Missing that warm loving breast.
Now—when scared by wild alarms,
She can seek her sister's arms;
To that tender bosom flee—
Sink to sleep in ecstasy.

We proceeded; and on leaving the ante-room found ourselves in a spacious apartment, round which were arranged globes in every state of progress. In the centre sat a stately woman, with that regularity of feature, and that absence of lively expression, which is peculiar to a statue. Her "neutral tint" drapery hung about her with a majestic yet formal grace. The eye was fixed, as if not directed to any particular object. At her feet a little child was amusing itself by modelling a bust of Heracitus, and the skill with which it fashioned the clay was marvellous; the countenance of the old Ephesian sprung forth, as though the mass were animated by the touch. Every line of the countenance, every hair of the beard, flowed forth with that graceful ease as though the clay had life, and fashioned itself according to the idea of the little artist, rather than waiting for the touch of its hand. Every now and then the child looked up, as though for approval, to the majestic woman; and what an expression of love and tenderness flashed from its dark brilliant eyes—eyes that were like some concentration of fire, so flashing and so restless were they; and yet every glance was such as though it would penetrate an object in an instant. Even a faint smile played on the lips of the statue-like countenance whenever those eyes were raised.

The optician led me round the room, to show me the various globes.

"Several of them," he observed, "only stand here as records of a failure. Many of them were constructed on a wrong principle; and the globe I showed you before your entrance hither was the result of much painful thought and experience. Observe this; it is a beautiful work, but less perfect than the other."

And he showed me a bright transparent globe, which seemed formed from a fluid, reduced to a spherical shape by some singular process. In the parts representing seas, the fluid state was preserved; the continents were a sort of ice; and on looking at it through a powerful glass, I could discern no sign of motion, save in some little syren-like figures which floated about in the fluid. At the same time, from beneath the part of the floor on which I stood, ascended the sound of a low moaning voice, which sung as follows:—

I'm bow'd—I bend beneath a sullen weight,
And through my icy veins no blood can flow;
I am insensible to joy or woe:
Haste, haste, and free me from this torpid state!

Let me feel life in glowing torrents gush—
 O give me joy—yea, give me agony !
 So that from this cramp'd, sullen state I flee :
 Through all—through gladness—sorrow— I would rush.
 O breathe in me the warm vivific breath,
 That I may spread my wings and proudly fly !
 And as I still fly onwards—let me die—
 But here I wither, nor in life nor death.

Several other globes were shown to me, apparently constructed on different principles; some, for instance, seemed composed of vapour in a dense state; but it would occupy too much time to enter into a close description of all these.

"My little artist," said the optician, "the stranger who accompanies me would willingly see the construction of one of your chief works."

At these words, the child sprung from the ground with the rapidity of lightning, its eyes flashed even brighter fires than before, and I could see that in every change of light its garment took a different hue, going through all the colours of the rainbow in rapid succession. For a moment it looked up to the majestic female, as though asking permission to commence its new work: upon which the stately head bowed in solemn assent.

At this, the child took from a cabinet in the room a small substance, shaped like a heart, which it kindled by a taper. The heart gave no flame, but was merely illumined by a small dull spark, till the child who held it in its hand endeavoured to raise a flame by its breath. Presently it began to dart forth a few sparks, which grew brighter and brighter, till they were poured in a continued stream, and at last formed a bright sphere, which perpetually increased by the rushing forward of the flames. Soon the flames ceased to issue forth to the same length, and I could perceive that they formed themselves into different figures, which stood as it were on the surface of the sphere, but which, far from remaining stationary, were ever melting one into another, so that the eye could not follow them in their variations. And now I saw that the energies of the flames were not any longer directed to the enlargement of the sphere, but to the varying of the different shapes on the surface; and I perceived that every new aspect was more beautiful than that which preceded it. The sphere was already so large, that it included in its compass the child, now no longer visible. Presently several small globules of flame darted beyond the sphere, and remained suspended at some little distance from its surface; the hue of these grew gradually more white and silvery, till at last they expanded into globular mirrors, each of which, on the side turned towards the sphere, reflected the child in a very minute form, notwithstanding the concealment from my own eyes of the child itself. The voices of the children in the anti-room through which I had passed, were then heard singing, as in great joy:

Ever moving—on! on! on!
 Quick, and let the goal be won.
 Though the goal itself be moving,
 You must never rest from loving;
 And although you never gain it,
 Strive for ever to attain it.

Eros bids you onward haste,
Till each obstacle be pass'd,
Though he bids the barriers grow,
He sends you to overthrow.
Eros wages endless strife,
Conqu'ring Death, and conqu'ring Life;
And the strife shall never cease—
'Tis a strife for love and peace.

And the vanquish'd his victories ne'er shall deplore,
But the more that he conquers, they love him the more.

Soon the little mirrors began to dart forth flames from their own centre; and I could see that these acted on the flames of the sphere, bending them now this way, now that, so that the variations were infinitely increased. After they had acted thus for some time, I observed a kind of twinkling in the mirrors; they seemed to grow dimmer—

"You have not yet paid for the globe, sir," said a voice.

At this commercial observation the whole scene vanished, and I found myself in the optician's shop, with my elbow on the counter, and my chin on my elbow, face to face with the optician, who now looked a very ordinary, unimaginative, unspeculative personage—in fact, I found that all I had seen and heard—including even the optician's remarks on nature and art, were but the *reverie* of

HEPHÆSTUS.

THE PLEASURES OF GENIUS.

A POEM, IN THREE PARTS. BY JOHN A. HERAUD,

Author of "*The Judgement of the Flood*," "*The Descent into Hell*," &c.

PART THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

Genius and Childhood; Wordsworth—Hogarth—The Future Age—Not Nature but Spirit only equal to the realisation of the ideas of Genius—Perfected Humanity—Genius a Blessing in itself—Cases of individual deficiency—The Fall of Man—Life the Artist's Quarry—Palmyra—Philopœmen—The influence of Example—The Progress of Human Improvement—The Goth—Vasco—Columbus—America—Franklin—Indian Sports—Mississippi—Niagara—Premonitions—Necessity for a visible Type of the Absolute—Apprehended by Poets in the Purity of its Essence—Apostrophe to Britain—The Spirit of the Age—The New Dispensation of Love—Eros and Anteros—The World without, an Image of the World within—Conclusion.

"Yes! Genius is a Child—a winged Boy—
Will, his strong master—his best wages, Joy—
'Scaped from constraint, the nursery or the school,
He wanders wild amidst the Wonderful;
With Nature talks beside the waterfall,
Or Echo hidden in the ruined hall;
The sportive nymphs, with more than rapture woo,
Who play in plighted clouds or rainbow's hues;

Looks from the Oak's top branch o'er verdant scene,
 Or from the cliff on Ocean's breast serene ;
 Far in the pathless forest as he will,
 If lost yet fearless, strays unwearied still ;
 Lists to the wild-wood numbers, learns the song,
 Blends with the feathered race in chorus strong ;
 By streams, trees, hills, and clouds, instructed well,
 And of their sounds the solitary spell.
 —Within his soul's recesses, hidden deep,
 The treasures lie—no visions of his sleep—
 But waking dreams and influences free,
 That shape the mind, and doom what it shall be.
 'Tis thus " the Child is Father of the Man,"
 As sings the sage—we end as we began :—
 Blest spirit he, who feels one spirit reign
 In high and low, throughout all Being's chain—
 Earth's glowworm weds with angel of the sky,
 In that strong bond of generous sympathy.
 —Thus grave Hogarth, though haply over-rude,
 Great moralist, if rightly understood,
 Saw not alone in objects mean and low,
 But in things bad the soul of good could show.
 Ah ! in that age to come whereof we deem,
 Things evil are not, or but as a dream ;
 The beauteous Soul shall in a beauteous Form
 Glow on the sense, more dazzling nor less warm.
 O Nature ! hast thou in thy wide domain
 Such shapes, such scenes, as haunt the Muse's brain ?
 Ashamed and silent, thy Perfection shrinks
 From what the Arts express, or Genius thinks—
 For of the spirit even such are they,
 Purer than air, and brighter than the day.
 —No Beauty is like theirs, no Grandeur soars
 To heights like those which Poesy explores ;
 This work-day world how poor to that ideal !
 Less vast, less bright, less lovely, and less real !
 Transcending all, the Soul outstrips slow Time,
 Excels the sun, herself alone sublime.
 Mountains, waves, skies, the works of plastic art,
 Are of the soul, not she of them a part ;
 Hence yearns she still, however fair they be,
 For objects fairer than the things we see.
 Hence ne'er on earth, so great immortal pride,
 May she find rest, or say—" I 'm satisfied !"
 The Age comes not, howe'er the race improve,
 That shall content desire and limit love.
 Still the creative spirit shall surpass
 All future, as it shames what is, and was—
 Yet Man hath hope, and be that hope fulfilled !
 What Fancy now projects Truth once shall build ;
 And after-times, with auspice kind and mild,
 Hail to a better world the new-born child.

Then Faith shall not alone in shades of sense
Seek or express the adored Intelligence,
Nor homage only sentimental pay,
Nor only in the spirit him obey ;
But, all in all, . . sense, heart and spirit, . . link
In one great chain let down from ether's brink :
Like that bright Cone of Glory from on high,
By which the sunbeams travelling from the sky,
And heaven-ward vapour rising from the earth,
Thy vision, Israel ! shadow faintly forth.
Its base on earth, with heaven its apex mixed,
The Column soars, attracted and transfixed—
There, like the sun, shall God appear above,
Angels pervade with messages of love ;
And, through the pyramid completed shine,
Consummate manhood ! majesty divine !

These sacred truths revere. Meanwhile, 'tis true,
Man's life is mixed of darnel and of rue—
To Labour born, and destined still to Grief,
For stolen fire, like that Celestial Thief.
Yet hard it were if Genius, proved a curse,
A fatal gift, life's miseries made worse.
—Hath there been One, on whom bestowed in vain,
It seemed to goad to wrong and plunge in pain ?
These great desires, these aspirations high,
Make they all tame that meets the sensual eye ?
'Tis not the more of Genius, but the less,
That forms the bard's capricious wretchedness,
Who, still to some exclusive path confined,
Rejects the wiser ways that cheer the mind.
In each-estate of life, through all degrees,
—'Tis given to heighten pleasure and to please ;
As at "the Feast of Shells," in days of old,
The Minstrel's "Joy of Grief" could heroes mould,
And still shall be a blessing to the best ;
Of power to charm the mind when most distressed ;
When sought, the Muse has charmed its ill away,
Which else had crushed the wretch it aimed to slay.
Such power of pleasure in the gift is given,
As had redeemed a Chatterton to heaven.

Yet blame not him, o'er whose domestic care
Hangs the black shadow of unchanged despair,
If save in song, of station or of place
He fail to serve in each laborious grace.
Enough if each one trust for life fulfil ;
Who more performs, 'tis true, is greater still,
Does more than man from fellow man can claim,
And merits praise ; who less, deserves no blame.
More strength of mind, more fortitude of soul,
Might, haply, nature's, fortune's, freaks control ;
Nor leave defect in him we fain would praise—
Yet censure not—heed rather thine own ways ;—

Some faculty laid waste, in each—in all—
A wreck, remains remembrance of the Fall.

So in the dwelling of the alien Jew,
Some ruined wall or chamber still to view,
Of thy demolished Temple, mournful sign,
Memorial sad presents, lost Palestine!

Life's quarry rude awaits the Artist's power,
And teems with Shapes for his creative hour—
Who from the mass the fairest shall produce,
Best Artist he; best, Genius! knows thy use.

The appointed work, with labour and with pain,
Must man evolve ere he may sleep again—
Exalted act, whence Art, whence Science flows,
And conquered Nature leaves to man repose.
The martyr's blood shall not be shed in vain,
Nor throb with glorious thought the sage's brain,
But o'er the Chaos spiritual Form,
Wake with the Light, and still the haunted storm.

Thus where swept desert erst its barren range,
Arose that central City of Exchange,
Where Tyre and Afric, Babylon and Ind,
With Israel met in commerce more refined;
Majestic Tadmor, by the royal sage
Built in his wisdom, wisest of his age.

What is Palmyra now?—and, Greece, thy son,*
Who drank with joy his death since thou hadst won,
Thy last of heroes, was he idly brave,
Whose land became the country of the slave?
Nay; great example lives, and passes o'er
Whither it lists, to embreathe and cherish more,
Rousing that ray of heaven, the Soul, to be
Partaker of its fame's eternity,
Which shews a genius then, that may awake
The Muse to sing her actions for its sake.
Or should it not—should great example die,
Forgotten, spurned, disdained ingloriously—
Yet it that Spirit raised wherein it dwelt,
Yet by that Soul was Inspiration felt—
Let this suffice thee: One immortal Soul
Outsums the myriad worlds that star the pole.

The Man by whom mortality's attire
Was once cast off, unstained though proved by fire,
Was still divine, his work was still complete,
Even when Religion spurned him from his seat—
Forgotten soon, while, in his holy place,
Idols usurped his altar and his grace.
But it is written that the seed must die,
Be buried, and corrupt apparently—
What transient growths, fulfilled their brief defence,
Burst and decay, and droop and whither thence—

* Philopœmen.

Ere, in its kind restored, it re-arise,
And the Tree spread its honours to the skies.

The line of beauty winds with airy grace,
Nor runs directly Man a forthright race,
But tracks a wandering stream that turns about,
Yet in the Ocean lets its issues out.

Lo, Asia still, where Caucasus extends
His range of mountains, still her children sends—
A warlike people, victors still in fight;
Even Rome, the Almighty, falls before their might!
O'er the earth's breadth, and numerous as the sea,
Spreads the rude Goth, the sire of realms to be;
By fire from heaven baptized, where'er he rests,
Redeemed to Truth, and won to Law's behests—
The warrior of the Cross, whose sacred zeal,
Howe'er scorned now, waked mind its power to feel,
Taught by the polished manners of the East,
Life's better arts, by Liberty increast—
New worlds discovered, not to space confined,
New worlds of Thought—hence Vasco speeds to Ind—
Hence the brave Genoese, with dauntless breast,
Ocean explores for Islands of the West—
Till, freed from what would shackle or oppress,
Lord of the world, Mind sways the Wilderness,
Uproots the Forest; bids the Mountain bow,
And where was desert, makes an Eden now.

Atlantic Land! Clime of the kingless free!
Dull is the soul that muses not on thee!
Thine all-unshackled Genius, in youth's morn,
May bathe in dew-bright pleasures, earthly born;
Though born of earth, yet, let the sun exhale,
As shed from heaven their nurture shall avail.
Still let the Old World's superstitious dream,
Sweat of the stars the glittering moisture deem,
Thou know'st whatever blessing heaven may send,
Earth first must vigour of her own expend—
And Nature gain maturity and power,
Ere Spirit may o'errule the teeming hour.
— New veins of life, new forms of thought are thine,
New elements to quicken and combine:
No past to reverence, and no despots dead
Or living to subdue mind's lustihead:
Hence teems thy soil with Men of mighty mould,
Sagacious, prudent, brave, sedate and bold,
Whose wisdom may their ancestors supply,
Of a far race themselves the ancestry—
Men who have risen in heroic pride,
And burst their chains and cast their yoke aside.
Hence, Genius of the Land, whose favoured Son
Boasts of a Franklin, and a Washington,
Shalt thou, for patriot bard of future time,
Associate memories lasting and sublime—

While o'er the Ocean Intellectual Light,
 From East to West, makes all the voyage bright,
 Bidding New States from Old take warning note,
 From isles afar to coasts the most remote.

Rise, Genius! kneeling yet at Franklin's grave,
 Where, trod by Fame, the grass has ceased to wave—
 Take thy delights, in contrast while appear,
 Here civil man, the dusky savage there ;
 Here the cleared forest ; there, in ancient state,
 The sacred Wood, as yet inviolate.

—Hie to the Sylvan Temple, where the air
 Is eloquent with Psalmody and Prayer,
 Till from the platform rude, the Preacher's voice
 Calls on the Soul to fear—hope—love—rejoice—
 And the great Spirit stoops the heart to bless,
 In that Cathedral of the Wilderness.

—Then to the arena of the Woods repair,
 And join the Indian game that revels there :
 Lo, the wild youth—what fortitude of mind
 Supports the Garteeth* in his flesh that grind,
 To make his limbs more lithe for vigorous play
 With ball and race upon the coming day?—
 Hark ! to the yell—the combatants come on—
 In antic wise, and dance in unison—
 There stand expectant—now the ball is thrown—
 At once their bats are raised, and strike it down ;
 But one has grasped it—straight the race begins—
 For, if he hurl it through the goal, he wins—
 Breathless their speed, and furious is their strife,
 As if the prize were for their land or life !

—Wild art ! but gaze too upon Nature wild,
 Genius, thou winged boy, thou pensive child !
 Where that great Snake, the Mississippi winds,
 Like the Old Serpent, Error, o'er Men's minds ;
 Deep as the Abyss o'er which it tracks its way,
 Where Thought is lost in chaos void of day—
 The Heart—the Heart—whose mysteries profound
 No wit can fathom, wisdom will not sound !

—Or where Niagara, o'er its falling rock,
 Descends, a lunar sea, a thunder shock,
 Crushing the Wind-god with his foot of spray,
 In vain for freedom raging night and day,
 While the enormous Water to the Moon
 Seems as 'twould swell, and grasp the gazer soon—
 Mysterious awe shall seize thy raptured mind,
 Till dizzy, tranced, it sinks unconscious, blind,
 While dreaming Reverie mid the mighty noise,
 Soars to the sky, and tastes immortal joys ;
 And, when returned, contemplate in the scene
 A type of Heaven's Hyaline serene,

* The teeth of a fish so named.

For simple, vast, it soothes what it disturbs,
Stills mortal pride, and calms the soul it curbs.

Hail! Genius of New Worlds! but works more grand

Await thy plastic skill, thy forming hand;
And nobler visions than thou yet hast seen,
Thy sight shall dazzle—nobler than have been.

—Man, social man, expects thy wisest care:
Sire of the Age to come! for that prepare;

And still, whatever else be left undone,

Attract his nature by a better one—

Draw him by sympathies that shall awake

The spark divine, and teach him to partake.

But let the impulse, shed from man to man,

In human channels, kindle whom it can;

For what strikes not the sense, not understood,

May be for angels, not for mortals good:

And since the Absolute must somewhere be,

Set it on high, in visibility—

Else the nice essence, irresponsible,

Escapes control, and answers to no spell.

Yet some there are, who from the sense set free,

Vision the Being that no eye may see.

—Thus Poets dream—but to such lofty height

What shall support their spirit in its flight?

Pure Faith transcends at once these fleshly bars;

Still soars—and finds a home beyond the stars.

Death—herald of our Life—what sting hath he?

The Grave—the gate of Hope—what victory?

How beautiful is Death! but think as well

His graces yet are stern and terrible!

Beauty is fearful, and should strike with awe;

So wisely deem, and reverence the law—

Then in the hour of his majestic pain,

The Bard shall shrink not—nor endure in vain.

O Britain! Britain! Island of the Free!

Retain thy faith yet pure, thy loyalty!

Yet, in all ranks of social life, provide

Aid for the weak, and for the blind a guide;

And that your Liberty may know no end,

Use it for good, but make the evil bend;

—Freedom for Virtue; Vice, condemned to chains,

If Sermons mend not, Law at last restrains;—

And midst a world in wreck, as in thy prime,

Smile at the threats of Man, the strokes of Time;

As thy white Cliffs, serene amidst the sea,

Laugh at the storms that rage 'gainst them and thee.

A Spirit is abroad—a Voice is heard—

The nations tremble—thou hast never feared—

Thy Heart is sound, thy Sons are brave and wise,

Whose deathless Souls sit glowing in their eyes.

Isle of the Free! what, if the bolt of Heaven

Strike despot Thrones—a People unforgiven—

Why shouldst thou dread the issues of the wrath?
 No vengeance thwarts an unpolluted path!
 Celestial Justice strikes not, where the Shrine
 Protects and sanctifies the ancient Scrine
 Of Law and Liberty, in union sweet,
 Each true and perfect, loving and complete.

The Earth is shaken! Truth hath blown a blast—
 And doomed the Oppression that must wither fast.
 The poor are answered.—Swifter than the light,
 Sped, to the Seat of Mercy and of Might,
 Prayers—with indignant eloquence and deed—
 Took Heaven by force:—It suffered them to plead—
 Not from His hand the thunder dropt, but went
 Upon the errand whereto it was sent;
 While He who made, swore that his creature Man
 Should be as free as when the race began;
 Made free by Truth, nor to the sense a slave,
 Believe a lie, and labour for a grave—
 No more rude Nature should subdue the mind,
 No more harsh Tyrants triumph o'er their kind;
 But from the Mountain, Flood, and billowing Sea,
 Music rejoice the Genius of the Free!

Come! Genius! come—O winged Child! away,
 And let us look on Nature in her play—
 Bring with thee Will, and Pleasure bring with thee,
 And let us seek young Love,—for where is he?
 —Young Love! which Love? Lo, there twin brethren stand;
 Each like to each, as hand is like to hand!
 One Eros is—one Anteros they name—
 Which woos thy heart with most congenial claim?
 One pure and simple, with an upward look,
 Spells the blue heavens like an open book!
 Rapt as in ether's height prepared to soar,
 Aspiring still beyond for evermore!
 The other with a downward aspect bent,
 Reads the green earth and watery element;
 Pleased with the inverted sky within the wave,
 And seeking there his languid wings to lave.
 Choose now—for on thy choice how much depends;
 The earthly Love, or heavenly, thee attends.
 —This, like an ardent seraph, ever burns
 With light and life, like flames from burial urns;
 What though beneath mere ashes perish, climb
 The lambent glories to a point sublime:
 Though fixed and bound to caskets deftly wrought,
 To grace what else revolts the living thought;
 From base to apex, in perpetual play,
 Still chased and chasing, each revolving ray
 Sports in free air, the imprisoned dust above:—
 Such privilege belongs to heavenly Love!
 —But his terrestrial brother, less divine,
 Falls—like heaven's flash on earth's polluted shrine—

Smites and consumes the altar's impious feast,
And spends itself,—to consecrate a beast ;
Soon quenched, survives, its idol worship done,
Nought but a wreck abhorrent to the sun,
Scorched flesh and bone, black relics of the slain—
Rite superstitious, bloody and profane.
Nought lingers now on that neglected pyre
But the sad issues of the extinguished fire !

A sacred Fire is Love, nor may permit
Unhallowed freedom to intrude on it—
The guardian Pains all watchful and awake,
Swift as transgression, sacred vengeance take—
How greatly more, then Love itself offends !
Love, that on earthly objects condescends.
True Love adores alone the good and true,
Nor sees by sense, nor judges by its view ;
But, still transcending all that it conceives,
Above the ideal mounts, and yet believes—
Being recedes beneath its wondrous flight,
That seeks the Nameless Source of life and light.

As Love inspires, works Genius hitherto—
And still shall work, while Love shall ever woo :
What Love develops in eternal sphere,
Genius exhibits in its orbit here.

—Happy the Bard, obedient to their sway,
Whom Love and Genius teach the better way—
The paths of wisdom, pleasantness, and peace !
Let pine the world, his joys shall never cease.
In him a fount of living water is—
All he surveys or does reflects his bliss ;
Serene—sublime and lovely in his life,
To him is nought unbeauteous or at strife—
But nature, the apt Image of his Heart,
Affirms “ the varied God ” in every part—
And to his faith, the social or the wild
A miracle remains, as when a child.

One such I know. To Care and Sorrow bred,
His mind would commune with the immortal Dead,
For therein he was happy, and their Voice
Bade manhood early waken, and rejoice.
—With none to cherish, solace or admire,
His heart consumed within him, as with fire :
But it was fire from heaven ; and he was fain
It should ascend to him who gave, again.
And o'er his lips song gushed from boyhood's hour,
And gathered compass, harmony and power—
And when he deemed the world might deign to hear,
He gave it utterance with less hope than fear—
Prepared for scorn, or for neglect, he kept
His soul in patience, yet in secret wept.
Much wronged, and cast abroad for life to swim,
The world he loathed not, though it loved not him —

Resolved, howe'er unjust mankind might be,
 Still to preserve his own integrity—
 For Truth he loved and Virtue he esteemed,
 And self-respect the first of virtues deemed.
 —Howe'er with him blind Fortune sternly dealt,
 He prized that Genius when its joys he felt;
 And in abstraction's hour, he loved to dream,
 That not alone by mountain or by stream,
 It wandered, musing on the state of Man,
 But dwelt with Wisdom ere the worlds began,
 Called into being Earth, and Heaven, and Hell,
 And Man, the monarch of the visible;
 And still presides o'er every spot of earth,
 Guardian of realms, and Star of human birth;
 And, o'er the ruin of dethroned Time,
 Shall rise in beauty, lovely and sublime,
 The Father of the Age, that not in vain
 It sought to free from Death, and Sin, and Pain,—
 A Spirit perfect made, if not divine,
 And glorious still,—when Suns shall cease to shine!

CENSUS OF SCIENTIFIC THEORIES.

No. 1.—THE UNDULATORY THEORY OF LIGHT.

BY CHARLES TOOGOOD DOWNING, M.R.C.S.—*Author of the "Fanqui in China," &c.*

(Continued from page 227.)

It may be unnecessary to remind the reader, that when a ray of light is incident upon a polished surface, a considerable portion is thrown back, or, as it is called, *reflected*; and thus we are able to distinguish its shape and colour. The various phenomena resulting from this law are comprehended under the term *Catoptics*, and constitute a considerable branch of the science of *Optics*. It is not intended to dwell upon this subject further than is absolutely necessary in order to explain the Huygenian doctrine of reflection. The general opinion that prevailed before the time of Newton was, that light was reflected by striking or impinging upon the solid parts of the reflecting surface, in the same manner as a billiard ball is reflected from the sides of the table.

Huygens, as well as Sir Isaac, perceived the improbability of this supposition; and that if it were true, the reflection from polished surfaces would not be so regular as it is. The latter has shown, that however carefully a glass is polished, this is effected by grating and scratching it with powders, so as to remove its protuberances. Thus when it is polished, its protuberances, which cause the roughness, are brought to a very fine grain, and thus the marks and scratchings of the surface are rendered too small to be visible to the eye. Now it is manifest, that if these little pits and protuberances bear any sensible proportion to the magnitude of

the particles of incident light, and the particles of light impinging against them, they would be scattered as much by the most polished as by the roughest glass. As Sir Isaac Newton, however, perceiving that the light is more perfectly reflected from polished surfaces, concluded that this regular reflection of light was not owing to single parts of the body acting upon single particles, but to some power of the body evenly diffused over all its surface, and by which it acts upon rays without immediate contact, this supposition was necessary in order to explain reflection by the corpuscular doctrine; but Huygens, on the contrary, has endeavoured to show that a perfectly polished surface is not necessary to an equal and regular reflection. According to the undulatory theory, it is believed that the solid particles of the ethereal matter are much smaller than those of the reflecting surface, and that this surface consists of particles of matter put together, and smaller or ethereal particles over and above them. Thus, if we take the reflecting surface of mercury, for example, we are to consider its particles as so minute that we may conceive millions of them arranged like a mass of grains of sand, in the smallest visible space, and having their surface smoothened as much as possible. This surface will then become uniform, like that of polished glass; and though it is always rough in relation to the ethereal particles, yet the centres of all the particular spheres of reflected undulation are nearly in the same uniform plane, and their common tangent will touch them as perfectly as is necessary to the production of light; for all that is necessary is that some of the motion reflected from all points shall not produce any opposite effect.

When light falls upon a polished surface, only part of the rays are reflected, some of them being transmitted and thus subjected to refraction, while others are dispersed in all directions by the inequalities. The proportion of those rays which are reflected varies according to the nature of the substance, and also to the angle at which they are incident. Thus, if we take a polished surface of glass, we find that twenty-five rays in every 1000 are reflected while the greater part of the remainder are transmitted, when the light falls at a perpendicular incidence. But at very great angles of incidence, such as $87\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, it reflects 584 rays. This is the reason why rough glass, which will scarcely reflect a single ray at small angles of incidence, reflects it most copiously and appears perfectly polished when viewed at an angle of 70° or 80° . If in the place of glass we substitute water, and let the light fall perpendicularly, 982 out of the 1000 rays are transmitted, and only 18 are reflected. When the same pencil is incident at an angle of 40° , 22 rays are reflected; at an angle of 75° , 211 rays; while at an angle of 89° , 692 rays are reflected. Thus it may be seen, that bodies reflect more in proportion to their refracting power, although they reflect less light than water at very great angles of incidence.

With these preliminaries, we may now proceed to the mathematical theory of reflection, according to the undulatory system of Huygens. It is acknowledged to be very ingenious, and to be more consistent with the phenomena than that of the corpuscular. The

motion had been able to extend itself in a substance homogeneous to that which is above the plane. In order to understand how the wave AC has arrived at BN successively, let the straight lines KO , KO be drawn parallel to BN ; and KL , KL parallel to AC , and it will be evident that the rectilinear wave AC has been bent in all the lines OKL successively, and has become rectilinear again in BN . The principal law of catoptics may now be easily demonstrated:—For the triangles ACB , BNA , being rectangular, the sides AB common, we have CB equal to NA , the angle CAB equal to ABN , and ABC equal to BAN . But as CB perpendicular to CA is the direction of the incident ray, AN perpendicular to the wave BN , will be the direction of the reflected ray, consequently *the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection.*

Although the motion of the ethereal matter be partly communicated to that of the reflecting body, yet this will in no respect alter the *velocity* of the waves, upon which the equality of the angles of incidence and reflection depend: for a slight percussion generates in the same medium waves with as great velocity as a stronger percussion, in the same manner as elastic bodies recover their shape in equal times, whether their compression be great or small. The angles of incidence and reflection will therefore be equal, although the reflecting body may take away part of the motion of the incident light.

In the transmission of light from a rarer to a denser medium, it is always observed that the ray does not continue through the latter in the same rectilinear course, but is refracted towards the perpendicular in a greater or less degree according to the nature of the transparent medium. The cause of this phenomenon has excited many conjectures. Formerly it was generally considered to depend upon the law of gravitation; but Sir Isaac Newton has shown that this is not the case, upon the following reasoning. He demonstrated, that as all bodies attract one another by the force of gravitation, therefore the attractive forces of two homogeneous spheres upon particles of matter, placed near their surfaces, are in the ratio of the diameters of the spheres.* For example, if a refracting medium of the same density as the earth be spherical, the attractive force excited by the earth near its surface, will surpass that of the medium near its surface, as much as the diameter of the earth surpasses the diameter of the medium, or almost infinitely. When we consider, however, that gravity acts upon all bodies alike, and that a ball impelled from the mouth of a cannon is at first scarcely deflected towards the earth in virtue of its attraction, it follows that the least particle of the ball, if separated from the rest of the mass, would be no more deflected than the whole. Wherefore it follows, that a particle of light, which moves with an infinitely greater velocity than a cannon ball, would be much less deflected from its path by the attractive force of the whole earth, and therefore infinitely less by the attractive force of the medium, as it is infinitely weaker than that of the earth. But as the ray of

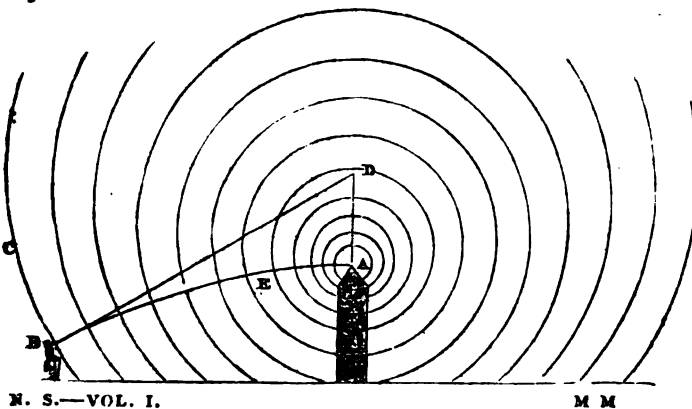
* *Principia*, lib. i. prop. 71, cor. 2.

for these radii would have been equal to the whole of KM , KM , if the two transparent media had the same penetrability. But all these circumferences have for their common tangent the straight line BV , which is the tangent to the first circumference TVW at the point V . The line BV therefore formed by the small arcs of these circumferences, terminates the motion which the wave AC has communicated to the transparent medium; and where this motion is found in greater quantity than anywhere else. Hence, as may be understood by what was said about the propagation of light in straight lines, this line BV is the propagation of the wave AC at the moment that C arrives at B ; for there is no other line below the refracting plane AB , which, like BN , is the common tangent of all the particular waves. In order to understand how the wave AC has come successively into BV we have only to draw the straight lines KP , KP , parallel to BV , and KL , KL , parallel to AC . In this manner it will be seen, that the wave AC has been bent from a straight line, and has again become a straight line at BV . If we now draw EAF , cutting the plane AB at right angles at the point A , and DA perpendicular to the wave AC , DA will be incident ray of light, and AV perpendicular to BV the refracted ray, since the rays are only straight lines, along which the points of the waves are propagated.

By a similar process of reasoning, it may be shown how the luminous waves are separated from the perpendicular in passing from a dense to a rarer medium, and also why the phenomenon of *total reflection* takes place at great angles of incidence. All these are explained in the most beautiful and satisfactory manner by the undulatory theory, but they would occupy a far greater space than we can allot to them in this elementary sketch.

It would be as well to conclude the subject of *refraction*, with the explanation which Huygens has given of the refraction of light in media of variable density. The atmosphere of the earth is of this kind, as it is well known that towards the surface of the globe it is much more dense than above. The waves which issue from a luminous point, such as the top of a steeple, A , *fig. 2.* are propa-

Fig. 2.



gated from it in every direction, and ought, according to the laws of refraction, to extend themselves more widely above, as represented in the diagram, and less widely below, and in other directions more or less in proportion as these directions coincide more or less with the two extremes. Let B C be the wave which conveys to the eye of the spectator at B the impression of the light which emanates from A ; and let B D be the straight line which cuts this wave perpendicularly. Then because the ray, or the straight line, by which we judge of the place where an object appears to us, is nothing more than the perpendicular to the wave which arrives at our eye, it is obvious that the point A will be seen as if it were in the straight line B D or higher than it is in reality : The light issuing from the point B has therefore moved through the atmosphere in a direction A E B, which is necessarily perpendicular to all the waves propagated from A as a centre.

(To be continued.)

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

Selected from the Records of the Eccentric Club, by order.

NICK SOBER, *Hon. Sec.*

" 'Twas the morning after the fray," said the Major, musingly.— "What fray, my dear Major?" inquired Manlove, whose deepest affections were immediately awakened. "Ay,—I forgot," answered the other, with the air of a man suddenly entrapped into the necessity to tell a story,— "You never heard it." "I doubt it," whispered Balance to Dick Careless. "But you shall hear it now :—'Twas a sad affair, that murder ! though it was all done by the articles of war, and in the enforcement of military discipline : and discipline must be enforced," said the Major, in a higher and firmer tone, and planting his foot abruptly on the floor. "'Tis a pity," ejaculated Manlove, innocently. "To enforce discipline, Sir?" inquired the Major, while a slight flush of anger stained his cheeks. "O no ! my dear Major ; but that the man was murdered."

"It *was* a pity,—so it was. I thought so too, the morning after the quarrel. He was a fine fellow : his heart was a jewel, and his body was a case fit to keep it in. I sha'n't forget him, Manlove. He had a fault or two, as we all have ; but that only made me love him the more, with a touch of pity for his weakness. His temper was hot, and, with a little chafing, would flash like gunpowder. But if his fist, now and then, closed sooner than another man's, it opened also more readily, and a wide palm finished the matter. Then, too,—God forgive him, for the laws did not,—he loved liquor ; and that—saving the murder—was the death of him. 'Tis a bad propensity, my friends," said the Major, shaking his head. "I've known many a man bring disgrace upon himself—(Balance smiled covertly)—and make a bad soldier into the bargain.

"Well, as I was going to tell you, I was sitting in my quarters, over an egg and coffee, and watching the gambols of a young kitten,

that played with the string of a cushion. At last, the creature leaped inside the fender, and began to paw an inflamed piece of wood that had fallen from the fire. 'Tom,' said I, 'have a care: thou wilt burn thy fingers for thy folly.' I had scarcely spoken, when the pretty animal uttered a subdued human-like cry of pain; and I caught it in my arms to comfort it. I thought the creature liked my kindness, for it cast its mild eye gratefully towards my face. While I was thus engaged, the door opened, and Flint stood erect before me. 'Well, Flint, didst thou hear the kitten cry?' said I. 'No, Sir: Lieutenant Burford's servant hath left a note for you.' 'Ah! I ejaculated;' for all the circumstances of the previous night shot across my mind: 'Stay; did the servant say aught?' 'No, Sir,—more than that the letter was important.' 'This, I fear, is a bad business, Flint,' said I, while opening it. 'Very sorry for it.' 'I believe thee, for thou art not so deep a philosopher as Rochefoucault.'

"When I read the note, I was much affected by the incoherence which ran through it. It was written evidently by a man in great irritation of spirit; and as its object was to request an interview with me, I resolved to go to the Lieutenant's quarters forthwith. I arose from my seat, and Flint brought my coat. Whether or not he perceived my concern, I know not; but as he was brushing my back, he said, 'You have not finished your coffee, sir: the air is cold without.' 'Never mind, Flint; I shall walk briskly.' 'It were well, Sir, for there is a rent here,' putting his cold finger on my shoulder. 'Ah, indeed! was I steady last night, Flint?' 'As ships are in a heavy sea, sir: you could just keep your eye against the wind.' 'Tis sad work, Flint, when men are lost in liquor: beware, boy,—this quarrel has arisen from it.' I know not that I should have told Flint of the nature of the present business, if my mind had not been so totally absorbed in it. 'Hold! your honour will not answer the challenge!' said he, standing between me and the door. 'Stand back!' returned I, in an angry tone. I had now advanced beyond him; and as I was going out, he caught me by the skirts of my coat, and earnestly begged me not to risk my life. 'Thou art mistaken, Flint,' said I: 'I go to endeavour to save one.' 'That is more like your honour,' he replied; and I went to the lieutenant's.

"While on my way to the lieutenant, I will relate to you what occurred on the previous night." "An epical episode?" enquired Dick Careless. "Yes." "Go on; 'tis according to rule." The Major received Dick's approving nod, and continued. "There had been a party of us that night at a tavern; and as our spirits flowed with the wine, the merriment ran high. Poor Burford, as I have told you, was addicted to the glass; and he did not, on this occasion, belie the character he had acquired. Many scorned him for it; but I knew his heart better, and pitied him. Captain Howard was also of the party, a man of calm temper and generous feelings, but who had not much respect for the Lieutenant. This was owing partly to the little esteem in which the Lieutenant was held by his brother officers, and partly to a coldness which had arisen between them, on account of some misunderstanding relating to a shooting-match. This affair was alluded to during the debauch, for such it was," added the Major,

reluctantly; "and words ran high between the two officers. Burford fancied the Captain treated him with contempt; and being ever alive to an insult, his impatient spirit could not brook the indignity. Inflamed at once by anger and wine, and forgetting his station as an officer, he sprang up and collared the Captain, exclaiming, 'I am neither a coward nor a reptile! Thou shalt suffer for it!' Howard had more self-command; and seizing the Lieutenant by the wrist, he hurled him to the ground. The rest of the party immediately stopped the fray; and the Captain soon after disappeared.' I went up to the Lieutenant, and asked kindly, 'Art thou hurt, Burford?' 'Yes, yes,—here!' he cried vehemently, striking his hand against his heart, to intimate that his soul was hurt more than his body. Unfortunate man! he looked wildly about him, ground his teeth, and clenched his hands together. He had been cast down before his brother officers, and the disgrace was too much for him. I was commiserating his vexed state of mind, when I arrived at his quarters.

" 'Good morning, Burford,' said I, on entering the room. He ran up, and grasped my hand convulsively, but did not speak. 'Thou art not well,' I continued: 'thy hand burns.' I think I never saw before, so wild, and yet so melancholy a look, as he gave me. He caught my hand again, and said in a repressed guttural accent, 'Hell is not hotter! My body is a living coal! Disgrace! Disgrace! The sense of it burns up all within me!' The poor fellow then cast another look at me,—it was a contemplative one,—and led me to a chair. I had now an opportunity to regard him; and so strong a picture of misery did he exhibit, that I could not, for some time, draw my eyes off him. His countenance was haggard, his hair dishevelled, and his shirt was open at his throat; so that I could plainly see that he had not slept since I left him. The wildness of his look I attributed to the wine, which had not yet left his wits sober.

" 'Mike,' said he, as he lifted his trembling hand, and passed it across his forehead, 'thou wast present last night: he hath dishonoured me!' 'Not to my mind, Burford,' returned I, in a mild tone: 'What is done at night, over wine, is forgotten at the morning meal.' 'I never can forget it,' he answered, bitterly. 'But thou wilt forget it when thou hast slept.' 'Then may I never sleep!' replied he, in a vehement tone: 'Wilt thou take that to him?' As he questioned me, he handed me a letter; but as he gave it, his hand shook, and his voice quivered, like the broken tones of a harp-string struck by an abrupt blast. I took the letter from him, and read the superscription. It was directed to Captain Howard. 'What does this mean, my good friend?' said I. 'Can'st thou not guess? Dost thou think that I would send thee with a flag of truce?' He now put his hand on my shoulder, and gazed eagerly in my face; while I turned the letter over and over, to consider what I should do with it. 'Take it! take it!' he said earnestly, grasping me, at the same time, more rigidly. I marked his agitation, and replied, 'Think well of it: thou art not yet thoroughly sobered; thy whole body trembles; get but an hour's sleep.' 'Nay,' said he, as he darted from me to a side-board, and taking a decanter of brandy, he quaffed the spirit greedily, 'I will sober myself thus! See, I do not tremble now!' and he held

out his hand steadily, to give me the proof of it. 'Art thou resolved to send this?' said I. 'Ask me not! Take it!' I shook my head, and, without saying another word, I dropped it into the fire. He stepped forward to seize it, but he was too late: it was already in flames. 'And you, too, insult me!' he cried, as he fixed his iron gripe upon my arm; while his veins swelled, and his eyes almost started from his head with convulsive agony. 'God forbid!' replied I, desirous of soothing his spirit. 'False! False! You all despise me! You conjure against me, all of you! But I will be revenged!' He flung me from him, and made his escape by the door. Poor Burford! my heart beat for thee then, and my pulse quickens now every time I think of thee! But discipline must be enforced, even at the expense of thy life, erring man!"

The Major's voice became plaintive, and a little touched with regret, as he uttered this sentiment. Dick Careless thought that at this moment it would not have cost the Major much to have sacrificed his principles of military discipline: for the tide of human kindness swelled strong in him, and went very nigh to break down all the factitious barriers of duty. He took his cigar, and lighted it at the candle; and when the flame beamed upon his eye, it glistened more than was usual to it.

"When Burford" (said the Major, recommencing) "found that I would not deliver the challenge for him, he applied to another officer, who, careless of consequences, carried it to the Captain. 'Twas a foolish thing! The Lieutenant could not have considered the danger in which he placed himself. But the man was insensate! Howard, it would appear, took no notice of the note, which served to provoke the Lieutenant still more. He wrote to his antagonist again; and in the second challenge used very violent language, threatening him with an exposure of his conduct if he did not fight the duel. The Captain consulted with a brother officer; and it was resolved, in order to stop the violence of the Lieutenant, that the Colonel of the regiment should be informed of it. Howard sought only to protect himself from the necessity of fighting with a man who was beneath him in rank, and whose character, it was generally known, he despised; and did not dream of the consequences to be produced by the step. The Colonel was a strict disciplinarian, and immediately ordered a court martial. It was then only that the two parties became fully conscious of the effect likely to be produced by their conduct. The Captain was not less afflicted than the more blamable Burford. He besought the Colonel to annul the proceedings; and begged, that as he himself had forgiven him, the laws might forgive him also. To be in any way instrumental towards the death of a fellow-creature, wounded his heart; again and again he besought the Colonel, who was, however, resolute, and fixed to the line of his duty. Finding supplications in this quarter made in vain, he determined to go at once to the Commander-in-chief, and plead for the life of the unfortunate Burford.

"With feelings harassed between hopes and fears, the generous Captain sought the quarters of the Commander-in-chief. The character of this General was not unknown to the army; and when I heard of the Captain's expedition, I had my doubts of the success of it. Look you, my friends," said the Major, addressing us, while, by way of exempli-

fication of what he was about to say, he closed his fist, and shot his arm forward, "you could as soon change the course of a cannon ball as bend the Commander-in-chief from the right path." The conversation that occurred on this occasion I never heard; but I happened to be walking towards the General's quarters on that day, and met Captain Howard returning from them. His step was hurried, and his head was bent upon his chest. 'Well, Howard,' said I, 'is poor Burford pardoned?' The Captain gazed into my face for a moment, then raised his hand with the palm before my eyes, turned away his head, and burst into tears. I almost censured myself for asking the question: but I said no more, and Howard went away.

"A few days after this circumstance, a court-martial was held to try the prisoner. The Lieutenant showed no weakness, although I could perceive the signs of previous suffering in his face. He answered all the questions put to him, calmly, and seemed to expect the final sentence. Captain Howard, who appeared to suffer more agony of soul than the Lieutenant, supplicated the pardon of the court; but it was unrelenting: and, in accordance with the law which awards death for contempt towards a superior officer, the unfortunate Burford was condemned to be shot.

The Major now puffed vigorously at his cigar, and winked his eyes several times, as if they had been annoyed by the smoke. But Manlove was affected more than any other, by the decision of the court martial. "Murder! foul murder!" he ejaculated with vehemence; "humanity groans at it." "He died by the articles of war," said the Major, authoritatively. "It's not law," replied Manlove, with feeling indignation. "'Tis discipline," answered the Major. Dick Careless was thrown into a reverie; and Balance said, in a serious tone, "This must be altered—I'll see to it."

"Well," continued the Major, "the prisoner was to be shot the next morning, by sunrise, at a field without the city; all his brother officers were there, and I made one of the number. There was the Colonel; and at a little distance was Howard. 'Tis a pity,' said I, musingly; 'may God give you mercy!' as I arrived on the spot, and saw the young Lieutenant with one knee bent on the ground, waiting to receive the fire of a line of soldiers, drawn up before him. I shall never forget it, my friends," continued the Major, in an agitated tone;—"no! never shall!—I can see him now, in my mind's eye, and a better man never wore a red jacket. It was drawing close upon the awful moment, and every pulse was beating time to the seconds; I happened to look towards Howard, his eyes were bloodshot: I walked up to him, wishing to draw him from a scene where he could not possibly be of service. 'It is over now, Howard,' I began, 'thy generosity cannot avail him; the witnessing of this scene must wound thee, and cannot console him.' 'How knowest thou,' answered he abruptly, 'but he will lose his life; and what reparation can I make him?'—The blood fled from his cheek, then returned, and fled again. At that moment he cast his eyes towards the Colonel, who was looking attentively at his watch: 'I will speak to him once more,' he continued, 'I will seek forgiveness;' and seizing my hand, 'I would rather die a hundred deaths than he should lose one hair on my

account. I have done him wrong—wrong !’ He repeated the word, and with such an emphasis, that it ran chill through my soul. He then left me, and darted through a crowd of officers. I saw him, in a moment after kneeling before the doomed man. “Canst thou forgive me ?” said he, in a voice tremulous with grief;—‘canst thou ?’ I have done wrong in this matter—thy blood rests on my head—I feel it !’ ‘My tears shall cleanse thee ;’ answered the other, while he wept bitterly, and fell upon the Captain’s shoulder. The agonised Howard threw his arms around the prisoner’s neck, and they were locked in a convulsive embrace. Each sob was heard distinctly by the anxious spectators ; for there was a silence, a deadly silence around, like that which precedes the burst of the thunderbolt. There was scarcely a dry eye about us, and many a head was averted from the scene.” The Major placed a knuckle on the inner corner of his eye, and breathed audibly.

“ ’Twas a mournful scene,” continued the worthy officer ; “ and we are but men after all. I have heard men pray, ay, and pray fervently too ; but never did I hear so solemn a prayer as followed that ardent embrace.” The Major hesitated, as if words were wanting to depict the condensed interest that now pervaded the spectators. “ All men gazed,” said he, “ as if their souls looked out of their faces, eager to catch the lowest word that came sighing on the morning breeze. The two brave men clasped their hands together on their bosoms, and with eyes turned towards heaven, and with faces expressive of the deepest earnestness, they offered up a mutual prayer. And what prayer think ye it was ? The Lord’s Prayer. When they said, with trembling voices, ‘ Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven ’—‘ forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,’ I thought my heart would burst. The two men wept—stopped—and continued, in smothered accents. The spectators burst simultaneously into tears ; and when the Colonel attempted to speak to end the scene, his words were choked in his throat and he merely waved his hand. The time was already past, and a serjeant advanced to intimate it to the Captain. The miserable Howard cast a desponding look over his shoulder as the serjeant warned him, and again earnestly embracing the prisoner, he arose ; but contrition yearned strongly : he hesitated, then advanced a few steps ; I think I see his look now.” The tears trickled over the Major’s cheek. “ I cannot help it,” said he, as he brushed them away hastily with his handkerchief. “ I think I see his look now, as he stopped suddenly, and cried, with a bosom swelling with agony, ‘ Hast thou fully forgiven me ?’ The Lieutenant sprang up and gave him his hand—‘ As I hope to be forgiven,’ answered he. Their hearts met, and mixed in that fervent pressure, and I thought their hands would have grown together ; for it seemed as if they would never relax. Again the serjeant advanced, and the Captain hurriedly withdrew. The Lieutenant sank upon his knee, cast his eye to the soldiers, and then bared his chest. When his shirt was withdrawn, his heart could be distinctly seen to beat, although his face was perfectly calm. He then bent his forehead upon his hands, as if in deep thought ;—’twas his last moment of solitary reflection ; the soldiers presented arms—poor Burford cast a glance

upwards to his God, and while he was in this attitude the command was given, the volley was discharged, and the ill-fated man fell—a corpse. From this day to that of his death, Captain Howard wore a piece of crape around his arm.”

The tale being finished, our president requested the secretary, who had taken it down in short-hand, to add it to our records.

The evening was now on the wane; but before we separated, Dick Careless proposed that the records of the club, many of which were of passing interest, should be published; and that in order to effect this object, they should be sent to the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*; for, as Dick shrewdly observed, “the only particular in which the members of this club resemble the rest of the world, is in want of money; and if a man must cross the ocean, and cannot afford to pay for his passage, his only alternative is to beg one.” As this point had been often discussed, and as all the members were desirous of seeing what sort of an appearance their speculations would make in print, the proposal was unanimously carried.

The public will doubtless be curious to ascertain something respecting the peculiarities, characters, and pursuits of the various members. Being a rational philosophic body of men, and esteeming curiosity the spring of all knowledge, we would rather encourage than repress such a laudable desire.

First, by virtue of his office, our president, Geoffrey Sageman, deserves remark. He is a man far advanced in years, and was chosen to fill the dignified situation on account of his age and gravity. His forehead is high, and his nose remarkably long, having a protuberance in the centre of the ridge, which allies it to the Roman family. There is a somnolent expression about his eye, which makes him appear utterly inattentive to the debates, which are frequently so vigorously maintained before him; and so imperturbable is his taciturnity, that many visitors have doubted whether or not he has the faculty of speech. He is, however, a shrewd man, and scorns to express himself in any phrase less than a proverb. As a turn in the conversation does not often happen when a proverb can be brought to bear with effect, he is necessarily a long time silent; although when he does begin, we have known him hurl such a well-directed volley of words, hard with meaning, at the weak points of the erring member, that the miserable man has soon ceased to reply, and has covered his face for shame. As our president is a just man, and treats all the members, when necessity requires, in the same way, no one is displeased with his harshness.

The member next in seniority is an old officer of the line; but to which regiment he belonged we have never heard him say. This person is no other than the Major, or Mike, or Major Mike Gunshot, a name which he highly deserves, if all the incidents of camp and field which he relates be true; and as all the fellows of our club are honest men, though odd ones, we cannot doubt the veracity of the Major, even in his most extravagant narrations. He constantly reminds us that truth is much stranger than fiction; and as he relates his anecdotes with considerable feeling, we are compelled to believe that his mind is warmed by a vivid recollection of the circumstances as they occurred.

Despite much authority and roughness in the Major's manners, we can easily perceive that his heart is very sensitive, and that he feels the misfortunes of his fellow men very acutely. There is an openness, too, in his demeanour, when in a civil humour, which irresistibly invites our confidence. His countenance is ruddy, approaching to a livid hue on the tip of his nose, which has often insinuated suspicions of his sobriety. It is, however, but just to observe, that we have never seen him intoxicated; and, we believe, that his stout rotund body, and bluish-red complexion, are the results rather of former debauchery than present indulgence. Except when the circumstances offer an opportunity for the enunciation of a moral prohibition—a practice very common to the worthy officer—he seems rather to advocate the use of spirits, for he declaims against Temperance Societies; and to such a pitch have we seen his passion rise, when the subject has been discussed, that he has stamped dogmatically on the ground, and struck the tip of his nose so rapidly and sharply with his fore-finger, that he has made the blood squirt therefrom. Such a mode of phlebotomy never fails to check his excitement. It tunes his vocal organs to the proper pitch, like the pipe employed by Caius Gracchus for that purpose. There are many inconsistencies in the Major's character, for which we do not hold ourselves responsible; and which we do not consider ourselves obliged to explain.

Abraham Subtle is a barrister, who honestly believes this doctrine, and, we as truly think, will die in his faith—That, as God created both knaves and fools, and that as it is the nature of the knave to cheat, and the fool to be cheated, that the latter would by consequence be the prey of the former, if governments did not form a third class, called lawyers, to distribute justice between the parties. But our friend Subtle farther argues, that Justice is even-handed, and deals equality to all men; ergo, that justice be equally done, the knaves and fools must be equally cheated. He has not yet been able to convince the members of the club of the profundity or correctness of this argument, although he has broached it regularly once a month, for these last five years. Mr. Subtle has very prominent grey eyes, and throws them around him very warily during the declaration of his opinions. His words dribble slowly, but they are delivered with an air of oracular consequence, very becoming one, who expects some day to utter the last sentence between the two antagonist parties, Life and Death. This kind of intonation, indeed, he has made his especial study. His nose is pointed upwards, as if, like Milton's cormorant, he were smelling the air to direct him to his prey: but although very assiduous in search of briefs, he has yet met with but little success. He has not told us this himself; but when he came to the club the other day, we discovered that the snuff-coloured coat, which he has worn ever since the formation of the club, was turned; and it is well known that a turncoat cannot keep a secret. It is useless, therefore, for Mr. Subtle to endeavour to conceal his poverty; for, even if other signs were wanting, we should discover it in the conciliating attentions which he unremittingly pays to the Hon. Edward Balance, youngest son of Viscount Upwardlook, eldest son of the Earl of Statecraft, who

held an official situation in the last ministry, and may hold another in the next.

Ned is an enthusiastic young man of great abilities, and irrevocably bent upon becoming an orator and statesman. He has not yet finally determined upon the principles which he shall adopt; but, priding himself upon his independence of mind, he resolves to have opinions of his own; and virtuously laments that all statesmen do not acknowledge the same freedom of thought. On the last general election, he was nominated a candidate for a radical borough, but lost his election, by a somewhat larger minority than was agreeable to his feelings. The truth is,—as our friend Subtle, who was present at the nomination, informed the club,—he began to discourse violently on natural equality, whereat some wits in the crowd requested him to change his superfine coat for a smock. Balance then entered upon a marvellously intricate elucidation of his opinions, which the people could not comprehend,—and “which,” added Subtle, “to be candid, did not exactly quadrate with the rules of Aristotle,”—and the consequence was, that a chorus of hisses drove the candidate from the stage. He is now beating up recruits on the other side of the question, being generously resolved, as he states, “to serve an ungrateful country in one way or another.” He is a fine young fellow, of good carriage, and pleasant manners; and not altogether free from the vices of youth. He knows all the scandal of the day, and can tell us how many times in a week a Primate or Lord Chancellor was seen to enter the house of a lady famed for her captivating manners. The fellows of our own club sometimes fall under his lynx eye; and the other day he abruptly attacked the Major, by asserting that he saw the worthy officer chatting with a well-known lady, over a glass of brandy, in a house in Piccadilly. The Major feigned ignorance, but was compelled to admit the fact; when the other boldly declared that he saw the brandy inflame on the instant that the Major, in the act of drinking, bent his nose towards it. The proof was incontrovertible.

Another member of our club is Dick Careless, a man who has written more rhymes than he has hairs; and once astonished the club by informing it that he had actually discovered there were 365 days in the year,—time being a subject to which he had never before given his attention. Balance afterwards told us, that the poet had been attacked that morning by a fit of asthma, and had also pulled a few grey hairs from among the black ones. There is a dreaminess about Dick’s eye which gives him a mysterious cast of countenance. He wears his hair long, and ties his neckerchief with a careless knot; so that he exhibits in the street very much the appearance of a maniac. With all these personal recommendations, however, Dick has never been able to publish any of his productions; and he has therefore consigned them to the club, to be published among the other records.

It were almost profane to touch upon the character of Mr. Giles Manlove with the slightest shade of irony; for his chief failing is the offspring of one of the most amiable virtues, humanity,—and is ridiculous only from its exaggeration. We earnestly wish that our readers could see Mr. Manlove’s neat bob-wig; it is enough of itself to attract

our fondness. His eyes are blue, and possess a singularly mild expression, which the satirical Ned has been heard to designate by several contemptuous epithets. The length of his nose has strongly inclined the club to believe in the curious doctrines of Lavater, as that organ is, in this instance, connected with a most benignant disposition. His mouth is very small, well formed, and of sweet expression : but, although we have scanned his features very narrowly, we have never been able to trace the vestige of a chiu. He wears a very old-fashioned grey coat, Hessian boots, and generally walks with a cane in his hand ; with which, we are informed, he flogs those mischievous urchins whom he catches worrying dumb animals. We do not believe, however, that he could summon sufficient asperity to flog them sharply. He is one of the most active members of the Mendicity Society, and of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals ; and to such an extent does he work out his principles, that we are sure he would not brush a spider from his wig if the creature chose to settle itself there. The club often congratulate themselves that his head is bald, and consider it, under the circumstances, a wise dispensation of Providence. We shall bring the traits of this honest man under notice on some other occasion, and shall now proceed to describe briefly the peculiarities of Dr. Hartsborn.

The able doctor is a great mystifier of common things,—a habit which he has contracted, we presume, from his medical education. He is devoted also to the pursuits of science, and occasionally regales the society with a dissertation on his discoveries. He lately analysed very carefully the component parts of the living system, and having ascertained them, he endeavoured—though this is a profound secret—to combine them synthetically to form an embryo. He put the different gases under a glass bell, through which he made an electric spark to pass ; and, to his great pleasure and amazement, he observed, after a few days, small animals crawling on the interior of the vessel. Elated by this novel invention of animal life, he came that night to the club, and though quite out of breath from the speed with which he had run, he cried out, on entering, like another Archimedes, “Eureka ! I have found it !” He now talks very seriously of taking out a patent, to protect himself from the rivalry of impostors. Balance is very sceptical of the utility of the doctor’s discovery, and maintains that the old way of producing animal life is the best ; indeed, as the doctor retorts upon him, since he lost his election, he has become a confirmed Tory in all things.

The last member of the club is the Secretary, Nick Sober, through whom the present records are communicated to the world. He is installed into this office on account of his having no particular character in the world,—and is therefore a character among us.

MIND'S ELYSIUM.

By H. L. MANSEL, Esq.

WOULDST thou hail a joyous vision ?
 Haste ! it hovers o'er thee.
 Wouldst thou roam o'er fields Elysian ?
 Come,—they lie before thee.
 Tell me, bliss, why all for nought
 Men have sought thee sighing ?
 Is't not that afar they sought
 Thee, within them lying ?
 When the sage explores the sky,
 Earth can never win him.
 He who seeks externally,
 Finds not bliss within him.
 Softly, softly touch the lyre.
 By thee long reposen ;
 Listen, ere the notes expire,
 One must be the chosen.
 Many a gentle sound may sweep
 Chords thy finger presses,
 Ere the destined note shall leap
 To thy heart's recesses.
 Each, successive, thrills and dies ;
 But, while yet 'tis dying,
 Instant, shall another rise
 With a softer sighing.
 Wildly struck, the crashing strings
 Drown the sound thou'rt seeking.
 Gentle are its whisperings
 When its voice is speaking.
 'Tis the music of the mind.
 Tuned to sweetest numbers :
 Hark ! it pours the dreams that bind
 Soothingly thy slumbers.
 Are they fleeting ? What is sure ?
 Fly they at dawn's breaking ?
 But a night thy dreams endure ;
 —But a day thy waking.
 Thousand echoes o'er thy head
 Vibrate, never ceasing :
 Mind-creations of the dead,
 Spectres of the pleasing.
 Hark ! again the magic cadence
 In our ears is ringing.
 Scarce the Achelöiad maidens
 Breathed a sweeter singing.
 Such the blest unearthly vision
 That is hovering o'er thee :
 Thus are spread the fields Elysian
 Boundlessly before thee.

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

No. III.—MR. MORTON MONCTON.

No man (or for that matter, woman either) has a clear perception, when he is making a ridiculous figure of himself, to all the world besides. And it is wisely ordained that it should be so, or many of us would be taking prussic-acid, or tying up ourselves to our bed-posts. Death is stealing upon us with rapid strides—we fortunately see him not ; seldom we think of him at all : and this mental blindness, or incapacity to behold all the disagreeable things which surround us on every side, is indeed a most merciful ordination of our common Father. Are we then justified in opening the eyes of one another to such painful facts, when Providence has been more kind ? Are we entitled to put up a finger-post, opposite the innocent singularities of our fellow creature, to point them out to his own and others' ridicule ? No—let each one ride his *hobby* in his own way, and not jostle or overturn that of his neighbour :—perhaps it is safer for us to mount a little ambling nag of only twelve hands high, than climb up, and bestride the *high horses* of ambition, and of fame, from either of which, should we get a tumble, we may chance to break our necks. How must the angels smile to see us mortals upon

this little ball of mud of ours, tilting, galloping, trotting, *shuffling* away, as we best can, all mounted, and each one with some fancied business of importance to achieve ! Why cannot we rather perform the tasks allotted us ? Why, like silly boys, *play away the time*, whilst we are at *school* ?—for such this world undoubtedly is to us immortal spirits. We imagine the “school-master is *abroad*,” and thousands of us are riding helter-skelter in search of him ; when the fact is, that he lives in the depths of our own being, and if we will but *stay at home* and hear him, he will teach us all things worth knowing.

After so grave a commencement, surely I shall call down upon my head much heavy censure, when I say, that this story owes its rise, solely to the ridiculous appearance and manners of the hero of it : but my exposing his weakness to the world, cannot now affect *him*. He is gone where these imaginary horses, great and small, have “no local habitation or a name,” and where the disencumbered and *real man* will not wish to mount them. He, that is, Mr. Morton Moncton, had a *whole stud* of ragged, scrubby, ungroomed, mental Shetland-Ponies, that he rode alternately here below.

This is the fictitious name I shall give to the very odd gentleman, whose lady I attended some years ago at Notting Hill ? for be it known to all present, that I always carefully throw a *veil impenetrable*, over the real ones of the parties I notice in these sketches. That they all have, or had real ones, is absolutely true—why should I draw from a lay-figure, a thing inanimate, when there are, and have been so many living models sitting in all kinds of attitudes and expressions ready for my use ? This gentleman, whom I have designated Mr. Morton Moncton, was a very grotesque one, and I think Madame *Isis* must have had a *drop too much*, when she designed him. His lady was a very common sort of personage ; rather pretty, rather young, rather affected, and rather ignorant ; I shall have but very little to say about *her* in this Tale, except that she made the *most she could* of her interesting situation whilst I was with her, and would not abate a single inch of that prerogative she deemed herself entitled to, in virtue of her matronly dignity, now for the first time assumed : Mercy on us ! one would have thought from the airs Mrs. Morton Moncton gave herself, that she was the *only* one who had ever brought a *man-child* into the world, and that the whole race of Adam depended solely upon herself, for the perpetuation of its species. But “Othello’s occupation’s gone.” She will, poor lady ! enjoy such dignity no more.

Mr. Morton Moncton had been a most rejoicing bachelor until the age of fifty ; never once I believe, up to that period, having contemplated to *perpetrate* marriage—he had other things to do ; and as *he* thought, of much greater importance, for was not he a philosopher ? a painter ? a poet ? and something of an astrologer to boot ? Had he not a library, a laboratory, studio, and an observatory ? Never would he have married at all, but from a fit of spleen against his old housekeeper, who had been his nurse, and having rather an infirm memory as well as person, forgot for three successive nights his strict injunction, and brought over her own aged head the *infliction* of a mistress for her negligence, or rather, I should say, her infirmity—but I must describe the gentleman.

Full six feet of *length* had nature allowed to Mr. Morton Moncton, and that of good measure, but as to *breadth* there she had most wickedly failed him; nearly cheated him altogether. So spare, so meagre was his form, that I often wondered as I saw him walk in his garden, why the sun did not shine *through* him! and where there could possibly be *room* in him for a heart, and lungs, and liver, and all the rest of the interior machinery of a human being, to do its work in! Scarcely could he be called a *child of the flesh*; and as for *bone*, a most niggardly allowance had he of that commodity. Can we, wonder then, that with all his genius, or, at least, his aspirations after it, Mr. Morton Moncton should be, and also complain of so being, during the long winter of ——— *most miserably cold*.

Being a man of vast invention, Mr. Morton Moncton had constructed a most ingenious machine, made of tin, and carefully covered over with red baize, which held a full pail-full of boiling water, properly corked; and into this *double-barrelled* apparatus, he was in the habit every night of *inserting* his cold spare feet, ankles and legs, up to the very calves; — I beg his pardon, the legs were innocent of such absurdities; there was nothing of *the calf* about him, and that the reader will soon learn. He was, and acted like, a man of spirit.

Now poor Mrs. Young, his aforesaid housekeeper, who had, as I have mentioned, nursed him (lean as he was) when an infant, and watched his progress *upwards* but not *outwards* ever since, was the only female that had ever contributed to his comfort from the death of his own mother, a few months after his birth, until nearly the period I am speaking of, when he came within the sphere of my observation. To her, the aforesaid Mrs. Young, he appeared a paragon of manly perfection. His various pursuits she looked upon almost with adoration. She deemed him a very "*proper man*;" gloried in his height; thought not of his *girth*, and had she but remembered to have made the giddy young housemaid fill the huge tin machine with boiling water for her master's use, and place it carefully and comfortably, as she ought to have done, at the bottom of his bed, she might still perchance have presided at his house, had her easy chair and cushions by the side of the drawing-room fire as formerly, her spectacles and work-box on the polished table before her, — instead of having the one wheeled down stairs into the housekeeper's room, and the others removed to a walnut-wood table, of insignificant size, in the same apartment. On small things hang the fate of mighty empires!

Cold as an ice-berg, looked and felt Mr. Morton Moncton, on getting up one frosty morning in December, not having had his two tin cylinders, containing the friendly warmth, when he retired to bed. Other gentlemen would have stormed and raved, on finding the deficiency, routed up the house, and insisted on having them got ready immediately. But this was not the method of Mr. Moncton; he brooded over his misfortune, his wrongs, in silence; gloomy, freezing silence! thought he was the most injured man alive; would scarcely take any breakfast; entered neither his library, laboratory, studio, nor observatory all day; but crossing his long, slim legs on the opposite side of the fireplace, at which the neat and smiling Mrs. Young reposed, perfectly unconscious of impending ill, and as loquacious as usual, he would not

utter a syllable, nor be soothed or talked into good humour; the old lady thought an illness was coming on by his odd manner, and advised her foster-son to bathe his feet at night in *warm water*; but this affectionate proposition seemed to him to be an *insult* added to an injury; for he now violently ejaculated with most unbecoming warmth—"D—the warm water, and you into the bargain."

"God bless my heart and soul!" exclaimed the alarmed housekeeper, looking at her master through her spectacles, "what can be the matter with him?" but before she could receive an answer, Mr. Morton Moncton had taken his tall, spare form, his spindle shanks and his long, exceedingly long nose, out of the apartment, and in another minute she heard the hall door *slap to* with great noise. The master of that handsome house at Notting Hill did not return to it until the evening, or rather the night,—for it was ten o'clock when he entered, not the drawing room as usual, but ringing with much vehemence for candles to be brought to him in the library, retired to his sleeping apartments without deigning to speak a word to his old nurse, who had fretted herself pale and ill with anxiety, imagining all sorts of things, and as is usual, never once thinking of the right one.—She knew his temper well, and therefore, although she ventured not to approach him in his sanctuary, yet fondly hoped the cause of his present ill-humour, if such it was, would be blown away, or slept away by morning, when "Richard would be himself again." And so it might have been, had he found his *feet-comforter* properly prepared for his use the second night—but no! there it stood in a corner of his chamber, with its red jacket on, like a soldier in barracks, and bolt upright upon its two circular legs or hollow cylinders, as if it never was intended to do service any more—untouched, laid up on half-pay. All that night Mr. Morton Moncton walked up and down his sleeping apartments, like a demented being; Mrs. Young told me all this herself, with tears in her eyes. "Oh! if he would but have spoken—would but have relieved his mind!" said she, pathetically, "Poor dear gentleman! I would have got up instantly and made that young minx of a housemaid heat the water in the middle of the night, and get ready the reservoir, had I known—had I but suspected what sat so heavily on his mind! But I had told the young hussey once, and after that—there is a fate in these things—never thought more about it—I ought to have seen to his comfort myself."

On the following morning Mrs. Young informed me, that her dear master looked most "*awfully*" indeed, and really unwell; he had not deigned to enter his bed, but had paced his room during the watches of the night, till his nose was blue, and his long limbs frozen. When she asked most kindly "If he felt unwell?" he darted at her a most furious look, gulped down a cup of hot coffee, and again *slammed to* the hall-door." "He is bewitched," thought Mrs. Young, "He has gone so much lately to that Mr. Varley's, the Astrologer, that he will lose his senses; he has got some nonsense in his head, I dare say, about the stars, and perhaps believes *his hour is come*. Still," said the old woman to me, "I never once suspected that all this misery and anger could be about a frightful tin-case clothed in scarlet flannel, which he might have had heated twenty times a day, aye, and in the night too, for that matter, if he would but have mentioned it!"

A strange change had taken place in the mind of Mr. Morton Moncton, during the third night of his *bereavement*—for no hot cylinders had he. Mrs. Young assured me that he no longer in the morning looked resentful, though exceedingly blue and cold; there was an air of fixed determination about him, which puzzled her much; he made an excellent breakfast, even handed her the buttered toast, and seemed, as she said, and fondly thought, "*coming round*;" only that now and then, he slapped his hand upon his bony nether limb, as if he meant to say "Yes, I am resolved! nothing shall turn me from my purpose."

After breakfast, Mr. Morton Moncton went into his dressing-room, and adorned himself with much care: his best black satin waistcoat, his last new coat, and "terminations." He came into the drawing-room when he had finished, with a look of defiance, mixed with pity; and when she ventured to ask him, glancing on his dress, "If he dined out to-day?" he answered, with a husky voice, choked almost with emotion, "Yes, Mrs. Young, I *do* dine out, and probably shall to-morrow and *every day* this week. You will soon know more, *if matters go on as I wish them.*"

She did know more; for it seems he went immediately and proposed for the daughter of his old friend Mr. Sutton, at Kensington gravel-pits; and being a man of full three thousand a year, he was instantly accepted. Short work did he make of his courtship, for in less than ten days from the time he went out armed cap-a-pee in his black satin waistcoat, &c., he brought home, to the infinite dismay of poor Mrs. Young, the young lady I had then the honour of attending at Notting Hill, as Mrs. Morton Moncton, who instantly trundled the comfortable blue Morocco chair of the poor old housekeeper into her own apartments down stairs, and herself after it into the bargain.

What "we do in haste, we generally repent at leisure." Poor Mr. Morton Moncton, I believe, did so every moment of his life afterwards. Accustomed to be petted, flattered, beloved by his old respectable and sensible nurse,—all his habits formed and his fancies anticipated (except, indeed, in the affair of the tin water-holder, and that was from inadvertence alone),—dreadful was his annoyance in having a pert, assuming, and common-place woman, breaking in at every corner upon his former occupations, and with claims upon his time and attentions that he could not gainsay. Mrs. Morton Moncton followed her tall, gaunt husband into all his sacred haunts: even the observatory, a little kind of lantern at the top of the house, surmounted by a weathercock, was not free from her loving, or rather vexatious, visits. She would take no hints, understand no suggestions,—"*that, in her delicate state of health, she might injure herself by clambering up a frail ladder, not fit for a lady to mount.*" "No; she preferred that strange octagon room," she said, "to any other in the house, *when he was in it*: the air was so fresh and wholesome there too, at the top of the house, and she could see all over the country." If he in despair shifted his quarters to the laboratory, and told her, "he had an experiment to make of great nicety, that required much calculation, and might be attended with danger," then this most affectionate, or rather *attached*, spouse insisted on going thither to witness it,—plaguing him with a thousand frivolous, ignorant questions, and

asking him the names of every article she saw. He could no longer read in quiet; for if he made his escape into the library, thither would she go, asking him to show her prints, or read to her from some foolish novel. It was the same thing in the studio: not a bust, or torso, or leg, or arm, was free from her inquisitive research. Heartily did he wish her back again at her father's house in Kensington gravel-pits, and himself at liberty to follow his own pursuits, without a namby-pamby woman always at his heels: but when Mrs. Moncton pronounced herself in a way to present him with a miniature resemblance of herself, Mrs. Young assured me that she thought her beloved master would have run "stark staring mad," as he seemed never once to have contemplated, in his bachelor simplicity, that such an event was probable. This brings me up to the period when I entered the family, to my great amusement; for never yet did I see such an assemblage of odd qualities in one individual as in Mr. Morton Moncton.

It was certainly some respite to this singular but kind-hearted gentleman, when his adhesive lady was confined to her own chamber, and he gave me repeated hints, which the shrewd old housekeeper interpreted to me in her own way, and rightly enough, I have no doubt, "that it would be advisable for me to lay a strict injunction on Mrs. Moncton, not to leave her apartment *too soon*, as he had heard" (I should like to know what judgment he, an old bachelor, could give upon such a matter)—"he had heard that often injury ensued by ladies too soon coming down stairs after"—, and he left me to finish the sentence as I thought proper. Happy would he have been if I could have persuaded her to stay there for ever.

It was a most absurd thing to see this wild-looking, crane-necked, shadow sort of an old-bachelor-spoiled-man, when he was first shewn his infant heir. There seemed to be as much *astonishment* in him as Adam must have felt when he looked upon the first child that was ever *born* into the world. He stooped down over it, just touched its forehead with his finger, and seemed amazed that the poor little thing could move its hands and open its eyes. "I will cast its nativity myself," said Mr. Morton Moncton: "You are quite correct as to the *precise* moment it was born?" he demanded of me: "I should like to have Mr. Varley here to assist me. Do you, Madam, know any thing of that extraordinary gentleman?" he asked me, forgetting, I believe, at that moment, that he had a wife and a son, and only longing to be at his own delightful pursuits again,—one of which had been the study of the heavenly bodies, and attempting to learn by their movements what would be the destinies of those born under their peculiar influences.

"Thank heaven," he exclaimed, "this little breathing animal, for at present it is no better, was born, you tell me, at *sun-rise*! Good! Strength and vigour shall he have, at any rate. I entered this mortal life, Madam, at *midnight*, when there was no moon, and not a single star visible. It is wonderful that I have got on so well as I have done. But I shall bring Mr. Varley home to dinner to-day, and you will much oblige me by letting him look at that queer little being you have there. Mrs. Moncton will not object, I am sure; and at night, when the stars are out, we will go up together into the observatory, and consult them still more distinctly respecting the fate of Master *Pinkface* there. Will he always look as healthy and rosy as he does now?"

What I am now going to relate may seem extraordinary ; but with that I have nothing to do. I copy from my note-book, and I put all down there most faithfully, as it occurred.

I believe there are very few persons in London who have not heard of the painter Varley, and his astonishing predictions. Who is there, in going on to Kensington, that has not had his handsome house pointed out to him on the right-hand side, where all the magnates of the land resort, under pretext of looking at the painter's portefeuille of admirable sketches of landscapes, &c. ; but, in reality, to consult him on their destinies, and obtain from him their *horoscopes*, for which they pay, and very largely too, by a nominal price being put on his drawings, which are purchased, with the full understanding that their horoscope is to be sent in with them.

Mrs. Morton Moncton at first demurred to this desire of her husband, that Mr. Varley should look upon the face of her infant with his scientific eyes, unless she could be present, and hear all his observations ; but this matter was soon put to rights by a *bribe*, that most efficient medium of communication and persuasion. A very handsome pearl ring was purchased and sent to the lady, on express condition, that little Master Morton Moncton was to spend an hour or two with the painter-astrologer, and his amateur papa in the drawing-room ; there to be looked over, like a curious piece of mechanism, and all his future movements speculated on, with the greatest gravity and faith. As for myself, I could make no possible objection ; and, to tell the honest truth, I liked the fun of the thing, and wished, as Dr. Johnson said, to see "*what would come of it.*"

Accordingly, we went down stairs, Master Morton Moncton, junior, and Co., and found, in addition to the master of the house and his painter friend, the worthy old house-keeper, Mrs. Young, who wished to be present at the examination of the babe, and seemed quite at home in her former comfortable place by the fire-side. The gentlemen were just come out from the dinner-room, and were very intensely perusing two large pieces of paper lying on the table, with strange characters, figures, and circles traced upon them. I found they were two *horoscopes* of the infant, one calculated by the father, the other by Mr. Varley since his arrival ; and as there appeared to be some slight variation in the calculations of the two, the gentlemen were trying to adjust them.

Mrs. Young placed her finger on her lip as I entered the room, to bespeak silence, seeing her master and his friend were engaged on a business of so much importance. Quietly, therefore, I sat down, and waited until they should be willing to notice my young charge, who was calmly sleeping on my lap.

And here let me observe, whilst they are so engaged, that I think there is a very erroneous estimate made of the rank a Monthly Nurse should hold in society, seeing that the office is generally held by women of low birth, and of prejudiced, ignorant, vulgar minds : by women who like to take a *drop of spirits* just as it comes from the distiller ; or, in their language, "*neat* ;" who have a parcel of tawdry tales to tell, and circulate half the gossip in the neighbourhood. Now, this should not be. The office has degenerated since the time of the ancients, quite as much as that of the *slayer of animals* known by the name of the *butcher*,

who formerly was the *priest* ; who prepared the sacrifice, and distributed the remainder of the flesh, not offered up, to the people.

Assuredly she who first takes from the hands of nature a young child, a being new from God's creation, or, at any rate, new to this human sphere, is a *priestess* in every sense of the word ; and though not ordained one by the bishop's authority and by laying on of hands, holds her title from a much higher dignity, if she enter upon her office with a *pure heart*, and a deep sense of its sacredness, its responsibility. I have taken this opportunity of saying this *en passant*, just to inform my readers of it whilst the gentlemen are talking of the "*occultation of planets*," and the partial shadow, or "*penumbra*," the moon sometimes casts upon our earth, when she comes between it and the sun ; a circular shadow, I think they said, of about 4,900 miles in diameter, and which would be very fatal to be born under. I wish just to say, for the last time, that whatever *they*, the world, may think of a "*monthly nurse*," from seeing that particular one in their mother's, aunt's, sister's, family, perchance their own, dressed in a little snug black silk or velvet bonnet, and a comfortable Norwich shawl, that I esteem myself at a much higher rate, and feel myself entitled, from birth, education, manners, and, more than all, *my office*, to sit down at the table of *princes*. Nay, more : that if they, these said princes, were not good of their kind, "the Monthly Nurse" would not condescend to sit down to table with them ! "Look here," said Mr. Morton Moncton, with much vehemence of manner, and stooping down with his spider-legs and attenuated form over the two papers lying on the table : "Look here, Varley : either you or I must have committed some most egregious blunder ! I have drawn the child's horoscope by the aid of this year's ephemeris,—so could not mistake."

"Ephemeris !" repeated Mr. Varley, with much contempt : "an adept in astrology never wants an ephemeris : it may do very well to assist a *Neophyte*. I tell you that Jupiter is neither in trine nor sextile at the babe's birth. I wish he were, on your account, Morton. I know nothing of the little being himself. No ; he is in *quartile*, and decidedly malign. I would stake my reputation on it that I am correct."

"Good God, Varley !" interrupted the father, raising himself up to his extreme height, and looking the other gentleman full in his face : "If this calculation of yours is right (let me look again at the *House of Life*),—yes, if you are correct, the child will be burnt to death before his tenth year !" "To be sure he will, if he is not long before that time," said Mr. Varley, without the smallest emotion. "If you were to keep him at the bottom of the sea, *Fire*, his implacable foe, must reach him, and destroy him on or before that period."

"What is the use, then, of taking any account about him ?" enquired the father, just glancing round to look upon the infant, who was calmly sleeping on my knees, perfectly unconscious of his impending fate ; but I saw poor Mrs. Young put the corner of her white muslin apron up to her eyes, and look upon the table with a most piteous glance.

"It is your duty, Morton," said his friend emphatically, placing his hand upon the arm of the other, "not to let these consultations of ours interfere in the least with your cares of this unfortunate child of yours, *as his father*. It were better for you *not* to read the stars concerning his destiny, if it makes you careless respecting him."

"What nonsense you talk, Varley," exclaimed the other. "What use would it be to instruct and make a prodigy of that poor thing, as I could do, no doubt, by instructing him myself, if all his attainments, and himself into the bargain, are *pre-ordained* to be swallowed up—actually devoured—by *fire*, before he can bring them to any good account?"—And Mr. Moncton sat down most disconsolately, and began to beat upon the ground the *tattoo* of a certain *old gentleman* who shall be nameless. For my part, I felt indignant, and longed to throw both their *horoscopes*, as they called them, into the fire, and give them, the calculators of them, a good singing besides for their folly.

"How stands the fourth House, or House of Relations, Varley?" demanded Mr. Moncton, at length, very doggedly.

"Bad, very bad," said the inexorable astrologer. "Nothing can look worse. Then the *eighth* House: only look, Morton, at the *House of Death*."

"I suppose we shall all suffer on account of this '*young salamander*,' murmured out the affectionate parent, looking with no very pleasing expression of eye towards the place where I was sitting. "I expect we shall all be burnt to ashes on account of him."

"How can that be?" argued his phlegmatic friend, "when you know your own horoscope bids you '*beware of water*?' "

"True," answered Mr. Moncton, brightening up a little; "and twice have I narrowly escaped from being drowned already; once when a school-boy, and the second time in the Bay of Naples, where a boat was upset in which I sat, and I was taken out insensible."

"Beware of the *third* time, Morton," solemnly warned the apathetic painter, fixing his eyes, for the first time, on mine, with a most peculiar expression, and then scanning over my features, as regardless of my notice of him as if I had been carved out of stone. People, when looked at so intensely, as I was, must do something; either toss their heads, or blush and look down, or give a smile of some sort of expression or other. I did the last, it seems, and with some slight sign of ridicule mixed up with it; for the painter-astrologer came up close behind me, and whispered, in no very gentle tones, in my ear, "If you have any thing valuable, Madam, that you would wish to save, send it out of this house, or it will be in danger of being destroyed by *fire*."

"My own life, sir, is very valuable," I answered coolly enough; "at least it is so to myself, and a few others besides. Is it advisable that I should remove my own person this very night?"

"O no; certainly not," said Mr. V——; "you could not with any propriety leave Mrs. Moncton as she is; but——" and he paused.

"I'll lay my life on it, that you are in error," vociferated Mr. Moncton, who had been working at his horoscope again, "I learned to calculate by yourself, Varley, and I am assured that I am right. Shall we have a fire lighted up in the observatory, and rectify any little mistake that may have crept in, by the planets themselves? It seems as if it would be a very clear night. Let us burn both these horoscopes, and see if we can make a better one."

"Agreed," replied Mr. Varley, who had resumed his observation of my features: "have the goodness, madam, to tell me the precise day and hour at which you were born——"

"I have no objection," answered I, smiling, "but if you should find me a *salamander too*! what can be said then?"

"That we shall have the house burnt down to the ground this very night," groaned out the master of it. "Have the goodness though to inform my friend, if you please, of the hour of your birth."—

I did so accordingly; and when I had to the best of my knowledge acquainted him, I saw astonishment and dismay spread over the features of both gentlemen.

"This is a strange *coincidence*," at length exclaimed Mr. Varley: why you are born, madam, under the same malignant influences as the young thing there lying in your lap! You have had, if I do not mistake, one or two narrow escapes already; but you are not yet safe. You have a scar there on your left hand; that was occasioned by *fire*, I imagine?"

I absolutely started; for when I was a child I had set fire to my frock, and in endeavouring to extinguish the flames had severely burnt my hand.

"You were about six years old, when this accident happened," continued Mr. Varley; "but this has not been the *only* one; you must have been in great danger from that destructive element at —— let me see—yes—when you were about seven-and-twenty.

"Merciful God!" cried I, completely thrown off my guard: "it was *then* that I lost ——" And, woman as I am, in spite of all my assumed firmness, I burst into a flood of tears. What had I *not* lost by *fire*, or the consequences of it, when I was seven-and-twenty years of age! I sobbed aloud.

It is very seldom indeed that I allow my feelings thus to master me; when they do, they resemble a stream that has been dammed up and suddenly breaks down the barriers—a violent rush, a torrent, succeeds, carrying all before it. Both the gentlemen appeared struck, and both attempted some words of consolation. I waived my hands to them to desist, and they understood me—*Consolation!* and from them, I became still more impatient at the very thought of it!

Poor Mrs. Young! she took a better way with me, for she merely rose from her chair, and taking the infant from my lap, she said, with infinite simplicity and pathos, "It will do you good! It will relieve your heart! Do not strive to restrain your tears! You will be better soon! God bless you, you have had *your* sorrows, I see, as well as myself!"

As soon as I could command myself sufficiently to speak, I looked up, and trying to smile, (but it was but a wretched November attempt at sunshine,) I asked Mr. Varley to explain to me what he meant by calculating a horoscope? I said this merely to say *something*; not that I cared a pin about the matter, but that I felt ashamed of myself, for having been so suddenly overpowered.

"I will go and see that all is right in the observatory," said Mr. Morton Moncton, "all the apparatus in order, whilst you, Varley, explain to Mrs. Griffiths the meaning of a horoscope." And away he walked upon his spindle shanks, looking for all the world like an ostrich, both in shape and physiognomy.

"Will you have the goodness just to see if Mrs. Moncton still sleeps," said I to Mrs. Young, "and fetch me when she awakens."

"I will sit down by the bedside," said Mrs. Young, "and watch her till you come. Shall I take the infant with me?"

"By no means," said Mr. Varley, answering for me, "we shall want them both presently, up in the observatory; I am curious to ascertain some certain phenomena by-and-bye. Come, I will try to amuse you, madam, in the mean time, and am really sorry I have discomposed you, and yet I am not sorry either; it will afford me a highly scientific treat—establish a very important fact;—in short, madam, I am sorry that you have suffered, but am glad that I have so glorious an opportunity. Come, let me draw you a horoscope," and he pulled a small table near to the place where I was sitting, placed the candles on it, drew out a pair of compasses, and helped himself to a sheet of drawing paper that lay in the table-drawer.

"Let me describe a circle or sphere," said Mr. Varley, suiting the action to the word, "by the bye, I should tell you who was the inventor of this diagram;—it was a Mr. Horrox, a man of extreme genius, who lived somewhere near Liverpool, many years ago: had he lived twenty years longer, what might he not have discovered! It was he who predicted, nay, even *saw* the passage of Venus over the sun's disk, and discovered also the *parallax* and distance of the sun and planets."

"Indeed!" said I, my thoughts running away into far more interesting matters, for the image of *the dead* had been conjured up, and stood in bold relief before my mental eye; "Indeed!" I repeated, "he must have been a young man of very great talents—almost a Newton."

"Madam," said Mr. Varley, with great solemnity, "this Mr. Horrox discovered the new theory of *lunar motion*, which Newton himself made the ground-work of his astronomy: but to return; you know, of course, that *Leo* is the sun's house, and *Cancer* that of the moon."

"I knew it not before now," answered I, trying to be cheerful, and affecting an hilarity at that moment foreign to my heart, "Is it their '*House of Call*' as the different Trades' Unions say? Or does the sun wholly *reside* in *Leo*, and the moon in *Cancer*?"

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Varley, looking up impatiently into my face; but he read a *sorrow* there that seemed to touch his heart;—"I know all about it," muttered he to himself, "but I must touch that wound no more."

"Well, Sir," said I, "and what is the meaning of this circle that you have drawn?"

"I must divide it into four equal parts first," said he, "and then I will inform you: there—this makes the horizontal line; this the meridional one; thus making four quadrants or quarters, of the visible heavens—do you observe?"

"Quite well," I answered, "and now for the meaning of it all——"

"This is to represent the whole celestial globe or sphere; that is all that can be visible to us on this side the earth. Now I draw two interior circles of equal distances from the first, and this is the skeleton of a horoscope, which of course must be filled in by the heavenly bodies, as they happen to be placed at a child's birth. See, there are twelve divisions in this figure—count them—they are called the Twelve Houses.—Stay, I will put their names down on paper for you, since I owe you some little atonement for the pain I have given you." And the kind-hearted Mr. Varley wrote as follows:—

1st House	. .	The House of Life.
2nd	" . .	The House of Riches.
3rd	" . .	The House of Brethren.
4th	" . .	The House of Relations.
5th	" . .	The House of Children.
6th	" . .	The House of Health.
7th	" . .	The House of Marriage.
8th	" . .	The House of Death, or the <i>Upper Gate</i> .
9th	" . .	The House of Pity.
10th	" . .	The House of Offices.
11th	" . .	The House of Friends.
12th	" . .	The House of Enemies.

"You perceive," continued Mr. Varley, "that each of these four quadrants are divided into three unequal parts, rising from the centre to the circumference. The four smaller ones are called the angular or the *ascendant* houses, or mid-heaven or meridian; these are deemed most powerful and fortunate. The next four are called the *succedent*, the eleventh, second, eighth and fifth houses, and are next in force. Then come the third class, or *cadent* houses: when a child is born, we observe clearly how the planets stand — there are but five aspects for them, their being in Conjunction, Sextile, Quartile, Trine, or Opposition."

I confessed myself extremely puzzled with all this, which seemed rather to give my instructor pleasure than otherwise. "Astrology," said he, "is no vulgar or common science; it is not to be learned in a day: indeed it is never learned; as there are fresh discoveries in it every day."

"So I should think," I said, drily enough, "for the discovery of any new planet must put out all your reckoning. But how do you account, Sir, for this extraordinary influence, that you assert is exerted on the human race, by these very distant bodies the stars, that is by *philosophical* means?"

Mr. Varley looked a little disconcerted, and I thought a little angry; but his brow soon cleared, and he answered, cheerfully enough, "Your question is a startling one; I have not *time* to go into a long explanation now, *but I shall see you again in a few months*; and then if you please we shall renew the conversation."

"I should like you to give me somewhat of an answer now," I said, with a little malice, hoping to puzzle him: but I only drew down upon my own head such a torrent of terms and authorities, that I own I looked up helplessly in his face, and made a movement that it was time I should depart. But Mr. Varley now felt warmed in the subject, and Mr. Morton Moncton just then returning, he enlisted him in the service; so I was obliged to have my lesson all over again.

"Judicial Astrology," began the latter gentleman, "is the *inspired* daughter of Astronomy;" and he looked most awfully at me.

"How do you know of her *inspiration*?" I ventured to enquire. It was a bold, a daring question. How did they both belabour me, not with their fists, certainly, but with their tongues. I wished myself heartily out of their clutches; yet still there was some sort of amusement in the scene. The crane-like figure of Mr. Moncton, his prominent nose, his eager eyes, his straggling hair, and his high-toned voice, made him a most curious, nondescript animal to gaze on. As for his child, he

scarcely deigned to look upon it; and if his lady had never come down stairs at all, happy would he have been, most certainly. He had his hot-water apparatus now most duly prepared for him by the repentant Mrs. Young, so that he never complained of cold during the night, and he could rove about at his pleasure, without interruption or idle questioning, from studio to observatory, and so on to the whole round of his pursuits.

"You want us to prove the *inspiration* of judicial astrology," demanded he, drawing up his slim person to its greatest height.

"I would rather hear, Sir," I asked, "an answer to my first question: *that* seems to me to involve the other."

"What was that, Varley?" demanded Mr. Moncton. "Why do you not resolve the point at once, you who are a thorough master?"

"Repeat your question, Madam," said the painter, with great pomposity; "and be careful, if you please, as to how you state it."

"I think I asked your friend, Sir, to account for the extraordinary influence the planets, so very remotely as they are situated from us, are said to have upon human beings? I wished it to be explained on *philosophical* grounds."

"Yes, I see," observed Mr. Moncton, pulling up his shirt-collar until it nearly touched his nose. "The question was put to *you*, Varley."

"And I will answer it to the satisfaction of all the *reasonable* part of the world. As for the others, who cares a rush for them?" said Mr. Varley.

I smiled inwardly, as I thought how very easy a thing it was for me to be deemed one of the reasonable part of the community. I had only to be fully convinced by the arguments of Mr. Varley, respecting the truth of astrological predictions.

"What said Sir Walter Raleigh respecting the planets, Madam?" commenced Mr. Varley: "that 'there were more things to be learned from them than in all the works of the ancients;'" and he looked triumphantly on me.

"No doubt that was *his* opinion, Sir," said I, wishing to pique him a little: "his *assumption*; but is it not possible that Sir Walter Raleigh might be wrong?"

"Could Albertus Magnus be wrong?" shouted Mr. Moncton at the top of his harsh, grating voice. "Could Virgil, the *poet* Virgil, Madam, be wrong? Luther, the great reformer? Merlin? St. Dunstan? Züitoo, King of Bohemia, afterwards Emperor of Germany, and a thousand others? Could they all be fools, blockheads, ignorant pretenders?" And he leaned down his lantern face towards me, as if he were going to eat me.

"It is possible," I quietly answered. "The very wisest and best of men have their weak points."

"Give me leave," said Mr. Varley, bestowing on his friend a gentle push, which had nearly upset him. "I will decide the thing at once. The principal stars and planets, with regard to this earth, have certain *aspects*, according to their situation, being either benign or malignant; and they temper and influence the surrounding *ambient* with their rays; and by their configuration with the sun and moon, thus acting on a new-born infant in a most extraordinary manner; for the *ambient*, or ele-

mentary matter, becomes saturated and prepared according to the healthy or baneful influence shed upon it ; and this the child receives with its first inspiration."

"Now, what do you think of the matter?" screamed out Mr. Morton Moncton, flourishing his hand, and knocking off a chimney-ornament. "Are you not convinced, fully, entirely satisfied, of the vast importance attending the first breath an infant draws?"

"I am indeed," I answered ; but there was a decided *equivocus* implied, which my two astrological teachers saw not. So they clapped their hands in high admiration of themselves, and of the *reasonableness* of their full-grown pupil : when I excused myself from any farther attendance, by saying I could no longer absent myself from Mrs. Moncton.

"Let us adjourn into the observatory, Varley," said Mr. Moncton, "and see if it be possible to make out a better horoscope between us for this little unfortunate. I will have him sent out to nurse immediately, and not endanger *my own life* and property, besides that of his mother," he added, by way of parenthesis, "since *fire* must be his prevailing element."

"Be careful of yourself, Madam," added Mr. Varley, opening the door for me, and pointing to my hand.

"Two salamanders in one house is rather too much of a good thing," muttered Mr. Morton Moncton, as I closed the door ; and so we parted.

I found the lady of the house, as she well might be, in a very ill humour ; for I must own she had been most shamefully neglected, through my taking such a long astrological lesson. She asked me, with a sarcastic tone, if I had been much amused, and what the great magi below had said respecting the child. Of course I did not inform her that the chief one there had predicted it would be *burnt to death*, some time before it was ten years old ; but Mrs. Young, who was still in the room, had not been quite so prudent. On being closely questioned, she had confessed all, and Mrs. Moncton had consequently become feverish and unwell. In vain I reasoned with her on the folly of believing that any of God's free creatures should be so fated, and acted on by dull pieces of rolling matter, as the stars certainly are, and nothing more. In vain I requested her to trust the destiny of her poor little boy to the care of its Creator. Nothing would pacify her ; nothing prevent her from wailing over the unconscious babe, which set her a fine example, by its perfect *quiescence*, could she have profited by it, that its Creator was the best, the only judge of what was properest for it. Its *will* was not yet awakened to *rebellion* against the divine will ; so it slumbered in peace. What is being *burnt to death*, a momentary bodily pang, or any other short-lived agony, to a mind that can consciously keep *its will* in such blessed subjection to that of the Author of our being.

About four o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Moncton moaned herself into a feverish slumber, and her room became hushed for about an hour or two. I sat in her easy chair, for I did not choose to retire myself to repose, seeing she was in so perturbed a state. I sat reflecting on the *past*, and on the strange conversation I had had with the two gentlemen-astrologers down stairs. "It is certainly very extraordinary," thought I, "how that Mr. Varley should know how dreadfully I have suffered from *fire*." It is true the scar upon my hand might have given him the first

clue; but how did he get at the information of the last most appalling event, when I was seven-and-twenty? I'll think no more of it. Sleeping baby! let me take a lesson from thee. How should I be able to solve all that appears mysterious?" and I began to feel sleepy. "Perhaps there is something in astrology, after all," said I,—and I began to dose. "Let me be careful, however, now, and not provoke my own fate, and of this little one too, it seems," I mistily argued, pushing my chair instinctively back from the grate above a foot; and then I gave up the point without farther contest, whether convinced or not I cannot say, for my spirit soared then far beyond the empire of *memory*. In short, I fell asleep.

"Am I dreaming or not?" was the first act of my unconsciousness, forced into activity by a loud uproar, as it seemed to me, by a thousand voices, a thousand sonorous raps upon the hall door. "Get up!" "Save yourselves! *The house is in flames!*" "There is not a moment to lose!" Bang, bang, went the door, and I flew to the window. Sure enough there was light outside, and fire, and sparks flying about in all directions, and all coming from our own residence. My first thought was to alarm the house; then to rush back and take care of my charge, the lady and her infant.

There was no time for ceremony. I huddled upon poor Mrs. Moncton's person all the cloaks and shawls I could scramble up: in spite of her lamentations, I insisted on drawing on her stockings, and putting over them a pair of snow-boots I happened to see in the closet: then taking a couple of blankets from the bed, and catching up the little "salamander," as his father called him, I half dragged away the mother, and carried the child down stairs. The doors had been forced open. A way was made for us by the mob, who had now collected in numbers. Both of them were safe wrapped up in the blankets I had brought down with me, and were immediately carried away and received into the house and bed of a kind neighbour.

Shall I confess my weakness? Yes! Why should I pretend to a strength of mind I do not possess. I saw all the servants, Mrs. Young, the aged house-keeper,—even the spaniel dog, and the grey parrot, safely brought out of the blazing house; and various bundles, and trunks, and furniture also. But I saw not the master of the house, Mr. Moncton: yet, at that moment, I felt not the slightest alarm for his fate; for had not Mr. Varley and himself positively asserted that *water*, and not *fire*, was the element that was obnoxious to him? Though I knew that he had been in his observatory at the top of the house, where, it seems, the fire had originated, I stood still and gazed at the devouring flames with a calmness, regarding the life of Mr. Morton Moncton, that now appears ridiculous to me, as it fully certifies to me that I was then (whatever I may be now), without even knowing it, myself a convert to the profound *occult* art of judicial astrology, entirely forgetful that our very escape from the flames, the "little salamander" and myself, made quite as much against the truth of it. We ought both to have been destroyed by that fire, to have made out the prediction of my host and his friend.

"Where can Mr. Moncton be?" screamed out the almost frantic Mrs. Young, when she could nowhere find him. "Has he perished in the flames? My dear beloved foster-son." At this time the engines

began to arrive, for Notting Hill was rather out of the way for their assistance sooner. Water, water was instantly in requisition; and one of the firemen ran to an enormous tank, or water-but, to place the end of the leathern engine *hose* within it, that the water might be sent up and distributed over the ignited house.

"What the d—— have we here?" shouted out the fireman, pulling out by the heels the unfortunate Mr. Morton Moncton; who, on finding out, from his elevated chamber, his danger, and that there was no retreat for him by the stairs, they being wholly burnt away, had ventured to descend by the water-spout, twisting his limber, tarantula-like limbs, legs and arms, most affectionately round it; but when near the bottom, he got, somehow or other, in a reversed position to what he should be or was at first, and, slipping his hold, fell down headlong into the water-but, or reservoir for the rain-water, when, not being able to get himself right again, he soon lost all sensibility, and was drawn out by the legs, like a drowned weazle, by the fireman.

But science, in all her branches, was not doomed as yet, to weep over the inanimate clay of her most favored son. Mr. Moncton soon shewed some signs of returning animation, on being carefully laid between hot blankets, and having his own *apparatus* (happily preserved) full of boiling water placed to his feet and ankles. Mrs. Young, his affectionate old servant, diligently attended to him, rubbing his cold spare limbs, and administering to him some "drops of brandy" at various times, which assisted most powerfully in his restoration.

Instead of feeling any sorrow for the loss of much valuable property—(it is true great part of it was insured), and his valuable apparatus above and below, his painted Cleopatras, and his dying stone Didos—Mr. Moncton felt as if he had achieved a mighty victory. Had he not predicted that water was to be his foe? Had not his friend Varley made it clear to all, "*and no mistake*," that the horoscope of his son pointed out the malignity of *fire* towards him? Had not astrology obtained a most triumphant wreath? There wanted but one little circumstance, I believe, to have rendered him, Mr. Morton Moncton, the happiest of men. Had the flames but rendered him *a widower*, he would have sung *Jubilate!* to the end of his days.

Handsome furnished lodgings were the next day procured, and thither in her carriage were carried the melancholy Mrs. Moncton, and the poor little "*salamander*," neither of them apparently injured by the cold or fright; but I had a very sad time of it until I got my release and entire remuneration, from her generous husband, for the loss of my own wardrobe. He soon after took a house at Blackheath, that he might be near the observatory at Greenwich, for the better making observations on the stars; having become very intimate with the late Dr. Pond, who allowed him full leave to use his noble apparatus, although I have heard that his successor did not afford the same facilities to amateurs, as it breaks in much upon his time, and, no doubt, upon his patience.

This fire at Notting-hill rendered Mr. Varley also quite *cock-a-hoop*, as they say;—he carried his head an inch or two higher, and asked me, when he called at our temporary apartments in Kensington Gravel-pits, what I thought of judicial astrology now? "You are not out of danger, Madam, yet," said he impressively; "although, as regards yourself individually, your worst trial is over from your inexorable foe."

"My worst, Sir," said I solemnly, "was when I was seven and twenty."

"True, true, I did not think of that. Come, you must not be down-hearted, nor must the mother of our 'little salamander' be so either; who knows, he may perhaps get through it. I forgot to calculate the influence of a certain wandering comet that cannot be many millions of miles off now, though we cannot see him yet. The comet may get him through."

"This is a comfort to me, indeed," murmured the lady in 'white dimity,' "then my precious child may still be spared to me."

"I have got hold of such a curious old book, Varley," said the amateur astrologer, poet, painter, and all the rest of it; "I picked it up this morning at a book stall, and I would not sell it for a hundred pounds! Perhaps it may amuse you, Sarah (his wife), if I read you a page or two from it?"

Sarah looked as if nothing in the world *would* amuse her; but Mr. Morton Moncton felt disposed himself to read, therefore he cared but little for the wishes of any one else.

"What is the book about, Moncton?" ventured to ask Mr. Varley, who saw the vinegar aspect of the lady, "I came here to chat, and not to hear reading; I can read at home."

"Not such a book as this;" grinned Mr. Moncton, "I got it for a couple of shillings, and find it invaluable."

"It looks very dirty and shabby," languidly observed the lady, "but I know you are fond of such *queer-looking* things."

"And so must *you* have been, Madam," I thought, "or you never would have made choice of such an odd-looking animal for a husband, resembling 'an alligator stuffed.'"

"Well," said the animated Mr. Varley, "if we needs must have a page or two of that old tome inflicted on us, let it be done at once. I want my coffee, and then be off. Moncton, you have to thank the presence of mind displayed by Mrs. Griffiths, or you might have been a wife and child out of pocket by that carelessness of yours, up in that glass lantern. Why, it must have happened soon after I took my leave of you?"

Mr. Morton Moncton looked as if he had not the slightest gratitude to me in the world for the favor his friend assured him I had done him; but his wife perceived it not. She only fretted because she had lost her fine ornamented album, which, she said, no money could repair, for it contained the verses and handwriting of all her friends and schoolfellows; some of them dead, some gone to India, some no one knew where.

"Never mind all that *stuff*," considerably said her husband, "there, I will write you down in a bran new album this story respecting the great sorcerer *Michael Scott*, whom you must have heard about."

"No," said the erudite Mrs. Moncton, with a certain hesitation of manner; "I think *his* name was *Walter Scott*. I have heard he was a great magician too; and in his *Guy Manning*—no, *Mannering*—he does talk about the planets, and horoscopes, and all that. Could it be the same?"

"Pahaw!" said the husband most emphatically, as much as to say, "what a confounded *fool* the woman is!" Still he kept his word; he

always did so ; a very handsome album, with gold lock and key, was the next day purchased for Mrs. Moncton, when her husband, with a hard new pen, wrote the following, which I copied, by permission, from it :—

MICHAEL SCOTTE.

He was a mighty mann that Scotte,
 He work'd with tules uncommonn !
 The Prince of Darknesse lyk'd him not,
 He lykes not mann nor womann !
 He things invysible could see,
 He erthquakes made, and thunders ;
 He dyv'd into futuritie,
 And pull'd up many wonders !
 Heare what he dyd to certaine deane,
 (And be convinc'd, ye scoffers !)
 A priest he was both leude and mean,
 Who thought to fylle his coffers.
 Then cautious bee, for mysterie,
 Thy beeing is surrounding !
 Another Michael Scotte may bee,
 With wonders more astounding !*

The Abbé Blanchet, a very erudite man, tells the following story of the celebrated *Michael Scott* ; it has its moral, and shall be handed down to posterity as far as I can throw the ball. It is called "The Deane of Badogos," but of what bishopric he was does not appear. Time wears off, as it does in statuary and other things, many of the prominent parts from legends such as this ; we must make out the whole, from what remaineth.

This reverend divine, the Dean of Badogos, being much enamoured of the reputation of Michael Scott, came to him one day, and, after sundry compliments and pleasant phrases, requested of him a specimen of his mighty power.

"I have left off," quoth Scott, "entertaining others with proofs of my unbounded skill. I have enriched hundreds, made scores happy, but have never yet met with gratitude."

"Horrible !" ejaculated the Dean of Badogos, the word '*enriched*' ringing in his ears, and giving a slight palpitation to his heart. "Horrible," repeated he, casting up his eyes, till nothing but the '*whites*' of them were visible. "Of all deadly sins, surely, ingratitude is the worst ! I would as soon wear the mark of *the beast* stamped upon my forehead, as have the brand of ingratitude affixed to my name."

"Of course, you *know* your own nature well, Mr. Dean ?" said Michael Scott somewhat pointedly, but without offence. "You have proved it ? subjected it to tests ?"

"Yes," answered the Dean solemnly ; "like double refined gold, there is no alloy, in this part of my character at least ; with regard to outward forms, indeed, I may be rather faulty, but"—

"They are immaterial," interrupted the great Magus. "I am glad to hear that I have found *one* grateful being." But there was a tone of sarcasm in his voice, as he said this, which the Dean perceived not.

* This little tale is rendered into modern English, that it may the better be understood.—*Ed.*

"Can you refuse me any longer a specimen of your art?" demanded the Dean eagerly.

"I can refuse you nothing," was the courteous reply, "but you must consent to sup with me; I require some time for my preparations."

"I am entirely at your service, great Michael Scott," said the Dean most joyously. "So I will send my equipage away; what time shall it return?"

"Your men shall take a cup of wine with my housekeeper, before they go," said Michael Scott, rising, and going to the head of the stairs. "Theresa!" called he, "show hospitality to the servants of the Dean of Badogos; and, Theresa, put *two* partridges down to roast, for the Dean of Badogos stays to supper with me."

After this Michael Scott returns to his room, his visitor was placed in an enchanted chair, and the incantations begin—in imagination, to him a reality—the Dean becomes by gradual, but rather slow progress, first a bishop, then he assumes the cardinal's hat, enters into all kinds of intrigues, has a large family of nephews and nieces who have all lost their fathers, and finally is made a pope. Then comes Michael Scott before him, old and infirm to all appearance, humbly claiming his reward for having helped him to all this greatness. "Reward!" exclaims the new pope, inflated with pride at his elevation and vast riches, and entirely forgetting his benefactor's services to him. "Reward, indeed! it is with grief and indignation that I have heard of thy vile practices, old man, in my dominions—under pretence of acquiring *science*. I am informed, thou hast secret intercourse with the powers of darkness. I command thee, instantly to depart from my territories, for thou art a disgrace to the holy see. If, after three days, thou art found in my dominions, thou shalt be given up to the secular arm, and be consigned to the flames."

Michael Scott smiled, as the Pope thus addressed him, which enraged his holiness so much that he stamped with fury, and was going to order in the officers of the Inquisition, when the Magus walked coolly to the head of the stairs once more, and called out to his housekeeper over the banisters, "Theresa! put down only *one* partridge to roast, for the Dean of Badogos does *not* stay to sup with me."

The charm was dissolved; the Dean had nothing left of his supposed dignities, only the *memory* of his own baseness and ingratitude. Mortified and humbled he departed, and found that his servants had not yet half finished the cup of wine that Theresa had drawn for them. Michael Scott uttered no reproaches to his visitor, but contented himself with calmly saying, "Good Dean of Badogos, suffer your men to finish their wine, since it has been drawn, as it is a pity anything should be wasted."

"What a very queer story," said Mrs. Morton Moncton, when her husband had finished reading it aloud to her—"Dear me! it is not at all fit for an album."

"It is fit for a *Homily* then," said the gentleman, "and I will venture to say, that you will not have a better thing written in this gay book of yours, Madam."

"*Homily*?" enquired the lady; "what is a homily?"

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. Moncton, "I wonder what girls go to school for!"

"La, Moncton! what an odd question! why not certainly to study

the stars, and set fire to the house," she added spitefully, "that is taught at universities, I suppose."

"You grow personal, Madam." And I think I heard him mutter between his teeth, "I have not profited much by the teaching then, or my wife would have been included in that fire."

In due time I left this strange family, and returned to my own house at Kensington: and now for the sequel of this wild rambling narrative.

I was looking out of my drawing room window some months after this, when I saw a gentleman walking up and down before my house, looking at the numbers on the doors, and evidently seeking for some acquaintance—he looked up, bowed, and marched up my little garden, then redolent with every kind of hardy flower. It was Mr. Varley.

My heart beat as I extended my hand to him, and bid him welcome, especially as he had a most solemn and melancholy look.

"You have a very pretty house here, Mrs. Griffiths," glancing his eye round, a good deal of very handsome furniture here: excuse me, Madam, but are you insured?"

"Yes, Sir, I am," I answered, much agitated, "but why do you ask?"

"Because," answered he, "there is much danger for you just at this particular time, from your inveterate, but unconscious foe, *fire*; if you can, by proper precaution, prevent severe accident *now*, I think I may pronounce that your dangerous ordeal is over: I walked here on purpose to apprise you of this."

"You are most kind and good," said I, much fluttered, what would you advise me to do?"

"Only be cautious of your chimneys, and your candles at night: and I think you had better send any valuable property, that can be easily removed, out of your house for a few days,—for instance, this handsome gold watch, (and he pointed to one lying on the table) and your plate, books, jewellery, &c. &c."

"Surely it would be ridiculous to do so, would it not?" I argued, recovering a little, and thinking what a fool I was making of myself to tremble so.

"Just as you please," coldly replied Mr. Varley, "I have done my duty, and shall wish you now good morning."

"Stay, Sir," I entreat you," said I, not knowing what to think: "pray do not leave me in this state of agitation; you must perceive that I am much alarmed—that your words have—"

"So much the better," argued my benevolent, but most extraordinary guest, "then profit by my words, and let your valuables be removed."

How very active is thought! in one moment my mind had made a catalogue of my moveable property, that I set the most store by; the presents I had received; the diamond ring of him—now no more; my India shawls, my note-book, my curious old MSS., my superb writing desks, my gold repeater, all passed in rapid review, swifter than lightning.

"Shall I take them with me in a coach?" demanded Mr. Varley, reading my thoughts.

"If you would take the trouble," I hastily answered, beginning to put some of the things together, and ringing the bell for Bridget to fetch a coach, at the same time smiling at my own credulity, yet resolved to

entrust my property to Mr. Varley, who I knew would restore it all to me, when the supposed danger was over.

When my valuables were packed up, and the coach at the door, just as Mr. Varley was eating a sandwich, and drinking a glass of sherry, I told him that I was going that evening to a concert at the Argyle-Rooms, Regent Street; for one of my young friends had procured me a ticket, and was to call on me, and take me with her."

"That is most extraordinary indeed!" said Mr. Varley, clasping his hands in unfeigned astonishment.

"And why so, Sir?" said I, getting more mystified every minute.

"I have just seen the proprietor of those rooms, Mr. T. Welsh," said he, "and have advised him, in the same manner as I have you—He is in more imminent peril of *fire*, at this present moment, than even yourself, you must not go thither to night."

"This seems too absurd," I thought, endeavouring to free myself from the spell of Mr. Varley's manner.

"Mr. Welsh, Madam," said my guest most impressively, "has all his life been persecuted like yourself by his implacable enemy *fire*; ask himself, and he will tell you how repeatedly I have warned him—he has still to undergo another attempt from that element to destroy him; like yourself, he bears about with him the *scars* it has already inflicted on him. He has one more trial to undergo, and that immediately. Go not to the Argyle-Rooms to night." And Mr. Varley followed all my packages into the coach; and there I sat after his departure, thinking of what an idiot I had been; yet still, such is the inconsistency of us all, glad that I had at any rate entrusted my valuables to such safe custody.

"Shall I go to the concert at the Argyle-Rooms or not this evening?" was my next enquiry. What could I allege as an excuse to my sweet Ada Lascelles? (that *was*; now Mrs. Algernon Meredith.) Was I not so fond of music? Was not she so delightful to me? Yes, certainly; I would therefore dress and go—and so I did. I will make no remarks upon the facts that followed; I will offer no reasonings upon them. *Coincidences* are very ticklish things; people have often been hanged upon them, that have not deserved it—all sorts of confusion made. Fortune-tellers owe much to them. I leave them as I find them.

I went to the Argyle-Rooms; entranced was I by the singing; my own sweet Ada and her mother were most kind to me; Algernon looked at me as if he were my son; we drove off in perfect safety. When we arrived at Kensington, my heart died away within me, at seeing the rapid, noisy fire-engines dashing by us. I felt sick even to fainting. The house next to mine was pouring out flames like a volcano, and the engines were in full play upon it. Happily they got the fire under, but all the glass in my own house was broken, and some injury done to the window-frames. It was well it was no worse. Mr. Varley had been *very near* the mark.

On taking up the Morning Post the next day, judge of my surprise and dismay, at learning that the Argyle-Rooms had been burnt down the night previous, and that poor Mr. T. Welsh, its proprietor, was nearly ruined.

Let the learned make what observations they please upon this story; let the ill-natured sneer at it; let the sceptic say, "This is all moon-

shine!" The facts themselves will remain firm and immutable, as all other facts do, let people think or say of them as they choose, for a fact is an *immortal* thing, and opinion cannot injure it, far less destroy it.

I have one fact more to communicate, and I have done. This "*young salamander*" has outlived his tenth year, the fated period, and in spite of the danger of *crackers*, sixpenny brass cannons, and all sorts of casualties, from his infancy upwards, is as likely to live as any of the boys at Harrow school, where he now is, and to be a much finer looking man than his father, and to have more understanding than his poor mother possessed. She is gone, and he also. No more will he profit by the care of the venerable Mrs. Young, and the nocturnal comforts of his tin leg-and-feet warmer, his own ingenious construction.

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(Continued from page 147.)

KNIGHTLY HALL, DIMLY LIGHTED.

Emperor and Court are entered.

Herald. The secret working of the spirits makes my old task of announcing the play difficult; in vain do we venture to explain the confused swaying to ourselves upon reasonable grounds. The seats and chairs are already prepared: the emperor is being seated just in front of the wall: he may comfortably contemplate upon the tapestry the battles of the great time. All—master and court are sitting here in a circle, and benches are thronged in the back-ground; lovers also have in the dark spirit-hours found a lovely place by the side of lovers. And so since all have taken fitting place, we are ready,—the spirits may come. (*Trumpets.*)

Astrologer. Let the drama at once begin its course; the master commands it: ye walls, open yourselves. Nothing more hinders, for magic is here at hand;—the tapestries vanish as if curled by fire, the wall splits and turns itself about; a deep theatre appears to arise, mysteriously a glittering to illumine us; and I mount the proscenium.

Mephistopheles (looking out of the Prompter's box). I hope for general favour from this place, prompting is the devil's art of speech. (*To the Astrologer.*) You know the mode in which the stars move, and will excellently understand my whispering.

Astrologer. Through miraculous power, appears here, massive enough, an old temple. A sufficiency of pillars stand here in rows, like Atlas, who once bore the heavens; they might well be sufficient for the rocky burden, when two could sustain a large building.

Architect. That is antique! I cannot praise it; it should be called heavy and unwieldy. People call that which is rough—noble, clumsy—

grand. I love narrow columns, striving, boundless ; a pointed arched zenith exalts the mind ; such an edifice edifies us most.

Astrologer. Receive with awe star-granted hours. Let the reason be bound by the magic word : on the other hand, let glorious daring fancy move freely far onward. Behold now with your eyes what you boldly desired ; it is *impossible*, and just on that account worthy of belief.

Faust (ascends on the other side of the proscenium).

Astrologer. A man of wonders, crowned, in a sacerdotal garb, who now is accomplishing what he with confidence began ! A tripod rises with him out of the hollow cleft ; already I smell the incense from the cup. He prepares himself to bless the high work, henceforth only the fortunate can occur.

Faust (grandly). In your name, ye mothers, who throne in the boundless, who eternally dwell in solitude, and yet sociably ! Pictures of life, moving, without life, hover round your head. What once was, in all glittering and brightness, moves itself there ; for it *will* to be eternal. And ye, ye all-mighty powers, distribute it to the tent of day and to the vault of night. The pious course of life takes some ; the bold magician seeks out others : in rich profusion he allows each one to see the wonder-worthy, as each full of faith wished it.

Astrologer. Scarcely does the glowing key touch the vessel, when a vapoury fog covers immediately the space ; it creeps in, it waves in the manner of clouds, rolled, interwoven, separated, paired. And now recognise a spirit masterpiece ! As they walk they make music. An I know-not-how streams from the airy tones, whilst they move ; all becomes melody. The columns, even the triglyph sounds : I believe the whole temple is singing. The vapour sinks : out of the light veil, a beautiful youth steps forward, keeping time to the music ! Here my office is silent ; I need not name him : who does not know the beautiful Paris ?

Lady. O what a brightness in his blooming youthful strength !

Second Lady. Fresh and full of juice like a peach !

Third. The finely drawn, sweetly swelling lips.

Fourth. You would like well to sip at such a cup.

Fifth. He is very pretty though not quite genteel.

Sixth. He might be a little more elegant.

Knight. I think I can trace in him the shepherd ; nothing of the prince, and nothing of court manners.

Another. Hum ! The youth half naked is pretty fair, yet we ought first to see him in armour.

Lady. He seats himself softly, agreeably.

Knight. You would be very comfortable on his lap.

Another Lady. He leans his arm so elegantly over his head.

Chamberlain. What rudeness ! that is impermissible !

Lady. You gentlemen always know how to find fault with every thing.

Chamberlain. To stretch himself in the emperor's presence !

Lady. He is only acting it ! He believes himself quite alone.

Chamberlain. Here the play itself ought to be polite.

Lady. Sleep has softly overcome the beautiful one.

Chamberlain. He snores directly, it's natural—perfect.

Young Lady (delighted). What smell is there so mingled with the incense-odour that refreshes my inmost heart ?

Older One. Truly! A breathing presses into my soul, it comes from him!

Eldest. It is the blossom of growth, prepared in the youth like ambrosia, and spread round about as atmosphere.

Helena (steps forward).

Mephistopheles. That is *she* then! From her I should be safe: she is pretty indeed, yet not to my taste.

Astrologer. There is now nothing more for me to do; as a man of honour I acknowledge and confess this now. The beautiful one comes, and had I tongues of fire!—Much has been sung of beauty long ago:—he, to whom she appears, becomes rapt out of himself; he to whom she belonged was too highly blessed.

Faust. Have I still eyes? Does the spring of beauty, poured in a full stream, show itself deep in my sense? My walk of terror brings the most blessed gain. How was the world insignificant, and unopened to me! What is it now, since my priestship? For the first time desirable, fixed, lasting!—May the breathing power of life vanish from me, if I ever wean myself away from thee! The beautiful form, which once delighted me, and in its magic mirroring blessed me, was only a frothy image of such beauty! Thou art the one to whom I dedicate the moving of all strength, the quintessence of passion, to thee I dedicate affection, love, adoration, madness.

Mephistopheles (out of the box). Collect yourself then; and do not fall out of your part!

Older Lady. She is tall, well shaped, only her head is too small.

Younger One. Only look at her feet! how could they be larger?

Diplomatist. I have seen princesses of this kind: she seems to me beautiful from head to foot.

Courtier. She approaches the sleeper, slily and gently.

Lady. How ugly she is beside that youthfully pure form!

Poet. He is irradiated by her beauty.

Lady. Endymion and Luna! As if painted!

Poet. Quite right! The goddess seems to sink down; she bends over to drink in his breath. How enviable!—A kiss!—The measure is full!

Duenna. Before every body! That is too bad!

Faust. It is a fearful favour to the boy!

Mephistopheles. Silence! Hush! Let the spectre do as it pleases.

Courtier. She trips away lightly; he awakes.

Lady. She looks back! I should have thought that.

Courtier. He is astonished! he wonders what has been done to him.

Lady. What she sees before her is no wonder to her.

Courtier. She turns herself round to him with grace.

Lady. I see she is already taking him into her tuition: in such a case all men are stupid; he seems to believe that he is the first.

Knight. Let her pass! How majestically elegant!

Lady. The hussy! That I call low!

Page. I should like to be in his place.

Courtier. Who would not be caught in such a net?

Lady. The jewel has gone through many hands; the gilding is pretty well worn off.

Another. She has been worth nothing from her tenth year.

Knight. Every one, when the occasion serves, takes the best he can get; I would keep to these beautiful leavings.

Scholar. I see her plainly; yet I freely confess my doubt whether she is the right one. The present misleads us to the exaggerated, I keep myself above all to what is written. There then I read, that she really pleased extraordinarily all the grey beards of Troy; and, as I think, that agrees pretty well: here I am not young, and yet she pleases me.

Astrologer. Boy is he no longer! A bold hero, he embraces her who can scarce defend herself. With strong arm he lifts her up. Is he going to carry her off?

Faust. Daring fool! Thou ventur'est! Thou hearest not! Hold! that is too much.

Mephistopheles. Why, thou thyself art making the silly spirit-play.

Astrologer. Only a word! After all that has been done, I will call the piece "The Rape of Helen."

Faust. Pshah—rape! Am I for nothing in this place! Is this key not in my hand! It led me through the horror, and the waving, and the billows of solitudes, to a firm place here. Here I take my footing! Here are they realities; here dare a spirit strive with spirits, and prepare for itself the vast double kingdom. Far as she was, how can she be nearer! I will save her, and she will be doubly mine. It shall be dared! Ye mothers, mothers, ye must grant it. Whoever knows her, cannot do without her.

Astrologer. What dost thou, Faust! Faust! with violence he seizes on her: already the shape becomes troubled. He turns the key towards the youth, and touches him!—Woe to us, woe! Presto, in a twinkling!

(Explosion, Faust lies on the ground. The spirits vanish in smoke.)

Mephistopheles (who takes Faust on his shoulder). There you have it now! to burden himself with fools, brings at last even the devil into trouble. *(Darkness, Tumult.)*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

High vaulted, narrow Gothic Chamber, formerly Faust's, unaltered.

Mephistopheles steps forth from behind a curtain, whilst he raises it and looks back, one sees Faust stretched on an old-fashioned bed.

Here lie, thou ill-starred one! led away in chains of love difficult to loose. He whom Helen has paralysed comes not easily to his senses *(looks round him)*. If I look up, about, or over here, it is all unchanged, uninjured; the painted windows are, I think, dimmer; the cobwebs are multiplied; the ink is dried, the paper is become yellow, yet everything has remained in its place; even the pen with which Faust signed himself over to the devil, lies still here. Yes, deeper in the tube is dried the drop of blood which I enticed from him. I should wish the greatest collector luck in having such a unique specimen. The old fur coat too, hangs on the old hook, and reminds me of that stuff which I formerly taught

the boy, on which, perhaps, as a youth, he still feeds. Truly the desire is coming on me, united with thee, thou rough, warm covering, again to puff myself up as teacher, as people think themselves so completely right. Learned men know how to obtain this feeling, the devil has long lost it. (*He shakes the fur coat, which he has taken down, crickets, chafers, and other insects fly out.*)

Chorus of Insects.

O welcome, O welcome,
Thou patron of old;
We buzz and we hover,
And know thee at once.
In silence, and singly,
Thou plantedst us erst,
In thousands around thee,
Father, we dance.
The rogue in the bosom
Conceals himself deep,
In the fur coat the licekins*
Reveal themselves soon.

Mephistopheles. How overpoweringly the young creation delights me! Let one but sow, one will reap in time. I will shake the old fur again, and here and there still one is fluttering out. Up! around! In a hundred thousand corners, hasten ye dear ones, to hide yourselves. There where the old bones stand, here in the embrowned parchments, in the dusty fragments of old pots, in the eyeholes of those skulls; in such a rubbish and mouldering life, there must always be ennui.† (*He slips into the gown.*) Come, cover my shoulders once again! to day am I again principal; yet it is no use to call myself so,—where are the people to recognise me! (*He pulls the bell, which makes a harsh, piercing sound, at which the halls shake, and the doors fly open.*)

Servitor (*tottering up the long, dark passage*). What a sound! what a horror! The steps shake, the walls tremble. Through the varied trembling of the windows I see the electric atmosphere. The floor cracks; and from above, mortar and rubbish trickle down. And the door, which was fast bolted, is undone by magic power.—There! how fearful! A giant stands in Faust's old fur! I could sink on my knees at his looks—at his beckoning. Shall I fly? shall I stay? Ah! what will be my fate.

Mephistopheles (*beckoning*). Come here, my friend! your name is Nicodemus.

Servitor. Most noble sir! such is my name,—Oremus.

Mephistopheles. That we may omit.

Servitor. How glad I am that you know me.

Mephistopheles. I know you well, in years and yet a student, thou be-

* I have here taken the liberty to copy the German diminutive in imitation of pipkin, catkin, &c.

† The German word '*Grillen*,' means both crickets and ennui. This pun I found it impossible to render into English.

mossed gentleman! even a learned man studies on because he can do nothing else. So one can build a middling-sized card house: but the greatest spirit cannot build it fully up: your master, however, he is a clever one; who knows him not, the noble doctor Wagner, the first now in the learned world! It is he alone who holds it together, the daily increaser of wisdom: knowledge-seeking listeners and hearers gather round him in a crowd. He alone shines from the professor's chair: he uses the key like St. Peter, and opens that which is beneath as well as that which is above. When he glows and sparkles before all, no reputation—no fame can resist; even Faustus's name becomes darkened,—he alone is it who has invented.

Servitor. Pardon, most noble sir! If I tell you, if I dare to contradict you; of all this it is not the question: modesty is his allotted part. He cannot understand the incomprehensible disappearance of that lofty man; he prays for comfort and health from his return. The chamber, as in Doctor Faustus's days, still undisturbed since he has been away, waits for its old master. Scarcely do I dare to venture in. What must the astral hour be? The wall appears to me to be awe-struck: the door-posts shook, the bolts sprang open, or else yourself could not have entered.

Mephistopheles. Where has the man got to? Lead me to him, or bring him here.

Servitor. Ah! his prohibition was too strict, I know not whether I may dare it. Months long, for the sake of great work, he has lived in the most silent of all silence. The most delicate of all scholars, he now looks like a charcoal-burner, begrimed from ear to nose, his eyes red with fire-blowing, so he grasps at every moment, whilst clang of pincers makes the music.

Mephistopheles. Shall he deny me entrance? I am the man to bring him luck.

(The Servitor departs, Mephistopheles sits gravely down.)

Scarcely have I taken post here, when a guest, known to me, moves from behind. Yet this time he is of the most recent school, and will be boundlessly daring.

Bachelor (storming along the passage). I find gate and doors open! Now we may at last hope, that the living one is not, as formerly, wasting in corruption, spoiling, and dying of life itself,—the living like the dead. These walls, these partitions, are bowing, sinking to their end; and if we do not soon escape, ruin and overthrow will reach us. I am as daring as any, but no one will get me any farther. Yet what shall I to-day learn! Was it not here, so many years ago, when I, anxious and troubled, had come like a good fresh-man? When I trusted these bearded fellows, and was edified by their prating, they lied to me what they knew out of the old musty books — what they knew, and themselves believed not; and robbed themselves, and me of life. How? There, behind, in the cell, sits one still darkly bright! Approaching, I see with wonder, that he still sits in the brown fur coat, truly, *just* as I left him; still wrapped in the rough fleece! He seemed then, very clever, when I as yet understood him not. To day it will be of no effect: so here goes at him. If, old gentleman, Lethe's dimming waters have not swum through your sideways-bent bald head, look and recognise the

scholar coming here, grown out of academical rods. I find you still as I left you. I stand here another person.

Mephistopheles. I am glad I have rung you here; even then I did not value you a little; the grub and the chrysalis already show the future variegated butterfly. You felt a childish pleasure in your curling hair and laced collar. You probably never wore a pigtail?—Now I see you quite a crophead. You look resolute and determined: only do not come here absolute.

Bachelor. My old gentleman! we are in the old place; but bethink you of the course of renovated times, and spare your double-meaning words; we listen now very differently. You made game of the good faithful youth; you did *that* without trouble which *now* nobody dares do.

Mephistopheles. If one tells youth pure truth, it in no wise pleases the youngsters; but when they, in after years, have experienced it painfully on their own skin, then they fancy that it is all come out of their own heads; then they say—the master was a fool.

Bachelor. A rogue, perhaps. For what teacher tells us the truth direct to our face. Every one can increase or diminish, now earnest, now cheerfully prudent, to benefit children.

Mephistopheles. There is indeed a time for learning; you, I perceive, are yourself ready for teaching. After many moons, and some suns, you have doubtless got the fulness of experience.

Bachelor. Experience! foam and dust! and not equal rank with the spirit. Confess! what man has formerly known is altogether not worth knowing.

Mephistopheles (after a pause). Methought long ago I was a fool: now I appear to myself quite silly and stupid.

Bachelor. That I am glad of. Here I hear reason. You are the first old man I have found sensible.

Mephistopheles. I sought for hidden golden treasures, and only raised horrible coals.

Bachelor. Confess now; your scull, your bald head, is worth no more than those hollow ones there.

Mephistopheles (placidly). Perhaps you do not know friend, how rude you are?

Bachelor. In German, one lies if one is polite.

Mephistopheles (moving with his wheel-chair towards the proscenium to the pit). Up here, I am deprived of light and air; I shall perhaps find a refuge with you?

Bachelor. I find it presumptuous, that at the worst time people want to be something when they are no more anything. Man's life lives in blood, and in whom does blood stir as in youth? That is living blood in fresh vigour, that gets for itself new life out of life. *There* all moves, *there* is something done, the weak falls, the vigorous steps forward. Whilst we have won half the world, what have you done? Nodded, thought, dreamed, weighed, plan and ever plan. Truly old age is a cold fever in the frost of whimmy trouble: as soon as one is past thirty, he is as good as dead. It were the best to kill you early.

Mephistopheles. The devil can add no more to this.

Bachelor. If I do not will it, no devil dare exist.

Mephistopheles (aside). The devil will trip you up some day.

Bachelor. This is youth's noblest privilege! The world existed not till I created it; I brought the sun forth out of the sea; the moon began with me its course of change: then day adorned itself upon my paths, the earth became green and bloomed for me. At my beck, on that first night, the beauty of all the stars unfolded itself. Who, beside me, unbound you from all the fetters of thoughts confining you within the region of common-place? But I, free, as it speaks within my spirit, joyfully pursue my inward light, and walk boldly in inmost delight,—brightness before me, and darkness behind. *[Exit.]*

Mephistopheles. Thou original, be gone in thy majesty! how would the truth vex thee: who can think of anything stupid or wise which the fore-world has not already thought? Yet we are not endangered by this: in a few years it will be otherwise; though the *Must* may behave itself quite absurdly, yet at last it may be wine.

(To the young part of the pit, which does not applaud.)

You remain cold at my words, I will let it pass for you, good children; think, the devil is old; then grow old to understand him!

SCENE.

Laboratory, in the fashion of the Middle Ages, extensive, clumsy apparatus, for fantastic purposes.

Wagner (at the hearth). The bell sounds, and fearfully causes the rusted walls to shudder, the uncertainty of this most earnest expectation can no longer last. Already the darkness grows bright, already it is glowing like living coal in the inmost part of the phial, scattering lightnings through the darkness, like the most splendid carbuncle. A bright white light appears! O that I may not lose it this time! Good God, what's that rustling at the door?

Mephistopheles (entering). Welcome! It is a friend.

Wagner (alarmed). Welcome! to the star of the hour! *[in a low voice]*. Yet keep your words and breath fast in your mouth; a noble work is just being perfected.

Mephistopheles (in a low voice). What is it, then?

Wagner (still lower). A man is being made.

Mephistopheles. A man? And what loving couple have you shut up in this smoky hole?

Wagner. God forbid! The old mode of begetting we declare to be stupid nonsense. The tender point out of which life sprang, the gentle strength which pressed from the inmost, and took and gave, intended to trace itself, to appropriate first that which is nearest, then that which is foreign, is now deposed from its dignity; if the beast delights itself still in it, man, with his great gifts, must, for the future, have a purer, higher origin. *[Turning to the hearth]* See! it flashes! Now we may indeed hope, that, if we leisurely compound the materials of man out of many hundred substances, through mixing (for on mixing it depends), if we enclose them in a retort, and properly combine them, the work will in silence be done. *[Turning again to the hearth.]* It is forming. The mass moves clearer. The conviction becomes

truer and truer ! What people called mysterious in nature, we dare, with understanding, to experiment on ; and what they formerly did by organisation, we do by crystallisation.

Mephistopheles. He who lives long has learnt much ; nothing new can happen to him in this world ; already, in my years of pilgrimage, have I seen crystallised men.

Wagner (with his attention still fixed to the phial). It rises, it lightens, it piles itself together ; in a moment it is done ! A great plan at first appears mad ; yet, for the future, we will laugh at accident ; and such a brain as shall think excellently for the future, will also make a thinker. [*Contemplating the phial with delight.*] The glass rings with lovely power ; it dims, it clears : thus must it form ; I see a beautiful mannikin moving in elegant form. What can we wish, what can the world wish more ? For the mystery is brought to light : only listen to this sound, it will become a voice, will become speech !

Homunculus (in the phial to Wagner.) Now, fatherkin, how goes it ? It was no joke ! Come, press me right tenderly to thy heart ! Yet not too firmly, that the glass may not break. That is the property of things : the universe scarcely suffices for the natural, that which is artificial needs enclosed space. [*To Mephistopheles.*] But thou, cousin, rogue, art thou here ? It is in the right moment, I thank thee. A good fate leads thee here to us ; whilst I exist, I must be also active. I should like at once to gird myself to the work : you are expert in shortening the way for me.

Wagner. Only a word ! Up to this time I was obliged to be ashamed of myself, for young and old overwhelmed me with problems ; for example, nobody could comprehend how body and soul agree together so beautifully, hold together so fast, as never to part, and yet always make the day wretched to each other. So, then--

Mephistopheles. Hold ! I had rather ask how man and wife endure each other so badly ? You'll never get clear of that, my friend. Here is something to do ; that's what this little fellow wants.

Homunculus. What is there to do ?

Mephistopheles (pointing to a side door). Here show your gifts.

Wagner (still looking into the phial). Indeed you are a most beautiful boy !

(*The side door opens ; Faust is seen stretched on the couch.*)

Homunculus (astonished). Important ! [*The phial slips from Wagner's hands ; hovers over Faust, and shines on him.*] Beautifully surrounded ! Clear waters in the thick grove, ladies undressing themselves ; the beautiful ones ! It is growing better. Yet one, glittering, may be distinguished as being of the highest heroic, nay, divine race. She sets her foot into the transparent brightness ; the sweet life-flame of her noble body is cooled in the yielding crystal of the waves. Yet what rustling of quickly-moved wings ; what splashing, dashing, disturbs the smooth mirror ? The maidens fly scared ; yet alone the queen looks calmly on, and sees with proud, womanly pleasure, the swan press to her knee, intrusively tame. He appears to accustom himself to it. But on a sudden rises up a vapour, and covers, with a thick-woven veil the most lovely of all scenes.

Mephistopheles. Why, you can relate everything ! You are as great a phantast as you are small. I see nothing—

Homunculus. That I believe. You out of the North, born in the cloudy age—in the confusion of chivalry and priestery, how could your eye be free ? Thou art only at home in the gloomy. [*Looking round*]. Ye brownèd stones, mouldered, disagreeable, point-arched, fantastic, low ! If this one awakes, there will be new trouble ; he will die on the spot. Forest springs, swans, naked beauties, that was his meaning-pregnant dream ; how would he accustom himself to this place ! I, the most yielding, can scarce endure it. Now, away with him.

Mephistopheles. The exit will rejoice me.

Homunculus. Command the warrior in the battle, lead the maiden to the dance, then all is at once finished. Even now, as I have just recollected, in the classical Walpurgis-night, the best thing that could occur. Bring him to his element.

Mephistopheles. Of that I have never heard.

Homunculus. How should it come to your ears ? You only know the spectres of romance ; a spectre, to be true, has also to be classical.

Mephistopheles. Whither, then, will the journey go ? Antique colleagues already disgust me.

Homunculus. Thy pleasure-grounds, Satan, are to the north-west ; but this time we sail to the south-east. Peneus flows freely in a vast valley, surrounded with trees and bushes, in still and moist bays ; the even ground extends to the mountain caves ; and above lies new and old Pharsalus.

Mephistopheles. O dear ! Away ! Don't talk of those strifes of tyranny and slavery : I am tired of them ; for scarcely are they done, than they begin all over again ; and no one remarks that he is only vexed by Asmodius who stands behind ? They fight for freedom's rights (so is it called) ; if you look closely to them, they are slaves against slaves.

Homunculus. Leave to men their quarrelsome being, each one must defend himself as he can, even from his youth ; so he becomes at last a man ! Here the only question is, how this one may enjoy himself ? If you have a means, try it here ; if not, leave it to me.

Mephistopheles. We might try many Brocken-pieces ; yet I find the heathen bolts pushed back beforehand. The Greeks were never worth much. Yet they dazzle you with the free-play of the senses, and entice man's breast to cheerful sins. People always find our scenes gloomy. And now, what's to be done ?

Homunculus. You used not to be modest : and if I talk of the Thessalian witches, I think I have said something.

Mephistopheles (lustingly). Thessalian witches ! Well ! Those are persons after whom I have long asked. I do not think that it will please to dwell with them night after night ; yet to the visit, the trial.

Homunculus. Wrap your cloak here round the knight. You will, as before, carry the lappets one with the other ; I will give light before.

Wagner (alarmed). And I ?

Homunculus. O ! you will remain at home to do a most important thing. Do you unfold the old parchments, collect according to recipe the elements of life, and add them prudently one to another. Bethink

thee of the What, more of the How! Whilst I wander through a piece of the world, I may discover the dot on the i. Then will the great purpose be gained. Such a reward deserves such a striving; gold, honour, fame, healthy long life, knowledge, and virtue also—perhaps. Farewell.

Wagner (troubled). Farewell! This oppresses my heart. I fear that I shall never see thee more.

Mephistopheles. Now, then, fresh down to Peneus: my cousin is not to be despised [*to the spectators*]. At the last we depend on creatures that we have made.

(*To be continued*).

THE IMAGE-BOY.

A SKETCH.

He was an Italian;—his eyes, dark and of soft expression, and the whole *contour* of his face proclaimed the country of his birth, and the rich, warm climate in which his infancy—his happy, because *careless*, infancy—was passed. “His infancy was passed”—I should have said, his previous life;—for his modest manners, his almost total ignorance of English, and the foreign mode in which he uttered the few words he did speak in that language, all proved he had not long been wandering in this land—so rough, compared with his own sweet, genial home.

What thoughts arise at the bare mention of that last word! What social comforts, what pure affection, what dear remembrances, does it not call to mind! Blessed home!—those four letters contain as much soothing and melodious music in them, as any in the language—perhaps more, with the exception of one monosyllable, *Love*; and, without that, what would Home be, or what the fairest place on earth? And that Italian-boy had left a home—perchance it was one of comfort and affection. I almost wished that it might not be so—for absence then would be less painful to him.

That short word “home” has to answer for this digression. It entered into my mind, and, by some hidden means, worked its way to the point of the pen, and thence was traced on the paper, where I saw it, before being guilty of this wandering from the subject.

I stood to view the images he had put down, while he rested; and, looking on them and on their owner, I involuntarily felt an interest in them all. They were weak and fragile things, and seemed to depend on him alone for safety. And he—he was a stranger in the land, without a knowledge of its language or its ways, and without friends to succour him in poverty, or even illness. By gesture, rather than words, he showed each portion of his little property. His easy, and often graceful, manners, were pleasing; but still more interest was excited by the melancholy that sometimes clouded his countenance—though only for a moment, for it abounded usually, after the character of his countrymen, in smiles. But, with a look of peculiar expression,

and great earnestness of manner, he pointed out two little statues of Milton and Shakspeare. The former he passed over, after stating he was a "great poet." The latter was a sweet miniature copy of Rou-billiac's celebrated figure of the immortal bard.

"'Tis beautiful Shakspeare," exclaimed the owner; and, in the hearty and enthusiastic tone he had been taught beneath the glowing skies, and among the lovely scenes of his own country.

I felt delighted—enraptured, with the expression; and, after a few words, bought the statue of the poor Italian boy.

"Renowned Poet of Nature (and universally renowned, because the Poet of *Nature*)," I said, turning away with his image leaning along my arm—his head against my heart; "and even foreign wanderers know and love thy name! How proud, then, should the country be that gave thee birth, and on whose soil was spent thy blessed life! 'Blessed life,' was the expression; and blessed, most blessed, is that occupied (like Shakspeare's) in forming works and monuments of mind, that will delight and teach lessons of kindly feeling and morality to millions, when the frail author is gone; and cause his name to be remembered and beloved, when the body that once bore it shall exist no more, but be a part of earth!"

The tribute of the wandering Italian was enthusiastic, and, therefore, delightful; and the appearance of the youth, who rendered it to genius, excited in my heart a feeling of compassion for himself—a stranger in our land, and a poor unknown wanderer from his own—and admiration, almost friendship, from the earnest exclamation of—

"'Tis beautiful Shakspeare!"

I. J. S.

THE ZOOLUS;

THEIR EXTRAORDINARY MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND CHARACTER.

ACCORDING to our promise, in January, we take up once more the pen, in order to continue our account of the customs and manners of the Zoolus.

I. Government. As in most savage nations, the Zoolu monarch possesses an unlimited jurisdiction over the lives and properties of his subjects. But, although its outline may be thus said to be despotic, the ingredients of which it is composed may not inaptly be termed *nondescript*.

The throne is apparently neither hereditary nor elective, the succession depending upon the murder of the existing sovereign, which event generally happens when he begins to exhibit wrinkles or grey hairs.

After this the state soon becomes involved in civil disputes, during which the hereditary branch may be cut off, and even another family raised to the throne.

When, however, a new king has firmly established himself, which he seldom can do without a deal of bloodshed, he becomes absolute. "*Inguose*"—his name is held sacred—adoration is paid to it, and by

it all classes swear. His power is now indisputable and fearful, he can command indiscriminate massacres by his nod, while his warriors, being always by him, and reaping the fruits of these executions, he is sure to have his most atrocious commands as faithfully performed as any tyrant could desire.

But, notwithstanding the king is thus all-powerful, a great deal of authority is vested in the two principal "*Indoonas*;" or, prime ministers, as we should term them. These two important personages are always consulted upon, and generally supposed to confirm, every important measure of the sovereign. In the native figurative language they are designated as the "King's eyes and ears."

Next to the *Indoonas*, the warriors enjoy a large degree of influence. These consist of about fifteen thousand men, trained to war from their infancy. They exist entirely on plunder; and having been, by Charka, cut off from all social enjoyment, they are a sullen, morose set of savages, only fitted for the devastation of warfare. Dingarn, indeed, having changed the constitution of this force, has certainly given them opportunity of acquiring subsistence by other means; but they have become so habituated to the battlefield, that it has to them become a gratification rather than a toil.

The warriors are divided into the following orders:—

<i>Umpagati</i>	Veterans.
<i>Isimpothlo</i> and	}	.	.	.	Younger Soldiers.
<i>Izinseezwa</i>		.	.	.	
<i>Amaboodtu</i> ,	Lads who have not served in war.

The two former are distinguished by rings on their heads, the others by not shaving the hair.

A certain number of each class are formed into regiments of from six hundred to about one thousand strong, and distributed throughout the country, in the "*ekanda*," or barrack towns. Each regiment is commanded by from two to ten *Indoonas*; of whom one is considered as the commandant, and the others have the charge of different sections.

As we have before stated, during Charka's reign, no soldier was permitted to marry, Although Dingarn has abolished this ordinance, the king's consent must still be obtained previous to their contracting any nuptial alliance, which consent is seldom granted to any but the *Umpagati*.

It is no unusual thing, however, for the king, on great occasions, to order a whole regiment to marry. Those, however, who are deprived of this indulgence, are permitted to keep as many concubines as they please.

It is only from the warriors that the king fears opposition to his measures. From his civil subjects he apprehends no danger. The warriors are the only check to his power. These he is ever fearful of offending; and he always conciliates their favor by conceding to them all they may command.

II. *Crimes and Punishments.* The Zoolus are far from being of a vindictive disposition; and were it not from the decrees of the king, murders would not be of frequent occurrence. Their little private differences are always adjusted by the chief of the kraal in

which they live; and his award is, in general, satisfactory to all parties. The common people, namely, those whose occupation is not war, live in a state of very good fellowship with each other.

Rapes, murders, deserting, treason, cowardice and espial are capital crimes, and, as such, judged alone by the king. These are all punished either by stoning, strangling, twisting the neck, or beating with clubs.

Lying, stealing, disrespect, errors in judgment, mistakes in delivering messages, violating laws or customs, want of attention in dancing, are punished according to the monarch's whim or fancy.

Coughing, spitting, belching, swearing, blowing the nose, &c. while the king is eating are also considered as crimes, and punishable with death; but generally the king's servants bear the offending parties away. If a chief of a kraal has committed any of these breaches of politeness, it would not be safe for him again to appear in the royal presence, without having sent his "*schlowoola*," or peace offering, before him; when he may consider himself in favour again.

To partake of new corn, before the king has issued his permission so to do, is, also, a crime punishable with death.

The execution of all sentences follows the award so quick, that often ten minutes are not permitted to elapse between time and eternity. The bodies of criminals are left to be devoured by wild animals.

On glancing over the above list of crimes and penalties, it strikes us, that though the Zoolus are in such a rude state of society, they seldom award death for any crimes that would not be considered worthy of the same punishment in a more civilized community. They are apt, however, to administer justice in excess.

We have in our former article ("Charka, the Napoleon of the Zoolus") made some remarks upon the massacres allowed and enjoined by the criminal code of the Zoolus, and shall therefore refrain from enlarging much upon the subject in this place. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of here making a few additional observations on the subject, which space prevented us from recording in that paper.

We have there declared that as the custom was universal, it must have originated in some universally felt necessity. But may we not advance a step further? May not the custom have taken its rise from a deep-rooted feeling of justice in the human breast?—From a righteous, although furious indignation against the perpetrators of such "deeds of darkness?" When we have once arrived at the conclusion that a person who can commit such a crime is not fit to live, how easy is the transition, to a yet further point.—How natural is it that, pushing our ideas of justice to a yet higher standard, we should declare that the family who numbered among its members a person so depraved, ought not to be allowed any longer to encumber the earth!

Doubtless this is running into excess, pushing a commendable feeling beyond its due limits; but still it is an excess into which an unsophisticated people, with no other guide to direct them, than that so potent notion of right and wrong which is implanted in every

human breast whether savage or civilized, would be likely to run into. The indignation engendered by finding the social compact violated, and the instinct of self-preservation, would soon drive them on thus far, yea—and perhaps even further, and instead of single families, whole districts and villages would suffer for the crime of one individual.

III. *Religion, Witchcraft, &c. &c.*—The Zoolus have suffered their religion to sink into such gross superstition, that some travellers have declared (not taking the trouble to look beyond the surface) that they are without any religious belief. But this position is untenable, being disproved by the documents which these said travellers themselves afford us in their works.

It is, however, evident, that with them the seat of religion is now usurped by superstition. But we would ask, could superstition exist without religion—or rather may it not be more correctly considered, as the lowest manifestation of religious sentiment?

To what can we attribute their fear of enchantments—their dread of the mysterious powers supposed by them to be possessed by witches, but to our innate consciousness that there exists a spiritual influence bearing rule over the universe, and whose favour it is proper to propitiate. From what other source could these “superstitions” have sprung, than from an innate feeling of the insufficiency of human aid, than from a longing for something stronger—for something surer to rest upon than that help which man can afford to man? Yea, and so strong is this idea, that in the absence of a better guide, will man endue each tree, each hill, with some superintending deity to whom he can address his prayers and offer up his supplications! Hence the origin of idolatry. But we are wandering from the point. Soon shall we treat this subject more at large, in an article which even now lies mellowing within “the book and tablet of the brain.”

But to say that the Zoolus have no religion, is absurd, on far other grounds than those we have above adduced. Their customs plainly testify to the prevalence of the religious spirit among them.

Most evident it is, that they believe in the great doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the existence of another and better world, in which the spirits of the departed “*booser*” or enjoy themselves without fear of interruption.

Else why do they make it one of their first cares, when commencing a new undertaking;—first to propitiate the “spirit of their fathers;” and why, in the case of any untoward occurrence do they uniformly attribute it to (the spirit’s) mal-influence?

If they are ill they lay their sickness to the charge of these said spirits, and immediately send for the *inyanger* or doctor, who kills a cow and makes a set speech, invoking the spirits to relieve the patient.

And yet, although these are common practices of the natives, they have, forsooth, as we are informed by Mr. Isaacs, a traveller, whose books are now before us, “no knowledge of a future state!” But this is not the best of it, for in the very same sentence

he further enlightens us, by stating, that "*they sacrifice to their departed friends, whom they conceive to be in existence, and living with the Issetator in the enjoyment of all human comforts.*" This is really too good.

It would be more to the benefit of the world if such travellers would be at the trouble of investigating all they see and hear, and not allow their eyes to be blinded by prejudices and pre-conceived opinions;—not to go hap-hazard to work; and because they find a people without a set formula of worship, pronounce them to have no religion; but sifting the customs and feelings of the people to the bottom, set before us the truth impartially.

But the Zoolus have not always wanted a set formula. Capt. Gardiner, a traveller, whose statement we have every reason to believe correct, gives the following account of a former religion which prevailed in Zoolus:

"It is agreed," he says, "among the Zoolus, that their forefathers believed in the existence of an over-ruling spirit whom they called Villenangi, (literally the First Appearer), and who soon after created another heavenly being of great power called Koolukool-wani, who once visited this earth, in order to publish the news, (as they express it), as also to separate the sexes and colours among mankind. During the period he was below, two messages were sent to him from Villenangi; the first conveyed by a camelion, announcing that men were not to die;—the second, by a lizard, with a contrary decision. The lizard having out-run the slow-paced camelion, arrived first, and delivered his message before the latter made his appearance.

"To this want of promptness, they attribute our present condition as mortal beings, heaping all the odium of death upon the sluggish camelion. There are still many legends respecting Villenangi, but none of which my informant could remember, excepting that he enjoined lamentation to be made over the dead. It is said that many years ago, though not within the memory of the oldest person now living, sacrifices of cattle were offered to Villenangi."

This legend plainly proves that there has been a time, when a regular system of worship prevailed among the Zoolus. That it is now sunk into desuetude, as to its main features, is certain; but still are there preserved many relics of it. Although the form of religion is disused or forgot, still the religious spirit remains behind.

The fact, however, of a nation absolutely forgetting its religion, furnishes a good answer to those who would fain question its universality, on the ground that many tribes exist who possess none. What has happened to one may have happened to many; and if one tribe has allowed their religion to sink into oblivion, another may have done the same. We are very doubtful, however, but that, if the customs of the tribes instanced as anti-religious were narrowly searched into, they would all be found to possess some lurkings of an innate *spiritual* belief.

The Zoolus, as we have before stated, have the greatest abhorrence and fear of witches, on whom indeed they confer fearful attributes and powers. They suppose the "*Imparker*," or tiger cat,

to be one of the animals devoted to the witch's especial use, and the appearance of one of these beasts, whether from accident or design, is the cause of universal lamentation and distress, it being regarded as an omen that witches are near, who have brought the "*Imparker*" to destroy some one in the kraal.

None are free from these superstitions. Even the warriors suppose that if they touch the marrow of any animal, partake of fish, or any of the feathered creation, they will lose their courage; and they will not be prevailed upon to touch a corpse to give it burial, (unless it be the king's,) because it would as they say, "make them like an old woman."

But man never yet created for himself, or had created for him, an evil, without at the same time providing for it a remedy. Accordingly, the Zoolus have among them a set of worthies denominated *Inyangers* or witch-doctors, who affect to expel the *Imparker* and discover the witch.

The ceremonies previous to the discovery of the poor *Umtugarty* or witch, commence with great solemnity. The important personage who holds the office of *Inyanger*, is usually sent for when any sickness assails a family. He is always attended by two messengers, who follow him, until he requests them to be seated.

Arrived at the hut of the person afflicted, he affects to smell around him, and then delivers up an address to the *Issetator* (spirit).

"There is some one ill," is his first observation, to which the messengers respond "*Egee*," and beat the ground with sticks. After this, he asks certain questions of the messengers, to which they answer in the affirmative. By this means, he soon finds out whether the person ill be man, woman, or child.

He now demands beads, and a cow to be sacrificed to appease the *Issetator*, who he says has doomed sickness to visit his patients from their having neglected to kill a cow as a sacrifice previously. He then administers some decoction of roots for the complaint, after which he makes another demand for beads.

Sometimes, however, they do proceed so far as to pitch upon some one as the person who has bewitched the parties. This poor unfortunate is immediately seized, and if found guilty sentenced to death. All sickness is indeed laid to the door of some witch, whom the *Inyange* is immediately employed to smell out.

IV. *Poetry, Oratory, Dances, &c.*—Well has it been remarked, that wherever man is, there is poetry. The most savage nations have their war-songs, and traditionary ballads, while not even from the Zoolus do the muses withhold their favours.

It appears to be their custom sometimes to wile away the hours of labour with a song. At least it is a practice with the women, when going out to work from the towns, or returning to them, pleasingly to sing in concert such a chaunt as the following:—

"Akosiniki ingonyama izeswi."

Chorus.—Haw—haw—haw—haw.

Literally—"Why don't you give—lion—the nations."

The chief of their poetic attempts, however, are the dancing songs, of which a new set is composed every year. Of these songs,

Dingarn himself is generally the poet. He has a good ear and correct taste.

The dancing is but the accompaniment of the song, and stands, in fact, in the place of music, of which they have none that deserves the name. Each man is provided with a short stick, knobbed at the end, and it is by the direction he gives this, the motions of his other hand, and the turns of his body, that the action and pathos of the song are indicated; the correspondence is often very beautiful, while the feet regulate the time, and impart that locomotive effect, in which the Zoolus so much delight.

Sometimes the feet are merely lifted to descend with a stamp, sometimes a leaping stride is taken on either side, at others a combination of both is used: but they have yet more violent gestures.

Forming four deep, in open order, they take short runs to and fro, leaping, prancing, and crossing each other's paths, brandishing their sticks, and raising such a cloud of dust by the vehemence and rapidity of the exercise, that to a bystander it has all the effect of the wildest battle scene of savage life, which, doubtless, it is intended to imitate.

Although the dancing women do not move from their positions, they are far from idle while all this is going on in the ring; bending their bodies forward to the clap of their hands, stamping with both feet together, they perform their parts, undergoing such a degree of exertion as would cause the strongest European female to go upon crutches for the remainder of her life.

When the king mingles in these festivities he takes his place in the inner circle, exactly opposite the centre woman of the female phalanx. Should he happen to set the time, a number of the king's herdsmen, in a small shrill whistle, announce the condescending act. At the conclusion of every song, whether his majesty is present or not, two heralds swiftly pass each other, emerging at the same moment from opposite ends of the circle, shouting at the top of their lungs "O! O! O! O!" to indicate its conclusion.

We wish some traveller had favoured us with translations of these dancing songs. In them must be incorporated many of the feelings of the people; and they, therefore, would have formed an interesting study. Besides, we should like to have traced in them that wildness of thought, that vigour of diction, which universally characterizes such savage national productions.

Of the oratory of the Zoolus, we have already given some specimens in our former article. It is in general extremely efflorescent, but withal powerful. The Zoolus are very fond also, it would seem, of interlarding their speeches, particularly if addressed to any person, with complimentary epithets. Thus, when a chief, in Mr. Isaac's presence, gave the king an account of the success of an expedition on which he was employed, he commenced his speech by addressing Charka as "You mountain, you lion, you tiger, you that are black, there is none equal to you."

The Zoolus appear to be very energetic while delivering their speeches. The Zoolu orator cannot stand still while he is speaking—he cannot be content with mere gesticulation—actual space is ne-

cessary—he must have a run. Now he advances like a Mercury to fix a dart in his adversary—now retires gracefully as if to point it afresh for the attack—now slaking his wrath by a journey to the right, and then as abruptly recoiling to the left—in each *detour* increasing his vehemence, until at length the storm is at its height.

If the speech happens to be on a subject touching the reputation of any regiment or party of warriors, on each mention of any exculpatory fact, indicating their prowess, one or more of the principal troopers will rush from the ranks to corroborate the statement, by a display of muscular power in leaping, charging, and pantomimic conflict, making the ground to resound under their feet; alternately leaping and galloping, until frenzied by the tortuous motion, their nerves are sufficiently strong for the *acmé* posture—vaulting several feet in the air, drawing the knees towards the chin, and at the same time passing the hands between the ankles. In this singular manner are such charges brought and rebutted. As orators the Zoolus do not appear to be behind any nation. There is a manly eloquence, unfettered by rule, which even “politer people” need not be ashamed of imitating.

V. *Marriage Ceremonies.*—The Zoolu ladies have no delicacy in “speaking their mind” to a man: if they fall in love with one of the masculine gender, they boldly tell him so, and ask to be put out of pain forthwith; seeing, we suppose, no fun in being—

“Left to whine,

Left to pine

Away their souls with fretting,”

as the good old nursery rhyme has it.

Notwithstanding all this, however, ladies here, like ladies every where else, have to be sought and won, they not being always willing to make the first advance.

If a man should be so unlucky as to fall in love with a girl, he must not sup milk in the kraal in which she belongs. His first essay is to send her a snuff-box filled with snuff, or a small roll of tobacco.

If these be accepted, he may consider himself as accepted along with them.

If, however, neither he nor his present find favour in the eyes of his mistress, he bedizens himself out in his best, and repairs some evening with two or three of his friends, and standing with them at the gateway of the kraal, with his arms folded across his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, he proceeds to “*calacker*” (or salute), and flatter the master of the kraal.

The next step is to appear in the front of the chief’s hut, and ask for his permission to speak with the girl.

Having obtained this, the languishing lover takes the opportunity of displaying his personal accomplishments; and, of course, exerts all his rhetoric to persuade the (not fair) object of his affections to crown his wishes by accepting his hand.

Should the lady, however, still remain deaf to his soft solicitations, he tries what intimidation will do, doubtless feeling the force of the proverb—“you may obtain by a threat, what you beg for in vain.”

If he fails in all his stratagems and threats to obtain the girl’s

consent, he proceeds to the father, and represents to him his desire to take his daughter for a wife. If the father approves of this proposal, the female is, without further dispute, ordered to the kraal of her intended husband, accompanied by all the girls belonging to the place.

Now then is the marriage performed. The ceremonies commence with dancing, and sundry old-women's songs, in admiration of the bride's grace and beauty.

After this overture, as it were, the bride approaches carelessly to the feet of the bridegroom, to whom she throws a few strings of beads, and then dances away to the middle of the kraal, when her attendants distribute a few beads to all the friends of the happy husband. A cow is now killed; the bride, and each of her female friends, with great formality touch it, and retire.

The mother, or queen of the kraal, next concludes the marriage ceremony, by placing a piece of cloth on the breast of the bride, to show that matrimonial ties were designed to cover all youthful follies, and that they, the bride and bridegroom, were to enter into a state of indissoluble friendship, which could not be cut as the cloth could be rent.

The bride and bridegroom now divide the flesh of the cow; and as it is not the custom of the Zoolus to cohabit on the bridal night, the bride passes the evening with her female friends in singing and dancing, while the bridegroom entertains the male part of the company.

Very few instances are known of wives violating their nuptial vow; indeed, the penalty attached to that crime is enough to deter them; but they are said to be very virtuous and correct in their habits.

VI. Burial Rites, and Lamentation for the Dead.—The Zoolus have a great dread of touching a corpse. When one of the common people dies, his body is dragged by his wife, mother, or nearest female relation, to the jungles, where it soon becomes food for the wild beasts.

When, however, a chief of distinction dies, the hut in which he has breathed his last becomes his cemetery. A deep hole is dug, in which the body is put, standing, with the head out of the ground. The hut is now fenced in, and people are stationed to guard it day and night, for twelve moons.

These are their only funeral rites. There is nothing more offensive, when travelling through the country, than the number of remains of skeletons which are continually met with. The superstitions of the Zoolus, concerning their dead, are invincible; and instances are not rare of the dying being carried to the jungles while yet alive, in order to avoid pollution, by carrying them there when they are dead.

Upon the death of a chieftain a universal lamentation takes place. It is one of the fictions of the Zoolus' state policy, that their chiefs cannot die naturally—that they are destined to live until they fall in battle; and that, therefore, their death is caused by the power of the *Umtugarties*. Those are held to possess the charm, who cannot shed a tear. Such persons are immediately executed.

It is said, that in order to avoid this doom, the natives are accustomed to force a kind of snuff up their noses, on these occasions, in prodigious quantities; and are thus enabled to feign a grief they cannot feel.

VII. *Dress and Personal Appearance.*—The men wear what they call "*Umtchas*," and "*Senemies*." The first are strips of skins of animals, neatly fastened to a small strip of hide, reaching from hip to hip, fastened in front by cords. The second are slips of skins, reaching from the waist to the knees.

The dress of the women is called an "*Issecarker*." It consists of a kind of petticoat, fastened round the waist, and descending to the knees; sometimes a piece of skin, made flexible, is worn to cover the breast.

A profusion of beads are worn by both sexes round their heads, necks, waists, legs and arms. They also wear brass and copper armlets; with brass balls and collar for the neck.

Boys, under ten, have no ornaments, but go perfectly naked. Girls of that age, and above it, wear a sort of fringe, (manufactured from roots,) round the middle, about four inches deep; the other parts of the body are quite naked and unornamented.

A chief, when attired in his war dress, has a cap, or ring of otter skin round the forehead, and just above the eyes; in which is introduced a crane's feather, in front. On his shoulders, breast and back he wears a tippet, made of white cow's tail; while round each arm and wrist, and above each ankle, is worn some more large tails, belonging to the same animal. An *Umcooboola*; or, kilt, made of the skins of the civet cat, is appended to the waist, and descends to the knees.

The dress of the warriors consists of a cap and feather, tippet and cow's tail; but with the addition of a piece of hide, in imitation of the tails behind.

On occasions of great festivities, the principal women deck themselves out in the skin of a buck, with the hair scraped off the middle, fastened under the arms, so as to cover their breasts; two rows of brass balls being attached at the bottom, and the tops ornamented with beads.

Round their waists is fastened a petticoat, manufactured from bullock's hide, reaching to the ankles, with two strips, each about a yard long, dragging as a train on the ground; the whole of it being coloured black to resemble black cloth or duff.

Over the shoulders are tastefully thrown two negligees of seed beads, forming a cross, behind and before, with four rows of beads round the forehead. The dress is completed by a few beads around the arms, waist and ankles.

The *tout ensemble* of this dress must be quite elegant for a savage.

The Zoolu men are said to be, without exception, the finest race of men in south or eastern Africa. They are capable of enduring great fatigue, and their agility is almost beyond comprehension. Like all savages, they have an insatiable thirst for war, and the blood of their enemies.

The females are of a middle stature, and rather prepossessing than

otherwise. Among them the stoutest are considered the handsomest.

VIII. *Customs, apparently of Jewish origin.* It is a singular fact, that the Zoolus possess many customs in common with the Jews. Among these may be numbered circumcision, now obsolete, but which was observed until Charka's reign; the practice in the younger brother to marry the widow of his deceased brother, and the festival of first fruits.

The proper name of Ham, also, is not uncommon among the Zoolus. It is generally given to those who have a fierce countenance and voracious appetite; or, in other words, who were "Hyenamen," as they are not inaptly designated.

To say that savages have the vices of savages is the veriest truism that ever man uttered; for savages must possess the vices of savages, or else cease to be such. These vices the Zoolus indeed possess, but intermixed with many good qualities. They are willing to receive improvement—willing to learn. Among them you have nothing to pull down, but all to build up. At present they are waste ground; but once enclosed, and put under a careful cultivation, they would bring forth good fruit in due season.

In the mean time we hope their innocent pastimes and amusements will be respected by all missionaries and others, who may take the work of regenerating the Zoolus into their hands. Such exercises do no harm; but are on the contrary productive of much good. We know not whether a great deal of the discontent which now prevails in many districts of our own bonny isle, may not be traced to the injudicious suppression of the rural fairs and wakes.
S. C.

I CANNOT SMOKE.

Lines written on being forbidden to smoke in the Harbour at Havre de Grace.

I CANNOT smoke! I cannot smoke!

Talk not to me of mirth and joys;

The vacant smile, the empty joke,

Have nought to me but what annoys.

I miss, I miss, my light Cigar,

Whose soothing fumes have power to win

My soul away to regions far,

Far from this world of care and sin.

The lover boasts his lady's glance,

Vows that it deals a welcome death,

Swears, in her eyes that Cupids dance,

That Araby glows in her breath.

But O my light Cigar can show

A brighter glance than woman's eye,

And its delicious fumes bestow

Fragrance more rare than Araby.

The amorous boy, in wisdom young,
May pass his hours at woman's feet,
Caught by the graces of her tongue,
Like flies whose honeyed death is sweet.
But O my light Cigar's warm lip
Imparts to mine more glowing fire,
Than ever amorous youth did sip
From beauty's kiss with soft desire.

Whiter, no doubt, than spotless snow,
Seems to the boy his lady's fame,
Dearer than gems untold, the vow
In which she owns a kindred flame :
But O my Cuba's pure bright hue,
Is bright as fame of lady fair,
Nor doth its smoke melt from the view
So soon as woman's love in air.

My light Cigar! thou hast the pow'r
To raise, as though by magic art,
Visions to glad the careless hour,
And fantasies to cheer the heart :
Cares that annoy, and thoughts that vex,
All from thy influence fade away ;
False friends and woman's fickle sex
Are all forgotten in thy ray.

Thy graceful fumes which eddying curl
In spheres fantastic to the sky ;
Sorrow and sadness with them whirl,
And chase the grief which dims the eye :
Life is a dream, they tell us, here,
Then till we wake to brighter parts
In worlds above, come thou to cheer,
And drive the nightmare from our hearts.

WALTER RALPH, SECUNDUS.

THE "TRACTS FOR THE TIMES" IMPARTIALLY AND DISPASSIONATELY CONSIDERED.*

NEVER was title more aptly, nor, in many senses, more appropriately, chosen. The times, indeed, have their necessities — nor among them is the want of right discipline and doctrine the least. In so far as the writers of these pamphlets have attempted to supply them with such — or with directions for the attainment of such — their efforts have been laudably conceived and executed. But they have erred in ascribing too much influence to the past, and too little importance to the present and the future.

Ever since the period of the Reformation, it is confessed on all hands, that the Union, Discipline, and Authority of the Church, have suffered diminution. The Oxford divines, in the publications before us, seek to effect the restoration to her of these privileges ; but therein they run the

* "Tracts for the Times," by Members of the University of Oxford. 5 vols. 1834-5-6-7-8.

risk of kindling ultra-protestant jealousy :—nor from this can they expect to be saved on account of any general words of renunciation directed against the papal heresy. Practices which have once resulted in superstition, will still be viewed with suspicion, and the original use will be forgotten in the evil of the more recent abuse.

Nor is it always possible for the most unprejudiced mind to sympathise with their feelings. The Roman ritual, however good for its time, need not be immortal—nay, may well be substituted by a later service. They contend, that it was a precious possession : — Granted. But when they proceed to regret that “we, who have escaped from popery, have lost not only the possession, but the sense of its value”—and to declare that “it is a serious question, whether we are not like men recovered from serious illness with the loss or injury of their sight or hearing—whether we are not like the Jews returned from captivity, who could never find the rod of Aaron or the ark of the covenant, which, indeed, had ever been hid from the world, but then was removed from the temple itself ;”—Protestants naturally join issue, and are apt to impugn the authors of more than fine writing ; especially, when hereupon they find Dr. Wiseman corroborating the statement, and conceding the grievousness of the lamentations, exclaiming, “Thank God that the members of the Church of Rome have no occasion to make them ! The deposit of traditional practices which *we* received from our forefathers, *we* have kept inviolate. *We* have rejected no rite—*we* have hardly admitted one in the administration of the Sacrament since the days of Gelasius and Gregory.” Nor are Protestant feelings at all mitigated, when it is found that to the whole tirade (according to the principles of the declaimers), Protestants are not permitted to rejoin—“What are all these regrets for the lost treasure ?—Have we not the Bible left ?” It is hard for Protestants to be taunted with their “idolatry of the Book,” while the Orielists claim the privilege of idolizing the Ritual ! But so it is !

We have been betrayed, however, into a tone which it is far from our wish to maintain. It is not as *Protestants* that we design to argue this question—but as *CHRISTIANS*. We shall proceed with the subject in a Catholic spirit, guided by philosophical principles, such as no man, who admits the fact of his own existence, can logically dispute.

The first of the Tracts of the Times is addressed *Ad Clerum*, and contains *Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission*. According to the writer, this is not to be rested on private unsupported assertion, on popularity, on success, or on temporal distinctions—but on *APOSTOLICAL DESCENT*. To this we readily concede. But the writer goes on to state that the apostolical gifts are *transmitted* by the prelate to the candidate in the act of ordination. To this we demur. The office of the Bishop is only declarative of a gift already received immediately from the Spirit of God, and signified by the willingness of the candidate to share in the rite ; to have it registered ; and to be bound by its obligations. Who art thou who standest between God and another ? Who made thee a day's-man between God and him ? By what magic, white or black, had the Apostles themselves ; much less their successors ; such power of transmission ? If we mistake not, the assumption smacks more of Simon Magus than of St. Peter. He who makes deacons and priests is none other than he who makes bishops. “The Holy Ghost,” says the venerable

Hooker, repeating the Apostle, "doth make bishops, and the whole action of making them is God's own deed, men being therein but his agents."

However much Romanism may insist on direct transmission, Protestantism is so far from depending on it, that the judicious author just named, is compelled to raise an argument, shewing that ordination is sometimes lawful without bishops. Ordinary courses, he argues, are for ordinary occasions; but on extraordinary occasions, extraordinary courses are not only permissible, but "not unnecessary." God uses the labour of some *without* requiring that men should authorise them; "but then," adds our ecclesiastical politician, "he doth ratify their calling by manifest signs and tokens, himself, from heaven; and thus, even such as believed not our Saviour's teaching, did yet acknowledge him a lawful teacher sent from God." Bishop Jewel also pursues the like argument: "If Christ," says he, "had determined from the beginning, that nothing should be taught and preached without a licence from the bishops, and had referred all his doctrine to Annas and Caiaphas, what had become of the Christian faith by this time? and who had ever heard anything of the Gospel?" Furthermore, Hooker concludes, that "we are not, *simply without exception*, to urge a *lineal* descent of power from the Apostles, by *continued succession* of bishops in every effectual ordination." It is, therefore, not to be taken for an historical fact, as the tract writers insist, that we can trace the power of ordination from hand to hand, until we come to the apostles at last. If apostolical succession is to be understood of historical "lineal descent," we are bold to say that it cannot be maintained. We must therefore, if we (*as we do*) hold the doctrine, interpret it in other than an historical sense. The churches founded by Calvin and Luther cannot safely depend on it.

The fact is, that the historical succession is appointed only as a type of the true apostolical descent, and has been destined by providence to be imperfect, that it may not be legitimately taken for more than a type. A sign of the thing signified it is; but no more than a sign—sometimes unaccompanied with the thing, as sometimes the thing is unaccompanied with the sign.

* Compare with this candid admission of the judicious Hooker, the reckless assertion of the tract writer:—"We have confessed before God our belief, that through the bishop, who ordained us, we received the *Holy Ghost*, the power to bind and to loose, to administer the sacraments, and to preach. Now, *how* is he able to give these great gifts? *Whence* is his right? Are these words idle, (which would be taking *God's* name in vain)? or do they express merely a wish, (which is surely very far below their meaning)? or do they not rather indicate that the speaker is conveying a gift? Surely they can mean nothing short of this. But whence, I ask, his right to do so? Has he any right, except as having received the power from those who consecrated him to be a bishop? He could not give what he had never received. It is plain, then, that he but *transmits*, and that the christian ministry is a *succession*. And if we trace back the power of ordination, from hand to hand, of course we shall come to the apostles at last. We know we do, as a *PLAIN HISTORICAL FACT*; and therefore all we, who have been ordained clergy, in the very form of our ordination, acknowledged the doctrine of the apostolical succession."—No. 1, p. 3.

"As to the *fact* of the apostolical succession, i. e. that our present bishops are the heirs and representatives of the apostles, by successive *transmission* of the prerogative of being so; this is too notorious to require proof. *Every link in the chain is known from St. Peter to our present metropolitans.*"—No. 7. p. 2.

This argument is of course conclusive against the tract writers, only on the supposition of their being Protestants. To the Romanists we should have to prove that those miracles accompanied the new teacher, which Hooker supposes necessary for the vindication of every fresh avatar. Nor would it be impossible to point to many passages in the career of Calvin and Luther capable of being legitimately considered in the nature of signs and wonders, as proper to the dawn of an intellectual cycle, as were those recorded in the four gospels to the evening of a sensuous age and country. But it has been too often urged against the infidel, that a greater miracle is supposed in the propagation of Christianity without visible divine interposition than with—for this argument now to avail much. The success of the Reformation without the accompaniment of preternatural exhibition therefore would, on such shewing, have been even such a greater miracle, of which all minor accompanying miracles are at all times but subordinate types and symbols. Nor can it be doubted that a religion propagated without miracle, is a greater manifestation of divine power than one propagated with. What wonder either? For are not, in fact, reason and religion *their own evidence*? and all inferior corroborations but condescensions to “a carnal and adulterous generation.” Even so—whence it cometh also, that, whereas of aforetime miracles were the proof to unenlightened men of the truths that they accompanied, now those very truths themselves are become the tests of the miracles that attended their enunciation. Miracles then may be sometimes expedient, but are never necessary.

The blindness of the tract writers is sometimes astonishing. Thus they quote the example of Aaron in proof of ministerial *succession*,* by *transmission*: Aaron, to whom an *immediate* divine call was vouchsafed! But, however, it is well quoted, since it defines and explains the signification of the other texts cited in connexion, as well as the meaning of apostolical descent itself. Throughout the whole order of succession, and in every instance, the *immediate* call is presupposed as individually vouchsafed to every candidate; and where it has not really been received, the candidate has played the part of the hypocrite; and the prelatical declaration does not, and cannot make him other than a pretender. There is no *magic* in the ceremony. Nor is the declaration necessary, though expedient. As sometimes it is undoubtedly wrongfully obtained; so sometimes that which it declares may be possessed without official acknowledgement being sought or rendered. The unity of the divine ordinances is consistent with the utmost possible variety in their mode of exhibition. And wherefore? To shew that while the exhibition is physical, the ordinances themselves are spiritual!

* Observe how often these principles which are usually called, in scorn, “High Churchmanship,” drop as it were incidentally from the pens of the sacred writers professedly employed on other subjects. “*How shall they preach, except they be sent?*” “*Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God?*” “*No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron.*”

The sort of apostolicity claimed by the tract writers is very much like the standard of classicality, once set up in literature, but now generally acknowledged to be untenable. The true way of becoming classical in poem or drama is not by imitating the ancient unities, nor by imitating at all; but by resorting, as the old sages and poets did, to the eternal sources of inspiration—sources as open to us as to them. “Shakspeare,” says a late writer, (how justly!) “is a more classical poet than Racine. To be regular, and polished, and unimpassioned, is not to be classical—but to feel, to think and write antecedently to rules as the Greeks did,—that is to be truly classical.” In like manner, to be truly apostolical is not to depend on mere historical association—but to do as the apostles did—make application direct to the Fountain of love and light and life, and receive from God himself the spiritual gifts of which he is the sole and exclusive giver. We literally shudder, when we find these tract-writers using such language as the following: “It is better and more scriptural to have than to want Christ’s special commission for *conveying* his word to the people, and *consecrating* and *distributing* the pledges of His holy sacrifice” “the only Church in the realm which has a right to be quite sure that she has the Lord’s body to *give* to his people.”—“If an imposition of hands is necessary to *convey* one gift, why should it not be to *convey* another?” “heirs and representatives of the apostles by successive *transmission* of the prerogative of being so” “a gift, thus *transmitted* to us in matter of fact.” &c. In all this, the functions of *conveying—consecrating—distributing—giving—transmitting*—are asserted as belonging to certain men, and to a certain society—functions which belong not to society at all—belong not to man at all—but to God alone! To every man, even as he will, he gives his especial gift; which, manifesting itself in him, he decrees official declaration of or not, according to his gracious purpose in the bestowal.

Now-a-days, the merest tyro in literature could have corrected this egregious error in the tract-writers; and the smallest smattering of philosophy would not have failed to detect the sophism of identifying the church and the world in the same methods of proceeding, and the same laws of conduct:—*e. g.* “The bishop has *received*” [received, again!] “it from another, and so on till we arrive at the apostles themselves, and thence, our Lord and Saviour. It is superfluous to dwell on so plain a principle, which, in *matters of the world*, we act upon daily!”

Matters of the world, forsooth! Why, if there were no other reason, this would lead us to pause. The world, and the world’s ways, are in antagonism with themselves and with the Church. If otherwise, why not carry out the principle fully? Why not *hereditary* succession? This question, to those who understand the subject, settles the point at once. Not by generation, but by regeneration, the Spirit proceeds. “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no one can tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth!” The laws whereby it works are superior to those whereby Nature herself works—and, in no way even, are the former bound by the analogy of the latter, but precisely in those qualities which are essential, transcend

all types whatsoever. Thus, for instance, the affirmation made in the text just cited, cannot, in these scientific days, be stated of the *natural* wind.

All things spiritual, however, have their types in things natural, which present them to the fullest extent possible, short of identification. Even to this extent, the historical symbolises the mystical Church—but seeing how inadequate the whole of history is to represent the idea which it is evolving, let us be careful to make our induction as extensive as may be. What a miserable limitation of the argument is it to confine the history of the Messiah's dispensation to a single society or two out of many! The Romish Church presents one class of historical facts—the Greek Church another class of historical facts—the Anglican Church another class of historical facts—the Presbyterian Churches another class of historical facts—and the Dissenting Churches another class of historical facts. Our tract-writers are arguing for one small section of the historical against all the other sections: nay—they are consciously doing this—and then, at the same time, they blind and hoodwink themselves with main force, by the paltriest considerations,* such as have been too frequently exploded, to detain us now.

We call the considerations paltry; because, if the result to which they lead were produced, it would conduct to the usurpation, by one Church, of authority over others. It claims, in a word, for the Anglican Church what the Church of Rome once claimed for itself. Those who have dreaded, from these tracts, the revival of papal domination, and proclaimed in tirade and leader, "Treason within the Church," have only shewn (supposing them to be members of the Church of England), the absurdest ignorance of the grounds of the whole controversy. The argument proceeds upon the basis of the Anglican Episcopal Church being the only true one; and the attack is levelled against that ultra-protestantism which leads to dissent and infidelity. But this end, however good, is sought by erroneous means and on a false principle—by the revival of certain

* "Nor need any man," say the tract-writers, "be perplexed by the question, sure to be presently and confidently asked, *Do you then unchurch all the Presbyterians, all Christians who have no bishops?*—Are they to be shut out of the covenant, for all the fruits of Christian piety, which seem to have sprung up not scantily among them?"—Nay, we are not judging others, but deciding on our own conduct. We, in England, cannot communicate with Presbyterians, as neither can we with Roman Catholics; but we do not, therefore, exclude either from salvation. *Necessary to salvation, and necessary to Church communion*, are not to be used as convertible terms. Neither do we desire to pass sentence on other persons of other countries; but we are not to shrink from our deliberate views of truth and duty, because difficulties may be raised about the case of such persons; any more than we should fear to maintain the paramount necessity of Christian belief, because similar difficulties may be raised about virtuous Heathens, Jews, or Mahometans. To us, such questions are abstract, not practical: and whether we can answer them or no, it is our business to keep fast hold of the Church Apostolical, whereof we are actual members; not, merely, on civil or ecclesiastical grounds, but from real personal love and reverence—affectionate reverence to our Lord and Saviour. And let men seriously bear in mind that it is one thing to slight and disparage this holy succession, where it may be had, and another thing to acquiesce in the want of it, where it is (*if it be any where*) really unattainable."

external observances, and on the assumption of the Church being constituted of the clergy, as the sole possessors of apostolic unction.

The endeavour is vain—the mother see of the world has doubtless been divinely ordained. In regard to the other churches also, God's providence is its own best interpreter. The Variety which he has permitted in the Unity, carries its credential in the fact of its existence. Nor is the unity itself, together with the whole beauty of the divine arrangement, less perceptible to the philosophic mind. At no time has the Sacred Rose been scattered, although it has still enlarged and multiplied its leaves even as it has budded and blossomed. Nor is its growth yet completed. When it is, doubtless the Variety of the Many will be swallowed up in the Unity of the All. But this completion of the circle is not to be effected by human means. In all things these Orielite clergy seek to arrogate the privileges of the Divinity—in this particular indeed, reviving the worst errors of Romanism; we dwell on this the more, because it is a point on which we shall be understood by the tract-writers, and one of which they themselves have shown perception.*

Our complaint with these Oxford divines is, that they have confounded the political and religious aspects of the question. Their motive for doing this is confessed. "The prospect of the loss of state protection made it necessary to look out for other reasons for adherence to the church, besides that of obedience to the civil magistrature." We have cause to thank God that the agitations of these times have produced even such a result; and the more so that the Church has been thus led to depend on her apostolical privileges. Fatally, however, would these be misinterpreted, if she should be carried back to an origin in time, for authority that is ever present—or to a particular body of men for an influence that is universally diffused. "Are ye" (might the laity not demand of the clergy) "Are ye the temples of the Holy Ghost? Even so are we."

That Christianity, however, recognises no distinction between

* It is with some gratification that we are enabled to extract the following paragraph. "It is surely parallel with the order of Divine Providence that there should be a variety—a sort of graduated scale in His method of dispensing his favor in Christ. So far from its being a strange thing that Protestant sects are not in Christ, in the same fulness that we are, it is more accordant to the scheme of the world that they should lie between us and heathenism. It would be strange if there were but two states, one absolutely of favour, and one of disfavour. Take the world at large, one form of Paganism is better than another. The North American Indians are Theists; and as such, more privileged than Polytheists. Mahometanism is a better religion than Hindooism—Judaism is better than Mahometanism. One may believe that long established dissent affords to such as are born and bred in it, a sort of pretext, and is attended with a portion of blessing, (where there is no means of knowing better,) which does not attach to those who cause divisions, found sects, or wantonly wander from the Church to the Meeting House;—that what is called an orthodox sect, has a share of divine favour which is utterly withheld from heresy. I am not speaking of the next world, where we shall all find ourselves as individuals, and where there will be but two states, but of existing bodies or societies. On the other hand why should the corruptions of Rome lead us to deny her divine privileges, when even the idolatry of Judah did not forfeit or annul her temple sacrifices and level her to Israel." No. 47.—p. 3—4.

clergy and laity, we are not prepared to assert—but we nevertheless contend that it recognises the distinction as transitional and not essential. Christians are not what they ought to be; and until they become so, the better must rule the worse, the wise think for the foolish, and the learned act for the ignorant. The state, however, thus prepared will emanate in a sacred republic; in which, the aristocratic and democratic shall be resolved into their original unity. Under such a theocracy, a priesthood, though unnecessary, may be voluntarily permitted; and the more so as, from the spread of intelligence, their authority will be incapable of abuse, and unindigent of assertion. Moreover, as all differences of opinion will then merge in the general admission of common principles, churches will no longer be separated by national limits, and all may then hold a common bishop—a papacy that may be intrusted with the greatest powers, since it will be impossible to misemploy them, and their steward will indeed have no desire to exceed his office. But we are speaking of an era of government, in which humanity shall be at its highest point of perfection, morally and mentally, and only individuals of the greatest virtue and genius shall be office-bearers for the rest.

To antedate this period altogether, (by the bye, an ideal one,) is not prudent; to substitute the order of providence by any invention of human ingenuity is presumptuous. Will we be wiser than God? Nay, will we be more foolish than man need be? Notwithstanding the testimony of history, will we seek again to promote the *apparent* for the *real* Unity? If so, by what means short of violence can it be promoted? Nay, but we will be patient; and trust to the Father the ordering of the times and seasons, of which knoweth no man, not even the Son of Man.

And see what a loss of dignity the priesthood undergo by this substitution, of the *apparent* for the *real*! We are told, that “the apostles and their successors have, in every age, *committed* portions of their power and authority to others, who thus become their *delegates*, and in a measure, their representatives, and are called Priests and Deacons. The result is an episcopal system, because of the practice of *delegation*.”* What! Delegation? Not long ago, under the Reform Act, an attempt was made by some of the constituencies to convert members of parliament into delegates. Was it generally, or in individual instances, willingly, submitted to? Not it! A member of parliament was a representative indeed, but no delegate. Nevertheless, the motive of the dispute is more interesting and instructive than the dispute itself. Why seek to restrain the liberty of the representative? Because he and his constituency are not yet of *one* mind! Why refuse to concede the demand? Because it is not fit that the better instructed should yield to the less! And why, both the demand and the refusal? Because there are degrees of intelligence and cultivation, resulting in differences of perception, whereof the *minus* generally belongs to constituencies, and the *plus* to representatives, so that the parties litigant stand at different poles, and a whole equator

* No. 7, p. 1.

between them. Now, conceive, that both parties are equally illuminated in their rights and duties; and the question of delegation or representation would not arise. There would be such an agreement in opinion, and such a unity of mind and purpose, that one party would freely and fully confide in the spontaneous views and measures of the other. Even such is the Christian's liberty! The apostles imposed no mere delegation on their alleged successors, nor gave them any specific commission; but simply sanctioned them by permitting their association during their own life, who, thus sanctioned, continued to teach after the death of the first teachers, both trusting in the ONE SPIRIT, by whom alike the first and second, and all subsequent teachers have been, are, and shall be *sent*, to the end of time. To talk of "the representatives of the first representatives" is nonsense. It were as if one member of parliament represented his predecessor instead of his constituency! Whom, then does the Christian teacher represent? Whom, but the Christ? And what less is represented by the humblest, if sincere, Christian, that ever lived? That man is sent to be an apostle, in whom lies the capacity and the desire to teach, and for whom providence has prepared a field of labour.

Even under the law, all apostleship was not confided to the hereditary priesthood. Necessary to the Hebrew economy was a school of prophets, in addition. Nor were all prophets instructed in the same school—yet Amos has a place in the Scripture as well as Isaiah. So careful has Divine Providence been, in all its dispensations, to preclude the pious from trusting in mere historical sanctions, mere institutional arrangements. Nor has the Christian scheme been left destitute of defenders—nor the Church without its wardens and warners—among the laity of every age and clime. For the wise men and prophets of old, we have had our philosophers and poets. Had not Erasmus prepared the way for Luther? Was it not also entrusted to a Bacon and a Locke to carry out the science of induction concurrently with the principles of the reformation; and without which Protestantism had long, ere now, been a dead letter? And that science, being carried to a prejudicial extreme, have not a Kant, a Fichte, and a Coleridge, been raised up to counteract its exclusive influence by the opposition of an elevated philosophy; and this, too, in concurrence with a clerical attempt to restore ancient Unity—an attempt which must fail, unless it substantiate itself in the truths evolved by the new and improved transcendentalism that now pervades, in one shape or other, the walks of literature? In this philosophy, the Oxford divines will find that support which history cannot give them; and also the interpretation of the blind aim that is now to them as a dream that perplexes them and their opponents, because understood not by either.

In literature we dare not substitute Learning for Inspiration, neither must we in the Church. But the scheme of the Orielites goes to shut out inspiration altogether, granting it to the first apostles only, and conveying the effects of it, by some means of magical transmission, to the evil and the good, by the simple laying on of hands. It is a monstrous hypothesis—a limitation of the Divine influence, for which there is no authority either in Scripture or reason.

Institutions can be none other than partial, incomplete, and temporary—but the basis of all is the same—one, perfect and permanent. We are of St. John's mind on these subjects. In the Beginning was the Word, in whom was Life, and the Life was the Light of Men. Yet, albeit this veritable Light is even that which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, we hold with the Evangelist, that in many men it shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. But to those who have and perceive this Light, power is given, to become the sons of God—nay, to such a "Scripture that cannot be broken" has even ascribed a higher title, "calling them *gods*, unto whom the Word of God came." By such sons of God—nay, even by such gods—at sundry times, and in divers manners and places—God spake from the earliest periods until the last days, when he spake unto us by THE SON, whom he hath appointed heir of all things; and in, and by whom also, he constituted the ages. By men like these, as both sacred and profane writ agree in declaring, the institutions of Religion and Government, of Church and State, were founded.

It was not by means of a written book, nor by any process of natural science (of which the earliest books contain no traces,) that the Word of God came to these founders of temples and cities, but by immediate inspiration of the Spirit of God; namely, by the revelation of that light which is in all men but which in few shines in light, though it may in every man; and the perception of which, makes a rightful legislator of him who perceives it. For its first revelation is the conscience, or self-intelligence, as the law co-eval with being, whence that power has always and everywhere been recognised as the voice of God—the Divine principle in the heart of man: and is even that Spirit in and to the will, the renewal of which is the regeneration of man. That voice or principle, developed according to the measure of human and individual capacity, becomes the reason, the great fontal power of ideas, which are the correlatives of laws, whether moral or natural; moral laws being only the manners, modes, or forms of spiritual development, and natural laws but the application of such to the material universe, as the rules for judging of phenomena in the integrity of their manifestation.

Thus accomplished with legislative power, and invested with authority over the body and the external world, man proceeds to govern rude nature in his flesh and in the world. From universal principles and ideas, which, as Coleridge remarks, "are not so properly said to be confirmed by reason as to be reason itself;" all rules and prescripts of action, whether private or public, directly and visibly flow. "Every principle," says the same authority, "is actualized by an idea; and every idea is living, productive, partaketh of infinity; and (as Bacon has sublimely observed) containeth an endless power of semination. Hence it is, that science which consists wholly in ideas and principles is power."

Again; "The first man, on whom the light of an Idea dawned, did in that same moment receive the spirit and credentials of a law-giver; and as long as man shall exist, so long will the possession of

that antecedent knowledge (the maker and master of all profitable experience) which exists only in the power of an Idea, be the one lawful qualification of all dominion in the world of the senses." Again: "The Old Testament teaches the elements of political science in the same sense in which Euclid teaches the elements of the science of geometry, only with one difference arising from the diversity of the subject. With one difference only, but that one how momentous! All other sciences are confined to abstractions, unless when the term science is used in an improper and flattering sense. Thus we may speak without boast of natural history; but we have not yet attained to a science of nature. The Bible alone contains a science of realities; and therefore each of its elements is at the same time a living germ, in which the present involves the future; and in the finite the infinite exists potentially. That hidden mystery in every the minutest form of existence, which, contemplated under the relations of time presents itself to the understanding retrospectively, as an infinite ascent of causes, and prospectively as an interminable progression of effects;—that which, contemplated in space, is beholden intuitively as a law of action and reaction, continuous and extending beyond all bound: this same mystery freed from the phenomena of time and space, and seen in the depth of real being, reveals itself to pure reason as the actual immanence or in-being* of all in each. Are we struck with admiration at beholding the cope of heaven imaged in a dew drop? The least of the *animalcula* to which that drop would be an ocean, contains in itself an infinite problem, of which God omnipresent is the only solution. The slave of custom is roused by the rare and the accidental alone; but the axioms of the unthinking are to the philosopher the deepest problems, as being the nearest to the mysterious root, and partaking at once of its darkness and its pregnancy."

But enough of citation, both concerning the legislative power divinely invested in man, and the record of its exercise in the earliest ages, among a chosen people. Enough of both has been given to suggest to the philosophical mind, how that every form of institution is an image of such ideas and principles; and, that man, without such, could have had no science of government: indeed, neither science nor government at all. Symbols of such, we therefore recognise in all institutions of society—in all the establishments of church and state—and are careful to preserve them intact and sacred, even while suggesting the ideal standards in whose radiance and majesty they look pale and mean. Nevertheless, never shall we less esteem of them, than as the emblems of majesty and power; and of these the sacerdotal and the aristocratic, as enshrining the holiest and the best, shall receive from us marked reverence and studious veneration.

What then? Shall we, therefore, substitute these images for the ideas? God forbid! We repeat, God, who trusted not the Jewish

In-being is the word chosen by Bishop Sherlock to express this sense. See his tract on the Athanasian Creed, 1827.

priesthood, but set over them the watch and ward of his specially sent prophets, both in school and out of school—both taught and untaught—even that all-wise God, in his infinite mercy, forbid such idolatry! Should not the priesthood of every age study the example of Aaron? A political priest, though distinguished by an immediate divine call, what were his failings—his errors? How worse than his, the follies and vices of his successors? In them the principle of historical succession was thoroughly carried out, and in the hereditary form. But in the christian system that was changed for a spiritual filiation demonstrated in a spiritual call.

We have seen that Hooker demanded for the special sending the evidence of sensuous miracles, which we were bold enough to supersede by higher wonders. The Oxford tract-writers are bolder still—they get rid of the miraculous altogether. “As miracles,” say they, “have long ago come to an end, there must be some *other* way for a man to prove his right to be a minister of religion.”* And what does the reader think is this other way? “A regular call and ordination by those who have succeeded to the apostles.”!! And thus to the bishops, these divines give every thing—the call as well as the ordination! God has so parted with his rights to these successors of the apostles, that he has left to himself nothing—not even the privilege which he claimed and exercised by miraculous interposition in the apostolic age, that of calling the candidate whom the apostles should ordain. To their successors, therefore, according to this assumption, God has rendered greater power than ever the apostles had—and all, forsooth, because the age of miracles is past! What other proof have we of this fact than that the lower types have been suspended in the higher reality? And what is this proof but an evidence that we live in an age when greater wonders than those of old are daily done? Who shall then say that the age of miracles is past? Moreover, where is the record in corroboration of the dogma of these Oxford divines, that to the successors of the apostles has been granted a power of calling, not possessed by the apostles themselves? Surely nothing less than a miracle must be vouched by them in favour of this grant—the last and greatest miracle—which, being accomplished, the divine function of performing miracles might well cease for aye; as in that case all the privileges of Deity would have been therewith made over to the Anglican priesthood in fee-simple for ever.

Why, this is more than the Romish priesthood ever claimed—but then to be sure, the Church of Rome acknowledges still the possibility of miracles, and the perpetual presence of the Spirit in the Church;—both of which hypotheses are precluded by this argument of the Orielite Divines! Verily, a pious critic, eaten up with zeal for the Lord of Hosts, might here exclaim, “Ye blaspheme, seeing that ye first make yourselves equal with God; and then proceed to dethrone him, even in his very heavens, which in their seven-fold perfection, are none other than the Church of the Holy One!”

Our tract-writers, however, are aware that this is dangerous ground :

—an usurpation of the privileges of God naturally has the effect of invalidating their own. An objection is brought, they tell us, that as the apostolic authority is grounded in Scripture upon the possession of miraculous powers, it necessarily ceased when those powers were withheld. Can the tract writers, we demand, possibly be satisfied with the manner in which they have met this objection? They respond, that “there is no essential difference between the apostolic age and our own, as to the *relation* in which God’s ministers and his people stand to each other.” “I do not say,” writes one of them, “that the ministers of His word in these days can feel as sure as the apostles could, that in the commandments which they give, they have the SPIRIT of GOD: very far from it. But I do say, that neither can the people feel sure as in those days of miraculous gifts, that *they* have the SPIRIT of GOD with *them*, and thus the *relation* between the two parties remains unaltered.”*

Reader! can you believe your eyes? This and none other is the answer to the fatal objection above cited—an answer which divests both priest and congregation of God’s Spirit—an answer which acknowledges in express terms, that the Church which these divines seek to establish, is one that shall have the Form of Godliness, but not the Power thereof! Astonishing blindness, but doubtless judicial.

True enough it is that, as they say, the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit were not confined to the appointed Teachers of the Church, but were shed abroad upon the congregation at large, upon the young and old alike, upon the servants, upon the hand-maidens—and true enough it is that if denied to the taught, they must be denied to the teachers too. O pregnant conclusion! And do these divines really believe that the Form without the Power of Godliness is all that is needed for or will be granted to these last days? We wonder not at Irvingism and fanaticism of all kinds spreading, while such are the opinions promulgated by Oxford Doctors of Divinity. The wildest enthusiasm were scarcely a counterpoise to such heartless, soulless, spiritless dogmatism—which, if encouraged will provoke the other as its inevitable opposite.

That both extremes may be seasonably averted, we take advantage of our peculiar position to effect a philosophical mediation. That which was in the beginning is now and ever shall be: the Word of God endureth for ever. The light that once lighted every man that came into the world, is now the light that still lighteth and shall light every man that cometh and shall come into the world. Every truth is eternal—and this is a truth revealed by the Eternal!—a permanent miracle identified with the intelligence of the human being—witnessing in, and to the conscience of every Christian, that he is Christ’s representative, whether he be priest or layman, and, as such, an apostle, whenever the voice of God in his conscience shall call upon him to go forth and preach in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost! It is amusing to read in one page of the tracts before us,† that the apostles “were like Christ in their works, because Christ was a witness of the Father, and they were witnesses of Christ.” And in the next page,‡ that the same apostles “did not leave the world without appointing

* No. 24. p. 9—10.

† No. 10, p. 1.

‡ No. 10, p. 2.

persons to take their place; and these persons represent them, and may be considered with reference to us, as if they were the apostles." Such apostles as we contemplate, whether of ancient or modern times, represent Christ and Christ only, directly and immediately, his life being in them as the light of their life, shining, however, not in darkness, but in glory. Such an apostle will not deny to himself or others the presence of God's Spirit, but will humbly and piously acknowledge its perpetual influence, as the source of every moral act, the fountain of *a priori* reasoning, the giver of every good and genial gift, the parent in the soul of man of all wisdom and knowledge, the interpreter of dark sayings in the volume of the Book, and the veritable Word of God which maketh them to whom it comes sons of God, nay, gods—"at all times and in all places."

How much more consonant with reason, then, is such an interpreter of the Bible, than that proposed by the Protestant divines.—Their outcry, however, for the necessity of an interpreter is even louder than the Church of Rome; and their depreciation of the Holy Scriptures, more unequivocal than any yet ventured upon by infidels themselves. Were not, indeed, our Magazine, from its philosophical character, especially addressed *ad clerum*, we should scarcely dare hazard the insertion of passages in proof. As it is, we may be privileged to a step that could scarcely be permitted to a publication designed for the less instructed reader.

Our summary must be short. The Godhead of the Holy Ghost is nowhere literally stated in Scripture, yet is taught by the Church. Baptism, though often mentioned in the epistles, and its spiritual benefits, yet its peculiarity as the *one plenary* remission of sin is not insisted upon with frequency and earnestness—chiefly, in one or two passages of one epistle, and there obscurely—in Hebrews vi. and x.) The doctrine of absolution is made to rest on but one or two texts (in Matt. xvi. and John xx.) with little or no practical exemplification of it in the epistles, where it was to be expected.—The Apostles are not continually urging their converts to rid themselves of sin after baptism, as best they can by penance, confession, absolution, satisfaction. Christ's ministers are nowhere called priests, or at most, in one or two obscure passages, (as in Rom. xv.) The Lord's supper is not expressly said to be a sacrifice. The Lord's table is called an altar but once or twice (Matt. v. and Heb. xiii.) even granting these passages to refer to it. The consecration of the elements is expressly mentioned only in one passage (1. Cor. x.) in addition to our Lord's original institution of them. Only once or twice express mention is made at all of the Lord's supper, all through the New Testament, and where there is, chiefly in the same epistle. Very little is said about ordination—about the appointment of succession of ministers—about the visible Church (1 Tim. iii. 15.)—only one or two passages on the duty of fasting. In fine, as to all these dogmas, every one must allow that there is next to nothing on the surface of scripture, and very little even under the surface of a satisfactory character. Scripture, in all these respects, being deficient, the authority of the Church comes in as supplementary.

To exalt this supplementary authority is it necessary to depreciate so

much the original record? It seems that the delinquency of the Bible is augmented by the fact, that it also contains texts actually inconsistent with the system supported by the said supplementary authority, "For example, what can be stronger against the sanctity of particular places, nay of any institutions, persons, or rites, than our Lord's declaration, that God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth? or against the Eucharistic sacrifice, than St. Paul's contrast in Heb. x. between the Jewish sacrifices and the one Christian atonement? or can baptism really have the gifts which are attributed to it in the Catholic or Church system, considering how St. Paul says, that all rites are done away, and that faith is all in all?" Of course in all these cases the Bible is wrong—and particular Church authority right! We shall see—See?—why is not the case given up when its advocates resort to the *argumentum ad hominem*, appealing to the passions and prejudices of Churchmen, not their reason. If we are to believe the Bible, religion is simply mental and moral, not ceremonial and ritual—nay, "it is plain that all external religion is not only not *imperative* under the Gospel, but *forbidden*." We confess that we apprehend no terrors—even in such a conclusion—but we know it to be over stated. What is forbidden is not *external* religion—but a religion *exclusively* external and not at all internal, such a religion as the Oxford Divines (?) advocate. We must also give up not the Sabbath only, it seems, but the Lord's Day also, there being nothing on the surface of Scripture to prove, that the *sacredness* conferred in the beginning on the *seventh* day now by transference attaches to the first. This is also over stated.

Our space will not permit us to pursue the subject before us in the elaborate detail in which the lectures on which we are animadverting present it. Never, perhaps, was the argument more powerfully sifted than in this pamphlet—(Tract No. 85)—shewing, in fine, that the authority and creed of the Church and canon of Scripture stand or fall together. Nothing could justify, indeed, the extreme arguments here taken, but the position that unless the two first are defended, the last must fall. "Sectaries," says the writer, "commonly give up the Church's doctrines, and go by the Church's Bible; but if the doctrines cannot be proved true, neither can the Bible; they stand or fall together. If we begin we must soon make an end." Again. "The prayer-book rests upon the Bible, and the Bible rests on testimony; the Church, on doctrines which are to be gathered from Scripture, and the books of Scripture which make up the Bible are to be gathered from history; and further, those doctrines might have been more clearly stated in the Bible, and the books of the Bible more clearly witnessed by antiquity." Again: "The canon of Scripture rests on no other foundation than the Catholic doctrines. Those who dispute the latter should, if they were consistent,—will, when they learn to be consistent,—dispute the former; in both cases, we believe, mainly, because the Church of the fourth and fifth centuries unanimously believed; and we have at this moment to defend our belief in the Catholic doctrines, merely, because they come first, are the first objects of attack; and if we were not defending our belief in them, we should, at this very time, be defending our belief in the canon."

With this object in view, and under this impression, the writer argues

with great logical exactness, that there are no difficulties in the creed of the Church which are not to be found equally in the canon of Scripture. Thus he tells us, that, if we are compelled to allow that the fathers are credulous and childish superstitions, for recording certain narratives, we must next surrender the gospel accounts of demoniac-possession—together with the Pythoness of the Acts—also, the Pauline assertion, as to the sacrifice to devils, and fellowship with devils; and all references to the mysterious interference of evil spirits in human affairs. Should we indulge in a laugh at the legends of the middle ages—or assume for a moment that any one of them is intrinsically incredible, and therefore the necessity of examining into evidence is superseded—we must also scoff at the account of the serpent speaking to Eve, or its being inhabited by an evil spirit; of the devils being sent into the swine; of Balaam's ass speaking; of the Holy Ghost appearing in a bodily shape, and that apparently the shape of an irrational animal, a dove, as fanciful and extravagant. Nay, the phrase, "Lamb of God," is ludicrous and grotesque in the tract writer's estimation. There is something repugnant, he asserts, to our present habits of mind in calling again and again our Saviour by the name of a brute animal. Unless we were used to it, he continues, "I conceive it would hurt and offend us much, to read of "glory and honour" being ascribed to Him that sitteth upon the Throne and to the Lamb, as being a sort of idolatry, or at least an unadvised way of speaking. It seems to do too much honour to an inferior creature, and to dishonour Christ. You will see this, by trying to substitute any other animal however mild and gentle." A little after, he adds, that "the ancients formed an acrostic upon our Lord's Greek title, as the SON OF GOD, the SAVIOUR of men, and in consequence called him from the first letters, *ΙΧΘΥς*, or fish." Hear how a late English writer speaks of it. "This contemptible and disgusting quibble originated in certain verses of one of the pseudo-sibyls. . . . I know of no figure which so revoltingly degrades the person of the SON OF GOD."* Such is the nature of the comment made in the further East on the sacred image of the Lamb. The two objectors may settle it with each other."

In like manner, the tract-writer proceeds to argue on the strangeness of the brute creation being symbolically used in connexion with God's spiritual and heavenly kingdom. The four beasts of the Apocalypse—the lion, calf, man, and eagle, the cherubim of the Jewish law—the representation of angels under brute images, are quite as odd and out-of-the-way to him, as the cleansing of sin by the water of baptism, the eating of Christ's body in consecrated bread, the use of oil for spiritual purposes, or in an English coronation; and such like doctrines of the Church not to be primarily derived from the letter of the word, or on the surface of the text. Do we dispute the use of any outward sign, or that water applied to the body really is God's instrument in cleansing the soul from sin?—then away go, at once, the credibility of the angel giving the pool at Bethesda a miraculous power—of Naaman bathing seven times in the Jordan—of the tree which Moses cast into the waters to sweeten them—of Elisha's throwing meal into the pot of poisonous herbs—and of our Saviour's breathing, making clay, and the like. "Unless we were used

* Osburn on the Early Fathers, p. 85.

to the sacraments we should be objecting, not only to the notion of their conveying virtue, but to their observance altogether, viewed as mere badges and memorials. They would be called Eastern, suited to a people of warm imagination, suited to the religion of other times, but too symbolical, poetical, or (as some might presume to say) theatrical for us; that there was something far more plain, solid, sensible, practical, and edifying, in a sermon or an open profession or a prayer."

But what if we question that the hands of bishop or priest "*impart*" a power, a grace, a privilege—or object to the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist—or "deny that the Blessed Virgin, whom all but heretics, have ever called the Mother of God, was most holy in soul and body, from her ineffable proximity to God?" O then we must decidedly object to the accounts of virtue going out of our Lord, and that, in the case of the woman with the issue of blood, as it were by a natural law, without a distinct application on his part—of all who touched the hem of his garment being made whole; and further of handkerchiefs and aprons being impregnated with healing virtue by touching St. Paul's body—and of St. Peter's shadow being earnestly sought out; or consider the whole as mythi.

And what if we should dispute the credibility of some of the martyrologies, or call some of the doctrinal interpretations of some of the fathers obscure and fanciful? Why, then we must likewise stumble greatly at the accounts of our Saviour's bidding St. Peter catch a fish in order to find money in it, to pay tribute with—of the blood and water that issued from our Saviour's side, particularly taken with the remarkable comment upon it in St. Jude's epistle—of the occurrence mentioned by St. John xii. 28, 29,—of the deluge, the ark and its inhabitants—of Jonah and the whale—and of Elisha and the axe-head, 2 Kings vi. 1—7.

"I conceive," continues the writer, "that, under the same circumstances, men will begin to be offended at the passage in the Revelations which speaks of the "*number* of the beast." Indeed, it is probable that they will reject the Book of Revelations altogether, not sympathising in the severe tone of doctrine which runs through it. Again, there is something very surprising in the importance attached to the Name of God and Christ in Scripture. The name of Jesus is said to work cures and frighten away devils. I anticipate that this doctrine will become a stone of stumbling to those who set themselves to enquire into the trustworthiness of the separate parts of Scripture. For instance, the narrative of St. Peter's cure of the impotent man in the early chapters of the Acts:—First, 'Silver and gold,' he says, 'have I none; but such as I have, give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.' Then, "And His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong." Then the question, 'By what power, or by what name, have ye done this?' Then the answer, 'By the Name of JESUS CHRIST of Nazareth . . . even by it doth this man now stand here before you, whole. . . . There is none other Name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.' Then the threat, that the apostles should not 'speak at all, nor teach in the Name of Jesus.' Lastly, their prayer that God would grant 'that signs and wonders might be done by the Name of his holy Child, Jesus.' In connexion with which must be considered St. Paul's declaration, that 'at the Name of JESUS every knee should bow!' Again,—I conceive that the circumstances of the visitation of the

* Acts, iii. iv. Phil. ii. 10.

Blessed Virgin to Elizabeth would startle us considerably, if we lost our faith in Scripture. Again,—can we doubt but that the account of CHAIRS'S *ascending* into heaven will not be received by the science of this age, when it is carefully considered what is implied in it ! Where is heaven ? Beyond all the stars ? If so, it would take years for any natural body to get there. We say, that with God all things are possible. But this age, wise in its own eyes, has already decided the contrary, in maintaining, as it does, that he who virtually annihilated the distance between earth and heaven on his Son's ascension, cannot annihilate it in the celebration of the Holy Communion, so as to make us present with Him, though he be on God's right hand in heaven."

We have thought fit to quote the foregoing passage *in extenso* ; as we would not take the responsibility of a single statement in it. So much for the equality of difficulties on the part of the canon and the creed.

As the records of revelation are to be defended according to these divines, in the defence of clerical dogmas, we will not now engage in the reconciliation of the apparent contradictions in Holy Writ itself ; rather we are concerned in the seeming anomalies that exist between Holy Writ and more Holy Church. We shall arrange these in parallel columns—pre-mising that the statements and assumptions on both sides are the property of the tract writers, not ours—whatever logical use we may make of them afterwards.

Doctrine of the Bible.

There is no system in the New Testament. The word Trinity is not in Scripture. The verses of the Athanasian Creed are not distinctly set down in Scripture ; nor particular portions of the doctrine,—such as, that Christ is equal to the Father, that the Holy Ghost is God, or that the Holy Ghost proceedeth from the Father and the Son.

When we turn to Scripture, we see much, indeed, of certain *gifts* ; we read much of what Christ has done for us, by atoning for our sins, and much of what he does in us ; that is, much about holiness, faith, peace, love, joy, hope, and obedience ; but of those intermediate portions of the revelation coming between Him and us, of which the Church speaks, we read very little. Passages, indeed, are pointed out to us as if containing notices of them ; but they are, in our judgment, singularly deficient and unsatisfactory ; and that, either because the meaning assigned to them is not obvious and natural, but (as we think) strained, unexpected, recondite, and, at best, possible, or because they are conceived in such plain, unpretending words, that we cannot imagine the writers meant to say any great thing in introducing

Doctrine of the Church.

There is a system in the Church. The word Trinity is in the Prayer-book ; so is the Athanasian creed, and the entire doctrine on the subject.

We are told in the Prayer-book of a certain large and influential portion of doctrine, as constituting one great part of the Christian revelation ; that is, of sacraments, of ministers, of rites, of observances ; we are told that these are the appointed *means* through which Christ's gifts are conveyed to us.

them. On the other hand, a silence is observed in *particular* places, where one might expect the doctrines in question to be mentioned. Moreover, the general tone of the New Testament is, to our apprehension, a full disproof of them; that is, it is moral, rational, elevated, impassioned; but there is nothing of what may be called a sacramental, ecclesiastical, mysterious tone in it.

The words "*break bread*" are quite a familiar expression. Again, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." In which passage, instead of any literal feast occurring to the sacred writer, a mental feast is the only one he proceeds to mention; and the unleavened bread of the Passover, instead of suggesting to his mind the sacred elements in the Eucharist, is to him but typical of something moral, "*sincerity and truth.*"

It is not provable from Scripture that the Lord's Supper is generally necessary to salvation. The sixth chapter of St. John does not necessarily refer to the subject. Many excellent men alive deny such reference, and many dead have denied it.

The words in which the celebration of the holy Eucharist is spoken of by St. Luke and St. Paul (*breaking bread*) are very simple: they are applicable to a common meal as much as to the Sacrament; and they only do not exclude, they in no respect introduce the full and awful meaning which the Church has ever put upon them.

St. John says, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Why (it is asked) is nothing said here concerning absolution, or the Lord's Supper, as the means of forgiveness? Certainly, then, the *tone* of the New Testament is unsacramental; and the impression it leaves on the mind is not that of a priesthood and its attendant system.

The tone of Scripture is not more unfavourable to the doctrine of a priesthood than it is to the idea of

The tone of the doctrines of the Church is sacramental, ecclesiastical, and mysterious, rather than merely moral, rational, elevated, and impassioned.

By breaking of bread, the Church understands a solemn mysterious rite.

The Church system, in these words, "*keeping the feast,*" recognises a reference to the Lord's Supper as being the great feast of Christ's sacrifice.

The Church holds that the Lord's Supper is generally necessary to salvation.

These simple words, *blessing, breaking, eating, giving*, have a very high meaning put on them in the Prayer-book, and by the Church from the first.

The Prayer-book contains a form of absolution, and in its tone is throughout sacramental, favourable to a priesthood, and to an established, endowed, dignified church.

Christianity, such as we are brought up to regard it, i. e. of an established, endowed, dignified church.

The apostles contemplate not sin in the baptized, but seem to hold, that Christians fall not into gross sin; or, if they do, they forfeit their Christianity. Hence, little is said in the New Testament of the *danger* of sin after baptism, or of the penitential exercises by which it is to be met.

The three first gospels contain no declaration of our Lord's divinity, and there are passages which tend, at first sight, the other way. The impression left on an ordinary mind would be, that our Saviour was a superhuman being, intimately possessed of God's confidence, but still a creature.

There have been unbelievers who have written to prove that Christ's religion was more simple than St. Paul's; that St. Paul's Epistles are "a second system" coming upon the Gospels, and changing their doctrine. Some have considered the doctrine of our Lord's divinity an addition upon the simplicity of the Gospels. Yes, this has been the belief, not only of such heretics as the Socinians, but of infidels such as the historian Gibbon, who looked at things with less of prejudice than heretics, as having no point to maintain. I think it will be found quite as easy to maintain that the divinity of Christ was an afterthought, brought in by the Greek Platonists and other philosophers, upon the simple and primitive creed of the Galilean fishermen, as infidels say, as that the sacramental system came in from the same source.

The New Testament nowhere declares itself to be inspired. We have no means of knowing that the whole Bible is the word of God, or that we have got the whole of the books that are the word of God.

The Church contemplates sin in the baptized, and has provided penitential means for its avoidance and pardon.

The Prayer-book expressly recognizes our Lord's divinity, and asserts his superhumanity and his uncreated being.

The Church holds the identity of the religion of Christ and of St. Paul.

The Church declares the New Testament to be inspired, and admits the commemorations for the faithful departed, which are omitted from the canon.

But enough of these parallel citations; since all the differences are declared to be apparent only, and not real: but in what sense are we to concede this? Surely there are substantial diversities between the records of revelation and the historical institution, and must in the nature of the thing be such. What can be more clear than that the New Testament in all its parts presents the ideal of the Church equally existing in the individual and a corporation? Nothing can more strictly mark this than the sinless state of human perfection which is required of every

Christian by St. John and above alluded to. For such an one, no special sacrifice would be required, whose life would be all one sacrifice to truth and goodness—no special sacrament needed, whose every meal would be a sacrament—no shrine or altar or sacred building wanted for his devotion, to whom every place would be altogether holy, and no spot of earth unblest by him who made it. Such is the character presented to us in the Gospel—a being carrying about in his person and habits of mind the most hallowed influences, and consecrating the very air in which he moves with the sanctity of his presence. But, alas! such is not man! The Christian is his highest style, but who has yet deserved it? Christianity from the first was and could only be a corruption of that which gave it birth. Christianity is not Christ-ism. Christianity is a system made by Christians, and not by Christ. It follows and embodies the usages of Christians, not the example of Christ. From the Church of Antioch to the present day it has been so, and could not be otherwise. Pure Christism contemplates Man as restored to his original purity, as incapable of sin, as a veritable child of God—but Christianity accommodates itself to fallen humanity, pities its errors, and condescends to its infirmities. When it became joined to the world, and was taken into partnership with the state—this was more particularly the case—a more decided compromise was effected between the ideal and the possible: and at different periods and in different places it has assumed different phases according to the circumstances and condition of the age and country. But no such compromise—no such accommodation is contemplated by the Gospels; on the contrary, their very spirit is directly opposed to it in every shape and in every degree. It is of no use deceiving ourselves: for this is the case. It is not that the Gospel precepts are only apparently more pure than the practices of the Church in all times; but they are so in very deed and truth. Nor is this conclusion avoided by any necessity for supposing an antecedent institution as at once their author and interpreter. It is granted readily that there must have been a previous establishment virtually or actually and acting always in both capacities. What then? The documents would aim at the same end for which the institution existed; but they would work by different means. The purpose of the Institution would be to lead its members to the pursuit of the highest excellence practically; and the aim of the documents would be to hold up the standard of excellence as the object to be gained. The first would proceed by training an imperfect, uninstructed individual, and providing for him means whereby he might be perfected to every good word and work; this training and preparation—these means would all be adapted to his imperfection and ignorance. The second would be limited to announcing the idea of the utmost excellence, and strictly defining its image; permitting no mutation nor mutilation, but setting aloft the example to be studied, far above the mists of earthly passion and folly, in the pure ether of wisdom and goodness and power, not to be breathed by the profane, not to be approached by the unclean. A law is always more strict in its terms than the observance of it can be; and the perfection of holiness required by Christism was never attained by mortal man. Christianity is just so much as has been realised in time and space, and no more. Christism is to be found in the New Testament—Christianity in the Church, and Antichrist in both the Church and the World; and by so much as one differs from the other, by so much the

religion and morality of the New Testament differ from the institutions and customs of the Church.

Proof enough is given in the Tracts before us that if the Bible needs the interpretation of Church authority, the Church authority needs interpretation too. The works of the Fathers are full of difficulties, and the traditions of the Church are unsatisfactory. Nevertheless, to adopt the language of the tract-writer, "it never can be meant that we should be undecided all our days: we were made for action, and for right action; for thought, and for true thought. Let us live while we live, let us be alive and doing; let us act on what we have, since we have not what we wish. Let us believe what we do not see and know. Let us forestall knowledge by faith. Let us maintain before we have proved." Yes—we repeat with the tract-writer, let us do all this, and not be unwilling to go by faith. But why should we believe in the Church, or rather in the clergy of the Church? No, no; this is not the thing; but verily, we should believe rather in God! We should believe rather in the Christ! Between Deity and us we cannot suffer the clergy to stand as mediators by right of an hypothetical apostolic succession, *which can never be proved*, and for which, even as an assumption, there is confessedly no satisfactory evidence in the charter and the records belonging to the association of which they are members. Besides, the Church pre-existed this clergy, and of old times sought to God immediately and directly; and this state in which the Church is now with a clergy and laity is a second state; and may there not be a third to which the second is transitional? We have already said so; and hereby we are brought, as in a circle, to this very important point again.

The differences between the New Testament Christism and the Church Christianity, which we have declared are not apparent only but really result from the imperfection of the members of the Church, who have therefore need of mediates and helps, such as are provided in rites and ceremonies and public prayers, and the ministration of the better instructed. While the members of the Church continue in that state, these things must continue. But they were not from the beginning. The familiar and customary were then the holy—now it is the rare and solemn that is so. In a perfect Church estate, however, the holy will become the familiar,—every day will be a Sabbath. The perfect Christian will do no act that is not worthy of his name and calling—and that which is now extraordinary and awful will be common and easy. In the primitive Church, there was no meal that was not a sacrament—in the ultimate Church there shall be no sacrament that is not a meal. A holy man can do nothing that is unholy—and the vessels that are marked "holiness unto the Lord" shall be used as the every-day utensils of meanest employment; for there shall no longer be any distinction between sacred and profane, between clergy and laity—for all shall be equally worthy and able.

Now it is clear that the Church system, such as we have it, is but preparatory to this, and awaits its apotheosis in it. Providence is evidently operating this, and the tract-writers are as evidently striving to avert the consequence. They desire to keep apart from the laity, and to be alone the clerical—at a day, too, when almost every man has become as clerkly as themselves. The general diffusion of education must

break down the barriers of a distinction only proper to a state of transition. But how vain is the attempt? Can any stand that Oxford Divines may make in behalf of their apostolical succession, convince the men of these times? Can they restore the faith that was of old, but now is not? Faith was never yet made by the priest but the people. Nay, the character of the priest himself has been made by the people. 'Like people like priest,' it has been said, and also that in all superstitions the priest has only sanctioned what the people have invented. Aaron is a type of every one of his class:—and then only, when the general body of the worshippers shall have been perfected, will the priest himself be really what he now only professes. But when that time comes, he will arrogate no superiority—for the meanest votary, shall be the equal of the highest dignitary in all that makes man, man—in virtue and truth and wisdom.

Would the Oxford Divines preserve the relative station of the order to which they belong, they must resort to other means than they have adopted. It is not by recurring to old customs and slavishly restoring the rubric that they can succeed. God has declared that the unity of the Church is not to be produced in any such worn-out way, or by means of such beggarly elements. Priestcraft is not possible now—what folly therefore, to try it? It is not possible, because the adage "*Populus vult decipi, et decipiat*," is no longer applicable. No superstitious rite is likely to be forced on the priest by the people. Aaron thus is left without excuse, but equally without power to do harm. Is he superstitious? It is a private folly, not a popular madness. For a priest who ought to know better, to take up a superstition to deceive himself withal, and none else, is a sublimely ridiculous conception, or or an exceedingly villanous invention. A coarse-minded, though very upright, Iconoclast might say that the Oxford Divines are either knaves or fools. He might add, that they are men of learning does not preclude them from being the latter—but as some of them shew considerable logical acumen, and all evidently proceed upon a common system, it is rather to be believed that they are a confederacy of crafty men, who have conceived a strange design for their own advantage, but, miscalculating their means, have been full soon overtaken in their own craftiness. A generation of vipers they are, seeking to escape from the wrath to come, by flying to the past, which will drive them back again to the present, with tremendous recoil and rebound, by which they must greatly suffer. We say, a coarse Iconoclast might say this. We, however, know that their folly arises from a peculiar course of study, unenlightened by philosophy; their violent proceedings also are nothing more than the necessary reaction of a violent ultra-protestantism as much to be deprecated on the one hand, as their extreme and exclusive antiquarianism on the other. It has never been doubted by any one capable of appreciating the theosophical bearings of the subject that the position of Chillingworth (namely, that the mere text of the Bible is the sole and exclusive ground of faith, and practice) is quite untenable against the Romanists. It, said Coleridge, "entirely destroys the conditions of a church, of an authority

residing in a religious community, and all that holy sense of brotherhood which is so sublime and consolatory to a meditative Christian. Had I been a papist (continued the modern Plato, I should not have wished for a more vanquishable opponent in controversy. I cannot but believe Chillingworth to have been in some sense a Socinian. Lord Falkland, his friend, said so in substance. I do not deny his skill in dialectics; he was more than a match for Knott to be sure." The authors of the Tracts before us have strongly shewn, that not only the Church of England, but the congregations of Dissent are equally without authority from the Scriptures *alone* for their various practices and disciplines:—

"Since the great bulk of professing Christians in this country," say the Orielites, "whatever their particular denomination may be, do consider, agreeably with the English Church, that there *are* doctrines revealed (though they differ in what), and that they are in *Scripture*, they must undergo and resign themselves to an inconvenience which certainly does attach to our creed, and, as they often suppose, to it alone,—that of having to infer from Scripture, to prove circuitously, to argue at disadvantage, to leave difficulties, and to seem to others weak or fanciful reasoners. They must leave off attacking our proofs of our doctrines as insufficient, not being stronger in their own proofs themselves. No matter whether they are Lutherans or Calvinists, Wesleyans or Independents, they have to wind their way through obstacles, in and out,—avoiding some things, and catching at others, like men making their way in a wood, or over broken ground. If they believe in consubstantiation with Luther, or the absolute predestination of individuals, with Calvin, they have very few texts to produce which, in argument, will appear even specious. Or how, if Wesleyans, do they prove that the gospel sanctions an order of ministers, yet allows man to choose them? Where do they find a precedent in Scripture for a self-chosen ministry? or if no mere succession, and no human appointment are intended by them, where has the gospel promised them infallible evidence from God, whom He will have as his ministers, one by one? And still more plainly have their religionists strong texts against them, whatever be their sect or persuasion. If they be Lutherans, they have to encounter St. James's declaration, that 'by works a man is justified, and not by faith only:† if Calvinists, God's solemn declaration, that 'as He liveth, He willethe not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should live:‡ if Wesleyans, St. Paul's precept to 'obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves:† if Independents, the same apostle's declaration concerning the Church being 'the pillar and ground of the truth:‡ if Zuinglians, they have to explain how baptism is not really and in fact connected with regeneration, considering it is always connected with it in Scripture: if Friends, why they allow women to speak in their assemblies, contrary to St. Paul's plain prohibition: if Erastians, why they distort our SAVIOUR's plain declaration, that His kingdom is not of this world: if maintainers of the every-day secular Christianity, what they make of the woe denounced against riches, and the praise bestowed on celibacy. Hence, none of these sects and persuasions have any right to ask the question of which they are so fond, 'Where in the Bible are the Church doctrines to be found? *Where* in Scripture, for instance, is apostolical succession, or the priestly office, or the power of absolution?' This is with them a favourite mode of dealing with us; and I, in return, ask them, Where are we told that the Bible contains all that is necessary to salvation? Where are we told that the New Testament is inspired? Where are we told that justification is by faith only? Where are we told that every individual who is elected is saved? Where are we told that we may leave the Church, if we think its ministers do not preach the gospel? or, Where are we told that we may make ministers for ourselves."

* James ii. 24.

† Heb. xiii. 7.

Having thus invalidated the rule of faith adopted by sectarists and low-churchmen, our Oxford Divines might here have left their case triumphantly, establishing in this matter the Anglican Church on an equality with other churches. But they were solicitous of ascendancy, and have therefore strained the point, for the purpose of showing its superior claims. Enough, however, is done to demonstrate the need of an interpreter beyond the Bible for its contents: The following passage puts this on grounds of the *true* Catholic kind:

"We are told that the doctrine of the mystical efficacy of the Sacraments, comes from the Platonic philosophers, the Ritual from the Pagans, and the Church polity from the Jews: so they do; that is, in a sense in which much more, also, comes from the same sources. Traces also of the doctrines of the Trinity, Incarnation and Atonement, may be found among heathens, Jews, and philosophers; for God scattered through the world, before His Son came, vestiges and gleams of His true religion, and collected all the separated rays together, when he set him on his holy hill, to rule the day; and the Church, as the moon, to govern the night. In the sense in which the doctrine of the Trinity is Platonic, doubtless the doctrine of mysteries, generally, is Platonic also. But this by the way. What I have here to notice is, that the same supposed objection can be, and has been made, against the books of scripture too; viz: that they borrow from external sources. Infidels have accused Moses of borrowing his law from the Egyptians or other pagans; and elaborate comparisons have been instituted, on the part of believers also, by way of proving it; though, even if proved, and so far proved, it would show nothing more than this—that *God*, who gave His law to Israel absolutely and openly, had secretly given some portions of it to the heathen. Again: an infidel historian accuses St. John of borrowing the doctrine of the Eternal Logos or Word from the Alexandrian Platonists. Again: a theory has been advocated—by whom I will not say—to the effect that the doctrine of apostate angels, Satan and his hosts, was a Babylonist tenet, introduced into the Old Testament after the Jews' return from the Captivity: that no allusion is made to Satan, as the head of the malignant angels, and as having set up a kingdom for himself against God, in any book written before the Captivity; from which circumstance it may easily be made to follow, that those books of the Old Testament which were written after the captivity are not plenarily inspired, and not to be trusted as canonical. Now, I own, I am not at all solicitous to deny that this doctrine of an apostate angel and his hosts was gained from Babylon; it might still be divine, nevertheless. God, who made the prophet's ass speak, and thereby instructed the people, might instruct His church by means of heathen Babylon. Again: is not instruction intended to be conveyed to us by the remarkable words of the governor of the feast, upon the miracle of the water changed to wine? "*Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.*" (John ii. 10.) Yet at first sight they have not a very serious meaning. It does not therefore seem to me a difficulty, nay, or even unlikely, that the prophets of Israel should, in the course of God's providence, have gained new truths from the heathens, among whom they lay corrupted. The Church of God in every age has been, as it were, on visitation through the earth,—surveying, judging, sifting, selecting, and refining all matters of thought and practice, detecting what was precious amid what is ruined and refuse, and putting her seal upon it. There is no reason, then, why Daniel and Zechariah should not have been taught by the *instrumentality* of the Chaldeans. However, this is stated, and as if to the disparagement of the Jewish Dispensation by some persons, and under the notion that its system was not only enlarged but altered at the era of the Captivity—and I certainly think as plausibly as pagan customs were brought to illustrate, and thereby to invalidate, the ordinances of the Catholic Church; though the proper explanation in the two cases is not exactly the same.

"The objection I have mentioned is applied in the quarter to which I allude, to the Books of Chronicles. These, it has already been observed, have before now been ascribed by sceptics to (what is called) priestly influence: here then is a second exceptionable influence, a second superstition! In the second book of Samuel it is said, the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel; and he moved David against them to say—Go, number Israel and Judah." (2 Sam. xxiv. 1.) On the other hand, in Chronicles it is said, '*Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel.*' (1 Chron. xxi. 1.) On this a writer, not of the English Church, who is in too high a station to be named says, 'The author of the Book of Chronicles . . . *availing himself* of the learning which he had acquired in the East, and *influenced* by a suitable tenderness for the harmony of the Divine attributes, refers the act of temptation to the malignity of the evil principle.' You see in this way a blow is also struck against the more ancient parts of the Old Testament, as well as the more modern. The books written before the captivity are represented, as the whole discussion would shew, as containing a ruder, simpler, more inartificial theology; those after the captivity, a more learned and refined. God's inspiration is excluded in both cases. . . . It seems then that the objections which can be made to the evidence for the Church doctrines are such as also lie against the Canon of Scripture."*

This Catholic view of revelation, together with the practical application derived from it, "that almost all systems have *enough* of truth, as, when we have no choice besides, and cannot discriminate, makes it better to take all than to reject all—that God will not deceive us if we trust in him," meets with our entire approbation. "Though the received system of religion," the writer continues, "in which we were born were as unsafe as the sea when St. Peter began to walk on it, yet *be not afraid*. He who could make St. Peter walk the waves could make even a corrupt or defective creed truth to us, even were ours such; much more can he teach us by the witness of the Church Catholic. It is far more probable that her witness should be true, whether about the canon or the creed, than that God should have left us without any witness at all."

Admirable sentiments like these are scattered throughout these tracts; and they will have the effect of universalizing and philanthropizing the minds of their admirers. Would that these pious sentiments had but been enlightened by the presence of the true Witness among Christians—the testimony of that One Philosophy which has never changed—the same permanent Spirit, whatever might be the scientific form, physical or metaphysical, in which, at various times, it has been partially developed. It is, has always been, and will ever be, in the world and in the Church,—the Wisdom or the Love of it, that worketh all things—that Understanding which is holy, one only, manifold, subtil, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man, stedfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and seeing through all understanding, pure and most subtil spirits—that Brightness of the everlasting Light which being but One, can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new; and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God and prophets.† This testimony, however, they have surrendered in favour of a lower

* No. 85. p. 82. 84,

† Wisdom of Solomon vii. 22—27.

one, merely scientific and historic, confessedly holding that it is less sin in the Church to "quench the Spirit" than to destroy the Unity. Were the first not extinguished, the second could not be violated. To consolidate the form, is not to reproduce the power of Godliness; but promote the power, and the form will come in order of sequence, or rather will coevally be manifested. The dogmas that the Orielites advocate preclude inspiration—preclude genius in the Church—(for inspiration in religion is analogous to genius in the arts)—in favour of mere learning. Favourable, as we are, to the synthesis of learning and inspiration, we confess that we prefer the latter alone to the former alone. A rule that will not hold good in profane literature, will hardly maintain itself in sacred morals. An eternal originality characterises all genuine production, whether speculative or practical, whether divine or moral, or only intellectual. Nay, the exercise of the poor five senses begins afresh with every man—we neither see, hear, taste, smell or feel, on the authority, or by imitation of others—and, in like manner, the apostolical in us is an original gift of God—a faculty underived from human ordination, but immediately granted by God to every man whom his wisdom pleases to renew in the spirit of his will.

The grand error of the Oxford divines, we repeat, in conclusion, is, that they confound the Spiritual Church of the Christ with the Political Church of Christians, and that blending both in an historical view, they conduct that view partially, confining God's providence to the history of one church, the Anglican, and disregarding the Roman, the Grecian, the Presbyterian, and the sectarian brotherhoods. O that man would but look on the various families of his kind, as God looketh on them—God, their common Father! Any Catholicism short of this, is short altogether of what it calls itself; for nothing but the whole is the whole; a position so true, that it allows neither the aggregate, nor all the parts to be mistaken for it, preserving an eternal priority, and for ever precluding the equality with itself of what it comprehends. No exclusive Church can be Catholic.

As members of the National Church of England, we are right willing advocates of all her privileges, as a visible Church, whose communion we love; but we desire to see them placed on their true basis. A national church is not an international church, nor would an international church be necessarily Catholic, though, perhaps, the highest possible approximation to such on the face of the earth. The true Catholic Church is neither Anglican nor Roman, nor international, but the Jerusalem that is above. Neither is it a syncretic Unity, though that were something, but a prothetic One—an antecedent Whole—of which all unity is only symbolic.

A National Church is simply an institution for promoting and advancing the moral cultivation of the people; and until that is attained is a partial substitute for the general cultivation that it is charged to produce. The vicarious few mediate for the many with their consciences. It proceeds upon the supposition that the many have not yet accomplished Christian perfection—nay, are not yet Christians, and therefore condescends to certain rites and ceremonies that may win them to the fold; and whether Protestant or Romanist, consents in some degree or other

to paganise Christianity in order to christianise Pagans. These being really christianised, the institution, no longer needed as a means, may be retained as an ornament. Priests have been the clerks of the people—but when the people become themselves clerks, as in this age they are becoming, they resort not to the clergy for help in calligraphy, or cryptography. Nevertheless, though excellent writers themselves, they will ever be ready to acknowledge superior genius or virtue, and will doubtless place it in office and trust for its own and the public benefit.

“Neither Christianity” (says Henry Nelson Coleridge in his editorial preface to his uncle’s treatise on Church and State), “nor *a fortiori* any particular scheme of theology supposed to be deduced from it, forms any essential part of the being of a National Church; however conducive it may be to its well-being. A National Church may exist and has existed without, because before, the institution of the Christian Church; as the Levitical church in the Hebrews, and the Druidical in the Keltic, constitutions may prove. But two distinct functions do not necessarily imply or require two different functionaries; on the contrary, the perfection of each may require the union of both in the same person. And in the instance now in question, as great and grievous errors have arisen from confounding the functions of the National Church with those of the church of Christ, so fearfully great and grievous will be the evils from the success of an attempt to separate them.”

Here we conclude for the present. We shall take an early opportunity of declaring at large the proper constitution of a Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church rightly so called, as the visible exponent of the invisible church of the ascended Christ—the veritable virgin—mother and sister—bride of the anointed Son of God.

R. U.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

Editor. And so you became a Gobie?

The Gobie. Yes—in punishment of my transgressions, in the days of my editorship. Alas! I gave the Go-by to many worthy contributors.

Editor. Alas! indeed—poor ghost! Our friend, the Modern Cryptologist on the Fine Arts, received much wrong, I fear, from you.

The Gobie. Ah! fatal truth! It was I who wrote “unintelligible nonsense,” on the MS.

Editor. There have been many who know not what to make of his opinions. But here is the remainder of the paper; it is entitled “The Modern Cryptologist on the Third Religious Dispensation of the Fine Arts.” The sentiments expressed bear a remarkable analogy to those of “Young Germany” at the present moment. We shall have much to say on this class of writers ere long; and our readers will find that we are qualified by our knowledge of the subject, to produce some particulars with which the English public is not at all at present acquainted. But let us now listen to the Modern Cryptologist.

THE MODERN CRYPTOLOGIST ON THE THIRD RELIGIOUS DISPENSATION OF THE FINE ARTS.

In the preceding remarks, we have pointed out two great dispensations or movements in the history of the arts down to the present time, and a critical

preparation for a third and more perfect dispensation to come. These two movements bear a strict analogy to the two phases of Revelation, the Judaic and the Christian; the first exhibiting more of the character of materialism, and the latter more of the character of spiritualism, and both together manifesting the two extremes of one and the same being, historically exhibited in apparent antagonism or opposition. Hence the arts, as contradistinguished from the sciences, date their origin historically from the first or material dispensation; because they are merely modellings of the *material* of nature, but the sciences owe their existence to the second or spiritual dispensation, as being a higher flight of the rational faculties to penetrate the secrets of the eternal Creator.

But as these twin manifestations of mind have been, in a paramount sense, not only separately developed, but developed in apparent antipathy; it necessarily follows that each, as a partial and separate appearance, is imperfect. The first is defective for want of spirituality, or the highest order of imaginative being; it is "of the earth, earthy, and speaketh of the earth," it is full of plain natural truth, and striking to the senses. The religious poetry of the Greeks is more sensuous and intelligible than ours; their sculptured gods have a similar character. Their dramatic mode of conveying moral instruction is more natural than our Evangelical mode; and the Synagogue of the Jews, which corresponds in character with the theatre of the Greeks, is in perfect keeping with the dispensation to which it belongs. There is more nature and intelligibility, but less sublimity and mystery, than in the dispensation which follows. We have thrown a glare of spiritual sunshine upon all the creations of sacred art. But, as every artist knows, the sunny mist is a species of darkness :—

"Dark with excessive light thy skirts appear."

In the sublime, though mysterious foreshadowings of religion, the inquisitive eye may always discover the types of approaching eras, and no type can better illustrate the idea which we entertain of the third great dispensation of the arts, than what is theologically termed, the union of the Law and the Gospel. The apparent separation of these two universal elements of social being, the material and the spiritual, is a symbolical indication of some great fundamental defect in our present system; we require no process of reasoning to convince us of this deficiency—we all feel it. But when we see the dramatic consistency of the plan of Providence thus evidenced, by a fact which forms so remarkable a feature of the Jewish and Christian Revelation, we are more inclined to give our assent to the plausibility of the idea that the great changes to which we allude in the history of the arts, must be consentaneous with that equally important change which intermarries the material with the spiritual world, and removes the antipathy so long existing between them.

We are not alluding, even in idea, to the return of the Jews to their own country: we have higher conceptions of the union of the material and the spiritual than this. We take the high philosophical or universal view of the subject, and regard the Law as the political and material, the Gospel as the spiritual element of being; these two have long been in antipathy. The body is in disgrace, and this is a great and universal fact which has no connexion with religious belief, but pervades society. It is a great spiritual action which flickered in the human mind before the Christian era, but received an ecclesiastical or organised embodiment in Christianity. The opposite polar extreme had been previously developed to excess. The wisest man in Israel advised Absalom, the son of David, to lie with his father's wives on the top of the house before all the people, as the wisest act of policy that he could perform. We can scarcely imagine how a man could steal the hearts of the people by such an act. A modern radical mob would disdain to follow such a leader; they would tear him to pieces: but the degree of vice must be determined by the spirit of the age, and the prevailing obtuseness of feeling upon such subjects. That which is an act of licentiousness in man, is not so in

a brute; and therefore we are not so much disposed to condemn the moral spirit of ancient times, as to maintain that their moral sensibilities were not developed like ours; and, therefore, the flesh exhibited itself with less reserve in all its grossness and brutality. The history of Venus and Priapus might afford us many similar illustrations amongst the Heathen, with which we dispense; and we conclude this paragraph by observing, that the spiritualism of Christianity was the antithesis of this—a spiritual reaction against the old materialism or sensualism. The flesh has been condemned and obliged to hide itself; and all sects and parties, even infidels themselves, have been carried away with the tide of spiritualism.

We must now point out to the reader a new and important feature in the history of society, *namely*, the reappearance of materialism in the last and present century, and its almost universal influence, even over the world of professional faith. Materialism is not confined to infidels; the religious world is all materialised; science, matter, properties of matter, chemistry, phrenology, or craniology, nerves, blood, chemical agency,—these are the gods to which scientialists now point in their *ex cathedra* instructions to the people. The small party who take the name of *Materialists* are merely exponents of the condition of the public mind. It is a material age, the body is rising, the movement is too universal to be resisted. It is a work of God, a preparation for some great social change. It is the transition state from the old spiritualism of the church, to some new condition, which will ultimately combine the spiritual and material in one, and thus sanctify the latter, whilst it naturalises the former.

Having made these preliminary observations, we are prepared to descend from universals to particulars respecting each of the fine arts, individually, in that peculiar aspect, *namely*, the sacred, to which alone we direct the attention. The sacred poetry of the ancients, peopled all nature with divinities; but still there was something that nature did, which the divinities did *not*. The latter were a species of magicians with superior power over the elements; but there was a ceaseless activity of life in the elements themselves, of which no account is given. The "*spiritus intus*," or "*mens que agit molem*," the soul of the world, as conceived by the ancients, was like the soul of a steam-engine, which required Jupiters, Mercuries, and Neptunes, to regulate it. The sacred poetry of the moderns is equally defective; it discharges all the gods, or the clerks of heaven, and confers the sovereignty on one eternal and infinite Spirit *theoretically*; but when it reduces its theory to practice, it entirely abandons it. The god of Thomson, in his beautiful Hymn to the Seasons, conveys some conception of a universal Deity, "The varied God of whom the rolling year is full;" but it is a vague notion in the poet's mind, for he cannot descend with it into the antagonism of individual life. Milton is obliged to deny the infinitude of Deity in his war with the angels. Where is God visible or dimly seen in the hell of *Paradise Lost*? Our philosophical poets perceive this difficulty, and avoid all allusion to God. Our religious poets have yet to get over the difficulties. The difficulties are as follow. The Deity must be universal in his character, Omnipresent, Omnipotent, and Omnipassive. There are yet two opposite polarities contending for supremacy; one of these polarities is the heir apparent, the other is the heir anointed. The one is a strong intellectual, the other a high moral character. Consequently the one proposes to rule by physical and intellectual power, the other by moral attraction. Each fails for a time, but the intellectual, at first, maintains its supremacy by its mental power and energy: unable to grasp infinity, it splits into a thousand sectarian fragments, and marches distractedly on through a world of anarchy. The moral power, at length, obtains the ascendancy, and intellect becomes the servant instead of the master of the moral principle,—"*The elder shall serve the younger*." The elect then reign, and the alien are subject; and universal harmony is restored by the acknowledgement of the legitimate heir, which is the moral in preference to the intellectual. By this "*allegory*," the poet is introduced into a beautiful field of social progress and moral regeneration, and

each child of inspiration would thus be enabled freely and forcibly to express his own individual opinions on that all important subject; a subject which at present engrosses the attention of every thinking mind, and which has, at length, put an extinguisher upon sacred "epic," only because this species of poetry has been unable to keep pace with the progress of the human mind. It is a glorious task, but one that requires a high degree of genius and moral feeling to fairly represent the Satan and the Messiah of Scripture. What a noble figure the Satan of the Scripture is! He walks in heaven, converses, and co-operates with the Lord*. Michael, the Archangel, durst not bring a railing accusation against him. He is evidently identified, in some passages, with the messenger of the Lord; and by comparing 2 Sam. xxiv. 1. with 1 Chron. xxi. 1., we find that the sacred historian identifies him with the Lord himself. There is a mystery about the character, but no absolute malignity. There is in him a relative, but not an absolute evil; there is a lawful sovereignty acknowledged, even by an Archangel, and the evil which he effects is the antecedent portion of a Drama, of which a grand moral consummation is the consequence; and Satan himself is transformed into an Angel of Light, and creation becomes a universal harmonicon.

If we have succeeded in expressing our meaning upon this subject, we are satisfied; we leave the *ripieno* or filling up to the reader himself, because we have no desire to impose any particular dogma upon him, but merely to present one bird's-eye view of progression to his mind. The third dispensation of the other departments of sacred art, is in perfect harmony with that of poetry—viz.: a restoration of the Material or Sensuous in a new and sacred character. Thus for instance, a rich and unbounded field of thought yet lies before the creative genius of Sculpture, and Painting, and Poetry, in the personifications of the divine attributes, a science abused by the Pagans to the profane purposes of idolatry; but capable in an age, by no means disposed to idolatrous worship, of elevating the conceptions and enriching the language by new terms and figures of speech, to which our now accurate knowledge of universal laws would give vivid effect. It was this science which first gave birth to the fine arts; and this alone is able to give the finishing touches to these human creations. The immediate effect of the revival of Materialism in modern times was the desertion of the divine and superhuman, and the adoption of the common or vulgar in the arts. This was the dissolution of the old system—its revival is impossible. This change has been of incalculable benefit: it has revived a taste for the natural which the spiritual system had destroyed; and given a variety of thought to modern artists, which happily contrasts with the limited range of imagination peculiar to the old masters. All low and common things are now executed better than ever. We have more beautiful cabinet pictures—more exquisite miniatures—more perfect delineations of low life—more natural grouping of figures—more natural landscapes;—but there is a manifest falling off in the sublime and the grand—because there has been a descent from a spiritual to a material condition. There is an inexpressible sanctity about a collection of pictures of the ancient and best masters, which no modern exhibition possesses. The "Virgin and Child"—the "Personification of Chastity and Innocence"—the "Ecce Homo"—the "San Sebastiano" pierced with arrows—the "St. John in the wilderness"—"St. Francis," and many other favourite subjects upon which every ancient master was constantly employed, working up the original idea with persevering industry and reverential feeling, are higher subjects of contemplation than the Duke of Wellington on horseback—her Majesty on ponyback—a portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland or the Countess of Blessington, or any other subject of modern art. The one is the personification of a human character under the influence of a transcendental moral feeling; the other is merely a sketch

* There is evidently a distinction between *God* and the *Lord*. The former is the universal Deity; the latter is the human divine form that represents the Godhead.

of an individual, in which the artist has borrowed little or nothing from his creative genius, and to which he can lend nothing of that finish which the divine Raffaele has given to his few but exquisite productions. Up to the highest order of imaginative creation, the arts cannot rise at present, for want of a religious feeling. That of the old masters is too austere and revolting to humanity: it has been abandoned, and the Protestant School has never yet been able to discover a higher standard: hence the total failure of sacred painting as an art in Protestant countries. Moreover, as we formerly observed, catholicism has concealed the body: its most sacred characters are clothed; and, in order to show his pictorial skill, the artist has frequently used the awkward and unnatural liberty of representing executioners, soldiers, and other officials, naked—having no other system by which the human body can be delineated as God has made it. There is something exceedingly offensive to good taste in this want of truth: falsehood never can be permanently established in the arts any more than in a church, a state, or a science. Humanity rebels at last.—Humanity has rebelled: and painters are now conscious of the almost insuperable difficulty of producing a fine sacred painting true to nature, and yet exhibiting that assemblage of limb and muscle so delicious to the eye of the dilettante. With the exception of Adam and Eve, history will scarcely furnish a single subject. Heathen mythology belongs to another dispensation, and is not in keeping with the present condition of the human mind. What can the poor painter do? He must find a suitable pretext for nakedness.—A naked Duke of Wellington, or a naked Victoria, would be an insult to the parties and an offence to public taste. A naked figure on a sofa or bed is equally indelicate; but a naked Adam and Eve is not so, because, it is truth; and moreover, the pretext is admissible, and the artist is acquitted of all unchaste or indelicate motives. Now nothing short of a religion can supply this great defect in art; a mere personification of human attributes would not suffice; the human mind looks higher than itself—and where can it go but to attributes divine? We want such a science—a theological science for the arts; for the fall has brought clothing upon humanity; and human feelings will not suffer fallen man to be represented without it. But a beau ideal or unfallen man—a representative of a divine or a regenerated attribute, would accord with the feelings of all men both elect and reprobate. Such a science, moreover, would be a highly moral science, through which finer moral sentiments could be conveyed, than can ever come from the ungodlike surface of woollen coats and kerseymere trousers, or even the rustling silks and lustrous velvets of our female aristocracy. We do not pretend to teach this science; but we say, the arts are longing for its birth—and a birth it will have.

With respect to the theatre, which is at present very corrupt, we have no hesitation in saying that the sacred drama will, ere long, be restored and become highly influential in refining and purifying the moral taste of the people. "*Theatre*," literally, means a place for "*seeing*" instruction, in opposition to an "*auditorium*" or school for hearing. Practically it includes both—but the eye is peculiarly addressed in a theatre; and being the most active of all the senses, we consider that it is peculiarly fitted for receiving sacred impressions. It is a curious fact in human history, however, that the eye has been desecrated in the second dispensation. This was a reaction arising from the catholic abuse of it—but reactions cannot last for ever, and the eye will maintain and recover its rights. Why should not the eye be sanctified as well as the ear? If it be not sanctified, it will riot in excess of licentiousness that will react with fearful vengeance upon those who now banish it from holy ground. The church is an "*auditorium*" only. Now the ear is an intellectual organ—the eye is a moral organ—we hear precept by the ear, but see example by the eye—we see good manners—we see cleanliness of person—we see agreeable looks—kind expressions of countenance—and we *might* see rich and highly instructive manifestations of the works of God in transparencies and illuminated designs, which would act as a species of "*Shekinah*" on the contemplative mind. The old Jewish Temple, was a species of theatrical model.

The *Shokia*, or divine representation, in one division, separated from the holy place by a veil or curtain, probably constituted a temporary symbol of something useful in the moral training of mankind. We know not but, as an illustration of our theatrical views, it subverts a useful purpose; and we mean no despite to its higher signification, when we employ it as a model of a great moral and religious institution, for training the human mind to a comprehensive and sublime conception of the universal temple of God—Creation—and its laws. Whether the clergy be afraid of the superior attraction of such exhibitions, we know not—but of their high moral and religious tendency we have no doubt.

Having dismissed the Cryptologist—"Pray," said the Gobie, "What does the author of the Loyal Address mean by Syncretism?"

"The writer, Alerist," we replied, "shall himself inform you. He has obliged us with the following explanation, to which both dead and living, Gobies and men, will do well to attend."

WHAT IS SYNCRETISM?

THE eternal and invincible progress of truth fills the minds of its disciples with a joy and exultation that can only be understood by being experienced.

The grand principle of Catholicity, or Syncretism, whose cause we plead—the eldest and augustest element of all theology and legislation—sciences so resplendent in eras of antiquity—has ever been revealing itself in successive avatars and manifestations to great and prophetic spirits.

The magnificent dogma of catholicity which glittered through the theologic revelations of antiquity—the principle in which Deity evolved himself in a resplendent series of developments and filiations, all bound together by filial and fraternal ties of imperishable sympathy—the principle of the One and All, the One in All, and All in One—so admirably explained by the inspired writers, and the initiated sages of Gentilism, again dawns on society. It has once more formed itself a nucleus, which, like the foci of Cartesian astronomy, however insignificant it now appears, shall attract its kindred elements by a law of geometrical progression, till it shall become the most gorgeous of the moral constellations in the firmament of these last ages.

Syncretism has revived in Germany and France, and, by God's blessing, it shall revive in Britain. We are but the first sparklings of its inextinguishable flame, the mere symbols of a rising power, which, like the voice of the last trumpet, shall shake the strongholds of faction into ruin. Like Selden, our noble brother, we exclaim—"Throw up a straw, and it will tell you where sits the wind."

The signs of this rejuvenescence of syncretism may be faint and minute as the span-broad cloudlet of the prophet, but, insignificant as they are, they show the tendency of the times; they teach us that union shall yet triumph over division, harmony over discord, and coalition over party spirit. This little leaven shall stir the whole mass of society into a new and auspicious fermentation. The spirit that now walks the earth in humility, sorrow, and slavery, shall burst its fetters and soar to heaven, and hide its head among the stars. "Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo."

It is impossible, however, that such syncretists, who outsoar all parties and embrace them all, and who only mix with them to scatter their various follies and corruptions, should be immediately understood by the common herd of men. Great minds are only intelligible to great minds; the power of mental vision must be expanded, before it can compass the elements of true magnanimity.

Zeal for the promotion of this universal truth always increases in the same ratio as the truth possessed. It is no wonder, therefore, that Catholic and Syncretic men, who cherish universal truth, should be more zealous, eager, and enthusiastic, to circulate it, than if they cherished any partial truth. Their motto is, *Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*; and their zeal for the advancement of universal truth is not the less because they employ the genial, graceful, and poetical means of facilitating its influence. It is, therefore, absolutely false to assert, that Catholic Syncretists, or the lovers of universal truth, are less energetic for propagating it, than sectaries and partisans are for propagating partial truth; which is too nearly synonymous with error.

Such was the principle of catholicity—so continually enforced in those Scriptures which recommend us to the preservation of the uniting spirit in the bond of peace—such was the principle of catholicity which the Greeks, in very early times, expressed by the word *syncretism*. Plutarch, in his "Essay de Fraternali Amore," derives the verb *συνεργίζω* from the Island of Crete, "The tribes of which, (says he), endeavoured to protect themselves by coalition against internal feuds and attacks from without."

Another etymology has been proposed by Dr. Rees, in his *Cyclopædia*. "The name *syncretists* (says he) is formed from *συνερίνω*, I compare, or reconcile, and is used to denote, in general, persons who, from a variety of discordant opinions, either in religion or philosophy, form a kind of comprehensive and pacific system, with a view of uniting the several parties who maintain such opinions. The moderate men, as they are called, of every persuasion, may be comprehended under this denomination."

"At a later period (says the *Encyclopædia Americana*) the word received another shade of meaning, and was derived from the Greek *συν* and *κερύννμι* (to mix). In the 15th century, when the study of ancient literature was revived in Italy, and Plato came into repute, in addition to Aristotle, some eclectic scholars, as John Picus Mirandola, Bessarion, and others, who honoured Plato much, but were unwilling to give up Aristotle entirely, were called *syncretists*."

But the name "*syncretists*" was far more generally applied to the great ecclesiastical pacificators of the 16th and 17th centuries. Under this name were comprehended Reuchlin, Erasmus, Vives, Cassander, and Vicellius, and other eminent worthies of the same period. See Rango's "*Historia Syncretismi a Mundo Conditio*," Calovius's "*Historia Syncretismi*" and other books quoted by Mosheim and Walchius in his "*Bibliotheca Selecta*."

The name of *syncretists* became still more popular in Germany about the beginning of the 17th century, when George Calixtus, Professor of Theology at Helmstadt, having acquired liberal opinions far in advance of his age, attempted a union of various religious parties. "He was a man (says Mosheim) of distinguished abilities and merits, and had few equals in his century, either in point of learning or genius; and he acted in consistence with the oath to which the professors of divinity at Helmstadt bind themselves on their admission, to use their best and most zealous endeavours to heal the divisions, and terminate the contests that prevail among Christians."

The principles on which Calixtus's uniting and pacific plan was founded were, that the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, by which he meant those elementary principles from which all its truths flow, were preserved pure and entire in all three communions, Roman, Lutheran, and Reformed, and were contained in that ancient form of doctrine, usually known by the name of the Apostle's Creed.

The grand coalitionary and eclectic system of Calixtus and the foreign *syncretists*, was adopted in Great Britain by the ablest divines of the 17th century, who were, for the most part, *syncretists* of the highest order, and endeavoured to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. "This noble and truly evangelical method of proceeding (says Mosheim), procured its authors the denomination of *Latitudinarians*. The chief leaders of these *Latitudinarians* were Hales and Chillingworth, Wake, More, Cudworth, Gale, Whichcote, Tillotson, names that are still pronounced in England with that veneration which is due to distinguished wisdom, and rational piety." See an admirable defence of the *Latitudinarian* divines in a book entitled "*The Principles and Practice of certain moderate Divines of the Church of England (greatly misunderstood) truly Represented and Defended*. London; 1670." This book was written by Bishop Fowler.

Such is a brief sketch of the history of the *syncretic*, or *eclectic policy* in church and state. That policy has been, time immemorial, supported by the most eminent writers of the Jewish, the Papal, and the Protestant Churches.

In the Jewish Church, we find *syncretism* supported by Philo, Josephus, Maimonides, Aben Ezra, Riccius, Rittangel, and the more enlightened Jews of our own country, whose conversion to Christianity would be much facilitated by a full grant of all the religious and civil privileges of natural-born subjects.

Among the Roman Catholics, we find *syncretism* supported by Bossuet, Fenelon, Du Pin, Cane, Ganganelli, Geddes, Haywarden, Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, Huet, Cassander, Burigni, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Courayer, Berresford, Murray, Doyle, Charles Butler, and O. Croly.

Among the Protestants, we find syncretism supported by Grotius, Casaubon, Junius, Wake, Le Clerc, Liebnitz, Pareus, Dureus, Amyrald, Puffendorf, Bacon, Selden, Locke, Huntington, Baxter, Burnel, Baron de Storch, Mason, Nightingale, Schlegel, Tieck, Novalis, Stark, Guizot, Tancréd, Noel, and all the writers cited in that excellent little work of Evans, entitled, "The Golden Centenary; or, One Hundred Testimonies in behalf of Candour, Peace, and Unanimity. By Divines of the Church of England, of the Kirk of Scotland, and among Protestant Dissenters."

It is, therefore, with no small satisfaction, that we see our friends gallantly reviving the great and majestic cause of syncretism, advocated as it is by the authority of the wisest and the best of men. The cause so dear to Erasmus and Bossuet, Wake and Porteus, and, in our own day, Smith and Noel, and clergymen of still higher rank.

This true and genuine syncretism, eclecticism, or latitudinarianism, which takes the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in all sects and parties, is not a whit the less glorious or honourable, because it has been sometimes aped and mimicked by a spurious and mongrel kind of syncretism, eclecticism, or latitudinarianism, which, under the name of indifferentism, has attempted to harmonise things essentially discordant, to confound truth and error, good and evil, virtue and vice. It is the fate of every grand and glorious doctrine thus to be mimicked, parodied, and caricatured by a sophistical counterfeit, which accompanies the original.

Thus have we endeavoured to give a faithful sketch of the history of the Catholic principle, and the Syncretists, Unionists, or Coalitionists, who have acted on it. Such is the resplendent theory and design of those illustrious pacificators who pursue the golden paths of philanthropy and patriotism. These are the men who would once more proclaim the mystic words, "*Fiat Lux*," amidst this sable chaos of schisms and factions. These are the men who would compose a new Irenicum for the wounds inflicted by the mutual recriminations that exacerbate and exulcerate the hearts of men. They are doomed, by the inevitable necessity of apocalyptic prophecies, to a certain and assured triumph, though their intermediate experience may be arduous, hazardous, and painful.

Such are the men who, building on the Divine revelation, carry its majestic and all-illuminating doctrines forward in their search for universal truth. "This universal truth (says Milton) came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape and glorious to look upon. But when he ascended, and his apostles were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked set of deceivers, who—as the story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris—took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming—he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal *chef-d'œuvre* of loveliness and perfection."

Thus it has ever fared with catholic and syncretic spirits who have soared to the upper firmament of all-embracing verity. They have ever been the grandest and noblest of mankind. Syncretists are necessarily great men; and no man was ever truly great but by his syncretism. Catholicity is the very key to that permanent and undeparting fame to which we now selfishly aspire. It is not wonderful, therefore, that when we would cite the names of syncretists, we are obliged to announce the greatest men that have ever lived. Little and vulgar souls can by no possibility become syncretic; they never rise beyond their sect or party. It is only those to whom God himself gives wisdom and largeness of heart, that ascend into the syncretic theory and temper. Such men, and only such, exhibit an august and consistent progress. Their course is like that of the shining light, which shines more and more unto the perfect day. They are born and educated for immortal dignity, which they cannot lose. They look calmly down on the stormy convulsions of temporising partisans, and, by the radiance of their initiated philosophy, disperse the grosser vapours of prejudice and passion. They resemble the steady star that shines with inextinguishable and useful lustre to guide adventurous mariners on the ever-murmuring ocean, rather than the wild and corruscating meteors that

glare for an instant with portentous scintillations, and then sink into the blackness of darkness for ever.

If we could possibly be misunderstood by any intelligent mind, we should still console ourselves with the conviction, that we shall be duly appreciated and supported among our syncretic brethren of the Freemasonic lodges. The initiated fraternity, who best understand the nature of the Catholic and Syncretic coalition we advocate, always cleave to each other with a sworn and inviolable sympathy. They know how to defend each other and make their common cause finally triumphant. They know that this syncretic principle of universal truth, charity, and conciliation, is the only one on which the Christian philosopher, philanthropist, or patriot, can ever act securely and consistently. They know that the dignity and elevation of this principle is supreme, because the spirit of union must necessarily be higher than the spirit of party; and they know that the amplitude and boundlessness of this principle is unrivalled, because it is capable of including whatever is good in all sects and parties, ancient and modern.

The maintenance of this principle does the Freemasonic body the more credit, because most of their contemporaries have fallen away from the lofty canon of Christian union, into the seducing sophistries of faction. The lodge of initiation at present affords one of the strongest rallying points for those syncretists and coalitionists who seek to reconcile ecclesiastical and political sects, be they Papists or Protestants, high Churchmen, low Churchmen, Dissenters, Tories, Whigs, or Radicals.

We shall conclude the present essay by showing the bearing of catholicity, or syncretism, on the rights of *liberty* and the rights of *peace*. It has not been so generally understood as it will be, that the liberality and enlargement after which all aspire, are necessarily and inseparably connected with the spirit of syncretism, coalition, and eclecticism. And yet nothing is clearer or more demonstrable, if we bring intellectual analysis to bear on the question.

What is liberty but "the power of thinking and doing all that is consistent with individual and general welfare?" Now, it is plain that this power must flourish most in those syncretic, or coalitionary, states, in which all members try to agree as far as they can, and each member may agree to differ in matters of particular conviction, without being opposed or fettered by the hostility of his brethren. Thus liberty goes hand in hand with that syncretism and coalition which is "the wisdom which enlarges the heart, which embraces *generals*, and looks down on all *parties* and *partialities*, *sects*, *schisms*, and *factions*, with a wholesome censorship and a philosophic tranquillity."

It is equally clear, on the other hand, that true liberty and liberality must always be sacrificed in proportion as sects and parties extend. Liberty must correspond with coalition, not with opposition; with harmony, not with discord; with love, not with hatred. Hence liberty must ever be reduced, as sects and parties are augmented, for it is the precise nature of sects and parties, to hinder their members from taking those general transcendental and coalitionary views which would annihilate schisms. Thus every development of liberty in one sect, is opposed by a development of hostility in its antagonist, according to the prime law of Newton's *Principia*, "that action and reaction are equal." The fatal consequence is, that the members of all sects and parties, instead of having liberty to think and act as freemen, are bound, soul and body, to the despotic tyranny of their faction, and dare not utter a word of private conviction, lest they should be excommunicated.

The bearing of syncretism and coalition on the *rights of peace*, is still more evident, as Grotius has proved, at large. Who knows not that the spirit of concord tends to produce general pacification, and that the same spirit of discord which embroils sects and parties, is too often developed into civil and foreign wars? 'Tis the vitality of poison, the sophistry of hell, which, having first inflamed brother against brother at home, goes abroad to baptise murder and rapine by more euphonic names. Yes, with Grotius and Selden, the glorious advocates of universal peace, we take up our protest against this arch delusion of politicians, if, indeed, we may venture to honour with a title so august, the crackbrained pleaders for war and bloodshed, that last worse curse than can befall the human race.

We have now concluded these brief pleadings for syncretism which have been wrung from us by the tremendous obligations of conscience, the profound and unquenchable conviction of their all-important bearing on the critical destinies of our country. If we have learned any thing of political duty in the *viginti annorum*

lucubrations recommended by Lord Coke, it is even this. It shall not be said that there was not a single lawyer, or a single periodical, to advocate the cause of coalition, when, for want of it, the glories of the British empire are becoming the mere *ludibria venti*, the idle sport of insensate parties. Our friends have done what they could to strengthen our hands; and the testimony of their own hearts will reward them: but let them expect no other recompense. The days of political and literary patronage, once accorded to genius and patriotism, have passed away, and none are noble enough to restore them.

ALERIST.

The following letter shews that all the previous editors of the *Monthly Magazine* had not merited the condemnation that fell on poor Gobie. Our immediate predecessor, by his fair and candid criticism on Mr. Grisenthwaite's *Book on Food*, has fairly earned the following appeal.

*Springfield Terrace, Grove Hill, Camberwell,
January 25, 1839.*

MR. EDITOR,

Sir,—For the very favourable opinion expressed in your publication respecting my little *Essay on Food* I beg to thank the writer of that article; and had he detected any mistake in my assumptions, or any fallacy in my reasoning, I should still have thanked him; for, assuredly, I have no wish to propagate error.—But, Sir, the chief design of this letter is to vindicate my *Essay* from the loose, and not very courteous criticism contained in the *Monthly Review* of last November. No species of composition is more useful than well-written and candid criticism. The reviewer is a character that stands between the press and the public to affix the true value upon literary labours; and when he discharges his duty faithfully, his office is honourable, and his services important. But when ignorance assumes the chair of the Censor, or dishonest perversion guides his judgment; and, much more, when ribaldry and spurious wit disgrace his decrees, then his office becomes contemptible and his services pernicious. Let us see in what character they appear in the *Monthly Review* for the last November. The writer in that publication—to whose hands my *Essay on Food* had been committed for judgment—opens his critique with no very brilliant specimen of logical acumen. He plays off Abernethy *versus* Henry, and Henry *versus* Abernethy, to establish the general truth, that whenever men differ upon points of speculation, certainty of conclusion is out of the reach of any—a very brief mode of putting a period to all research.

If this be an error in reasoning, so, I think, the reviewer has, injudiciously, placed these great names in opposition to each other, and his own words shall condemn him. “Abernethy,” he says, “recommended purgative medicines for *disordered bowels*,” and Henry “maintains, that nature has provided means of *preventing*, and *obviating* constipation in all cases *except* active disease.” Surely these opinions are not irreconcilable, but quite compatible! To *cure* disease and to *prevent* it, are not the same thing; or what becomes of the aphorism, that “*prevention is better than cure*.” But this discrepancy is trifling compared with the contradictions, and something worse, into which the writer has fallen in his critique on my *Essay on Food*.

I could hardly believe that I was reading a review written in the nineteenth century when I met with the following sentence; the first bestowed on my publication. “Mr. Grisenthwaite’s ingenious, but, as we fear, defective, and unsatisfactory *Essay*, is intended by scientific demonstrations to lead to the same practical conclusions; amounting to this, that temperance and exercise are the only things to be prescribed for the prevention of disease and the preservation of health.” Upon this extraordinary passage I would, first, observe, that the author of the paper in question either never read my *Essay* at all, or did not understand a word of it—wilful perversion, I cannot imagine—if he thinks that it was written with any *view* to recommend either “temperance or exercise.” The temperance and exercise recommended in it are mere corollaries drawn from other conclusions, and are only offered—as stated on the title page—as *general* rules fairly deducible from them. That this mistake was hardly accidental will appear by referring to page 343 of the review itself, where

the writer says, "The general statement of Mr. G.'s pretensions we give in his own words. In this Essay the received doctrine of modern physiologists respecting *the waste of the body* is exploded—the cause of animal heat is explained upon *new principles*—the source whence nitrogen is derived by herbivorous animals is established—general rules for the preservation of health are laid down—and the wisdom of the Divine economy in all is vindicated." This statement is correct: but it is quite impossible for *both* of them to be so; whilst to give two different representations of the design of a work within the compass of as many pages, evinces either great carelessness or great absence of mind; either of which unfits a man to discharge the duties of a judge.

But, secondly, why did the author of the review "*fear*" that the Essay on Food was "defective and unsatisfactory?" Surely there could be no room for "*fear*" when "*scientific demonstrations*" were to be examined! How would such an expression appear if applied to the Elements of Euclid or the Principia of Newton? Would any one "*fear*" that their "*scientific demonstrations*" were "*defective and unsatisfactory*?" An ignorant person, who could not read either, might have his "*fears*;" but he who could understand them would *know* whether they were "*defective and unsatisfactory*." And it was the business of the reviewer—if competent—to have addressed himself to the demonstrations themselves, as any unsoundness in a demonstration is most easily detected. But, instead of this, he says, on a subsequent page, "We do not intend to examine Mr. Grisenthwaite's doctrinal system;" and, afterwards, adds, "We pretend not nicely to weigh its author's oft repeated convictions, backed as they are by many arguments." In other words, the reviewer "*fears* my Essay is defective and unsatisfactory," though he never examined—nor intended to examine—the "*doctrinal system*" itself, nor weighed "*the many arguments*" contained in it! This would justify a harsher reproof than I am willing to inflict—"La vérité par elle-même blesse assez sans y ajouter des termes forts."

If the above statement—drawn from the confessions of the reviewer himself—shock the candid reader, what will he think when he hears the same writer say, that "*eleven-twelfths or more* of the production consists of the results of chemical analysis, facts in natural philosophy, natural history, comparative anatomy, mathematics, and intricate arithmetical calculations?" Not one of which does the reviewer venture to impugn; not one of which does he examine! No! he says, he did not intend it! What then *did* he intend, if "*eleven-twelfths or more*" of my publication were to be overlooked in the review of it? It appears that the *less* than *one-twelfth* has furnished him matter for *nine* pages. But though scarcely a single digit of my Essay has escaped the obscurity of this review, I hope it will emerge from the umbræ of that opaque body, which has thrust itself in between the light of "*scientific demonstration*" and the public mind, however it may have for a moment—in the words of Arnobius—involved it, in "*cæcis obscuritatibus*."

But, Sir, I will not deal with the "*demonstrations*" of the writer in the *Monthly Review* as he has done with mine, though his are, certainly, *not* "*scientific*." Let us hear his reasons—"plentiful as blackberries," and as choice!—why he declined to examine my "*doctrinal system*." The first is because, as he says, "We could neither render the subject clear, instructive, nor amusing." Very well: nobody will dispute the right of the reviewer to measure his own ability by his own standard, though surely he thought the Essay to be either "*instructive or amusing*," or he would not have wasted *nine* pages in the criticism upon it—unless he holds his pages as cheap as I do. But let us go on to his next reason; knowing, he says, in the second place, "that it would still be but entering into a scientific controversy." What! decline an examination of a professedly *new* doctrine because it would lead to controversy! Why, the very business of a reviewer is "*controversy*." He is the champion of the public, ever armed, and ever ready to attack error. If I have assumed false data, he should have exposed my assumptions. If I have reasoned inconclusively, he should have "*controverted*" it. To neglect these was to neglect every thing his readers have a right to expect from him. But, in the third place, he says, "We are aware of our incompetency to do the subject any thing like justice." Why, certainly, the writer of the review must have forgotten his first reason before he unburdened himself of his third; for if the subject were of such importance as to embarrass him with difficulties in "*doing any thing like justice to it*," it must be either "*instructive or amusing*;" for we never talk of "*doing justice*" to a subject which is void of all interest. This is another of his discrepancies; and they look like any thing but *facula* upon the bright page of a review.

strange, and to me almost inexplicable mistake, has crept into page 344 of the where I am made to say what I certainly never did say—that "the only use merely to keep up a due degree of temperature in the animal system," as wished from the opinion of physiologists, who "refer the origin of the act of respiration." What I do say is the same as that which that "the origin of animal heat is in the act of respiration." But they say; for I affirm that this is "almost the sole use of food;" have yet seen has advanced such an opinion. All the authorities, Gregory, Rees, Thompson, Richerand, Magendie, &c., to whom might have been added, declare that food is designed "*ad corpus*," "to supply new matter in place of what has been system" be wrong let it be exploded, and the sooner the many readers of it. And when this part of my Essay is to the *new theory of animal heat* propounded in it, upon the foundation of truth. Why did not this consecrated doctrine of Crawford? Perhaps he to any thing like justice to the subject."

way of objection, to my conclusion respecting a person "of grenadier height, and corresponding says he is, his arguments might have been cast in a much *valent humeri, aut ardua cervix*?" But now for his argument that animals do waste. "As to the perfect analogy supposed to a mechanical and animated body"—query by whom so supposed? by me—"does the former not require frequent additions to repair do the wheels never require oiling?" Well, I must confess that this objection, obvious as it is, certainly escaped me; though I am not quite sure that I ever before understood that "*oiling*" a piece of machinery was intended to make "additions" to it, or to "repair waste." I was simple enough to expect that a new pinion, a new shaft, a new wheel, or, at least, a new cog, would now and then—every other day, at farthest—have been necessary. But "*oil*," I perceive, though not exactly the same thing as *iron*, is capable, by "*assimilation*," of repairing any waste to which machinery is liable: still a butt of it would not go far, if shafts and pillars of iron waste any thing like as fast as the human fabric; for almost *three pounds* of food are required daily to keep in working condition an animal machine which weighs *one hundred and forty pounds only*! This point, however, I abandon as hopeless. But, flushed with victory, the Reviewer comes from "*oiling*" the machine to the paring of his "*nails*," and the loppings of his "*hair*." And he so fortifies his conclusions by the inductive philosophy, that there is no resisting him. Mark! how absolute he is: "We object," he says, "*from our own experience*, and that of *many observations*, that the nails grow as well as the hair." These are his very words. Such a piece of *experimental* knowledge deserves to be written on vellum, and to be deposited amongst the *rarissima*, the uniques, of the British Museum. Who could have thought that "the nails grow as well as the hair?" But, if any one deny it, here we have the authority of a writer in the *Monthly Review*, who affirms, that he knows it "*of his own experience*, and that of *many observations*." Beaten again! I shall never shave myself without trembling, nor suffer the forceps to separate a hair from my head, without thinking what havoc I am making in my system. Here is waste indeed!—*corporis jactura*—quite sufficient to explain the necessity of four meals a day, "*ad eam reparandam*." I am almost afraid that this critical Sampson has all his wit in his locks, and that he had just been shorn before he sat down to the review of my Essay.

But to pass by these insuperable objections brought against my "*doctrinal system*," let me endeavour to set myself right with the Reviewer upon a point—"a very important point," he says—respecting which I have "not spoken out directly or plainly." The point in question is, my own "*corporeal size*." It appears that the Reviewer is not "a Michael Cassio, a great arithmetician," any more than he is acquainted with philosophy, or dialectics; or he might, without a very troublesome equation, have deduced the size of my body from the information contained in the Essay. Of Cruikshank I say, page 84, that "perhaps he was a subject of *twenty stone*. Were I to be coated round with some *eleven stone* more of muscle and fat—dreadful incumbrance!—my hand, probably, would not increase one third of its present surface," that is, bear the same relation to my body which Cruikshank affirmed of his own. Is this problem too difficult for him? Any one of the errand-

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Lord Coke, it is even this. It shall not be said that the British empire are becoming the prey of their own hands will ruin the laws, and none as

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boys of his office would have given him the solution. The almost vulgar piece of wit, that broke out in the passage under consideration, if vernacular among the readers of the *Monthly Review*, wants the stamp of sterling purity, to give it currency out of that province. Something like it might, perhaps, be found at a certain place a little below London-bridge. But, sir, to clasp together the two ends of this string of critical pearls, which runs the length of nine pages, devoted to my little Essay, the Reviewer, in his last sentence, says, "We shall not attempt to weaken the effect of this very pretty theory." No! let it go, right or wrong; "eleven twelfths, or more," of it, we have never touched. Less than one twelfth has served to furnish a good half sheet of letter-press." Is this criticism? the criticism of the nineteenth century? I fancy that a few more such exposures would render the publication of the *Monthly Review* superfluous.

In conclusion, I beg to remind this writer, that Reviewers are not now what they once were, papal autocrats of literature. If they wound dishonourably, or attack unskillfully, there are plenty of literary fields open in which they may be met, and be brought to a fair encounter, whatever their "breadth of shoulder, or grenadier height." And let me also caution him, never to accuse another of being "opinionative," when that other offers "demonstration." He who offers demonstration, puts himself upon a fair trial, and his judge—if competent—can settle to a fraction his claims to credit.—I am, Sir, your most obedient,

WILLIAM GRISENTHWAITE.

To the foregoing letter we willingly grant immediate insertion. If we mistake not, the world owes a large debt to the author of the *Essay on Food*,* a debt which they could most justly, as well as most easily pay by attending to the grounds of his observations. As soon as the nation or any individuals in it shall do so, they will not only best discharge their debt to Mr. Grisenthwaite, but the riddance of all other national and individual debts will become easy.

The old theory respecting food, one now pretty nearly exploded, was to the effect that during the twenty-four hours a certain waste in the animal system took place, and the elaborations from the food were for the purpose of renovating the expenditure so made. It was supposed that a piece of machinery formed with the exactest art, and regulated by the choicest contrivance was yet so imperfect that though weighing only 140lbs. there should yet be a necessity for the daily elaboration of $11\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of Carbon, besides the regular supply of Oxygen and Hydrogen to keep it in repair. It is not credible that such a waste should ensue. What should we think of any human production, in which it was necessary to make allowances so extraordinary for consumption? A supposition such as this is indeed incredible. None but a very thoughtless mind could possibly admit a theory which militates so strongly against the contriver's wisdom. Besides where should the waste be detected in its escape? Not in the perspiration. Nothing is detected there but the slightest imaginable quantity of ascetic acid. The wear cannot take place at the joints, for they are supplied with oil, that enables them to move without any friction. Indeed did we not know to what an amazing extent mankind are misled by appearances, we should be at a loss to conjecture where an opinion could originate so singularly opposed as this to all sound ideas of wisdom and propriety. For it would thus be reducible to a mathematical certainty that the whole animal frame would be renewed, and re-renewed perpetually in the course of a few months; an assertion contrary to all opinion and surpassing all belief.

Mr. Grisenthwaite after much valuable experience and observation, is able to propound another theory, which, with some correction, may probably be better able to stand the rational test. He states, upon the authority of Lavoisier, Davy, Priestley and others, that the average quantity of Carbon

* We repeat the title, "*Essay on Food*, by W. Grisenthwaite," 1838. pp. 120.

consumed daily by any individual is about 11½ ounces: this, however, he thinks is an over statement. It is founded upon the supposition that man breathes 20 times in a minute, and that in the course of 24 hours not less than 40,000 cubic inches of Carbon are consumed. Mr. Grisenthwaite declares that he himself does not breathe more than 14 times a minute when awake, and as it is well known that the breathing is more slow during sleep than in the waking state, it is extremely probable that 14 times is above the average. However, without disputing about these details, he proceeds to show that the quantity of food necessary for the elaboration of 11½ ounces of Carbon is about 1½ lbs. of dried animal fibre, which is equal to nearly 4½ lbs. in the ordinary state, or of dry wheaten flour about 25 ounces.

He then, by a beautiful series of facts, shows that the value of this Carbon in the animal economy is to serve as the basis of heat, and the human body is demonstrated to be a living furnace in which the Carbon serves as the fuel for the expression of heat.

It is a singular idea, and perhaps, from its connexion with proverbial language, somewhat ludicrous, that we breathe and move, and eat, and speak by steam, and yet without any misrepresentation, reserving merely a proper interpretation to the words, this may fairly be stated. Food is shown to be not a provision for waste of any kind, but fuel for the heat elaboration. Its purpose is to enable the Life-spirit to preserve the proper temperature, and by that means sustain all the organisation in the discharge of its appointed functions. It will be seen at once that this view of the subject, which is beautifully established by the author, is well fitted to open to us a new field of inquiry as to the effect that Food must have upon the animal system, and thereby as a condition of mental life.

Sir Isaac Newton, in his philosophical works, speaks of a certain all-pervading Spirit dwelling in every substance, and from its incessant activity giving symmetry to the body in which it resides.

The Mesmerians call it Electro-Magnetism; and indeed it is pretty generally spoken of now-a-days by most scientific men, though under various names. Mr. Cunningham, in his *Essays on Magnetism and Electricity*, declares that the animal temperature is wholly regulated by this two-fold force; which being on the one hand the Magnetic or cooling principle, and on the other the Electric or heating, is evidently calculated to furnish, according to the conditions supplied, either augmented heat or cold.

The food taken being computed in round numbers by Mr. C. at one half Oxygen, and one half combustible substances, Carbon and Hydrogen—the former having affinity for magnetism, and tending therefore to coolness—the latter supplying the condition through which the Electro-magnetic Spirit is capable of eliciting heat; it ought to follow, that if the Spirit is fairly balanced in its electric and magnetic properties, that heat and cold are generated “in equilibrio,” if food of these respective affinities be supplied in equal quantities. Long have the scientific world looked vainly for this harmonious balance, and it is gratifying to find that moral light is now coming to its assistance. The two united must discover it.

In conclusion Mr. Grisenthwaite observes—

“One fact I have already mentioned, which no one can neglect with impunity; to proportion our food to the consumption of it; and not because fortune has prepared a banquet for us, and custom has taught us to sit down at stated times to partake of it, to indulge beyond the demands of nature. A violation of this canon she almost always punishes.” . . . “What the stomach does not digest—and it cannot long digest more than is expended—will visit the bowels with constipation, and load the blood with redundant matters, which can only find their exit by eruptive disease, or congestion, inducing an inflammatory diathesis. I would strongly advise every one, who wishes to enjoy life, to ascertain the *minimum* of food upon which he can subsist. Should he err a little on that side, nature will kindly admonish him of it; if he err in the other extreme, she will punish him.”

"To those, for whom fortune has not prepared a luxurious table, I say, Be thankful to a wise and gracious Providence, that has furnished the meanest fare with as much carbon as the rarest delicacies. And let all be moderated in their pride, when they sit down to refresh nature, by the thought, that they are then only putting coals upon the fire, to keep the machinery of life in action. In this view, what a humiliating picture does the most sumptuous entertainment present!"

We have also on our table other communications on Food—particularly some from certain Vegetable Eaters, who we find are fast increasing in number. We candidly confess that we are of the Children of Jacob—lovers of savory *meats*. This subject, however, forcibly reminds us of a new Edition of Shelley's poetical works, exquisitely edited by Mrs. Shelley, and beautifully published by Mr. Moxon. We have received the first volume. The second will give us opportunity in our next number to enlarge somewhat on the subject. Our readers already know that our hand has elsewhere intermeddled with the theme, and it would appear not without result.

Other Poems also press for reviewal 'The Antidiluvians, or the World Destroyed; a Narrative Poem in Ten Books, by James M'Henry, M.D.' This work professes not epical construction—and perfectly succeeds in realising the author's design—that of a tolerably clever narrative told in blank verse. But there is no attempt at deep thinking—or fine writing, though there are pretensions to poetic diction which are sufficiently well supported. "The Deluge, a Drama, in Twelve Scenes, by John Edmund Reade," the author of an excellent poem on Italy, soars a higher flight. More elegant and graceful than Byron's "Heaven and Earth," it possesses a *moral* consistency to which the more famous poet's production has no claim. We desire to return our thanks to George Stephens, Esq. for more than his present of his "Voice of the Pulpit." This little volume can not be too extensively circulated.

We likewise wish to commend as very generally useful, "The Complete Cabinet-Maker, by J. Stokes." The explanatory and illustrative engravings are of especial utility to the workman and apprentice.

The remainder of our space must be devoted to two extraordinary poems, by W. B. Scott, called "Hades, or the Transit;" and "The Progress of Mind." We cannot but look upon it as peculiarly a sign of the intellect of the time, that there should be so many idiosyncratic productions published. Poetry seems now to be written, not for the many—but the few. The following extract will shew the author to be a poet, with great facility in versifying.

"The angel of death through the dry earth slid,
Like a mole, to the dervish Yan,
Who lay beneath the turf six feet
In the house of the dead; and he smote the lid
With his hammer that shakes the dead Musleman,
And whispered thus through board and sheet:
'Arise! that thy closed eye and ear
May see the things that are, and hear
The melody that can re-create,
And bind again the link of fate.'
The dervise turned in his grave, and rose
On his knees at the sound of the three dread blows.
He was a living man again."

* * *

Other works lie over for reviewal, and shall receive attention in our next number.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

ON Tuesday, Feb. 5th, Parliament was opened by the Queen in person. Nothing was said in Her Majesty's speech relative to the much agitated Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Government intending the question to be an open one. In regard to the *Chartists*, her Majesty was taught to say, "I have observed with pain the persevering efforts which have been made in some parts of the country to excite my subjects to disobedience and resistance to the law, and to recommend dangerous and illegal practices." Parliament has, in these persons, a rival—a "National Convention," which is visited by workmen-delegates from all parts of the empire. There is in such phenomena something for reflection; nor shall we omit to give them our serious consideration. What, compared with these important facts, is the retirement of Lord Glenelg, or the publication of Lord Durham's Report on Canada? Both, however, of these affairs are significant enough in their own little way.

On the first night of the Session, Mr. Villiers gave notice that on the 18th instant he would move that evidence be heard at the Bar on the subject of the existing Corn Laws—and Lord John Russell, that he would oppose the motion. When, however, Sir Robert Peel desired to know the course designed to be adopted by the Ministry relative to the question, his Lordship declined to prejudge its merits.

On the 14th of February, a deputation from the Royal Buckingham Association, headed by the Duke of Buckingham, and attended by 8 or 10 members of Parliament, waited on Lord Melbourne, to ascertain his Lordship's state of mind on this all-engrossing topic. This, however (either by such or other means), is not to be ascertained. It is an open question!

On the evening of Feb. 19th, in the House of Lords, the motion of Lord Brougham that evidence should be heard at the Bar touching the injurious effects of the Corn Laws on the trade and commerce of the country, was discussed, and then, without a division, negatived. Among the speakers were the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Buckingham, Earl Stanhope, and Lord Melbourne. This debate was of high character, and no doubt will be productive of strong results.

We must humbly beg leave to object to what Lord Brougham elected to call "the Catholic ground" that he had assumed on the subject. Said his Lordship, "I take up the Catholic ground, that the interests of *each* class are the interests of *all*." We presume to state that the converse of the proposition is more like the Catholic statement: i. e. that the interests of *all* classes are the interests of *each*. Had we space

or time in this *short* month of February, we could show that this was the tap-root of whatever error may have disfigured his Lordship's arguments on this important question. His Lordship quoted the saying of Sir Josiah Child—that "Land and trade were so linked together that it could never be ill with trade but that land should also suffer." True. But it does not therefore follow that, if you surrender all that is demanded by trade, land must necessarily be benefited. On the contrary, the two powers are, by the law of society, antagonistic, and a balance must be struck between them, in reference to an antecedent principle pre-involving their mutual relations. This principle regards both classes, prothetically, so to speak; and their reciprocal well-being depends on the working it out with equity and according to strict rule, so far as the element in which it works will permit. Of this truth, Sir Josiah Child was aware, and hence was careful to add to the former saying, this one also—"It never can be ill with land, but trade must suffer."

The year 1773-4, Lord Brougham tells us, was an extraordinary one for the manufacturing counties. Hear the eloquent terms in which he speaks of the time:—"The mines of this country, abounding with wealth, poured out their rich treasures, and were worked up into innumerable tools of the most exquisite description; rocks were blasted; forests were cleared; and all the rich materials of the mine were worked up into elegant and useful implements; and by the power of steam the potency of human agency was enlarged, and the face of the country exhibited one skilful workshop, abounding with industrious and skilful artisans, and with the worthiest, and I wish I could say, the wealthiest of manufacturers. During all those years, notwithstanding ten years of one war and ten years of another war—notwithstanding the genius of Washington and the success of Napoleon—in defiance of all the fleets that America could crowd upon the water, and in despite of all the competition to which our arts and commerce had been exposed—not all these things could check the efforts of these wonderful men.

Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.

Seeing the consequences of these things, observing that during these selfsame years the price of agricultural produce was exactly doubled, would there be the slightest reason—the smallest vestige of a pretence—to doubt that Josiah Child was right when he said, 'It never shall be ill with manufacturers, but the land too must feel it.'

To prove this was of course Lord Brougham's point; to prove the opposite truth was equally of course that of the party opposed to him. "The English farmer," said the Duke of Buckingham, "could not compete with the foreign grower who had greater advantages and fewer difficulties." Earl Stanhope "most fully admitted that there was a great increase of foreign manufactories; he was aware that that increase had taken place in many districts, and that in some that had not been mentioned by the noble and learned lord. Such manufacturers had sprung up; but did the noble and learned lord suppose that if, by any legislative measures, the price of corn were lowered in this

country by one shilling a quarter, it would enable the British manufacturer to compete with the foreigner on the continent?" To undersell foreigners in their own markets, the scale of prices and of wages here must be reduced to the level of the continent. Even then we could not succeed in underselling the foreign market; for would the governments of those countries, to gratify the spirit of inordinate gain which distinguishes the manufacturers of this country, allow such importation to take place when it must utterly crush and extinguish their own manufacturers? Suppose that the English manufacturer could obtain a sort of patent and exclusive privilege, not only in this island and its colonies, but throughout the whole habitable globe, if other nations had the insanity to allow it; and if, which was equally impossible, the subjects of other powers had the baseness to submit to it—still to attain the object it would be requisite to reduce most considerably, not by one shilling, nor by five shillings, but by an enormous amount, the wages of labour in this country. If we reduce considerably the price of provisions, we at once drive out of employment a considerable number of agricultural labourers, and expose them to all the horrors of famine, or consign them to the tender mercies of the New Poor Law. The repeal of the Corn Laws would also revolutionise Ireland, and lead to the Repeal of the Union. In fine, Earl Stanhope concluded with doubting the right of the House of Commons to entertain a subject affecting the rate of wages, seeing that the labouring classes were not represented in that House.

The Duke of Richmond argued that, if the British manufacturers were damaged in the foreign market, and by the improvement which foreigners had introduced into their manufactures, they had themselves to blame in having permitted the exportation of British machinery. By the repeal of the Corn Laws the home market would suffer. Moreover, it had invariably been the case that the rate of wages was always reduced lower than the price of corn. In a few years, also, a great portion of the land would go out of cultivation.

The Duke of Wellington stated that when the Corn Laws were passed in 1804, their object was to afford protection to the agricultural interest of this country. An alteration might affect a large portion of the country; indeed all classes of Her Majesty's subjects. He firmly believed that the laws could not be altered without incurring great risk—without exposing the agricultural interest to great deprivations, and those connected with it to utter ruin; the fact being that agriculture could not exist without protection.

In reply, Lord Brougham denied that the price of labour is governed by the price of wheat; the price of labour is not regulated by the price of provisions, but by the demand and supply of labour itself. It was true enough that the price of provisions did affect labour in a round-about way, by increasing the population; but it was a great delusion to suppose that reduction in the price of labour did not benefit the workman as much as the master. He conceded that the more direct benefit was to the master, but it was ultimately greater to the workman.

Such is a philosophical analysis of the debate; the result of it was, that the existence of antagonist forces was demonstrated in the opposite

propositions adverted to ; but the point of reconciliation was never so much as indicated.

In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, 19th Feb., the motion of Mr. Villiers came on. The only thing at all remarkable in the speech of the opener was a quotation from Solomon—"He that withholdeth the corn, the people shall curse him." Nor is it until we come to the speech of Lord Stanley, that we find anything again worthy of notice. "It was said," he remarked, "that the Corn Laws were the cause of manufacturing distress ; yet was it not proved that the number of manufacturers had increased ? Consequently there must have been an increase in the amount of articles manufactured ! He dared to say that the manufacturers did not make such large profits as formerly. But could that be expected when the nation lapsed into a state of peace, after a war of unusual duration ? Take the case of the growth of a child ! Was it to be said, because it grew three inches when it was six or seven years old, that therefore it was to grow in the same proportion at the age of nineteen, when it only grew one ? And was it to be contended, that, because manufacturers in their infancy had been more prosperous than in their manhood, that the Corn Laws had been the *cause* of the change ?" This is a most happy illustration, and has almost the face of direct analogical evidence, so germane is it to the question.

To the speech of Sir Robert Peel we have not room to do justice ; so eloquent, so just, so comprehensive, yet so logically compact ! "This," said he, "is a tenants' question as much as a landlords' ; and when the house came to the consideration of the main subject, they would find it was a labourers' question ! The anticipated good could only arise from a reduction of wages ; meantime, the labourer could not be benefited by a general alteration of the Corn Laws." Mr. Villiers had confessed that factories had been established, but with a grave face he added that no profit had been derived from them. Did gentlemen recollect, that when the farmer complained in 1833, that he was pursuing his avocations without profit, what ridicule they had cast upon him ? In fine, Sir Robert Peel is of opinion, that, do what we may with the Corn Laws, while there is peace, we cannot make ourselves an exclusive cotton manufactory for the whole civilised world ; nor should we repine at the progressive prosperity of other nations. To a feeling so cosmopolitical we cannot do other than respond. The motion was lost by a large majority. Ayes 172. Noes 361. Majority 189.

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PART THE SECOND.

(Continued from page 129.)

IN Milton's dramatic efforts, the Greek theatre was always present to his imagination. From the writings of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the shapes were derived in which his conceptions were embodied. The Greek drama being an effluence from the lyric poem, partook more of enjoyment than of action. The characters, also, were ideal and statuesque, and the whole possessed more of the poet and less of ordinary nature than is proper to the theatrical exhibitions of modern times. *We* expect repose in an epic, in a drama activity. But there is more activity and variety in the Iliad than in all the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles. Euripides, however, summoned the Muse of Tragedy to descend from the pedestal whereon she stood in plastic majesty, in the public places and beneath the open sky, and introduced her to the domestic hearth and the stirring intercourse of familiar occupation. Milton, in his Samson Agonistes, evidently endeavoured to reconcile the distinguishing characteristics of "these three tragick poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy." He has subordinated the chorus to the action, and blended both with unexampled skill and effect. But the character of Samson resembles most the Prometheus of Æschylus (which, it has been said, he had before taken as his model for Satan in the Paradise Lost), and the Oedipus and Philoctetes of Sophocles. Yet it is not drawn as either of those great poets would have portrayed it. It is modified by the example of Euripides, and still more by the more daring departures, in recent times, from the models of the great fathers of tragedy; and particularly in his own country, by Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, "those two wild swans that sang together," of whose works several imitations occur in the Samson Agonistes. Though cast in the mould of the ideal, the poet has not elevated the character of Samson above the stature of humanity; but endeavoured, not in vain, to include it within certain limits of individuality; in which he was, perhaps, assisted by the similarity of his hero's fortunes with his own; and it is thought that he found the character a convenient outlet for the expression of his own feelings and opinions. Milton, however, must not be mistaken for an egotist. As a poet, he has nothing in common with that morbid

representation of self in all his portraitures, which peculiarly distinguished the productions of one who was among the greatest of our own age and country. In whatever he does, indeed, the poet is always conspicuous, but never the man. This, as we have before observed, was also the case with Shakspeare, for the purpose of keeping up the variety of the scene. Shakspeare, however, produces his character in parts, and exhibits it at intervals; while with Milton it is always present, and, thoroughly elaborated, remains constantly before us; like an animated statue, miraculously eloquent of all the deeds done in the flesh, by the heroic person of whom it is representative.

It is amusing to read Hume's opinion of the genius of Shakspeare, whom he describes as "born in a rude age, and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction either *from the world or from books.*" How it happened that knowledge, at all entrances, became quite shut out from the mind of Shakspeare, requires solution; but if it be true, it is only the more astonishing how he contrived to exhibit the creations of his fancy in the moulds of the world in a manner so characteristic of his genius—it is still more surprising that he should have presented them with such ideal attributes as are only supposed producible by cultivated minds. But still the circumstances of Shakspeare's early life are such as to justify us in distinguishing him, in all educational acquirements, from his great successor.

These, however, have, by some writers, been stated at too low a mark, and by others exaggerated beyond probability. There are evidences in his works of some acquaintance with the productions of classical antiquity. Certain it is that in many passages he has made excellent use of mythological embellishment, which, as the unlearned had not, in his day, the benefit of classical dictionaries, must have been derived to him from sources more immediate. If he drank not at the original fountains, the kindred spirit in which his allusions are conceived is not the least astonishing peculiarity of his most catholic genius, which by mere intuition could enter thus into the very soul of centuries long since departed, and of countries far away, and existing only as ruins among which lay "the ancient spirit," if not "dead," yet

"carelessly diffused
With languished head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandoned,
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'erworn and soiled."

Shakspeare's life, however, at no period had been of that scholastic habit, which was the ordinary mode of Milton's existence, and he was compelled, by the necessities of the stage in his times, to present a more popular exhibition of human nature to the audience than was to be found in the productions of Greece. The origin of the English drama was different from that of Greece, and was more of an original creation, for it was not an adaptation of a previous form of poetry to a different end, but a distinct species in itself, originating in specific principles, and the direct result of a peculiar tendency of human nature. Proceeding from that desire of imitation, to which Aristotle ascribes the origin of poetry, it had probably manifested itself before the representation of the

Mysteries and Moralities which are the earliest existing specimens of the dramatic art in England. For is it not likely that the earliest poets had endeavoured at some rude form of dramatic imitation, like *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, and *The Four P's* of John Heywood?—of which sort of entertainment advantage might have been taken to communicate a knowledge of the truths of religion and philosophy to the vulgar mind. Might it not be reasonably supposed that the monks only made use of the art, thus probably invented by the minstrels, which they converted, not illaudably to their mythical purposes? Or rather has there not always been a mythical school that delighted in dramatic representation of truth philosophical or religious? Hayley, with his accustomed feebleness and elegance, observes, "that enthusiasm was the characteristic of Milton's mind. In politics it made him sometimes too generously credulous, and sometimes too rigorously decisive; but, in poetry, it exalted him to such a degree of excellence as no man has hitherto surpassed." This state of feeling is, however, not at all discoverable in the productions of Shakspeare. A German critic attributes Shakspeare's "skill in characterisation to a secret irony which is the grave of enthusiasm. Notwithstanding (continues the critic) his power in exciting the most fervent emotions, he manifests in himself the cool indifference of a superior mind, which has run through the whole circle of human existence, and survived feeling."

Ardent by constitution, and a poet by nature, the genial influences of early instruction were not lost on such a mind as Milton's; but were answered by correspondent fruits, the produce of no ungrateful soil. His native aptitude, impregnated with the seeds of knowledge, soon germinated into youthful efflorescence. The juvenile productions of Milton are indicative as well of the natural fertility of the soil, as the excellence of the cultivation. There is no less genius than learning displayed in his "Verses on the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough," written at the age of seventeen. Nothing can be more simple than the subject—nothing more elaborate than the execution. It is the language of grief translated into classical allusions. But an intellectual energy pervades and supports the whole; the power of imagination hovers above it, and it is stamped with the express image of the poet's mind. The signet of his genius is upon it; it is sealed with his ideal identity. Elevated to that state of excitement in which poetry lives and breathes, all his classical recollections throng upon him to illustrate and embellish his simple theme. It is in this power of concentration that enthusiasm consists; like all passion, "it draws all things to one end, and makes them serve to one purpose." A classical education has a tendency to produce this habit of mind. The objects of study and models for imitation are proposed as of exclusive excellence, and too frequently, perhaps, as the points of perfection beyond which human intellect would in vain venture to proceed. Thus it is, that the fire is nursed in its earliest elements, not smothered, but concealed, and gathers strength in secrecy to bear the breath of public commotion. Not only, however, does this kind of study nurse the flame, but frequently supplies the spark and provides the fuel. The literature of the ancients is precisely such as is calculated to kindle the finest feelings of pure patriotism and fervent piety, and is especially inflammatory of poetical ambition. Our Milton,

also, had fed upon the Holy Scriptures, and strengthened his affection for them by the study thereof in the original tongues. The sense of difficulty overcome adds to our pleasure, and no doubt increased his in the perusal of the Hebrew books, and led him on to the knowledge of the Rabbinical writings from which he derived so much advantage. Whatever is excellent in the Greek and Roman literature belongs to the Bible in still higher perfection. The knowledge thus acquired, Milton was desirous of turning "to the honour and instruction of his country. For which cause," he says,

"I applied myself to the resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end—(that were a toilsome vanity)—but to be an interpreter, and relater of the best and sagest things, among mine own citizens throughout this island, in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or Modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, *with this over and above, of being a Christian*, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though, perhaps, I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small, by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics."^{*}

It was happy for Milton that his mind took this extensive range in the pursuit of knowledge and the ends of study, otherwise his enthusiasm might have reduced him to the rank of a pedant or sectarian. But in nothing is he more distinguished from the public writers of his own age than in the free scope which he takes in his subjects and illustrations. In those times, when political and religious ferment was at the highest, he was enabled, by the wider horizon of his intellect, to avoid those errors into which the partizans of sects and systems are perpetually liable to fall. We must not judge of the old puritans by Milton. They were only parts of him, not he of them. Their enthusiasm, directed as it was to the highest object of adoration, and proportionally intense, was intolerant of participation. Not only were diversions "and pastimes, all that is delightful to man," proscribed by them, but the discoveries of science, the productions of art, and the recreations of literature, were regarded with equal jealousy, and stood alike in contrast with the realities of religion as illusory and fictitious; and for the profane relics of heathen idolaters they had no endurance. But their prejudice was only in proportion to their ignorance; and from the former Milton was preserved by his freedom from the latter. In the light and liberty, as well as the power of knowledge, he saw all things;—"his visual nerve was purged with euphrasy and rue. And, from the well of life, three drops instilled," prepared his eyes for the prospect of that high hill of speculation whence he had "much to see." He had experienced the beneficial tendency of these peculiar studies, and attained an insight into, and a feeling for their excellence and beauty. He perceived the dignity of human genius and its works, and their intimate connexion with whatever is sublime in nature or in man, and the highest interests of morality and religion.

^{*} Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty.—P. 72, Vol. i, Burnett's edition.

It would be well if religious men could rise above the narrow limits of their peculiar dogmas, and observe the processes of providence in the general history of the world. They confine their attention too exclusively to its manifestations with respect to the Jewish people. It will be asked, were they not the depositories of the sacred Oracles, and are not in these the mysterious ways of God to men peculiarly justified? Granted: they were his favoured people; "but had he not also regard to the children of the Gentiles? Is he the God of the Jews only? is he not also of the Gentiles? Yes of the Gentiles also." And in the Messiah was to be the desire of all lands, and the hope of many nations. May it not be rationally supposed, that other Countries were also secretly prepared by divine direction, though not by express revelation, for the reception of that truth in which they were intended to participate? The fact is, that all things had been tending from the beginning, for the success of the Christian Revelation, and the mind of man had just arrived at that point of discipline in its probation and progress, which rendered it especially susceptible of the salutary influence of the Gospel. The way of the Lord had been prepared; his path had been made straight.

The Jews appear to have been set apart for the preservation of the idea of the Invisible God, and of all that was especially spiritual, for which the world, then only in its nonage, was not ripe, and a faith in which the unassisted reason and will had not been sufficiently cultivated to maintain. From them the Greeks derived whatever is ideal in literature, philosophy and art; which the Romans endeavoured to embody and reduce to practice, but with imperfect success. The Master spell was wanting. Christianity wound-up the charm.

It was as it were, the manhood of the World, which, uniting together the products of these separate dispensations, took advantage of the mature development thus gradually produced of all the faculties of the human mind, and obtained over it a universal dominion, equally in the intellect and the senses, as in the reason and the will.

But of this harmony in the dispensations of providence, the puritans had experienced no perception, and their ignorance was equally fatal to their political prudence as to their religious charity. Milton was elevated far above them in both particulars. Though he might not have descended so deeply into the philosophy of History, or achieved so high a reach in speculation, as our remarks imply, yet he had felt the spirit of Truth with which the productions of human genius had been in all ages pervaded; his understanding had been informed by them, and his reason enlightened. He was besides not only a poet but a philosopher, and claimed a wider range of speculation than is proper to a mere religionist. Designed for holy orders, he refused subscription to the articles, and had no inclination for any other profession. "He," says Dr. Newton, "had too free a spirit to be limited and confined, and was for comprehending all sciences, but professing none." This placed him at an immeasurable distance from those with whom he acted, and may serve to account for the apparent neglect with which some of his political and religious writings were received at the time, and into which they afterwards fell. It was not the visionary nature alone of their contents, but their superiority to mere party and sectarian views, that rendered them but of little value with mere partizans and sectarians.

Milton was as far before his own age, as he is, perhaps, behind ours. But it is not on his principles that we have improved, but in our experience of their practical operation. This has enabled us to make allowances of which he foresaw not the necessity, the better to secure the great objects of contention. Moreover, his ideas are not practical but speculative, and were too pure for his own time, and, perhaps, not sufficiently embodied for any; and in his own language we may say of him as he said of Plato, "that he fed his fancy in making many edicts to his airy burgomasters." His conception of a free Commonwealth,— "wherein they who are the greatest, are perpetual servants and drudges to the public at their own costs and charges, neglect their own affairs, yet are not elevated above their brethren, live soberly in their families, walk the street as other men, may be spoken to freely, familiarly, proudly, without adoration,"* would not be likely to square with the feelings of revolutionists, generally ambitious of distinction, however just their cause and patriotic their intentions. To this state of perfect disinterestedness even the best men of our day have not yet arrived, neither is it proper that they should, if their ambition be laudable and its object of public utility, attain to it; and even if they had the wish and the will to profess it both speculatively and practically it would not be permitted by a grateful Commonwealth.

But though the mind of Milton was so much more comprehensive than that of his contemporaries, yet was not his zeal the less warm nor his affection the less intense. In proportion as his ideas were pure and elevated, the more lasting was likely to be his love, and the more sincere his attachment. Visionary he was in expecting to realise his glowing anticipations, and ardent in the cause which he had espoused, but the largeness of his views precluded his enthusiasm from concentrating itself on some petty succedaneum of self-interest and private ambition, to which many great minds, after witnessing the failure and disappointment of their earliest hopes, have been not seldom reduced. He survived the shocks of faction, and remained what he had always been, a rock towering above the surrounding billows, from whose summit the genius of the storm had issued his mandate of wrath to tumultuous elements, but had now left him desolate and disregarded, as if he had contributed nothing to the grandeur of the tempest. Like his own Samson, however, he at last "fulfilled the work for which he was foretold to Israel," and "heroically finished a life heroick," in the composition of poems in which he was at full liberty to indulge his aspirations after the perfect and permanent, and realised them in works of consummate excellence and unfading beauty.

There are some critics, and many readers, who, judging of works of genius according to their peculiar tastes, alternately exalt one poet at the expence of another, thus covertly giving the preference to their characteristic dispositions, rather than ascertaining on sufficient grounds, the distinctive merits of the authors, on whom they profess to decide. It is well said by Dr. Henry Moore, the Platonist, "The spirit of every poet is not alike, nor his works alike suitable to all dispositions. As

* The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth. Vol. ii. p. 596. Burnett's Edition.

Io, the reciter of Homer's verses, professeth himself to be snatched away with an extraordinary fury or extasie at the repeating of Homer's Poesie, but others so little to move him that he could even fall asleep, so that no man is rashly to condemn another man's labour in this kind, because he is not taken with it, as wise or wiser than himself may.—But this is a main piece of idolatry and injustice in the world, that every man would make his private genius an universal god; and would devour all men's apprehensions by his own fire, that glows so hot in him, and (as he thinks) shines so clear."

To correct this propensity our remarks have had an evident tendency, and it would not be absurd to suppose that, under other circumstances, Milton might have written *Lear*, and Shakspeare *Paradise Lost*. It would be a curious question to enquire what powers, and whether superior in kind or degree, the latter production would require in the poet, that would not be equally necessary in the composition of the former. Curran is said to have been in the habit of amusing his convivial parties with a set speech on the *Paradise Lost*, in which he pretended to prove that Milton had improperly treated the subject, and with no little triumph proceeded to shew how it should have been conducted. It would be curious to speculate upon the manner in which it might have been executed by Shakspeare.

In all that relates to construction, Milton is considered so faultless that it is with considerable risk even a Curran can venture to impute to him any incorrectness. Dr. Johnson thought he had discovered that the *Samson Agonistes* wanted a middle, and that nothing passes between the first act and the last which either hastens or delays the catastrophe, and, on this supposed discovery, triumphantly exclaimed—"Yet this is the tragedy which ignorance has admired, and bigotry applauded!" Cumberland, however, successfully undertook to demonstrate that every incident tended to promote the proposed result. The measure of verse used in the chorus, once condemned, is now pretty generally approved for a barbaric harmony, that is strictly in accordance with the subject.

Milton was, indeed, particularly careful of symmetry and proportion, requisites to which preceding poets were somewhat inattentive. We shall find it much easier to recollect the order and disposition of the *Paradise Lost* than of some of Shakspeare's plays, though the former be the larger poem. This will be found a good test. They, however, will err grossly, who impute to Shakspeare a defect of skill in the construction of his plots; however much they may want a certain mechanical conformity, their organic arrangement, which is determined by the nature of the subject, is always finely preserved. Milton's reverence for antiquity, and desire after perfection, induced him to attempt the union of both excellences. A piece is not unwieldy on account of its length, but of its irregularity—this is the case with Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. Milton's great work, as Campbell has justly observed, is like a dome whose vast dimensions are at first sight concealed by its excellent symmetry, but which expands on acquaintance. Or, to be with Byron more imaginative, and to compliment at once both reader and poet—the first how highly, the second only adequately—it may likened to the Church of St. Peter's at Rome:—

"Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not!
 And why?—it is not lessened; but thy mind
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow!"

So far from the genius of Milton being repugnant to his success as a dramatic poet, it is evident that his mind had an early and decided tendency towards tragedy, and he had a desire to shoot in this Ulyssean bow to the latest period of his life. Yielding to the earliest bias of his mind, Milton intended to have represented the subject of *Paradise Lost* dramatically, but was probably deterred by considerations which would most likely have determined Shakspeare in his first choice. The subject was too extensive, too full, too varied, for the limited province which he attributed to the tragic muse. The action was too great for the established regulations by which he had elected to abide. Perceiving that his argument could not at all be included within those limits, he tried it in the shape of a Mystery or Morality; but, apparently not being able to reconcile his mind to extravagance of style and structure, happily resolved to exhibit it in an epic connexion. Since, from its nature, the subject of the *Paradise Lost* could not be represented on the stage, for the closet it was best written in the form of a narrative poem. Milton's mind was ever instinctively abhorrent of extravagance. Even when he tried his early strength in a less irregular species of the drama, the masque, he moulded his "*Comus*" into a stricter conformity with the ancient models, and deprived that form of composition of many fanciful caprices in which much of its charm consists, the loss of which, however, he compensated by a successful elevation of the entire work into a more imaginative and purer element.

Among the excellences of *Paradise Lost* are to be found those which are proper to the ancient drama—earnestness, energy, and compression. Though constructed after the "diffuse model," as he calls it, it has none of the diffuseness of Homer; and in some parts there is a vehemence and passion only elsewhere to be found in the productions of Melpomene. The paucity of human persons also reminds us of the simple groups of *Æschylus*; and the solitary adventure of Satan, gives a prominence to his part, resembling the continual presence of the hero on the Grecian stage. With this there is a studious admixture of the liberties of the modern theatre. The stormy councils in Pandemonium—and the meeting of Satan with Sin and Death, have a strong dramatic effect. The change of scene and variety of action, so far as the subject was capable of such mutations, suggest resemblances to the modern play, though peculiarly proper to the ancient epopee. In his diction he is like none of his prototypes whether tragic or epic. It is complex and elaborated, such as could not be written until a certain stage of progression had been attained in the poetical art, and is equally beyond imitation and rivalry.

It will have been seen that Milton was no servile adherent to classical authorities. That he recognised other models is evident from his fre-

quent imitations of the minor poets in his own language—his intentions regarding the Mysteries and Moralities—and his adoption of the Masque. In fact, in all these he absolutely evinced the independence and originality of his genius. We have shewn, that though he strictly observed the regularity of his great poem, he was no enemy to any innovation that might be considered an improvement; and, in his adoption of the Masque, he was equally careful to modify it after his own manner, and to perfect it by the addition of extrinsic improvements. He selected all that was poetical in his exemplars, purified of whatever was profane; and fulfilled better than any other poet, the *beau idéal* of that form of composition.

All poetry is a translation of nature into intelligence, or an attempt to reduce the purely intellectual to the conditions of external reality. It is a struggle to express the ideal in the types of material sublimity and beauty. In this struggle the poet is generally baffled; very seldom he finds language capable of doing justice to his thoughts. The reader, also, if imaginative, is equally hard to be satisfied; and it may be doubted whether the same impression is ever received which the poet intended to convey; for almost every one reads with associations of his own, and modifies the meaning of the finest passages. But whatever approaches nearest to this ideal, whether of poet or reader, has the best claim to the title of poetry.

Milton has surpassed the ideal of most readers, as far as he has fallen short of his own; for that he had not satisfied himself even in his "*Paradise Lost*," is evident from his preference of the "*Paradise Regained*." What the ground of his preference was it may be difficult to determine; but it was probably partly on account of the more dramatic form in which the poem was cast, and the more intellectual nature of the subject, which was of a

"great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles,"

and was free from that necessity which was imposed upon him by the subject of "*Paradise Lost*," to embody the spiritual in images derived from matter, of which so much has been said by Dr. Johnson relative to the battle of the Angels; upon which we reserve our remarks to a subsequent part of this paper.

In the Masque of "*Comus*," Milton has elevated an unimportant incident occurring in real life, into the shadowy magnificence of a vision or fable, in which the romantic and classic are harmoniously blended. He transplanted it into the pleasant land of faëry, of which the two Brothers and their Sister became instantly naturalized as the denizens, and where

"All the shadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance, their murmurs joined,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers."

There is a severity of versification in Milton's "*Comus*," to which "*The Faithful Shepherdess*" is an utter stranger, but which is partaken in a great degree by the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," and the "*Tempest*." In "*the Fair Shepherdess*" the versification is bound by

no laws ; controlled by no propriety. Like "the great deity for earth too ripe, it lets its divinity overflowing die in music." The rhyme is to it as a dam stopping its course for a while, but to provoke its resistless overflow ; and sometimes it descends

"—with the voice of thunder, and in brightness,
O'er its precipitous way, yet musical"—

as a magnificent cataract, on which rests a morning iris, evanescent but beautiful, "like Hope upon a death-bed," or "Love watching Madness," softening its rugged progress and lawless violence. It has no mechanism, it disdains all rules, and will have its own sweet will and way ; and he who would observe its course must submit to its tortuous windings, its angular projections, its abrupt divisions, well content with the more manifold images with which, by those means, it makes him acquainted—the momentary prospects which are thus opened—the glimpses of varying scenery—the many paths, light or obscure, whence heaven is seen in its infinite expansion—"the freshness of space"—or partially perceived between "the swell of turf and slanting branches"—and with the melody by which the wavelets of the pellucid current are ever accompanied, making the air pregnant with magic, and the banks pleasant with enchantment. The hand that would touch with effect the "oat of pastoral stop" must be a wizard's. He must "bid it discourse" dulcet and lofty music, but must produce this by no reference to the gamut, by none of the common means, not by attention to rule and measure ; but it must come upon the ear like the unearthly sounds of an Æolian shell, as fearlessly and freely—like

"The vague sighings of the wind at even,
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea,
And dies on the creation of its breath."

Fletcher has, indeed, successfully produced these sounds. The stories of Shakspere's two Pastorals are certainly superior to Fletcher's Fable. They are imagined with more delicacy and more dignity ; but not executed with more sweetness of sentiment, or so much delicious wilfulness of versification—a versification which may sometimes cloy from its lusciousness, but which is so redolent of Spring, and Love, and Poesy, that none other appears so suited to the simplicity of the subject, or so capable of expressing the fantastic combinations which it admits and requires—so capable of echoing the sating, yet "faint breath of music, that fills out its voice and dies away again," proper to pastoral poetry, which is as a dream

"Of idleness in groves Elysian,"

and, like our ideas of Arcady, indistinct as all our notions of happiness must inevitably be.

It may be said that the imagery and the sense are dependant on the rhyme. Blank verse might have been more consonant to the free exuberant soul of the poet ; but Fletcher wears his chains gracefully, and shews, by the use to which he puts them, and the assistance which he makes them render, that he knew how to overleap the barriers that opposed his genius, and betrays the sportive purpose for which they are

assumed—for which the happy captivity is willingly endured. Nor though the thought appear evolved from the rhyme, is the thought dependant on the rhyme. Still sense predominates over the sound, that at the termination of each line seems to listen for an invisible echo from the intellectual voice—for some new idea, which shall as unexpectedly comport with the current one, as the concluding syllable of the following line will chime-in with that which terminates the present, surprising the ear and the mind with a complicated sensation of difficulty and ease, mysteriously united in harmonious correspondence. Thus is the material medium of the poet's thoughts kept in perpetual reference to the idea which, in the rhythm and rhyme of a later period, is mechanised, and contracted or extended to suit the Procrustes' couch of a monotonous versification. The extracts we shall have occasion to make from "The Fair Shepherdess" will illustrate our meaning. A contrast of these passages, with some from Gay's Pastoral Tragedy of "Dione," would illustrate the appositeness or impropriety of this sort of versification. It is a matter of feeling—it would be absurd to reason upon it.

Milton, in the lyrical portion of "Comus," has imitated this luxuriancy, but chastened with a "Doric delicacy;" and has released himself from all restraint in the dialogue by the adoption of blank verse, in which he has endeavoured to produce a similar effect, by means of an ornate diction, and the interposition of rural images and mythological allusions. But it is principally by means of allegorical embellishment that he preserves the story in an ideal region. The same purpose in the "Fair Shepherdess" is accomplished by a continual reference to the moral of the piece, which is the same as that of "Comus."

This continually recurring moral is illustrated by the reverence which the rude Satyr observes towards Clorin, who has sworn eternal constancy to her "buried love"—a reverence referred to the peculiar power with which the poet has endowed chastity. Milton has concentrated and improved Fletcher's idea, as indeed he improved every thing that he honoured with imitating. In Fletcher it is spread over the poem, and the interest of the plot hinges upon it. It meets the reader at every turn, combined and complicated in every possible manner. Thenot, in love with Clorin, is attracted because of her constancy to the dead; and this romantic passion is only to be subdued by the inconstancy of Clorin. In this novel and perplexing situation, he may well ask,

"Where shall be found that man that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded?"

In this strain of high enthusiasm he addresses the constant virgin.

"'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high
And smooth as Pelop's shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamelled richly; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,

Able in endless error to enfold
 The wondering soul ; not the true perfect mould
 Of all your body, which as pure doth shew
 In maiden whiteness as the Alpsien snow :
 All these, *were but your constancy away,*
 Would please me less than a black stormy day
 The wretched seaman toiling thro' the deep.
 But, while this honoured strictness you dare keep,
 Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
 In the great womb of air, were settled here,
 In opposition, I would, like the tree,
 Shake off these drops of weakness, and be free
 E'en in the arm of danger."

The enthusiasm, throughout "The Fair Shepherdess," expressed of the saving quality created by poetry for maidenhood, is noble—it has all the fervour of original conception, and all the rapture which genius feels when a new idea is born into the world. The thoughts breathe, and the words burn. Milton has entered as fully and freely into this sentiment as if it originated with himself ; and perhaps the discovery of it, in the works of a precursor, served only as an echo to the suggestions of his own chaste spirit :

" Chastity—

She that has that is clad in complete steel,
 And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandite or mountaineer
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity :
 Yea, there, where very desolation dwells
 By grots, and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
 Be it not done in pride or in presumption.
 Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time ;
 No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do you believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
 To testify the arms of chastity ?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow," &c.

And so the poet proceeds increasing in solemnity while treating of

"—the sublime notion, and high mystery,
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of virginity."

In Spenser's "Fairy Queen," also, the Lion is made to pay homage to the Virgin Una, and to defend her. The "Sad Shepherd" of Ben Jonson presents a perfect contrast to these examples.

It is impossible to sufficiently admire the dexterity with which Milton, in the due exercise of his art, and his right of selection, has blended the

peculiar excellences of his models, in a combination as exquisite as ingenious. A serious poet, he was induced to reject the admixture of "comic stuff," and inclined to the statelier measure of versification, exemplified in the more imaginative productions of Shakspeare, rather than to the wild and overleaping versification of the fantastical composition of Fletcher, whose spirit he, nevertheless, adopted in the general tone, and his rythmical license in the lyrical portion of his work. These distinctions he united with the "learned sock" of Jonson, but free from all tendency to the grotesque, and accompanied with a solemn grace, and unexampled grandeur, peculiarly his own. Such critics, therefore, who think that he was bound down by classic rules, or any other models, would as much mistake his poetical character, as they who should suppose him to be an advocate of despotism in any shape would his political. But they would equally mistake him in both, who should conclude him to be uninfluenced by antiquity or authority in either. In his religious speculations he was equally daring; but even where he most departs from the orthodox creed, as in several parts of his "Christian Doctrine," he is careful to accumulate Scriptural texts in support of his opinion. In his intellect was comprehended all that had been accomplished in the different countries and ages of the world, while the mind of the human race was under process of development, together with the result of its combination, and the perfection of its united excellences in the Christian Revelation, to which he added whatever helps the works of genius in all languages, since that period, might administer to the accomplishment of his own understanding and reason. He was inferior to Shakspeare as respected the cultivation of his common sense, which enabled the latter to shadow forth his ideas in the shapes of his own experience; but he was superior to him in the loftiness of his inspiration, and the purity of his fancy. His power of invention was equally prolific, but his materials were of a different quality, and fewer in number.

We have seen with what ease and effect Milton could convey the real into the purely imaginative; the task is however of superlative difficulty to express with propriety things spiritual by sensible analogies. The impressions of sense are immediately arranged by us every minute of our lives under the laws of the intellect, and generalized by the understanding; but it is with difficulty and labour we reverse the process, and reduce our ideas of what is supernatural to the corresponding emblem in nature, which shall best express its peculiar attribute. Our perceptions in these respects are so obscure that scarcely any image is sufficiently refined and remote to harmonize with the feeling that the poet would willingly excite in the reader. There are also some critics, who would not express the actions of spirits by any images drawn from matter—even by such mere abstractions as "contraction and remove"—or, if such images must be admitted, object to the poet's obtruding the spirituality of his agents on the reader's notice at all. This was Dr. Johnson's opinion—it would, however, not only confine the poet's invention within a very limited province, but, to fulfil the first requisition, would require a different language from any that was ever in use among men. For language is not a spiritual but a material instrument, and words, if they are the signs of ideas, as stated by Locke, are signs

chiefly of those ideas which are derived from sensation, and have reference to matter, and are only applied by analogy to the operations of mind. In all other respects they are only spoken hieroglyphics. So fettered was the most ancient language in this respect, that, as Milton himself observes, the idea of eternity in the Hebrew Scriptures is only expressed by a phrase, signifying "of old time or antiquity."—Thus, to adopt his own language, "it is conveyed in the Hebrew Tongue rather by comparison and deduction than in express words." How co-essential with the Being of Man ~~must~~ have been this idea, to exist in its full meaning in spite of the inadequacy of all expressions, to communicate it from mind to mind. But such, and similar ideas are not propagated, neither, indeed, can be; but must and do pre-exist in the human reason, and only wait for the touch of some Ithuriel spear, to awaken into vigour and kindle into animation.

Lord Byron, in his letter to Mr. Bowles, has pushed this principle much farther. "In speaking," says he, "of artificial objects I have omitted to touch upon one, which I will now mention. Cannon may be presumed to be as highly poetical as art can make her objects. Mr. Bowles will, perhaps, tell me that this is because they resemble that grand natural sound in heaven and simile on earth—Thunder. I shall be told triumphantly that Milton made sad work with his artillery when he armed his devils therewithall. He did so, and this artificial object must have had much of the sublime to attract his attention for such a conflict. He has made an absurd use of it; but the absurdity consists not in using *cannon* against the angels of God, but any *material* weapon. The thunder of the clouds would have been as ridiculous and vain in the hands of the devils, as the "villanous saltpetre"—the angels were as impervious to the one as to the other. The thunderbolts become sublime in the hands of the Almighty, not as such, but because *he* deigns to use them as a means of repelling the rebel spirits; but no one can attribute their defeat to this grand piece of natural electricity: the Almighty willed, and they fell: his word* would have been enough; and Milton is as absurd, (and in fact, *blasphemous*) in putting material lightnings into the hands of the God-head, as in giving him hands at all.

"The artillery of the demons was but the first step of the mistake, the thunder the next; and it is a step lower. It would have been fit for Jove, but not for Jehovah. The subject altogether was essentially unpoetical; he has made more of it than another could; but it is beyond him and all men."

Now these objections, if valid at all, will hold good against the whole of the *Paradise Lost*, which is an endeavour to represent in material images the most super-ethereal of all speculations—"the Origin of Evil," which is its only subject. It is clear from the divine records that evil was introduced into this world from a state of pre-existence, and by a being purely spiritual, and is of itself a mystery transcendently theological. To say that such subjects and agents shall not be expressible by material analogies, would be to say that a poem constituted

* It may be observed, by the way, that it is by the word of the Almighty, in the person of the Messiah, that they are defeated. The thunder, &c. were symbols of the power of that word.

of such an argument, should not be written at all: and this, in fact, appears to have been Lord Byron's opinion, though his practice differed. These difficulties, however, are not such only in a poetical point of view, but in a philosophical and religious one, and, as it would appear from his recently discovered Treatise, had occurred to Milton before the composition of his great poem, in the latter serious light. Upon his own theory he was clearly justified in the poetical application, and we hope to be able to shew that he may also be vindicated upon sounder principles.

Milton's opinion of matter, and of its identity with mind, as presented in his treatise of Christian Doctrine, is now well understood. Denying the common opinion of two distinct and different natures as of soul and body, it was with no incongruity that the poet mixed the qualities, or attributes of both indiscriminately, either of which might, by analogy, serve to illustrate the other, the question being not of a difference in kind, but in degree. And, with regard to this question, it would be as well to attend to the following remarkable passage in his treatise, which upon other accounts also, is deserving of serious consideration. "Spirit being the more excellent substance, virtually and essentially contains within itself the inferior one; as the spiritual and rational faculty contains the corporeal, that is, the sentient and vegetative faculty." Admitting this, the objection (otherwise insuperable and only to be justified by the success of the execution) to his theme, as involving the necessary representation of a war between the Almighty and his creatures is, in some measure avoided, and the use of material weapons—and artillery of thunder and lightning is exempt from censure. Milton himself has answered in express terms the ultimate objection, that it is not only absurd but blasphemous to give to the Godhead hands at all. "If God," says he, "habitually assign to himself the members and form of man, why should we be afraid of attributing to him what he attributes to himself, so long as what is imperfection and weakness, when viewed in reference to ourselves, be considered as most complete and excellent whenever it is imputed to God?"

We are not disposed to quarrel with such as prefer to contemplate the Godhead in his abstract essence, rather than in his personal attributes. We are aware how much this tends to assist us in framing a conception of the infinity and omnipresence of the deity, and how agreeable this conception is to the instincts of our rational nature. But we are afraid that this notion of the divine infinity may exclude a belief of the divine personality, and may lead to a confusion of omnipresence with mere ubiquity. Many are the minds that reluctantly admit the life and personal being of the deity, and only conceive of him as of space infinitely extended—and of time immeasurably continued—or, at best, as infinity rather than the infinite, as eternity rather than the eternal. On one of two propositions the whole argument appears to depend. Either the omnipresence of the deity must be interpreted to mean that God is present to all things, or that all things are present to God. The latter is the safer sense in which to understand it, and it is one which reconciles the opposite ideas of personality and immensity.

It has been justly observed that Milton was a Hebrew of the Hebrews; and nothing was more remote from the spirit of the Jewish Religion

than any modification whatever of anthropomorphism. It was forbidden to the Jews to make any image of the invisible God, the idea of whom they had it in express charge to preserve; but the prophet thought it not inconsistent with the principles of his faith to describe the great Jehovah as he "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." Yet in the very same chapter he demands—"To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?" "Hast thou an arm like God?" said the Lord to Job—"or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?" Indeed, if we are to condemn Milton on this score, the psalmists and prophets of Israel cannot escape a similar censure. But in fact, the Hebrew Scriptures, while teaching the invisible God as a spirit, are anxious to indicate his personality. He is described "as sitting upon the circle of the earth" in an elevation so remote "that the inhabitants thereof are but as grasshoppers," and as only hidden from the view of mortal men, by "the heavens that he has stretched out as a curtain; and spread out as a tent to dwell in." So lofty, so distant, so obscure—yet as all along abiding in the contrite heart by the operation of the Holy Spirit.

"Jehovah—shapeless Power above all powers,
Single and One—the Omnipresent God,
By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
Or cloud of darkness, *localised* in heaven,
On earth enshrined within the wandering ark,
Or out of Sion, thundering from his throne
Between the Cherubim."

In all that regards the distinct tri-personality of the Godhead, the opinion of Milton is consistent with the orthodox creed. He neither attempts to refine it away into essence, form and operation, or to reduce the Creator to a mere *Anima Mundi*. "*Jupiter est quodcumque vides.*" But of the doctrine of the Trinity, he appears to have had peculiar notions; how far these had any influence in the composition of his two epic poems, we would now proceed to inquire.

(To be continued).

TABLE TALK;

OR, THE HEBREW CLAIMS.

Dedicated, most respectfully, to the Opponents of the Hebrew Claims, by the Author, a CHRISTIAN.

"From the morning watch, even unto night, let Israel hope in the Lord."

INTRODUCTION.

THIS poem, which was written, and a copy presented to, perhaps, the most talented and esteemed Jewish gentleman of our nation, about two years ago, has, its author is proud for his country's sake to confess, been

much qualified in its national censure by the noble and wise conduct of the Government as it regards this highly interesting people, in appointing a vice-consul for Judæa, and adopting other beneficial means of conciliating their affections (a step so necessary for their conversion), in their own venerated and venerable land: for which see the last Number of the *Quarterly*. The Author feels it likewise due to himself to state, that there are thoughts in that article, to which he with pleasure refers, which would appear to have originated his; but that those who have seen his MS. will be satisfied they have only anticipated his *in the press*, but are subsequent in time of composition.

These lines, unworthy, perhaps, to be dignified with the name of *poem*, are addressed to *all* who oppose themselves to the natural rights of their brethren: rights, whose title is graven upon each individual being at his birth, by the impartial hand of the sole Creator and Universal Father; and which all the efforts of selfishness, prejudice, and bigotry, shall never be able to efface.

But they are particularly intended as the medium by which to convey a few suggestions to the minds of the more scrupulously devout, and religiously timid of all denominations of Christians; whose conscientious, but, in the author's opinion, illiberal and erroneous presumptions, have confounded the dimly seen and never-to-be-fathomed prophecies of Deity, with the clear and strongly defined revelations of His will as regards our duty to our fellows.

To those whom fear and passion (ever the sources of cruelty and injustice), have prompted to become persecutors *upon principle*, under the mild insignia and noiseless and tranquil wavings of the blessed banner of the great Teacher of peace; and who, inflated with the proud notion that they are the co-adjutors of God, and the executors of his vengeance, arrogantly presume, in attempting to work out his predictions, that, if they withhold the *ministry* of their *uncharitableness*, the just designs of an angry God must be rendered futile, and the wrath of the *Almighty* be laughed to scorn by a few mistaken, but much loved and cherished children.

This poetical essay is intended to awaken the minds of *these* individuals, in particular, to a few enquiries, which a mind and a heart, obedient to the injunctions, and zealous for the faith of their Founder, ought of themselves to have suggested.

Query 1. Has not Jesus Christ given us a law of *love to all men*: even to love them, as *He* has loved *us*; *i. e.* to the extent of laying down our lives for them?

2. Is this not an imperative duty, from which we cannot escape?

3. Is there any *good* which we can do, even to our enemies, whether of soul or body (and differing in opinion is not enmity), which is not enjoined us in this law of sweetness and compassion? Or, is there any *evil*, however slight—if any evil could be slight or trivial—that is not forbidden us by this same beautiful, and, to the bad passions of men, unaccommodating precept?

4. Are we any where commanded to assist, or to carry out predictions—even although we were certain that we understood them?

5. Can we be certain when the anger of God is *relenting*, or *when* and how long it is still to continue unabated? When we are *furthering*,

or when opposing his intentions? A question more particularly embarrassing, when it regards a *Divine* anger, which we ourselves believe *is* to relax; and when it concerns a *people* for whom he entertains so paternal and lasting a solicitude—a people whom we never cease to consider as peculiarly His, first by choice, and lastly by promise—though deferred?

6. Are we not warned by all the events of Divine Providence, which regard the punishment of His people, that the instruments he selects for this displeasing end are, not only the enemies of his disobedient children, but likewise *His own*? Are they not unblest scourges—moral pestilences—tools, worthless but for their dreadful purpose, and destined to be broken in pieces when their unhallowed work is done?

7. Ought we not to be fearful of voluntarily enrolling ourselves in this list of hapless and doomed agents, not of *mercy*, but of *wrath*? The Author of all good chooses *angels* for the ministers of *His graces*, but he elects demons, or those destined to become such, for the executors of his vengeance.

In fine; are we justified in violating the principle of our faith, and in opposing the *direct commands* of our Divine Master in our practices, under the pretence of becoming the gratuitous avengers of *His* justice, whose councils we cannot penetrate, and which it were even sacrilege to attempt; and which even *could* we, or *dare* we propound, were better suited to the lightning of the sword of Omar, than to the kiss of peace imprinted on our cheeks at our baptism into the pure faith of the meek and lowly Jesus?

I might add—Is this the way to *draw* others to our holy religion; and, in particular, those to the furtherance of whose rights this little production is devoted? Persuasion should be the weapon of religion; which, as the pious Jeremy Taylor has said, “is a sunbeam and not a tempest.”

J. A. G.

TABLE TALK ; OR, THE HEBREW CLAIMS.

ERASTES AND PHILANDER.

Erastes.

When last we met, in friendly free debate,
To canvass matters much above our state,
It chanced (less grave than wont) in rambling vein—
No subject fixing my unsteady brain,
I lightly on our Hebrew brethren's claim
Touched, and awoke in you a generous flame
Of indignation; but the noble fire
Did, gently, at my words submiss expire:
And you, Philander, pledged in calmer mood,
The rights of Israel's children to make good.

Philander.

What hinders now that we the subject scan?
The rights of *Israel* are the rights of *man*.

Erastes.

With all my soul, my friend, you know my heart
Welcomes the wound from blest conviction's dart:

Proud on my breast I'd bear each glorious scar,
 Memorial of an honourable war.
 I'm not of those that are rejoiced to find
 Occasions to oppress poor human kind:
 Our common origin—our mutual need,
 In one perpetual sermon, intercede
With man for man; and, by a brother's tie,
 Ask what should forfeit brethren's rights—and why?
 Can wealth, or rank, or creed, or hue, or clime—
 Can change of place, or ever-varying time?
 Never! say Nature, Reason, and our God.
 While life's warm breath doth tenant earth's dull clod;
 Let tongue or feature differ as they will,
 From Ind' to Orkney men are brothers still.

Philander.

Children of prodigies, in wonders nurs'd—
 What nameless crime has Abram's lineage curs'd?
 Ancient—beyond the boasted pedigree
 That dates from Norman knights and chivalrie,
 Ten times out-told—and graced with nobler names
 Than rang thro' lists, or thrill'd admiring dames.
 Industrious, learned, faithful, valiant, chaste—
 How oft have Judah's virtuous exiles graced
 All Europe's courts:* in council and in field,
 Skill'd in the tongue, or knightly arms to wield.
 The lamps of science—many a Jewish sage
 Illumed the darkness of a barbarous age.
 Admired and hated—honor'd and abused:
 Their worth acknowledg'd, and their rights refused.
 I will not drag back hoary centuries,
 Like gray-hair'd murderers, to their great assize,
 And show their million savage hands imbrued
 In Judah's royal, patriarchal blood.
 Enough of ancient, worn-out crime remains
 To keep indelible those bloody stains
 That tinge *our* annals with the deepest dye
 In writing Israel's martyrologie.
 But on the page before us let us look—
 The to-be chronicled of history's book:
 While nature prompts, let reason blush to ask
 What seats in parliament may do with pasch:—
 Why all the virtues that make men divine,
 Shall in a Salomons or Goldsmid shine
 In vain! nor find, in Freedom's chosen land,
 The rights of birth, but mourn an alien's brand!
 Faithful in bondage, and when poor, content;
 When rich, as generous and munificent—

* The dark ages furnish many examples; for which see the early historians and the authors of the Universal History. Dom Solomon was, in the eleventh century, the Wellington of Portugal.

Patrons of art, and fathers to the poor,
 E'en Christians bless their ever-open door;
 The robber Norman, or the pirate Greek,
 May hear *his* race the tongue of freedom speak,
 While not ten centuries can make a son
 Of *more than* Socrates—a Mendelsohn!
 Can we of *virtue* more than birth desire,
 When birth is *all* that we of vice require?
 Than vice, what fouler, then, taints Abram's line
 I ask—

Erastes.

I answer, what from Palestine
 (Once happy land) their hapless sires compell'd,
 Have justly *still* the rights of birth withheld.
 From them, offending still, who still deny
 To lowly Jesus his divinity.

Philander.

Moses and *Jesus* who revoke in doubt,
 And hold *all* dogmas but as *creeds* worn out;
 By what exemption do these sceptics wear
 Titles of honour, or high office bear?
 Who blasphemes Christ, and scoffs at *Moses* too,
 May hold Church-lands and mock an honest Jew,
 But, do we hold so loose the social tie,
 That *men* may barter *man's* humanity?
 As well might he his brother decreate,
 As nature's rights annul or abrogate;
 Shall he assert *opinion's* tyrant plea,
 To prove that *you're* a slave, that *I* am free;
 If I'm too blind to see my way to *heaven*,
 Shall I from all *earth's* well-earn'd rights be driven?
 Because *Spinoza* doubted of a God,
 Did the warm sun forsake his mean abode?
 Shall one, tho' wise as *Solomon*, be dumb,
 Because he dares to hope in Christ *to come*?
 Who made *us* champions of a God defied?
 Did *Jesus* teach us persecuting pride?
 The great I AM hath said "Revenge is mine!"
 Wilt thou, poor worm, assert that it is *thine*!
Jesus hath taught to love our enemies,
 To render benefits for injuries:
 And *thou*, his kindred, whom he lov'd to grace
 (Whose features still recall his blessed face);
 For when he wept and pray'd and prophesied,
 But *never curs'd*! ye *him*, in them deride:
Still lov'd, an honored bias he *yet* reserves,
 And dare ye still oppress whom he *preserves*!

Erastes.

I grant, *Philander*, that stern Justice' test,
 And the sweet rule of our dear Lord's behest,

Brought with some force upon your side to bear,
 Makes ours to my own eyes less bright appear.
 But, still, there's something like impiety
 In fighting, as it were, 'gainst prophecy,
 In smoothing thus their rough and thorny path,
 And sheltering rebels from Heaven's fiery wrath ;
 As if we dared to blame its just decree,
 And bid, whom it had captive, to be free.

Philander.

My dear Erastes, well I know your heart
 In ought ungentle never hath a part ;
 But oft, with heaving breast and moistening eye,
 Doth the more servile tongue's vain speech belie.
 Blind prejudice, my friend, has warp'd your mind ;
 Do you in turn compassionate the blind.
 " Father, forgive ! they know not what they do,"
 Applies alike to Christian and to Jew.
 Pride, interest, passion, bid thick vapours rise,
 Obscure the truth, and cheat desiring eyes.
 Not Israel's sons alone have Jesus slain,
 Far deeper dyes his Christian murderers stain.
 Those knew him *not* ; we crucify him *known* ;
 The blindness their's—the malice all our own.
 Participants in crime, shall we demand
 To deal out judgments with a blood-stain'd hand.
 O mount of mercy ! shall our lips rehearse,
 While our false hearts renounce each balmy verse
 And turn from peace—the soul's delightful path,
 For horrid ways trod but by imps of wrath ?
 O mad—O impious he who can suppose
Man's persecutors other than God's foes !
 Whom God elects to bear his vengeful sword
 Against *his* people, are themselves abhorr'd !
 To do the demon's work, by guilt made fit,
 Smiters themselves—themselves doom'd to be smit.
 O let us blush that England's honor'd name
 Should still be tarnish'd with old Egypt's shame.
 O, my Erastes, shall the Eternal need
 The arm of *men*, to work what He 's decreed ?
 Or can man's mercy to his fellow-man
 Defraud His justice, or defeat his plan ?

Erastes.

Blest be the words of peace ! and blest be he
 That labors in thy cause, Humanity !
 I feel that love and justice are allied,
 And in one bond indissolubly tied.
 My heart, but late with pride mistaken fraught,
 Owns the conviction which your words have wrought :
 Yet one faint hold long prejudice retains—
 One last retreat for wounded pride remains :

Think you, my friend, yon land that once was theirs,
 That gilds their hopes and animates their prayers ;
 To which the unbanish'd heart for ever burns,
 The fond eye melts, and, still expecting, turns ;
 In hearts estranged, and yearning for a home,
 Whose bye-gone glories emblem those to come,—
 Could I believe a patriot-flame could light
 A Hebrew brow ; that Hebrew hands could fight
 In England's cause, if mad rebellion lowered,
 Or fierce invasion foreign foemen poured
 On her loved fields ? My all in her I'd stake
 Of English *Jews* true Englishmen to make.

Philander.

Your gen'rous wish, my friend, shall have its meed,
 And Israel's sons be Englishmen indeed.
 What bids all hearts with patriot ardor glow ?
 Dear native-rights that father-lands bestow.
 What cools the flame and bids it feebly rise ?
 Those rights withheld, tho' 'neath Judea's skies.
 Would Norman Clifford boast of Cressy's field,
 If English honors were from Clifford sealed ?
 Eager to gain the meed that worth may give,
 Who *hopes* for honors may all honor'd live.
 But who forbid the laurel wreath to wear,
 Will strive to gain, or to deserve it care ?
 Could free-born rights a Clare or Howard store,
 Then a Mocatta or a Montefiore ;
 And British Judah's names ennobled, then,
 Like Talbot's, fired the souls of British men.
 Where'er the sun (although in transient gleams)
 Of favor, shed its ever-cheering beams
 Upon the captive child of Palestine ;
 We've seen the force of native genius shine,
 And mark'd her exile with a statesman's hand
 Upbear the fortunes of a Christian land.
 Nor want there chronicles to send him down
 O'er knightly hosts the chief of high renown.
 England, thy pride of liberty, how poor !
 Can keep such suppliants knocking at thy door.
 Whate'er the all-watchful Providence intends,
 Still, wards of Heav'n, it loves who them befriends.
 One native-right withheld, the man's a thrall—
 He is no Englishman that has not all.
 The breath—the soul of freedom is, to be
 One of a race who all alike are free.

Erastes.

Your words, my friend, my sleeping virtues wake—
 My heart, convinced, has no reply to make ;
 No more my country, heaven, and justice brave ;
 Who combats freedom, may he die a slave !

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

No. IV.—THE COUNTESS T——.

THERE are two or three sketches in my note-book, which I had the precaution to write in *cypher*, lest some accident or other (including my own death) might bring them to the public eye, before “the fulness of time” should make it prudent to do so. Now, as the characters of my cypher are of my own invention, from the same prudential reasons, and no key of it has ever been made, except the one in my own mind, judge of my vexation the other day, when I thought I might venture to give one of these highly seasoned morsels to the gaping public, who are ever ready, with their open mouths (like so many unfledged blackbirds chirping for food), to swallow any thing of a piquante quality, that can be brought from the four quarters of the earth to satisfy their mental cravings—judge of my vexation, I say, when I discovered that I could not *interpret my own hieroglyphics*; that memory refused to give me back what I had so implicitly entrusted to her keeping; and that there was no court of equity I could apply to, in order that I might gain my rights.

The same thing happened to me the other day in another instance, which proves to me that this same Madame Memory is beginning to play me off a few slippery tricks, I suppose, for having laid so many heavy burdens upon her during my past life. I have a writing-desk, with a most peculiar secret drawer in it; one of no common construction. In this I have now deposited my marriage-certificate, and a few hoarded guineas, &c. Although I have opened this drawer a hundred times, and was then well acquainted with the trick of its concealment, yet I spent full four hours the other evening in trying to get at this drawer, and with the assistance of a couple of shrewd friends to boot. Vain were our researches; vain all our pressings, and thumps, and examinations. I must either break my desk to pieces with the poker in a terrible passion, or send for a cunning man skilled in desk-enigmas, to unfold to me the mystery; and this last plan *pride*, for the present, prevents my doing, as I still fondly hope I shall myself, in some lucky moment, recover the mighty secret.

Can we wonder then at the treasury which lies concealed under the mantle of *the past*? The riches of invention, and of thought, that have been, as it were, hermetically sealed up by the treachery or wilfulness of this same Madame Memory, who not seldom, when closely pressed, will give back some of the things entrusted to her keeping—she may, in one of her capricious moods, restore to me the method of my profound cypher, and the secret of my writing-desk drawer. With regard to more important mysteries between herself and the *illustrious dead*, they are gone, as far as regards this world, for ever; so *Discovery* must go hard to work, and perhaps she may stumble unawares upon some of those long hidden treasures, and drag them once more to the light of day.

In the mean time, I must make use of that part of my note-book

that I *can* read, or pick up a few of the crumbs of my most important narratives lying about the door of the sanctuary wherein my hoards are deposited, and make the best of them, deploring all the time that I cannot *break the lock*, and go in to the chamber of the mind, where every circumstance of *the past* is duly registered. On second thoughts, it is better not—memory is only the servant of Old Time, whose business it is to throw into obscurity, and often into oblivion, all the transactions of *the present*. A most industrious scavenger is he, this Time, and what a quantity of rubbish has he swept away! How much chaff with the few golden grains have been scattered up and down amongst it. Whether my locked-up sketches were the former or the latter, it is not for me to say. Let me do the best I can without them.

In a distant county, there is a lordly mansion situated on a rising ground, in the middle of an extensive and thickly wooded park. This place has been what they call a "*show-house*" for time immemorial. When the family is absent, tickets are easily obtained to view the grounds, gardens, and grottos on the outside the building, and the paintings, statues, and various other ornaments within. Well do I remember in my very early days, going with a smart party of friends, on a pleasant occasion, to see the wonders of T—— Hall, and the impression one circumstance made upon me.

In a most superb saloon, there was one picture in a very expensive frame, placed over the marble chimney-place, which had itself been brought from Florence, and the housekeeper told us cost full three thousand pounds. My friends were much taken up with admiring the workmanship and spotless purity of this same mantle-piece, but I felt an unappeasable curiosity to gaze upon the painting within that gorgeous frame, which was most carefully veiled from sight, having a thick crimson silk curtain enclosed within a gold solid net, or rather trellis-work, which it seems was made to open in the centre like a couple of doors, but which was now locked up, and we were told, "that it was his lordship's order *that no eye should ever look again upon that picture!*"

"Is it an historical picture, or a portrait?" questioned a gentleman of our party. "I am forbid to answer any questions concerning it," said the old lady, our conductress, in no very agreeable key. "It is as much as my place is worth:" and away we were all led to inspect a whole gallery of portraits by Vandyke and his predecessors, but no charm had they now to my excited imagination. The veiled picture was all I could think on. Why it should thus be so excluded from public view, yet hold a place so distinguished! Why the domestics should be commanded to give no explanation concerning it by their lord! And why she, the housekeeper, should look so mysteriously when she told us this! All these matters weighed heavily upon my mind, and I did not enjoy the excursion half so much as I otherwise should have done, but for this shrouded picture.

"Think you," said I, on our return home, still harping on the same subject, "think you it was an ancient painting in that rich frame they would not let us see? I should rather think not, as the

carving of it was quite modern. It must be, I imagine, some portrait taken not many years ago."—"Very likely," was the calm answer of my female friend, who did not allow her mind to be disturbed with such trifles.

It happened, that the same summer I visited the hall again, but then only *one person* accompanied me. We spent the whole day amidst the beauties of that exquisite park, sat by the side of the trout stream, or on some rounded knoll, holding a charmed discourse with each other, or melting into ecstatic thought—in short (and I must hurry over all this for weighty reasons), I went there as a *bride*, and with—who should a bride be with?—her bridegroom.

I mentioned my former wishes respecting that veiled picture to my companion, wishes that had never been gratified. "We will see what soft persuasion can do to unlock that grated, gilded door," he answered. "Why did you not tell me of your wish before?"

The arts of persuasion were tried, backed by golden arguments. The lady housekeeper could refuse us nothing. "A bride," she smilingly observed, "should have every thing her own way."

"And for how long a time?" asked I gaily, resolved to keep her in a good humour, lest she should change her mind.

"As long as she can contrive to *hold the reins*," answered the old lady, glancing sily at my companion. "Every thing depends on that; but in general women—I beg your pardon, *ladies*—lose all their power, because they do not know how to use it, when they have the *whip-hand* of the gentlemen, as you have now, madam: you should not suffer it to be taken from you again like a baby."

"Pretty advice!" said, smilingly, he that was then by my side, "you have tried your own receipt, madam, of course?"

"Not I, indeed," observed the housekeeper pettishly, "there are enough *fools* without my making one of them; but I ask pardon—I have seen enough of matrimony in *this* family—no, Sir," she added more reservedly, "I am what they call '*a single woman*,' and so I mean to continue."

With a great deal of bustle and importance, the two folding-doors of the painting were thrown open, and the portrait, as it was called, of the present countess was exposed to view. She was taken as a Venus, just rising from the sea, with a soft mist of dewy vapour round her couch of pearl, in the resemblance of a shell, giving out the prismatic colours here and there, but rather faintly. Long ringlets of flaxen hair fell in luxuriance over that perfect and juvenile form, for as yet the Venus there represented had not become a mother, and was as pure as any new-born breathing thing could be. She was playing with a profusion of pearls heaped up in a large conche-shell before her, and trying to string them together, as I conceived, that she might ornament herself with them.

"Is that considered a likeness?" I inquired. "She must be very beautiful!"

"Beautiful, indeed!" responded the old lady, with a deep sigh—"too beautiful for *men* to gaze on. It is only angels that should have such a form and features as she has, and only angels to look at them; but on earth they cause sad confusion. I wish that all women's

beauty had died away when Eve lost her innocence, and we should have had a much better world of it."

We could not help smiling at hearing the vehemence with which this was said, but delicacy restrained us from asking any more questions.

"It is no smiling matter, though," muttered our oracle, "for honourable and high-born people to have their peace destroyed, their honours laid in the dust, perhaps their hearts broken, and all through a *yard or two* of alabaster skin, and a *handful* of silky hair."

"What lovely blue eyes this portrait has," said he who stood beside me; "what an innocent, yet what an intelligent expression! Then the soft pencillings of those eye-brows! those long and curling lashes, so much darker than her hair! See, too, what a hand!"

"You shall see it no longer, Sir," said the old house-keeper, slapping to the trellis-work doors with a jerk, locking them up, and putting the key into her pocket.—"O young lady! you must have been beside yourself, to have let your husband look upon that picture; and I was both weak and wicked to be prevailed on to disobey his strict injunctions. God grant we may not all suffer severely for our fault."

"There is no danger on my account," replied the gentleman more immediately addressed; "I have a talisman to guard me from all danger."

"Men do not know what inflammable stuff they are made of," continued Mrs. Waters. "A gunpowder barrel has not the slightest *fear* of the spark. It never tries to run away from danger, and all of a sudden, *bang* it goes off; and, what is worse, it blows every thing to atoms that happens to be near it; carries destruction to all around it! Young gentleman, you have, I trust, more sense than a *barrel of gunpowder*; so fly from temptation."

"You have prevented the necessity of my doing so," said the gentleman smiling good humouredly; "you have shut up that beauty there behind that grating, as closely as ever was secluded a vestal in a nunnery."

"*That lady is no vestal*," murmured out the old house-keeper. Then, as if sorry for what she had said, she added, in a hurried accent—Vestals, you know, Madam, were not permitted to marry; but I will now wish you good morning, and may I be able, should I ever see you again, to congratulate you on your looking quite as happy as you do at this moment."

This kind wish was not fulfilled. A few years after, and as if by a touch of Harlequin's wand, the brilliant prospects that then surrounded me vanished like an unsubstantial dream, and the gay and joyous *ride* of that morning, entered that same elegant mansion, a widowed, and sorrowing woman, bearing up still with all the fortitude she could muster against the calamities that had well nigh overwhelmed her—she entered that mansion in the capacity of a "Monthly Nurse."

There hung the same picture in the same costly frame as when I had stood before it, and beheld it opened to my view, in company with one whose eyes could gaze no more. I shuddered as I looked upon it, and endeavoured to brace myself up to an appearance of

composure. The very attempt is an effort of virtue, and is sure to bring healing in its wings. There is something truly sublime in calm endurance! It perhaps wins not pity half so much as the exhibition of stormy and puerile grief, but compassion obtained by such a price would be dear indeed!

The old house-keeper, Mrs. Waters, was still alive, but looked so withered and woe-begone, that I should not have known her again but for her name, and she, fortunately, did not recognise me; and this saved me from one additional pang.

"I shall see the original then of that most exquisite Venus at last," thought I, as they were conducting me to the lady's dressing-room on my arrival. I had been engaged in London, by an intimate friend, to attend upon her ladyship, whom I had never seen; and I had gone down to T—— House by her desire, although it was not yet decided whether she would proceed on to her house in London, to await her accouchment there, and have the benefit of her own *lady's medical man*, the first in the metropolis, or remain where she was.

The form of the countess was a good deal enlarged, certainly, since her portrait had been taken, but she had only changed the style of her beauty. The goddess of love and of sunny smiles could not have been handsomer, or more seductive in her allurements, than was the Countess T——. Never yet have I beheld so lovely a hand and arm! so perfect a bust! so finely a proportioned foot and ankle, or so witching a smile! She seemed quite conscious of her own attractions, and had no objection to play off her dazzling charms even before me. It gave her delight to inspire admiration, as if it were necessary to her very existence, the atmosphere she breathed. It was impossible to refuse her such homage. If I, a woman, felt so spell-bound by the magic of her all-commanding beauty, what influence must she have had on man? Alas, too much!

"I have decided on proceeding immediately to London, Mrs. Griffiths," said the lovely countess to me, after she had received a visit from the professional gentleman, who lived at the market town about five miles from her residence, and was to attend her if she consented to remain in the country. "We will set off without delay for the town-house, since the sight of that horrid man, in his thick white riding-coat, and tawny buckskins, is quite sufficient for me! Heaven defend me!" she added laughing, "from coming in contact with any *country practitioner* in his odious gaiters! I will have my old attendant, Mr. I, who if he did not smell quite so much of camphor, would be really bearable;"—and the countess ordered the carriage to be at the door by twelve o'clock next day.

"Did you understand me, Forster?" inquired the lady to her own female attendant, after giving this order. "Why do you stand as if you had a fit of catalepsy, rigid, there at the door?"

"I beg your pardon, my lady," returned Mrs. Forster. "I thought—that is, I imagined—I believed, that"—

"I did not inquire into your thoughts, imaginations, or belief, my good girl," interrupted the fair countess, whilst a smile played around her mouth, and dimpled her cheek, for she seemed as if it were impossible for her to frown or look displeased.—"I only desired you

to say, that at twelve to-morrow I should set off for — Square, and that I wished all things to be got in readiness."

"Yes, my lady," murmured out the waiting-woman, "I beg your pardon, but—I will send Mrs. Waters to your ladyship;" and she disappeared.

"The girl is gone deranged, I fear," said the countess, looking, I thought, a little uneasy, as she ran over the strings of her harp, and warbled, *sotto voce*, the following lines.

"Love was once a cherub bright,
Cloth'd in dazzling robe of light;
But, when all the angels fell,
Love pleaded his own cause so well,
That he to earth alone was sent,
For mitigated punishment!

Love had not been on earth a day,
Ere he began wild pranks to play;
He hurl'd each monarch from his throne,
And vow'd 'that he would reign alone'—
He conquer'd all!"

The entrance of the aged housekeeper, Mrs. Waters, cut the thread of love's eventful history; indeed her countenance seemed as if it would annihilate for ever so gentle a deity; sour-kroust was nothing to it! The countess stopped mechanically, and I fancied turned exceedingly pale.

"Your ladyship has given orders, I find, to leave this place for London to-morrow?" said Mrs. Waters, looking like a hogshead of verjuice. "My lord, before his departure for Ireland, with his two dear children, gave strict commands, *that the carriage was not to be used until his return!*"

"And it is the command of your lady," returned the Countess, quite unmoved, except that a bright roseate hue spread itself over her features, and mantled even on her bosom and arms; "it is the command of your lady, that preparations should be made for my departure immediately—I shall not stay to be confined here."

"For the sake of your innocent children, my lady," pursued the severe Mrs. Waters, "provoke not my excellent master, by disobeying his strict injunctions—let me entreat you, Madam, to countermand your orders, and remain here as he wished, nay, *insisted* on your doing."

"You are a good creature, Waters, and love your lord very much," exclaimed the lady, sweeping her hand playfully across her harp, causing it to give out a wild and beautiful cadence. "I must have this instrument packed up too," she continued carelessly. "I like its tones better than the one in London. Do not tease yourself, my good Waters, by interfering between my lord and myself. We shall get over our little squabble very soon, as we have done a hundred others before, so you may go and tell—but no, I will not trouble you; I have already issued my orders."

"They cannot be obeyed, Madam," responded the old lady, with increased severity. "Stevens has just said, that he dared not put

the horses to your ladyship's carriage, so positive were my lord's injunctions."

"Send Stevens to me," was the mild reply of Lady T——; but the housekeeper moved not.

"You will soon have *your* things prepared, Mrs. Griffiths," said the imperturbable Countess to myself, taking no further notice of the pale and trembling Mrs. Waters. "As for my wardrobe," continued she, "that will soon be packed, for I must have every thing new in London, when I am fit to be seen. Altered dresses are always an abomination!"

"Does your ladyship mean then *really* to go to London to-morrow?" inquired Mrs. Waters, looking quite awfully.

"Have I not said it, my good old soul," answered her lady, looking her full in the face, with so witching, yet comical an air, that for the life of me I could not refrain from smiling.

"You would not *smile* if you knew all," exclaimed the old lady, turning to me. "The heart of my dear lord is nearly broken, and as for that fair, but—no matter, she is standing on the brink of a precipice, and if she takes one step further"—

"Over she goes," cried the incorrigible lady. "Why, I have been by your account, Waters, hanging over this dreadful abyss ever since I was married."

"*You have*, my lady," replied the other with much bitterness, "and if it were not for my absent lord, and the dear lovely children—"

"I might just take the leap as soon as I please, you mean to say," cried the lady, a little impatiently. "Well, no matter, send Stevens to me—if *warning* could have saved so wilful a creature as myself, you, my good woman, would have done it; so you stand absolved, you know, whatever may come to pass." And she waived her hand, to dismiss the aged remonstrator.

"You see," observed the countess, after a considerable pause, which I felt not at all inclined to break, having a thousand painful surmises running through my mind, some of them, I recollect, connected with the portrait of her ladyship, of which her lord had so many years ago declared "that no eye should ever look again upon that picture."

"You see," said the countess to me confidentially, "that I have got myself into sad disgrace with Lord T——, who is unfortunately of a very *jealous* temper, and very sentimental withal. Then I have been a little extravagant too, I fear, and—and, very unlucky lately at cards. I have incurred a few paltry debts of honour, so the dear, serious, old-fashioned soul, my husband, has carried off my two pretty children, governess and all, to his estates in Ireland, quite in a rage. But I know very well, he has made himself much more wretched by all this than he has me; and if I had a particle of jealousy or suspicion in my own composition, how I could retaliate upon him if I chose—how *twit* him, about his carrying off Miss Willoughby, the governess, under pretence of her educating the children; and his living with her, so romantically, in his old castle near Dublin!"

"Of course you *hear* from Lord T——, Madam," at length I said, as I saw it was expected I should make some reply. "You must miss the society of your dear little ones very much, and must feel

anxious about their health, as well as about their father's, when they are all at such a distance." "Oh yes, I hear every week," answered the lady, "for that kind, good creature, sister Willoughby, makes it a point of informing me how they are all going on; she does it unknown to my lord, I believe, for he is very angry with me."

"Is he so seriously displeased then, Madam," said I, "as to object to your natural wish of hearing how your family are. He must be a very severe, and unjust man indeed, let him be ever so angry, to deny you this gratification."

"Let me do him justice," replied the countess;—and whatever were her faults, and they were many, at that moment she had an angel's feelings, and as she threw up her fine blue eyes to heaven, and a tear started to them, she looked indeed like one. "Let me not wrong the noble nature of my lord; I have provoked him, I believe beyond his forgiveness, but he is one of the most generous and affectionate beings on earth!—too good, alas, for me!—But here comes old Stevens the coachman; he must not see me thus! Now for a trial of skill between myself and this bluff charioteer of my lord's, armed at all points against me, by his authority,—and yet you shall see, Mrs. Griffiths, how I will disperse all his resolutions to the wind." And the light-hearted conscious beauty smiled in anticipated triumph even over the fat, red-faced, and determined-looking John, who, hat in hand, entered the apartment, standing sturdily at the door, seemingly resolute to obey to the last tittle his lord's commands, and keep up the just authority of the male part of the creation.

"How is poor Blossom to-day, Stevens?" enquired the countess, with a voice so softly compassionate, that the man I saw was instantly thrown off his guard.

"She be very bad, my lady; won't feed, and grows as thin as a natomy."

"Have you taken her shoes off, and sent her into the clover field? but why should I ask? I am sure you have done every thing you could for my favourite mare—she was a present to me, you know, Stevens by your lord, just after"——

"Your ladyship came here as a bride," said the man. "Such a mare, and such a lady seated on top on her, never shall I see again!" This compliment, so naturally spoken, was not unacceptable to her who heard it. No matter from what quarter to her, so adulation came; and there was not a single male creature at T—— Hall, that could administer a dose of it at this moment, but "Sturdy Stevens" the coachman.

"I think you put my little Philip on that beautiful, spirited, but gentle animal for the first time, did you not, Stevens?" enquired the lady with a smile, that would have charmed Mephistopheles himself.

"I did, my lady, and uncommon well he rode for sich a little-un!—how pleased my lord did look to be sure," cried the man.

"Stevens!" said the lady, "how goes on my little godson Willie? I owe you something for his schooling, I believe; here, take this purse, and if you find a little more in it than what that comes to, your wife may buy herself a new cloak and gown with it, not forgetting though, some smart clothes for *my little godson*."

The coachman was overpowered; he weighed the purse in his hand; it was heavy. He thought of the delight with which Sukey Stevens, his loving partner, living in a cottage near the stables, would look upon this gold, and the comforts it would purchase for her, nay, even luxuries—he stood in the presence of the Countess a subdued man, ready to do whatever might be required of him.

Now came the *tug of war*;—but no, the battle was already won. “Stevens,” said the Countess, in a very careless tone, “Your lord thought the quiet of the country would do me good, *just at this time*, so he most kindly insisted on my remaining here until his return; but I find the air does not at present agree with me, so (mind I take all the responsibility on myself) I intend to set off to London to-morrow morning at twelve precisely. Therefore, I shall want the carriage at the door—stay, you may make it a quarter of an hour later; and be sure you leave strict orders, Stevens, about the proper care of my poor old Blossom, and tell Willie, my godson, too, I shall send him down a *live watch*, a real one; one that will *tick*. And now, Mrs. Griffiths,” turning to me, “I will take a nap for an hour, as I did not sleep well last night.”

For a moment, the rubicund coachman stood at the door, twisting the handle of it in his hand, in another the door closed after him—and the Countess burst into a fit of laughter.

“*Io triumphe!*” exclaimed the beautiful tactician, “and now, thank heaven, once more for London!”

Little experience had I then in my vocation. I did not like the appearance of things at all, but I had too many sorrows of my own, recent and unassuaged, to reflect very deeply on the affairs of others; so I entered very readily the next morning into the carriage of Lady T——, who had her own footman and woman on the rumble. We proceeded by very easy stages; slept twice on the road, and by six o’clock in the evening, the lady was handed from her carriage into her own house in —— Square, by a very aristocratical sort of personage, rather stout, rather bald, and very good looking; a gentleman about the age of forty, who, as he addressed the lady by the familiar name of “*Emmy*,” I thought must be Lord T——, and I was rejoicing in my own mind instantly that all their differences were made up; that the mother would now soon have her children again in her arms, and her husband protecting her, as he ought to do, when I heard the footman and waiting-woman whispering most significantly together, and saw the sturdy fat coachman shake his head, and wink with one of his eyes at them both, as he exclaimed mutteringly, “Ah, I see how it is! I shall lose my place for this day’s work. Well, no matter; I shall soon get another.”

Little did I see of Lady T—— for the next week, but I heard enough from all quarters to shock me inexpressibly. Another nobleman than the absent Lord, one who had once been his most intimate friend, the gentleman I had seen hand her from her carriage with so *empressé* an air, was in the habit now of spending all his mornings alone with her in her boudoir; of reading to her amusing books in the evening; of presenting her daily with bouquets, essences, and every thing he fancied that could please or interest her; and, in short,

was destroying her reputation for ever, and injuring in the most essential point the honour and happiness of Lord T——. This treacherous nobleman, to whom I shall give the name of Viscount Falconshaw, was in the custom, I learned, of playing at *ecarté* and other games, with this most imprudent and dangerous woman, who seldom failed of drawing most largely from his purse, by such means, as he always rose up the loser.

It was then, it seems, for the purpose of indulging in a criminal passion, that Lady T—— had broken through her Lord's positive injunctions to remain at his country house in —— shire, that he might not be compelled, from compassion to her then situation, to throw her off publicly for ever. How did my heart ache for the sensitive and cruelly wronged husband and father; how burn with indignation against the profligate Viscount, and his equally as criminal a paramour!

In my first disgust at all I witnessed, all I heard, I was tempted to throw up my office of attending upon a lady so lost to all sense of decency and decorum; at any rate, I was resolved to remonstrate with her on her conduct, show her the enormity of her crime, and insist upon it, that Viscount Falconshaw should be banished the house, at least as long as I was in it.

Just as I had formed these proper resolutions, and had arranged all my arguments in proper form, Lady T—— was taken ill, and after a few hours of suffering, a little healthy boy was born.

This was not the time, certainly, to preach a sermon of morality to my most lovely, but most dishonourable patient. Cold and repulsive I was in my manner to her, there can be no doubt; but I performed my duty towards her, and the poor unconscious babe, who had Heaven in his look, angelic innocence in his eye, although, according to human nomenclature, he was, as his unhappy mother afterwards acknowledged to me, "*the child of shame.*"

Every day there arrived a note from the seducer to his secluded mistress, with some little expensive offering or other; and, although she always blushed when these perfumed billets were handed to her, yet she never refused them, nor, indeed, made a single observation respecting them. A letter came every week from her correspondent, the governess of her children, Miss Willoughby, who either had not, or did not seem to wish to have, a knowledge of the full culpability of the lady she served. She spoke, indeed, in these letters, of the increasing dejection of poor Lord T——; that he looked pale and thin—that he could not endure company—that he often wept over his children, especially the elder one, little Philip who possessed, I heard, all the perfect beauty of his mother, with deep blue eyes, her exquisite mouth, and flaxen hair. "He has lost his colour much, since we have been in Ireland," wrote this sensible young woman, in one of her letters, "and has, besides, a slight cough; O how I wish Lord T—— would take us all back again to England. I am sure little Philip pines to see his dear mama; and so, indeed, does little Emmy. When will you recall us all, dear Madam, or join us here?"

"Never, never!" exclaimed Lady T——, "wringing her hands in agony, as she read the account, "I shall see them all no more. My

eldest-born! my idolised Philip, will die, and these eyes will no more behold him! Wretch that I am! What have I forfeited!"

Dreadful are the writhings of remorse! Need we any other *Hell* than the scourgings of our own conscience? Happy are those who, enduring such *baptism of fire*, are prepared for the future one of *water* (the symbol of cleansing), and the regenerating one of the Holy Spirit. But the anguished feelings of Lady T—— were, alas! but momentary; a note from the Viscount then just arriving, seemed to have dissipated all her grief and motherly affection for her absent children in an instant, and to cause her to look with increased fondness on the present one, whom she did not, however, nurse herself, but hired a *substitute* to perform that sacred office.

As Lady T—— still lived under the protection of her husband, in his house, and no open exposure had been made with regard to her *liaison* with Viscount Falconshaw, the world, whatever it might think, still countenanced her. She was too conspicuous a star of fashion, not to be invited every where, and as soon as ever she could with propriety accept such invitations, away she went, decorated with the most expensive ornaments; dazzling in beauty and gems. As she came into my room, the first evening of her going out, to show herself, and look upon her infant, I told her I should leave her residence next day; when, with that inconsistency I had ever seen about her, that mixture of angel and devil I had so clearly traced in all she said and did; she burst into tears, and implored me "not to forsake her child, as she knew it would perish without my care."

"Who is so proper, my lady, to guard over the welfare of this poor little one," answered I, in a voice of no gentle rebuke, "as the mother who bore it?" Then recollecting in a moment, how totally unfit *she* was to watch over a germ of immortal growth, so that it should expand into divine loveliness; to foster a seed planted by God himself in a small human form—its outward husk or covering—I turned away and sighed.

It seemed to me that the same thought had passed over her own mind at the same moment, for she uttered with a most pathetic cadence, "Too late! too late! *Mother!* am I worthy of the name? My precious, perhaps dying little Philip! My forsaken, neglected Emily! And their poor, injured, too indulgent father! My God! take them all, I beseech thee, under thy paternal care, and"——

She could not finish, for her voice was choked by emotion; I went and bolted the door, to prevent intrusion, and was resolved to try whether I could not persuade her to return immediately into the country, to the Hall, where Lord T—— had given orders she should reside, until he had made up his mind what course to pursue with regard to her; for as yet it appeared to me he was unaware of the full extent of her turpitude; or, from the doating affection he still bore her, amounting almost to idolatry, shut his eyes wilfully to his own disgrace.

"It is impossible," sobbed out the weak-minded Lady T——. "I have lost for ever the respect of him who was too good for me!—even, supposing he could forgive me, every look of his would be a cutting reproach to me: every kind word from him would seem to

tell me of my own unworthiness.—I could not endure this life—I should destroy myself!—Vanity, not love, has undone me!—Mrs. Griffiths, you know not what effect flattery has upon a nature like mine! He, my injured Lord, never stooped to use it; yet I know that he alone adored me. This other being came, and largely drugged the cup—it intoxicated me; and, I became—*what I am.*"

Much impassioned discourse passed at this time between us—I argued with all my force; implored her not to insult the feelings of Lord T——, by being seen in public receiving the attentions of the Viscount, when her husband was absent. That as yet, irreparable as was the wrong he had sustained, still the finger of public scorn from an unjust and cruel world, was not openly pointed at him; he might still be saved from that ignominy, which is the severest trial a man can endure, an open stain upon his wife's honor!—I thought I had prevailed; that I had awakened some better feelings in her mind; or rather the resolution to be guided by those angel-visitants, that so often hovered about herself, even in spite of all her errors, but were constantly chased away again, by the fiends, Frivolity and Vanity;—Had Lady T—— been born a *plain* woman instead of being a first-rate Beauty, it is my opinion, that she would have been both amiable and virtuous.—Had her husband, even, been less indulgent to her first follies, and insisted on her abandoning high play, of which she was so extravagantly fond, she might have remained a faithful wife and tender mother. I am not seeking to excuse immorality, I am only analysing the cause of it here. Physicians are consulted on every slight *physical* disease; change of air, of diet, and of *nostrums* are prescribed without end; but when the moral constitution is infected by some secret foe, is contaminating by slow or rapid degrees, all that before was healthful and delightful, where is the mental Physician to be found (that is, human one) to administer relief?—Every master of a family should be such at least to his own wife and children more especially, and as much as possible to his other inmates. *Vice* is a malady that comes on generally by gradual approaches, but by judicious treatment, might, I am assured, often be restrained, if not wholly eradicated.

In the Romish religion there can be no doubt that something of this nature was intended for the erring children of humanity, when it was made imperative, that all good Papists should *confess* their sinful thoughts and acts to their Priests. Beneficial would it be so to do, I cannot but think, if it were confined to *confession* only; if the arrogant human Physician, the Priest, had not taken upon himself, without the slightest authority for so doing, what God himself (the only true Physician), has the power of doing, absolving their fellow creatures from their faults, whatever may be their enormity; thus misleading the hapless culprit, or, to carry on the metaphor, the poor trusting patient, whose case, instead of being amended by such treatment, gets infinitely worse;—nay, he often purchases indulgences to commit other crimes with the greatest impunity. This is, I think, one of the plague-spots on Romanism.

That the last two sentences will be passed entirely over, by many

who have commenced reading this tale, I can have but little doubt ; if so, I humbly beg their pardon for the digression.

Lady T—— seemed deeply touched by my arguments ; she had actually unclosed a superb diamond armlet from her rounded and alabaster arm, had removed a small bouquet of glittering gems from her equally spotless bosom, with the intent of sending away her carriage that evening, when a note was brought to her on a silver salver, which she hastily tore open, and then handed it to me, with an apologetic look, as she caught up the discarded ornaments, and hurried from the room. In another quarter of an hour, I heard the chariot whirl from the door.

These were the lines *scrawled* upon the paper, for the person who had put them there, was too fashionable by far *to write*. It was from the Viscount.

“Put on all your charms this evening my adored E——, for the Heir-apparent, and more of the Royals will be there. They are all profound judges in female Beauty, and there is a new *Star* arisen in the Hemisphere of Fashion—appear, and eclipse her for ever !

A WORSHIPPER.”

“And for such trash as this,” I indignantly exclaimed, “is an honourable, a confiding, a doating husband to have the peace of his sacred home violated and destroyed !” And I thrust the poisonous missile into the fire, and immediately began my preparations for my departure, which I now determined should take place the next morning.

At what hour Lady T—— returned I know not, but it must have been a very late one : I wished to see her before I went ; so I sent her woman in to ask leave to do so, and was instantly admitted into her sleeping apartment.

Pale was that faultless face, which I now looked upon ; and almost convulsed its features. “Oh that I had taken your advice, my kind good Mrs. Griffiths,” she exclaimed, after sending away her woman, “I have been persuaded to play again, and at enormous stakes. I have lost at every throw ; I am in debt this night to —— no less a sum than 5000 guineas, and if I cannot pay it within three days, the odious man will apply for it, he says, to my Lord T—— ! and at such a juncture as this ! It cannot, it shall not be done !—there is but one alternative and that shall be tried. For the love of Heaven, leave me not this day—to-morrow !—yes to-morrow you shall be free.”

Reluctantly I consented ; but there is that eloquence in intense agony, that the heart cannot resist it. The infant, too, pleaded strongly with me to remain a day or two longer, though it spoke not in words. . . it was very ill ; and the nurse who had been hired to supply it with nourishment, evidently pined at the absence of her own child, whom she was defrauding of its natural right, for the sake of money. A new substitute was to be sought for, and approved of ; all this business was left to me ; and I set about my task immediately.

On my return home from making some necessary enquiries, I heard that the countess had, as soon as I left her, dispatched a note to her betrayer ; that she had then dressed herself with especial care, in an elegant morning-dress, and was at that very moment closeted with him in her boudoir.

She soon came to me with a look of triumph, and said to me in a whisper—"I have gained my point, I knew he could not refuse me. He has given me, in a fit of gallantry, hearing of my losses at play last night, this blank cheque upon his banker, and it is well for me that he has, for I have not had a single remittance from my Lord, since I have been in London."

"How could you expect it, Madam!" I answered with much severity. "I am only astonished that he suffers you, unmolested, to remain under the sanction of his roof."

"You do not know Lord T——" answered the culpable and ungrateful wife. "I know his nature well: never, I am assured, can he bring himself to visit upon the head of one he has so fondly loved, that punishment and obloquy she so justly merits. No proceedings will ever be taken against me, *although that little one is none of his.*"

"And how have you repaid him for such intense affection, Madam?" said I, turning from her—"from my very soul I pity and admire Lord T—— as much as I detest and despise his heartless injurer."

"Say not *heartless*," observed this guilty but too fascinating woman, shewing me the cheque upon the London banker—"when I told him this morning that I must avail myself of his often proffered services; and apply to him *as to a husband*, for resources cut off through his means, and attentions to me, the man appeared in a perfect ecstasy, so tearing a blank leaf from his pocket-book, he hastily signed his name to it, handed it to me, and requested I would fill in any sum I desired, as all he had on earth was mine—he is gone now into the country for a few days."

"Horrid! most revolting!" I exclaimed, "and do you mean to avail yourself of this piece of senseless gallantry?"

"It is too late this evening," replied the lady with a look of determination. "To-morrow morning, I will present it myself: perhaps you will have the goodness to accompany me, as I do not choose to trust my woman."

"No, Madam," said I with much warmth, "would I had never seen you! rapid are your strides now in vice; you are lost beyond redemption."

That evening the new nurse came, and I lingered on another day. Lady T—— filled in the cheque, and drove off alone to the banker's the next morning; her footman handed in the draft to the clerks. She was requested to alight, and walk into the private room of the chief partner of this most respectable bank. She told me on her return, with much levity in her manner, of the conversation that there passed. It was rather singular, so I set it down at the time amongst the rest of these details, but I cannot give it *verbatim*, for the reason assigned at the commencement of this tale, the loss of my key to the cypher in which it was originally written word for word, as she with much graphic skill portrayed it to me.

"Be kind enough to be seated Madam," said the banker, himself handing her a chair and closing the door to prevent interruption.—"This is a cheque for a very large amount, my lady, and I have cause to complain a little of the want of Lord Falconshaw's general

courtesy towards our house. It is always a usual thing, Madam, to ————" and he paused and hesitated.

"I have nothing whatever to do with the customs of banking-houses," said Lady T—— coldly, and perhaps a little haughtily, "I know nothing whatever of the rules and regulations of business; how should I, indeed? If Lord Falconshaw has not so much money here, or you, Sir, demur to pay this cheque, why there is an end of the matter; return it to me, and I will give it back to his Lordship."

"Why as to that, Madam," replied the Banker, fidgetting about upon his chair, and looking with wonderment on the extreme beauty of his visitor; "as to that, my lady, the credit of Lord Falconshaw is very good: we would cash bills for him to any amount; he is a man of honor, and has a large estate clear from incumbrance, but I am surprised, quite astonished, he did not inform our house this morning before he left town, that he intended to draw upon us for so serious a sum as this. Is it for the purchase of an estate, Madam, could you inform me, from your lord?"

"I knew not that I should be asked any questions," remarked the lady, smiling, and showing the dimples in her cheek.

The banker seemed to sit still more uneasily; he attempted some apology; looked at the cheque again, then again at the lady; and at length stammered out, "To own the truth, my lady, we ought to have been apprised of the circumstance, to have received due notice; we cannot, without very severe inconvenience to *our house*, which has as large an amount of capital in it as any house in London, we cannot, at the precise moment of its presentation, pay the enormous sum of £50,000 demanded by that draft. Are you in immediate want of the money, Madam?"

"When would it be convenient for you, Sir, to pay it in full?" demanded the lady, with a sunny smile.

"The day after to-morrow, Madam, we will endeavour to meet your wishes," said the banker, most politely bowing.

"Then the day after to-morrow let it be," gaily exclaimed the Countess, adjusting her splendid shawl, and partly discovering her fine form; "I will call here on that day, and receive the cash."

The gallant gentleman then handed his lovely guest himself to her carriage, through rows of staring and admiring clerks, and merchants at the counters, who all forgot to tell their gold and bank-notes, as the fair apparition passed to the door.

From another source I must supply to the reader what passed immediately after Lady T——'s departure from the banking-house. It was described to me a couple of years after, by the wife of that very same principal partner in that same bank, whom I attended in my vocation at Clapham Common. I will give it without circumlocution, to finish off this part of my narrative at once, without confusing it with new names and events.

No sooner had the carriage driven off, than the banker summoned to a private conference his first confidential clerk, a man who had got grey in the service of the firm, and who acted as its *safety-valve* in all emergencies.

"Simpson," said the banker, shewing him the cheque, "there is something wrong here! I can fancy a man like Lord Falconshaw being so infatuated with a woman like this Countess, that he would do very silly things indeed; but look at that amount!"

"We hold securities to nearly double that sum of Lord Falconshaw's," returned the clerk, thinking of nothing but the honour of the firm. "It is undoubtedly his signature."

"The amount, though, is written in a female hand," said the banker, "and *there* must be the error. God bless my soul! £50,000! and without an intimation of it! Simpson! How far is it to Viscount Falconshaw's country-seat in Hertfordshire?"

"About thirty miles I should suppose," replied the aged clerk; "but I will consult the"—

"Not a moment must be lost," said the banker. "I will put four post-horses to my carriage, and run down there this very evening. You had better go with me, Simpson."

"It will create much alarm amongst our people," argued the prudent old gentleman, "if we both absent ourselves to-morrow morning. I wish Mr. — (the other partner), were home from Brighton."

"You are right, my good fellow," said the principal. "You always are so—I will go out at the private door, and be you careful of all things until my return." Away went the good-looking banker; and as soon as he could effect it by the help of bribes and persuasions, he was whirling away behind four post-horses, the postilions smacking their whips through Islington, Highgate, Barnet, and St. Alban's. No time was lost whilst the horses were changed; golden arguments prevailed all the way. At about seven o'clock the banker arrived at the seat of the unsuspecting Viscount, who had scarcely thought at all of the egregious folly he had the morning before committed, in trusting a *woman who gambled*, and was unfaithful to her husband, with the means of profiting by his piece of gallantry.

The truth must be told. Viscount Falconshaw had other ties on him besides his bewitching Countess: in his park, in a beautiful cottage built entirely for her use, there resided another lady, who had been to him from the early age of sixteen, as a wife, but without the name, and the mother of a fine family of children: one of them is at this moment a colonel in her Majesty's service. When the banker arrived at the lodge, the Viscount happened to be at this very little elegant retreat, with this same son of his, then four years old, sitting astride on his knees, and Mrs. Elton, as she was called, the pretty, unaffected mother of that child, and three others, close beside him, looking up in his face with the most confiding affection, and as happy as any woman can be, whose offspring bear not the name of their father, nor have any *legal* claim upon his protection and property.

The banker was in too great a hurry to stand much upon etiquette, so, acquainting himself with the spot where it was most likely he should meet with the Viscount, away he posted on foot, through the grounds towards it, and entered the labyrinth of flowering shrubs, veiling the virandahed cottage, and his lady-love from vulgar curiosity; and without any fear or shame, for he thought only of the enormous sum

of £50,000, the banker bolted in upon the family groupe, quite disregarding the dismay of the lady, and the heightening colour on the cheek of the nobleman; but hastily holding up the important cheque with one hand, and pointing to the amount for which it was drawn with the other, the banker coolly demanded, "if he had his lordship's authority to pay that draft?"

"How? what?" demanded Viscount Falconshaw, "completely thrown off his guard, when his eye glanced upon the figures in the corner, and saw the same sum in full length in the body of the bill, written in a hand he knew right well. "Can it be possible? Has she dared to fill it up to that amount?"

"Is it your lordship's signature," enquired the banker, "that you have so injudiciously, I suppose, allowed Lady T—— to use thus, to her own advantage?"

"Lady T——!" exclaimed the young mother of that groupe of lovely children, turning as pale as marble, "then there is truth in the reports that I have lately heard! I am of all women, then, the most miserable; and you, Falconshaw, of all men the most perjured!"

"Maria!" said the Viscount, in a soothing voice, "dearest Maria! be pacified! Here is some mistake—this foolish bill means nothing! Maria! do not give way thus."

But the hapless Maria heard him not, she fell into her seducer's arms, livid as a corpse. The poor children set up a fearful cry, which brought their servant to them—"Mama will die!" they all screamed out together. "This naughty gentleman has killed poor Mama!"

All this scene was rather unexpected by the worthy banker, who thought it would be the most delicate thing he could do, to withdraw instant, and walk about the grounds till his lordship could come out to speak to him.

In rather more than half an hour, Mr. —— saw Viscount Falconshaw approaching the garden-chair on which he sat, beneath the cold beams of the moon, and as hungry and discomforted as any one need be. Very much agitated appeared the nobleman; he shook the banker's hand though very cordially, and led him towards his own house, where refreshments were laid before him, and a bed for his accommodation during the night was ordered.

"This is a very ugly affair," at length said his lordship, after striding up and down the room 'as if he had lost his senses. "A very awkward thing every way: it cuts, as they say, *two ways at once*. That poor fond thing, Mr. ——, takes this matter terribly to heart. She has claims on me. You saw some of them, I think?" said he, striving to smile. "She is but a girl yet, and as constant as a dove! It is very unlucky, this exposure before her."

"But about this bill," said the man of business, not wanting to enter into all the details of the Virandah Cottage, and wishing himself back again in London. "Is it your Lordship's wish that Lady T—— should have this enormous sum, which it is quite evident you never intended or expected she would demand?"

"I have acted like a fool, Mr. ——," answered his Lordship, "and I always do, where women are concerned. I certainly did not expect that the lady who called on you this morning, would have required or asked for such a sum as this."

"Shall I put the draft into the fire, my Lord," inquired the city gentleman, whose name stood as fair in that quarter, as any banker's within the sound of those bells, so celebrated for baptising people with the name of 'Cockneys.' "Fortunately I retained it," continued that gentleman; "She did not ask me for it; the flame from this candle will soon get rid of this claim on you for £50,000?"

"Not if it were the last shilling I have in the world," said Viscount Falconshaw, determinedly. "No; I gave this lady my signature to use *as she pleased*. What that pleasure is you have there clearly expressed. Give her the full amount, but never more will I trust man or woman with my name to a blank cheque. Now, Sir, you must excuse me. You are master here as long as it pleases you; but there is an aching heart in that little ornamented retreat yonder, the mother of four little beings who call me father, and who I know are verily my own children. I promised to spend the remainder of the evening with her, and I must keep my word. I thank you for attending so promptly to my interest. I hope it will not inconvenience your house; make what use of my securities you please, but the money must be paid, and that immediately. Now, good night."

What inconsistency is there in us poor human beings! This nobleman, who had basely violated every tie of friendship and honour, by destroying the wedded happiness of his intimate acquaintance and college companion—of him who considered him once as a friend, and implicitly trusted in him—this very nobleman, who had acted so vile a part in one action, yet in another was the very *beau-ideal* of honour. Of what varied stuff are we composed! Light and shadow, good and evil, make up that puppet, man!

I left — Square a few hours after Lady T—— had received the whole amount of her cheque. She paid all her debts of honour, and sent coolly for her man of business, giving him orders to invest the remainder for her exclusive use in Exchequer bills and India stock, as she could not, as a married woman, hold stock in the funds.

Lady T—— called at my house a few weeks after this, and informed me that she had just received another letter from the friendly Governess, Miss Willoughby, who had written evidently by Lord T——'s permission, to inform her, that her little son Philip, the heir of the title and estates, was considered in extreme danger; that his Lordship was setting off for Liverpool on some business of importance: therefore if she chose to visit Dublin to see her child before he died, she could do so without any danger of meeting her husband. She had never spoken of this estrangement before.

"This is all his own humanity and nobleness," said the Countess, in an agony of grief and gratitude; "dearly as he loves his son, he has no selfish feelings in his nature—he would risk his not being with his child in his last moments, to give me, his faithless, but still much loved wife, the gratification of taking a last leave of the child I have borne him. Generous and noble being! How have I requited thee!"

A storm of passion followed this. It was dreadful to witness her agony and remorse. At length it subsided enough for Lady T—— to mention what brought her to my house. She was resolved to go off instantly for Ireland; she had received tacit permission so to do; and

remittances had been also sent through the agency of Miss Willoughby; but then her last infant—she could not take him with her. Conscience forbade that—he was only the nominal son of her Lord; yet should her elder boy die, *this one* would be the future Earl, the legal representative of a long line of ancestry. This boy must be cared for; and she came to request, with tears streaming from her eyes, that I would, during her absence, take the nurse and child into my house to reside with me, that I might overlook his health, and ease her mind on that account.

There are some persons born with persuasion upon their lips, who have good and evil so blended in their disposition that you cannot help *loving* them, although severely deprecating their faults and immoralities. This is called a weakness, I will freely allow; but are we not all of us a mass of absurdities and inconsistencies—of weaknesses and caprices? sometimes exhibiting the virtues of an angel, sometimes, alas, the qualities of a fallen one! Man is a fallen angel, and he who can feel affection for those who have not lost all the angelic qualities, so far as the art of loving goes, is himself an angel.

I took, therefore, the charge of little Frederic; and his erring mother set off for Dublin, attended only by her maid. She arrived in time to look upon her eldest-born, her darling Philip, whilst his spirit still lingered on earth, like a bird pluming its wings before it meditates an aerial flight into the skies. He died, her arms clasped around him, and so in a state of insensibility she remained some few moments after the celestial Phoenix had departed: a severe fit of illness succeeded, attended with fever and delirium.

Whilst she lay in this state, I am informed that Lord T——, her injured but still doating husband, more than once looked in upon her, and held her burning hand in his: but as soon as the physicians saw a hope of her recovery, he tore himself away from her and England for ever, leaving her at full liberty to reside either at his London house, or that in ——shire, where I first saw her portrait, and with a most liberal allowance. His little girl accompanied him to Italy, under the kind care of the excellent Miss Willoughby.

Lord and Lady T—— are now no more; but her last son, Frederic, the child I had under my care, is in possession of the title, estates, and fortune of the deceased nobleman, he being born in wedlock. His real father, the Viscount Falconshaw, has been many years married to the fair inmate of the cottage, Maria, the mother of his children; but he has not an heir, as that lady never presented him with another child after she became his wife.

Very often does the name of the present Lord T—— come before the public, as he has turned out a politician and an orator. There are few persons who are at all aware how little *right* he has by *equity* to the splendid inheritance good fortune has accorded to him. He is a great favorite with the ladies, and is not perfectly immaculate himself in his character, with regard to them. He has much of the beauty of his mother, and the seductive graces of the Viscount, his father. He is on excellent terms with him, and his whole host of brothers and sisters on that side; but he has never, I believe, seen the late Lord T——'s daughter, who is married to a foreign nobleman, and is a beauty of the first water at the court of her lord's sovereign; but I hear she has all

the delicacy of mind and noble qualities of her injured father. Miss Willoughby expired not many months ago, revered and beloved by all who knew her.

How many mysteries are there concealed amongst great families! How many heirs are there who have only a seeming claim to their future possessions! The infidelity of a married woman is the polluted source of every kind of fraud and injustice—rightly is it reprobated!

THE TWO VOICES.

THE VOICE OF YOUTH.

Then is the age of admiration ; then
Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men :
Then, from within, a voice exclaims "Aspice!"—ROEMER.

If Time with iron touch dispels
Each bright and roseate beam,
That made our very thoughts, the cells
Of eastern genii seem.
If, as his hoary steps advance,
We lose life's poetry,
And all our visions of romance ;
Then early let me die.
If those first feelings, fresh and warm,
That fire the breast of youth,
Dissolve, like some enchanter's charms,
Before the touch of truth ;
Then let me hasten from a world,
Where fancy hath no sway ;
Where reason's icy bolt is hurl'd,
To startle hope away.
But no !—fair truth her power sublime,
O'er youthful hearts doth hold ;
Suspicion comes with rugged time,
Crafty, and false, and cold.
Sages may vaunt the joy serene,
The passionless repose ;
The peace where burning thoughts had been ;
The calm of evening's close.
Aye,—if to sleep a dreamless sleep,
Were the supreme of bliss ;
But I would rather wake and weep,
Than find repose like this.

Mark yonder vase, where flowers dispread,
So late their rich perfume ;
A languid odour now is shed
By many a wither'd bloom.
O heart of mine ! if, like those flowers,
Thy hopes are doom'd to fade,
And all thy sweet Aonian hours,
To languish in the shade ;
Be every aspirant desire
Concentred in one vow—
To perish, ere the light expire
Of life's meridian glow.
Like to a harp, whose breathing strings,
A master's hand awakes ;
Till in the midst of triumphings,
Some chord ecstatic breaks.

THE VOICE OF AGE.

The hours that fly so fast,
A burden or a curse when misemployd,
But to the wise, how precious !

ROGERS.

O TIME ! best solacer of grief,
Sole monitor of man !
I but lament thou art so brief
In life's allotted span.
Another hour—another day—
Alas ! how short appears
The portion left, to that array
Of idly wasted years !
Sweet is the wild romance of youth,
With golden visions rife ;
But glorious is the Star of Truth
That dawns on after life.
Those visions only mock'd the sight,
All radiant though they were ;
Like Faëry gifts when brought to light
Of our terrestrial sphere.
Yet deem not, when these are no more,
That life's decline presents
The aspects of a wintry shore
Swept by the elements.
No ; like the mellow light that marks
The horizon's western line,
When day for other realms embarks,
Comes joy in life's decline.

Ev'n the loved muse her sway retains
 O'er those that woo'd her young ;
 Tho' sweetly solemn now their strains
 In loftier mood are sung.
 And nature, beauteous and sublime !
 Who once with homage true
 Hath worshipped thee, through endless time
 His homage must renew.
 The songs of birds, the hues of flowers,
 Still charm the feeling mind ;
 Greek sages sought in blooming bowers
 Their *Kalon* great to find.
 Moon hath its roseate beams ;—mid-day
 Its hours with care oppress ;
 But evening draws its curtain grey
 Round many a couch of rest.

THE GUARANTEES OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

BY DR. MICHELSON.

PART I.

NOBLE and ancient descent, however gratifying to personal vanity, or whatever degree of lustre it may be admitted to confer on individuals, is sometimes superficial, and does not necessarily contribute to the true glory of a nation. The most free are assuredly the most noble people. The yet infant country forming the United States of North America will occupy a far more elevated and enviable position in the pages of history than the immemorial "celestial" empire of China, and perhaps rank equal with the olden ecclesiastical or military states of Europe. Antiquity of creation, in fact, can no more intrinsically ennoble institutions than men. It is of very little import to inquire whether the elder laws and statutes of the English constitution were framed in the thirteenth or seventeenth century. Whether they were formed to meet the casual necessities of various periods, or resulted from the profound speculations of statesmen, are also matters of indifference ; provided the complete code is known to contain those guarantees which are essential to the liberty of the subject and the general welfare of the nation. The consolidators of so inestimable a national treasure would have established no less a claim to the admiration and gratitude of posterity, though the constitution had not acquired the original elements of its perfection through their instrumentality, since they were, nevertheless, capable of duly appreciating the merits of their materials, and were guided by a sound judgement in combining those ingredients into a pure and luminous whole, at once the animating and guiding principle of both the governors and the governed of the commonwealth. But as regards England, it is of paramount importance to ascertain whether its constitution may be thus

described, whether it is really entitled to the perfect and spotless character generally conceded to it by Europe, and whether the benefits said to be derived by society from its establishment actually flow from its constituent parts and internal integrity, or originate in circumstances and causes independent of, or deviating from the genuine intents and purposes of its formation. The most illustrious statesmen to whom England has given birth have not been so blinded by national prejudices as to regard the entire structure of our constitution as a model of perfection, but, on the contrary, have admitted the existence of its numerous defects, as opposed to the spirit of the age and the advancement of civilization. Above two hundred years past, Lord Bacon, in the preface to his Digest observed that "our laws are as of mixed a nature as our language;" and we may now add that those laws have never yet attained that clearness and perspicuity which the language, with all its minglings, has acquired. Uniformity of origin, though undoubtedly of some, is not of vital consequence as connected with the law, where its absence is far less injurious than the presence of ambiguity in expression. Only from a clearly defined and obvious application of the law can the subject and his property derive that certain freedom and protection which the law professes to provide, and should in all cases afford. Unhappily however, our old English civil laws are of such an inflexible, and as it were *mummy-like* character, that in applying their provisions to modern times, mis-interpretations are sometimes unavoidable, in a state of society where civilisation has made rapid strides and vast changes have taken place in the numerous branches of practical life. Thus by the obscurities and uncertain significations of superannuated laws, the manifold benefits which ought to flow from our system of jurisprudence are but too often converted into harms, and what were intended to be blessings become curses. Additions, too, are in many instances piled upon additions, till the very superabundance of the statutes tends to defeat the laudable objects originally contemplated; serving rather to assist the evil-disposed than to support the worthy and protect the weak.

Every judgement pronounced in a court of justice is dignified with the appellation of law; and thenceforth may be quoted as a precedent by succeeding judges, each of whom, on any future occasion, delivers his own version according to the view he takes of the analogy subsisting between the present and some past case. Thus are created a host of new and varying opinions, each having the force of law; and all, in turn, again serving as stepping-stones to others, *ad infinitum*, till they constitute a stupendous mass of complicated yet inconsistent verbiage. The sentence which is declared to be law to-day is, with equal facility, discarded as erroneous to-morrow. Hence the so-termed "*glorious uncertainty of the law*," and the dangerous abyss into which litigants of the present period are, too often, disastrously plunged.

The judgments of every court, then, being regarded as actual and positive law, can it be matter of surprise that in endeavouring to reconcile and unite the diversities, the statutes appertaining to five centuries have swollen to such an enormous bulk, or that the fabric itself, composed as it is, of an infinite number of loosely constructed or ill-assorted parts, should present to the unfortunate seeker after justice, all the intricacies

of an almost interminable labyrinth, where every fresh step inevitably incurs a fearful increase of expenditure. More than one hundred and fifty years have elapsed since Lord Chief Justice Hale expressed his opinion that the English laws had so accumulated as to be co-equal in point of number with those of the whole Roman empire, which filled 2000 volumes. The *glorious* uncertainties of the law naturally produced that *glorious* state of profitable dubiety, attained by its practitioners, and followed by the long train of ills that their clients too often find themselves heirs to. Towards the close of the last century, London alone contained above 7040 lawyers; all more or less, then as now, threading the mazes of mystified disquisition, and each supporting his own case by citing authorities opposed to the decisions referred to by his antagonizing "learned brother;" the judgements insisted on by either party, admitting arguments as vague as the opinions are various. These common openings for legal sophistry are widened by the practice of a phraseology replete with technicalities only to be understood within the sphere of their usage, which manifestly permits truth to be involved in such intricate folds, as to render the aid of a professional man indispensable to her developement and the consequent attainment of that justice, which the claimant, unless he possesses adequate wealth, is therefore frequently deterred from seeking; aware of the enormous expense attending law suits, even of a trifling nature. Thus law, which doubtless was intended to be made, and is still idly boasted by us, as available to the peasant as the prince, is in truth, become a species of luxury in which scarcely any but the rich can venture to indulge. Not the least remarkable proofs of this occur in the difficulties experienced either in establishing or disproving any pecuniary claim, "by due course of law." Any affirmed debt exceeding 2*l.* in amount, may be sued for in the higher courts of judicature, and if contested, the charges attendant on the result of the action would reach at least 50*l.* Consequently, prudent men often put up with the minor rather than hazard a visitation of the exorbitant evils: they either forego the recovery of inconsiderable sums though justly due to them; or, on the other hand, pay a demand though wrongfully claimed, sooner than appeal to a court of law and incur the possibility of an expense, perhaps, ruinous to a man struggling to turn the tide of fortune. Hence too, the advantages taken by unprincipled men to release themselves from their pecuniary obligations, hoping that their creditors will rather surrender their claims than involve themselves in a law-suit, that might be prolonged by evasive chicanery for years of bootless litigation, and at last end in the debtor's emigration, insolvency, or death.

In the county of Middlesex only, the number of small debts averaging from ten to twenty pounds sterling, and which were respectively sought to be recovered in the several courts of law, during a single year amounted in the aggregate to 81,713*l.*; and gave rise to 5719 separate legal proceedings. The costs incurred in carrying on these suits through the same period, amounted to 68,728*l.*, and of course increased in proportion to the advancement made in each case; so that the actual expenses alone may be computed at upwards of 285,950*l.*, or many thousands more than treble the sum first stated! The field guarded from encroachments by well-grown fences ceases to be of any value when

those fences overspread the surface which they were originally intended to protect. But with respect to the blemishes of the law, whilst the subtleties and impurities which notoriously deform its superficies are allowed to exist, not only are its ostensible advantages rendered nugatory, but they are transformed into active instruments of mischief, baneful to those they were formed to defend.

The proceedings of the ancient Germanic law courts are brought into full practice in the English court of chancery with multiplied additions, and all pursued with a blind, perverse, and superstitious adherence to customs which prevailed in the darker ages; though obviously violating every sound and equitable principle. A chancery suit is contemplated with direful apprehensions by every one exposed to its approach, as pregnant with evils of the most hideous and unmitigable description. It may be termed a legal locust, preying on the mind and exhausting the pecuniary resources of a suitor to an extent incalculable. Who will deny that an application to the highest court of the realm—the assigned residence of justice in her most beneficent shape; whose open halls were designed to shelter the widow and orphan from oppression, and whose decrees should righteously arbitrate for all, on facts, regardless of formalities—may lingeringly lead the baffled, worn-out suppliant to pauperism, lunacy, or the grave! In chancery causes the official documents are commonly voluminous almost beyond credibility, and the uncouth language employed in their composition being framed in accordance to forms derived from the old Norman courts, is utterly unintelligible to the poorer class of litigants; yet, any non-observance of antiquated etiquette subjects a petitioner to imprisonment for *lèse-majesté* and contempt of court, though the alleged disrespect should be solely and manifestly attributable to helpless ignorance;—helpless from inability to purchase professional assistance.

Palpable as are the defects of the present system, there is, notwithstanding, room to doubt whether even the English people are yet sufficiently advanced in intellectual freedom, however highly they may prize their rights and liberties, to cherish from conviction, and, in reality, prefer the primitive and natural principles on which suits might be decided, without the observance of those superfluous forms and empty ceremonies, which evidently obstruct, rather than promote, the ends of justice; and it may with equal probability be questioned whether the introduction of a new code of laws, as proposed by Bacon, yet ridiculed by Bentham, could entirely remove or materially remedy, such long existing and deep-rooted evils.

Still, any regeneration, however limited, would, in some degree, ameliorate the condition of those unfortunates who are compelled by fate to present their oblations in the desecrated temple of equity; and we may instance the few reforms effected during the Chancellorship of Lord Brougham, as corroborating this assumption. The cause of the comparative freedom from glaring faults found in the practice of the common law, subject, as it is, to the views of the jury, is certainly not to be sought in the nature and spirit of that institution itself, since the jurymen, whose responsibility it is very difficult to define, are more liable than the Judges to be biased by personal prejudice, private motives, or popular opinion, to the detriment of impartial justice. What reader of our national records

is unacquainted with the fact that anciently, in numberless instances, juries served as the servile instruments of regal supremacy or ministerial influence; or that during the contagious mania of the fictitious Catholic conspiracy in the reign of Charles II.; they were the mere tools of legal murder in the hands of the execrable Titus Oates. In some cases, they have effected good by directly contravening the express letter of the law.

According to our sanguinary codes, before sentence of death might be mitigated into transportation to New South Wales, human life was held seventy-five times cheaper than in the age of Athelstan, who, in the tenth century, ordained that any theft to the amount of twelve pence should be punishable with death; and though the value of the coin has since that date diminished to a seventy-fifth part, the verbal rigour of the enactment was retained as late as the present century. It is true, the more a judge was constrained to disproportionate severity by the cruelty of the law, the more were the jury inclined to nullify its inhumanity by the lenity of their verdicts.

But as the true efficacy of criminal laws must be looked for in the prevention of crime; if that object is to be obtained by the dread of punishment, it is surely necessary that a positive and unequivocal penalty should await the offender. In short, as any institution possessing the power to arrest or turn aside the arm of Justice at pleasure, may virtually abrogate any act of the Legislature, the practical benefits undoubtedly resulting from our darling trial by Jury, cannot be considered as elemental and inseparable parts of its first formation.

The political influence of the judicial power on the past destinies of England is so strongly delineated in the pages of her annals throughout an uninterrupted series of centuries, that to its exercise we may frequently trace the causes of many apparently strange phenomena in the course of her historical progress. In these more enlightened days of freedom we look back with equal surprise and pain on the readiness displayed by the Judges of former ages to meet, on all occasions, every arrogant wish of their sovereigns, however unjust and unconstitutional. From the first of the Norman princes to the last of the Stuarts there was scarcely a single request of arbitrary royalty which the Judges did not receive and sanctify into an actual law. All the demands of despotism were readily interpreted by them as legal assumptions; and as such, conceded and confirmed. In vain might the Parliament strenuously endeavour to awaken in them a feeling of patriotic conscientiousness, or the proper pride of independence. Their moral courage sank before a full conviction of the consequences of a refusal, and the temptations of a compliance to the will of the monarch. On the one hand they were exposed to persecutions from which not even the power of Parliament could shield them; on the other, rewards and pompous distinctions awaited their submission. Thus the lower they prostrated themselves before the Crown, the higher their gaudy elevation among the people; the less they fulfilled the duties entrusted to them by the constitution, the more splendid the trappings of slavery bestowed on them by their lords. Under Edward II. the Judges were enjoined to conform in their proceedings and decisions strictly to the laws, without paying any regard whatever to any contrary orders, though given under the seal of the state; and a second statute, in the

reign of Richard II., even prohibited the issue of any such mandates. And yet, so unstable and anomalous were the principles and practices of that turbulent period, that bribery and intimidation prevailed to an unprecedented extent among the Judges, who were not ashamed to denounce as acts of high treason all participation in maintaining the validity of a legislative edict, though recently established with the royal consent, when the king subsequently chose to revoke his solemn affirmation. A similar sentence was pronounced against all transactions of the Parliament preceding the settlement of matters specially pertaining to the Crown; as also on any accusation brought before the House touching the ministers of the Cabinet, without the authority and sanction of the Sovereign.

It is interesting to contrast the indications of the growing spirit of liberty displayed by the Commons in this reign with the subserviency to despotism shewn by their legal protectors. "It was agreed by Parliament," says Cotton, "that the subsidy of wools, wood fells, and skins, granted to the king until the time of Midsummer then ensuing, should cease from the same time unto the Feast of St. Peter *ad vincula*; for that thereby the king should be interrupted from claiming such grant as due." On another occasion, the Commons went so far as to vote a petition to Richard, recommending frugality in the royal establishment; and in order to promote it, desired that the Court should not be frequented so much as formerly by *Bishops and ladies*. This so seriously offended his Majesty, that the mover of the petition was given up, and condemned to die as a traitor. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, and the other prelates, returned good for evil, and obtained the early reformer's pardon.

In the year 1591, the whole of the assembled Judges solemnly declared that England was an absolute empire, of which the monarch was the absolute head. This judicial testimony remained from that time the leading article of political belief with their successors; and all the exertions of the Senate to establish as a fundamental principle the independence of the administrators of justice proved fruitless, until the Long Parliament, in 1641, passed a statute, ordaining that thenceforward a Judge should be entitled to hold his office as long as he was morally and physically capable of exercising its functions; thus releasing him from his previous dependence on the will and pleasure of the Sovereign. But notwithstanding that enactment, the *dispensing* power of the Crown was regarded as a State law, down to the revolution of 1688. It was still later that the olden usage of opposing the opinion of the majority of the Judges, on important points of public rights, to the constitutional resolutions of Parliament, gradually fell into desuetude, as the power of the latter acquired strength.

Burke, who, as all know, was an enthusiastic patriot and warm admirer of the institutions of his country, nevertheless, did not hesitate, on one occasion, to declare that in the whole frame of the constitution there was not a single guarantee sufficiently strong for the people to rely on in safety, if the Judges were permitted to expound, dictatorially, the laws of that constitution; for more licentious despotic dogmas can scarcely be imagined than have been laid down by certain Judges of England.

Mill, also, in his History of British India, observes that the submissiveness of Judges to the arbitrary commands of kings and cabinets is

sufficiently attested by one of the most conspicuous component parts of the British constitution: namely, the existence of the Jury, which viewed in any other light would appear not only unnecessary, but even injurious; and that there is not a second article in the whole system, the correctness and necessity of which has been more confirmed by a consecutive series of numerous facts.

The illimitable royal prerogatives, chiefly derived from the ancient exercise of club law, by which the Norman princes domineered over their native vassals and conquered subjects, resisted for many centuries the feeble attacks of the British Parliament. At no period, perhaps, were the avowed pretensions of the throne more lofty than in the reign of Elizabeth. It is a noticeable fact, that in one of the last parliaments summoned by her (1601), we find even *Francis Bacon* thus worshipping the Queen's prerogative, in a spirited debate concerning the crying grievance of monopolies. "As to the prerogative royal of the prince, for my own part I ever allowed of it; and it is such as I hope will never be discussed. The Queen, as she is our sovereign, hath both an enlarging and restraining power. For by her prerogative she may set at liberty things restrained by statute law or otherwise, and secondly, by her prerogative she may restrain things which be at liberty. I say, and I say it again, that we ought not to deal, to judge, or to meddle with her Majesty's prerogative!" A petition to the throne was then the only allowed mode of interfering with the exercise, however inordinate, of any royal privilege; but "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," gradually became subject to bolder questioning. "True devotees in the cause of "kingcraft," the Stuarts, though they possessed neither fixed revenues, nor standing armies to support their inherited claims, only grew more self-willed in asserting them, till the fate of the first Charles awfully shewed that the altered spirit of the times would no longer submit to the impositions of prerogative in its native garb of irresponsible aristocracy.

The final overthrow of still struggling absolutism in the person of James II., decidedly and definitively warned his successors, that the acts of open tyranny by which our monarchs were wont to enforce their dictates in the iron ages, must be carefully avoided in future. If, therefore, any similar advantages, so desirable to sovereignty, were yet to be obtained, the object could only be effected under a modified and very different semblance. Time, the true sorcerer, gradually wrought this political metempsychosis, and burly *Prerogative*, in the smiling form of *Influence of the Crown*, drew plenteous resources, not from the fears but the *foibles* of the senate. In plain words; court-cunning and covert corruption were employed, instead of barefaced force, and equally palpable subornation, in bringing over the members of parliament to an obsequious concurrence with the royal pleasure. At a far earlier period, to the disgrace of England, her nobles and legislators were accessible to *foreign* bribery. In 1554, the emperor Charles V., remitted no less than 400,000 crowns to purchase partisans in the parliament, and promote the ulterior views involved in the proposed marriage of his son Philip with Queen Mary. "A pernicious practice," says Hume, "of which there had not hitherto been any instance in England." But though no precedent strictly parliamentary, perhaps, existed, yet in the reign of Edward IV.

that monarch's Lord Chamberlain, his Lord Chancellor, the High Admiral, Master of the Horse, and several other great lords, all received regular pensions from the Eleventh Louis of France; and Philip de Comines records, as an extraordinary trait of independence on the part of the chamberlain (the *Lord Hastings*, of dramatic celebrity) that when the special messenger of Louis waited on him with the first payment of the offered annual 2000 golden crowns, and pressed hard for a receipt, Hastings answered, "Monsieur Cleret, what you desire is not unreasonable, but this present proceeds from your master's generosity, not any request of mine. If you have a mind I should receive it you may put it into my sleeve, but neither letter nor acquittance you are like to have of me; for to be free with you, Monsieur Peter, it shall never be said for me, that the High Chamberlain of England was pensioner to the king of France, nor shall my hand be ever produced in his chamber of accounts." Cleret left the crowns, and the wily Louis not only commended the conduct of Hastings, but continued his annuity without ever again requiring a receipt. That Charles the Second was himself a pensioner of France, is as notorious as that his ministers employed similar means to forward their designs in parliament: still a total resignation of all intimidatory measures did not take place until after the constrained abdication of James the Second had taught, in terms not to be forgotten, the imperative necessity of consigning the rights and privileges of the strong hand to the sepulchres of their feudal founders. From that epoch, as we have before observed, the monarchy and the parliament began to compromise their unprofitable disputes. Instead of contesting encroachments on the debateable grounds of their respective powers, they came, step by step, to a mutual good understanding; and thenceforth, rewarded by the crown in proportion to their services, the representatives of the people, so purchased, shared the contributions exacted from their constituents at large.

The first appearances of this new order of things were discoverable as early as 1690, when William III. indignant at the prudent reserve evinced by the whigs in their proceedings, threw himself into the arms of the tories, and Sir John Trevor, the speaker of the House of Commons, undertook to secure for him a preponderance of votes in that assembly. Political intrigues of this delicate nature, however, require not only peculiar finesse and secrecy in arrangement, but a provident skill in carrying on, perhaps only to be obtained from practice; and some careless mismanagement of the official novices concerned, led in 1693, to very awkward questioning in the House of Commons relative to the exact meaning of the compound phrase, "secret expence and payments to members of parliament," which had strangely found its way into the accounts of expenditure laid before the House. Suspicion fairly avowed, temporary opiates lost their power; and in the following year a formal public enquiry was instituted, which finally brought to light an amazing mass of most unprincipled venality. It was found that the speaker and various members of the House of Commons were the bought, servile tools of the ministers, who also, in turn, had followed the foul example, and sold their services to the East India Company: that body having spent upwards of 90,000*l.* in "special service money," at the period of renewing their charter, which took place about that time.

Under the auspices of the goddess *Pecunia*, the governor of the

Honourable Company, Sir Thomas Cooke, a member also of the Honourable House of Commons, had gained the good offices of the Duke of Leeds, divers lords, and courtly courtesans; nay, even the private purse of Majesty itself, opened to receive propitiatory offering!! A bill of pains and penalties against Cooke passed the Commons, but was violently opposed in the Peers by the Duke of Leeds: and Cooke petitioned for an act of indemnity. At last, the king in person, pressed the house to turn all its attention to the more urgent affairs of state. Compliance was deemed expedient. Both *Pro* and *Con* were quietly dropped, and future attacks on the Duke of Leeds guarded against by sending the material witnesses abroad. Of the other *illustrious, noble, and patriotic* personages implicated, no further notice was taken, and the whole exposure sank into oblivion without producing even the slightest attempt at reform. The art and mystery of ministerial persuasion, of course, improves with its progress. Walpole, who could boast of knowing the exact price of every marketable vote in the house, and who hardly ever found any that could not be purchased for a proper "*con-si-de-ra-ti-on*" was admirably fitted, by the unscrupulous but dexterous line of policy pursued by him throughout his long parliamentary career, to extend the influence of the crown over the entire range of public business. This spreading ascendancy, so adverse to the spirit of the constitution, received from him the title of "*management of the House of Commons*;" and its operations were committed to the guidance of one of the secretaries of state, through whom the offices under government, prebends, sinecures, pensions, posts in public buildings, lottery contracts, and places in the Treasury, might be obtained. By a judicious distribution of these "*loaves and fishes*," the minister constantly commanded a majority in the house, and this conventional corruption, which infected all who came in contact with the cabinet, was the more irresistible in its advance and dangerous in its effects, the less it had the appearance of assailing the constitution, and the less those thus virtually bought were likely to be losers either in public opinion or parliamentary importance. Burke observed in one of his writings (*Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, 1770) that since the revolution of 1688, nothing had been planned against the existence of parliament!—Certainly not; Parliament had become part and parcel of royalty. It was no less advantageous to the court to avail itself of the House of Commons, as an intermediate power between the ministry and the people, than profitable to the mercenary representatives, who thus screened the creatures of the crown from public obloquy, by tacitly betraying the trust reposed in them. However ready they were to let the usufruct of their votes, they never would sell the property itself—the right of voting. Looking to their own interests, the most obedient agents of the crown were, also, the most strenuous advocates for the rights of the House. The greater the private profit derived from the hire of their constitutional privileges, the more anxious they were to establish and extend them. Thus it was argued that the liberties of the people were by no means affected through the arbitrary powers exercised by the House over the subject's person and property.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(Continued from page 303.)

CLASSIC WALPURGISNIGHT.

*Pharsalian Fields — Darkness.**Erichtho.*

To this night's awful festival, as oft before
 I now am come, Erichtho, I, the gloomy one,
 Not so disgusting as the horrid poets have
 Defamed me overmuch . . . for they can never end
 In praise and censure . . . seems to me the valley round
 O'erpaled afar with billowy waves of greyish tents,
 An after-sight of that most wretched dreadful night.—
 How often is't repeated ! and it will be so
 On to eternity, still all begrudge the power
 To others, all to him who reached it by his strength,—
 Who rules with might. For each who cannot govern in
 His inmost self, would gladly rule and govern o'er
 His neighbour's will, just as his own proud mind may please.
 But here a great example was fought through by men,
 Where force to greater force opposed was, and where
 The sweet and thousand-flowered wreath of freedom brake,
 And the stiff laurel bent around the ruler's brow.
 Here Pompey dreamed of earlier greatness' blossom-day,
 Here Cæsar anxious watched the wavering balance tongue.
 The trial cometh ;—but the world knows who prevailed.

The watch-fires burn, and scatter glowing flames around ;
 The once spilt blood's reflection breathes on high from earth,
 And by the wondrous beauty of the night allured,
 The legion of Hellenic myths is gathering fast.
 The fabled forms of ancient days are hovering dim,
 Or sitting easily around the watch-fire's flame.
 The moon, although not yet at full, shines bright around,
 And rising, spreads its gentle light on every side.
 The fancied tents are gone, the fires are burning blue.

Yet, over me what unexpected meteor !
 It glitters round, and lights a globe corporeal.
 I scent a living thing ; I will not go anear
 That which bears mark of life, for I should injure it.
 That brings me evil fame, and cannot profit me ;
 'Tis sinking down. With caution will I hence depart.

[Exit.]

The Air Travellers above.

Homunculus. Once more in a circle hover
 O'er the flames, and awful horror
 In the depths and in the valley ;
 Spectral is the whole appearance.

Mephistopheles. As through old and timeworn windows,
In the northern waste and dread,
Many horrid spectres see I;
Here, as there, I am at home.

Homunculus. See a tall one there is striding,
On our path before us far.

Mephistopheles. Seemeth it as she were frighted,
Seeing us through ether fly.

Homunculus. Let her stride on! but do thou now
Let thy knight down, and restore
Life unto him; he will seek it
In the fable kingdom here.

Faust (touching the ground). Where is she?

Homunculus. Why, that I cannot say; but you may probably inquire her out here. You may hasten, searching, from fire to fire, before it dawns: he who has ventured to the Mothers, has nothing farther to endure.

Mephistopheles. I, too, am here for my part; yet I know nothing better for our comfort, than that each should seek out his own adventures among the fires. Then, to unite us again, let thy lantern, little one, shine and sound.

Homunculus. So shall it lighten, and sound. (*the glass rings, and glitters powerfully*). Now away to new wonders!

Faust (alone). Where is she? Enquire now no farther. If this were not the soil that bore her, the wave that beat towards her, yet is it the air which spoke her language. Here am I! here, through a miracle, in Greece. I felt at once the ground whereon I stood. As if a spirit had briskly glowed through me the sleeper, I stand, an Antaeus in soul, and find here the most strange things united. I will earnestly search through this labyrinth of flames.

Mephistopheles (prying about). As I wind among these fires I find myself altogether a stranger; almost every body is naked, here and there in shirts: the Sphinxes shameless, the Griffins unabashed, and what besides, shaggy and winged, mirrors itself before and behind in the eye. . . . We are, indeed, in our hearts indecent, yet the antique I find too real. One ought to overcome this in the most modern sense, and after various fashions paste it over. A disagreeable set! Yet, new guest as I am, I must not object to address them politely. Hail! To the fair ladies, the wise greybeards.*

Griffin (gruffly). Not greybeards! Griffins! No one likes to be called a greybeard. Every word reechoes the origin whence it sprang. Grey, grievous, growling, graves, grim, etymologically alike in tone, only put us out of tune.

Mephistopheles. And yet, not to leave the subject, the *Griff* in Griffin pleases.

Griffin (as above, and always in the same way). Naturally! The

* Here is another untranslatable pun: "Greisen" means "old men," "Greifen," "griffins;" and Mephistopheles purposely confounds the s and the f, which brings on the etymological remarks which follow.

connection is proved, often indeed blamed, but more often praised; let every body now *gripe* after maidens, crowns and gold; fortune is the kindest to the *griper*.

Ants (of the colossal kind). You speak of gold; we had collected much, and secretly stuffed it into rocks and caves. The Arimasbian people found it out; they are laughing there, how far they have carried it off.

Griffins. We will bring them to confession.

Arimaspes. Only not in the free festival night. By to-morrow it will all be spent. This time, no doubt, we shall succeed.

Mephistopheles (seats himself among the Sphinxes). How easy and readily I accustom myself to this place, for I understand man by man.

Sphinx. We breathe our spirit tones, and you then embody them. Now name thyself, till we know thee more.

Mephistopheles. People think to name me with many names. Are there Englishmen here? They generally travel so far, to pry into battle fields, waterfalls, ruined walls, dismal classic spots; this place here would be a worthy goal for them. They would also bear witness, that people saw me there in the ancient play as "Old Iniquity."

Sphinx. How did they hit upon that?

Mephistopheles. I myself know not how.

Sphinx. It may be! Have you any acquaintance with the stars? What say you to the present hour?

Mephistopheles (looking up). Star shoots after star: the cut moon shines bright, and I am comfortable in this pleasant spot, I will warm myself against thy lion's skin. To lose oneself up there, would be injurious; give us some riddles, at all events charades.

Sphinx. Declare *yourself*, that will be a riddle at once. Try once to unriddle yourself in your inmost mind: "Necessary to the pious man equally with the impious—to one a cuirass ascetically to fence; companion to another to execute desperate things, and both only to amuse Jupiter."

First Griffin (gruffly). I don't like him!

Second (more gruffly). What does he want with us?

Both. The brute does not belong here.

Mephistopheles (brutally). You think perhaps your guest's nails do not scratch as well as your sharp claws? Try it only.

Sphinx (mild). You may continue to stay, you will drive yourself from the midst of us; you are something in your own land, yet if I mistake not, here you are ill at ease.

Mephistopheles. You are very agreeable to look at above, yet below, the beast horrifies me.

Sphinx. Thou false one wilt come to bitter repentance; for our paws are sound: you with your shrivelled horse-hoof are not pleased in our society.

Sirens (prelude above).

Mephistopheles. Who are the birds rocked to and fro in the branches of the river poplars?

Sphinx. Beware! A sing-song like this has before now overcome the noblest.

Sirens. Ah ! Why thus yourselves misguide ye
 All amidst these hideous wonders !
 Hark, in bands we here are coming,
 And in harmonising measures,
 Thus the Sirens it becometh.

Sphinxes (*mocking them in the same melody*).

Make them come from their concealment !
 In the branches they are hiding
 From you hawk's claws, vile and loathsome,
 To fall on you to destruction
 If you give to them a hearing.

Sirens. Hate away ! away, too, envy !
 We collect the brightest pleasures
 Scattered underneath the sky !
 On the earth and on the water,
 Be it the most cheerful gesture
 Which to welcome ones we give.

Mephistopheles. These are the pretty novelties, when one sound from throat and strings interweaves itself with another. Trilling is lost with me, it tickles my ears indeed, but penetrates not to the heart.

Sphinx. Speak not of hearts ! that is foolish ; a shrivelled leathern bag fits thy face better.

Faust (*stepping forward*). How wonderful ! the spectacle gives me pleasure, the vast, powerful features in the disagreeable. Already I expect a favourable fate ; whither does this earnest look remove me ? (*pointing to the Sphinxes*) Before such once stood Œdipus ; (*pointing to the Sirens*) before such, Ulysses writhed in hempen bonds ; (*pointing to the Ants*) by such was the greatest treasure saved ; (*pointing to the Griffins*) by these was it carefully and unfailingly guarded. I feel myself penetrated by a fresh spirit—the figures are grand—grand are the recollections.

Mephistopheles. Formerly, you would have driven away the like with curses, but now it appears to please you ; for when one seeks the beloved, even monsters are welcome.

Faust (*to the Sphinxes*). You lady forms must answer me : have any of you seen Helen ?

Sphinxes. We do not reach up to her days, Hercules killed the last of us. You can learn it of Chiron ; he is galloping about in this spirit-night, if he stands still for you, you will have far advanced.

Sirens. Come with us, thou wilt not rue it !—
 When Ulysses, with us dwelling,
 Did not hasting by reject us,
 Much he could relate and utter ;
 But with all we would entrust thee,
 If to our seats thou wouldst betake thee,
 Flying to the azure ocean.

Sphinx. Be not, thou noble one, deceived ; instead of Ulysses having caused himself to be bound, let our good counsel bind thee ; if thou can'st find the lofty Chiron, thou may'st learn what I promise thee.

(*Faust withdraws.*)

Mephistopheles (veered). What croaks past us with flapping of wings?
So swiftly that we cannot see it, and one ever after the other; they would
tire the hunter.

Sphinx. They are the rapid Stymphalides, like the storm of the winter
wind, scarcely attainable by the arrows of Hercules. And well meant is
their croaking hail, with their vulture beak and goose foot. They would
like to shew themselves as relations in our circle.

Mephistopheles (as if scared). Something else is hissing among
them.

Sphinx. Be not frightened at these; they are the heads of the
Lernæan hydra, parted from the neck; yet they believe they are some-
thing. But say, what is to become of you? What restless gestures?
What do you want? Take yourself off! I see that chorus there turns
you into a wryneck. Do not stay, be off! greet many a charming face.
They are the Lamias, smart damsels, with smiling mouth and bold fore-
head, as they please the satyrs: a goat's foot may dare everything there.

Mephistopheles. You will remain here, so that I may find you again?

Sphinx. Yes! mix with the aerial throng. We from Egypt have long
been wont that one of us should be enthroned a thousand years. And
only respect our situation, thus we rule the days of sun and moon.

We sit before the pyramids for the judgment of the nations: inun-
dation, war and peace; we alter not a feature.

Peneus surrounded (with waters and nymphs).

Move thyself, thou reedy whispering,
Breathe ye gentle kindred rushes,
And ye willows lightly rustle,
Whisper trembling poplar branches
To my interrupted dreams!
Wakes me now a dread oppression,
A secret and all-moving tremblance
From the waving stream and rest.

Faust (stepping to the river). If I hear aright, I must believe: be-
hind the closed-in arbours of these branches and these bushes, rings a
sound as it were human. Even the wave appears a prattling, the breeze
like to a sportive amusement.

Nymphs (to Faust).

Best were it for thee
In silence reclining
To refresh in the coolness
Thy limbs that are weary,
To enjoy the for-ever-
Avoiding-thee rest;
We'll rustle and murmur,
And whisper to thee.

Faust. I am indeed awake! O, let the incomparable forms, as my eye
sends them thither, have sway. How wonderfully am I penetrated!
Are they dreams? Are they recollections? Once before hast thou
been thus blessed. Waters creep through the freshness of the thick

and gently stirring bushes; they rush not, they scarcely ripple; a hundred springs unite from all sides in the pure clear space, sloping gently into a bath. The limbs of beautiful, youthful women, doubled by the moist mirror, are again brought to the delighted eye! Now bathing sociably and joyously, now boldly swimming, or timidly wading; and at last a shrieking and a water battle. I might content myself with these; my eye might here be delighted; yet my sense strives ever farther. My glance presses keenly to that covering; the rich foliage of the verdant fulness conceals the lofty queen.

Wonderful! Swans also coming, swimming out of the bays, moving purely and majestically. Calmly floating, tenderly sociable; but how proud and self-complacently head and beak move. . . . But one before the rest, bold, with expanded breast, appears to be delighted, sailing swiftly forward through them all; his plumage swells forth, waves themselves, billowing upon waves; he presses to the holy spot . . . the others swim to and fro with calmly shining plumage; soon also they lure away the shy maidens in active magnificent strife, so that they think no more of their service, but of their own safety.

Nymphs. Sisters! sisters, lay your ears
To the river's green embankment;
Listen! If I rightly hear,
Sounds of horses' hoofs approach us.
Would I knew who on this night
Message swift is bringing us.

Faust. It seems to me as it were the earth was ringing echoing under a hurrying horse. Lo, there my glance! Shall already a favourable lot reach me? O wonder without par! A rider gallops forward; he seems endowed with strength and spirit; upon a blindingly white horse is he borne. . . . I err not; already I know him—the famous son of Philyra! Halt, Chiron, halt! I have to speak with thee.

Chiron. What will you? What is it?

Faust. Curb thy pace.

Chiron. I rest not.

Faust. Then, I pray thee, take me with thee.

Chiron. Mount then. Then can I at pleasure ask whither you are bound? Thou standest here on the shore, I am prepared to bear thee through the stream.

Faust (mounting). Where'er thou wilt. For ever shall I thank thee. . . . The great man, the noble tutor, who, to his own fame, educated a people of heroes, the beauteous circle of the noble Argonauts, and all who built up the poet's world.

Chiron. Pass over that. Pallas herself is not honoured as Mentor; in the end, people go on in their own way, as though they had never been taught.

Faust. I here embrace in strength of mind and body the physician who names every plant, who knows roots even into the deepest, who procures healing for the sick, alleviation for wounds!

Chiron. When a hero was hurt near me, I could give help and counsel; yet at last I left my art to root-women and priests.

Faust. Thou art the truly great man who cannot hear the word of

praise. He seeks modestly to turn away, and does as if there existed others like him.

Chiron. Thou appearest to me clever in hypocrisy, in flattering the prince as well as the people.

Faust. Thou wilt then confess to me: thou hast seen the greatest of thy time, hast striven after the noblest in actions, earnestly like a demi-god hast lived through thy days. Yet among the heroic forms, which hast thou considered the best?

Chiron. In the exalted circle of the Argonauts, every one was brave in his own way, and according to the power which inspired him, he could suffice for that in which others failed. The Dioscuri have every where conquered where fulness of youth and beauty held sway. Resolution and prompt deeds for other's weal was the most beautiful inheritance of the Boreades. Agreeable to ladies, thoughtful, powerful, prudent, ready in council, so ruled Jason. Then Orpheus, tender, and ever silently contemplative, powerful over all when he struck the lyre. The keen-sighted Lynceus, who by night and day guided the holy ship through rocks and shoals. In company only can danger be tried, while one acts all the others praise.

Faust. Wilt thou say nothing of Hercules?

Chiron. Alas! Awake not my longing. . . I had never seen Phœbus, nor Mars, nor Hermes, as they are called. Then saw I stand before my eyes what all men praise as divine. Thus was he a born king, as a youth most noble to behold; subject to his elder brother, and also to the most beautiful women. Earth will not nourish a second, nor Hebe lead a second into heaven; in vain do songs labour, in vain do men torture the marble.

Faust. However much sculptors boast of him, he never appeared so noble. Thou hast spoken of the most beautiful man, now speak of the most beautiful woman.

Chiron. What! Woman's beauty means nothing, it is far too often a stiff image; only such a being can I praise that streams joyfully and life-enjoying. Beauty remains to itself ever happy, grace makes irresistible, like Helen, when I bore her.

Faust. Thou bor'st her?

Chiron. Yea! On this back.

Faust. Am not I already confused enough, and must such a seat bless me.

Chiron. She grasped my hair as thou now dost.

Faust. O, I shall lose myself entirely! Relate how! She is my only desire! Whither and whence didst thou bear her?

Chiron. The question may easily be answered. The Dioscuri had at that time freed their little sister from the hands of robbers. Yet they, not wont to be vanquished, took courage, and rushed after them. Then the brothers and sister hastened swiftly to the marshes near Eleusis; the brothers waded, I scrambled, swam across; then she jumped off and stroked my wet mane, flattered and thanked with lovely sense and self possession. How charming was she! Young, and the pleasure of the old.

Faust. Just seven years old!

Chiron. I see the philologists have deceived thee and themselves. It is quite peculiar with the mythologic lady; the poet makes her appear as

he wants her; she never becomes of age, grows never old, is always of a desirable form, is ravished when young, and still courted in age: enough, no time binds the poet.

Faust. So let her also be bound by no time! Achilles himself found her at Pheræ out of all time. What strange happiness love gained against fate! And can I not, by the most longing force draw the most unique form into life? The eternal being equal born with the gods, as great as tender, as majestic as amiable. Thou saw'st her once; to-day have I seen her, as beautiful, as enchanting, as desired as fair. Now is my sense, my being powerfully ensnared. I cannot live if I cannot obtain her.

Chiron. Stranger, as man art thou enraptured: yet amongst spirits thou appearest rather mad. It turns out now luckily for thee; for every year, only for a few moments, I am accustomed to call upon Manto, the daughter of Esculapius. She prays in silence to her father, that, to his own honour, he would at last enlighten the mind of the physicians, and turn them from their bold slaughtering. She is the dearest to me of the sibyl company; not madly raving, but beneficently mild; she may, perhaps, after a little delay, be able entirely to cure thee by the powers of simples.

Faust. I will not be cured. My mind is strong: then should I be contemptible, like others.

Chiron. Spurn not the healing of the noble spring! Descend quickly; we are at the place.

Faust. Tell me, where hast thou, in the dread night, brought me through the pebbly waters to land.

Chiron. Here Greece and Rome spurned, in strife, the greatest kingdom that loses itself in the sand, Peneus upon the right, Olympus on the left. The king flies, the citizens triumph. Look up! here stands, significantly near in the moonlight, the eternal temple.

Manto (dreaming within).

With the hoofs of horses
The holy steps echo;
Demigods are coming in.

Chiron. Right! right!
Only open thine eyes!

Manto (awaking). Welcome! I see thou stayest not away.

Chiron. Does thy temple still stand?

Manto. Dost thou still roam unwearied?

Chiron. Thou still dwellest quietly enclosed, whilst it delights me to range.

Manto. I await! time encircles me! And this one?

Chiron. This ill-reputed night has brought him hither in its whirlpool. He wisheth, with mad mind, to gain Helen, and knows not how or where to begin; Æsculapian cure is above others worthy.

Manto. I love him who desires impossibilities.

(Chiron is already far away.)

Manto. Enter! Thou bold one, thou shalt rejoice! This dark way leads to Proserpine. In the hollow base of Olympus, she listens in

secret for forbidden greeting. Here I once smuggled in Orpheus; do thou use it better. Courage! On!

(*They descend.*)

The upper Peneus, as before.

Sirens. Dash into Peneus' stream!
There to swim it doth behove you;
And in songs to join your voices,
For the wretched people's good!
Without water is no weal!
If we hasted, fully banded,
Swiftly to the deep Ægean,
Every pleasure would be ours.

EARTHQUAKE.

Sirens. Foaming back, return the billows,
In their bed they flow no longer;
Shakes the earth—the waters stay—
Bursting smokes the pebbly shore.
Let us fly!—Come, hasten all!
This wondrous thing can profit none.

Come, ye joyful guests and noble,
To the gay feast of the ocean;
Looking where the trembling billows
Wet the shore with gentle swelling;
There, where Luna doubly shining,
Us with holy dew will moisten;
There is life in unchained motion,
Here a woe-betokening earthquake;
All the prudent hasten forth!
Horror sways the scene around.

Seismos (*knocking and grumbling in the depth*). One more push with strength, one more good lift with the shoulders! then shall we arrive above, where all must yield to us.

Sphinxes. What unpleasant tremblance; what a hateful awful tempest; what a waving; what a shaking; what a swinging to and fro, striving; what an unendurable vexation! Yet would we not change our place, if all hell were to break loose. Now uplifts itself a wonderful vault. It is that same long hoary old one, who built the island Delos, who, for the love of a childing one, drove it up out of the wave. He, with striving, squeezing, pressing, with arms extended, and with back bent, like an Atlas, in gesture, raises ground, grass, earth, pebbles, and gravel, and sand, and loam, the silent bed of our shore. Thus tears he a place across the quiet covering of the valley. With the greatest exertion, never tired, a colossal caryatid, he bears a fearful scaffolding of rock, still in the ground up to the waist: but no, it shall proceed no farther, the sphinxes have taken their ground.

Seismos. I have accomplished this all alone; people will at last

acknowledge it, and if I had not shaken and rolled, how would this world be so beautiful? How would your mountains be standing above in the beautifully pure ethereal blue, had I not pushed them forth for a picturesque delightful appearance? When, in the sight of my highest ancestors, Night and Chaos, I bore myself strongly; and, in the company of the Titans, threw Pelion and Ossa like balls. We raged on in youthful heat, until tired, we at last wickedly placed them both like a double cap upon Parnassus, where now a joyful tarrying keeps Apollo with the happy choir of the muses. I even raised high up the throne for Jupiter and his thunderbolts. Thus now, with enormous striving, I pressed up out of the abyss, and loudly call up new inhabitants to me for new life.

Sphinxes. We should have been obliged to confess that that which has been raised up was of great antiquity, had not we ourselves seen it squeeze itself out of the ground. Bushy forests spread upward; rock presses forward upon rock. A sphinx will not care for it; we will not let ourselves be disturbed in our holy seat.

Griffins. I see gold in leaves, gold in flitters, trembling through the clefts. Let not any one steal such a treasure from you; up, ye ants, to gather it!

Chorus of Ants. As the gigantic ones
Have pushed it forward,
Ye pattering footed ones
Swiftly arise ye!
Nimbly come in and out!
In such clefts as these,
Is every bit and crumb
Worthy possession.
The very best of all
Ye must discover,
Hasting most rapidly
Through every cranny.
Not idle must ye be,
Ye banded throngers;
In-gather ye the gold,
Heed not the mountain.

Griffins. In with it! In with it! Gather the gold in heaps! We will lay our claws on it; they are bolts of the best sort; the greatest treasure is well preserved.

Pigmies. We have indeed taken our place, but know not how it has been done. Ask not whence we come, for we are once for all here. Each land is fit for a pleasant seat of life. If a rocky cleft shows itself, the dwarf is at once at hand. Dwarf and dwarfess, quick in industry, each pair exemplary. We know not if it was so in Paradise. Yet here we find it the best, and gratefully thank our stars; for mother earth willingly produces in the east and in the west.

Dactyli. If in one night she hath
Brought forth the small ones,
She will produce the minutest,
They too their equals discover.

Eldest of the Pigmies. Hasten, oh hasten
To take your places,
Hasten to action !
Swiftness for strongness.
Peace hath still dominion ;
Build ye the smithy,
To make for the army
Cuirass and weapons.
Come ye ants, hasten
Swiftly in throngings,
Metals procure us !
Come now ye dactyls,
Ye smallest, so many,
To you be't commanded
Logs to fetch for us.
Heap up together
Secretly flamelets,
Coals bring ye for us.

Generalissimo. Come ! draw out swiftly
With bow and arrows !
Shoot ye those herons
O'er that pool flying,
Nesting unnumbered
Proudly in grandeur,
All at one shot !
One as the other,
That with helm and adornment
We may appear.

Ants and Dactyli. Who will preserve us !
We procure irons,
They forge the fetters.
'Tis not the season
To tear ourselves from them,
So be obedient.

The Cranes of Ibykus. Murder cry and dying wailing !
Anxious beating of the pinions !
What a crying, what a groan
Presses upward to the heights !
Murdered are they all already,
By their blood the sea is reddened ;
Wishes and desires misshapen,
Rob the herons' noble plumage.
Already waves it on the helmet
Of these fat and crooked-legged rascals.
Ye companions of our army,
Heron wanderers of the ocean,
We are calling you to vengeance.
In a thing so near related ;
No one spare his strength or blood,
Eternal hatred to this brood.

[*Disperse, croaking in the air.*

THE GAMBLER.

No. 2.—Selected from the Records of the Eccentric Club, by order.

NICK SOBER, *Hon. Sec.*

"NICK!" said the Major on joining the club, this evening, and addressing our Secretary, while a peculiar smile of satisfaction beamed upon his countenance;—"Nick!—I did'nt think that old story would have looked so well in print." He then proceeded to tell us, that having got the Magazine, he took it home, and showed the tale to Flint. Having drawn his chair close up to the fire, he rung the bell, and his servant made his appearance. "Flint"—said he,—“being an old officer, I believe there is nothing like subordination;” Flint nodded assent—“but now, we are become subjects of a republic.” “Ah Sir! 'tis a shame! the standing army will be abolished; I was afraid Old England would come to that at last.” “You mistake me, Flint, 'tis the republic of letters, I speak of,—your name is in print,—see, there it is!”—Flint stretched his neck over his Master's shoulder, and gazed intently on the spot where the Major's finger pointed.

“'Tis even so, Sir, but I never deserved that!” said he, rather perplexed to know what piece of roguery he had been guilty of to be thus gazetted.—“Well, sit ye down, returned the Major complacently, for being members of a republic, it is right, for the time being, that we should conform to the equal laws of that kind of government, and you shall hear.” Flint hesitated a little, but remembering his master's humour, and his old principles of implicit obedience, he took his seat. He retained, however, sufficient of the spirit of subordination, to draw about arms length behind the Major.

The gallant officer then read the tale, with appropriate emphasis, to his servant, who, whenever his own name was mentioned, begged that the part might be read a second time; to which request the Major invariably acceded. These were not the only interruptions; for when the eager Flint was particularly struck by a passage, he would exclaim, “Word for word!—he was a good officer! poor fellow!” and when the tale was finished, his enthusiasm had mounted to such a pitch, that he cried out—“I will give twenty pounds to the Editor, for making me such an honest fellow!” “But then,” said the Major, “like a good soldier, he took care of his retreat, and prudently added;—‘If I had 'em!’”

The members smiled at this account of the man's vanity; while Balance whispered to Dick Careless, that he had not seen the Major himself in such a good humour before, since he was last promoted. Nothing seemed to discompose him: Manlove accidentally trod upon his well-polished boots; but the Major received his apologies with a smile; he put his hand in his pocket, for his cigar case, but found he had left it behind him;—“Never mind,” said he, “I will come supplied with a double quantity next time!—Had I known this, I would have asked Harvey to lend me some;” and then breaking into a milder tone, he continued, “I met poor Harvey just

now: I believe he has ruined himself by gaming; I would have told him of my literary fame, but not a joke did he utter—he was quite down—broken down.”—“Ay”—interrupted Dick, “where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? not one now to mock your grinning? quite chop-fallen?—Had’st thou remembered Shakspeare, the quotation would have been happy.” “No, Sir! said the authoritative voice of the President, “every thing in its place, and a time for all things.—Would’st thou give a stone to a hungry man? or satire to a man in grief?”

The Major nodded approbation, and said, while twisting the tassel of his walking stick round his finger, “During the whole of my life, my friends, on sea or on land, in the city or the camp, I never gamed; it hardens a man’s heart!” “Horrid trade,” ejaculated Manlove. “Tis not trade!” interrupted Subtle gravely; and we immediately saw, by the decided manner in which the able member spoke, that he was prepared to give us a long critical dissertation on gambling. He declaimed, doubtless, with much logical acuteness; but as his argument extended into many ramifications, it were tiresome, even if we considered it possible, to enumerate them all. We shall therefore lop off the branches, and expose the trunk of his discourse. “No, tis not trade!” said he,—“it is merely an interchange of money; it does not increase capital, makes no demand upon labour, and therefore is of no benefit to the state; but it causes the drawing up of mortgages, conveyances, and other legal instruments, and thus though it be not a trade, it supports trade; it is of benefit to the learned brethren of the law, who are the chief props of the state: consequently, in another light, it is a good thing, and is of benefit to the state.” When the barrister had thus delivered himself, Balance contended somewhat warmly that it gave no support to the working poor, and should be prohibited. “A man, Ned, can do what he chooses with his own money,” said the Major, who did not like that another should have the privilege of drawing the strings of his purse. “Why, my dear Major,” replied Subtle, who, learning which way Ned’s opinion leant, thought it prudent for many reasons, to assist him, even at the expense of his own argument, “we should use our money for the public benefit; money is a trust”—“Indeed!” ejaculated Balance, “can’t you reverse that doctrine, and say, that trust is money? the Major will agree to that proposition.” “We shall agree at least on this point,” interrupted Manlove, “that it is a very great corrupter of the human heart!”

“True,” said Balance, “I remember a circumstance which confirms your assertion, my dear Manlove. When I was at Rome, I became acquainted with a young man, whose name was Florimand de Beaumain, and felt a peculiar interest in his company; for his voice was plaintive, and his aspect bore an expression of melancholy unsuited to his age and quality. By degrees, we became intimate, and Florimand acquired such confidence in my friendship, that he hesitated not to inform me of many particulars respecting his family, which, he said, excusingly, might account in some measure for his unsocial manners.

" 'Twas a brilliant sunny afternoon, in May, when I called upon my young friend, with an intention of taking a walk through the Strada Felice to the public gardens, as we had formerly agreed. I found him seated in a pensive posture, intently regarding a miniature which lay on the table; a sigh escaped from his bosom, as he lifted his head, and rose to receive me. 'I now perceive the secret cause of your grief, my dear Florimand,' said I, gaily, 'in truth, the arrows of Cupid leave an immedicable wound! Can I console thee?'—'Consolation is only a poor physician in such a case,' he answered, trying to smile; and he then showed me the miniature, which, he said, was the portrait of his mother. The lady, as here represented, appeared to be of middle age, her hair was golden, and curled gracefully, and her face expressed that sweetness and melancholy, so indicative of her son. My friend then turned the locket, and showed me the likeness of his father. 'Your father must be much older than your mother,' said I, thoughtlessly, 'for his hair is grey, and his cheek much furrowed.'—'Would to God!' exclaimed he, bitterly, 'that that sunken eye, and that furrowed cheek, were indeed the results of age; my father is but one year older than my mother.' I had now probed the source of Florimand's anxiety, and, seeing the pain that I caused, I refrained from making further remark. But his bosom was full; and perhaps desirous of relieving it, by communicating his secret to another, he narrated to me some circumstances that had a fatal influence on his family.

"It appeared that his father, the Baronde Beaumain, had inherited, at an early age, extensive possessions; and although his reckless character was well known, yet his hand was sought by many an aspiring matron for her daughter, and where obstacles did not interpose, not infrequently for herself." "Very natural," interrupted the Doctor; "sympathy is as common to widows as to young women. I have been making some experiments lately"—But the Doctor's discourse was abbreviated by Balance, who continued thus: "The Baron moved in the gayest circles, and was remarkable for his joviality, spirit, and love of play. He entered fully into the fashionable talk of the day, decried marriage as a state of slavery, and resolved that he himself would never become a member of that honourable brotherhood. But the determinations of a passionate man are, at all times, brittle; and, on becoming acquainted with a young lady of high rank and singular beauty, the Baron was obliged to own her power over his affections; and, knowing that no method but an honourable one of gratifying his passion would be successful, he married her.

"As is usual, when human hopes are disappointed, many vexatious remarks were made, when the report of the Baron's affection was first promulgated; and not a few envious and significant glances were cast at the damsel, when it was thought this kind of attack on her honesty would be most effective. As these failed to blight her beauty or reputation, an unintelligible whisper, accompanied with a very intelligible shrug, was had recourse to; but these also were of no avail: the Baron consulted his own passions, and took the beautiful Jeannette to wife.

"For a short time after marriage, owing to the endearments of the affectionate woman, who had thrown herself upon his generosity, De Beaumain forsook play; but as no influence, except the most intense, could long hold dominion over his mind, he gradually became careless in his attentions: carelessness changed to disgust; and he believed that some of the envenomed slander, ejected at their marriage, might be true. Feeling himself thus justified in his negligence and cruelty, he relapsed into his former course of extravagance.—No supplications on the part of his wife could arrest his passionate progress; and, as years rolled on, their property diminished, and the expenses of living increased.

"His son, Florimand, had now arrived at an age capable of discerning the errors in his father's conduct. He had often been an anxious witness of his mother's affliction: he had learned its cause; and impelled by the purest feelings of affection, he resolved to beseech his father to amend his life. This delicate task was begun with caution, and he did not immediately excite his father's displeasure; but when his solicitations became more earnest, the proud and self-willed Baron considered them as censures, and forbade, for the future, what he termed such impertinent remarks. Florimand, grieved to see that his father heeded not his entreaties, and the Baron, feeling that his son had arrived at a troublesome age, determined to banish him from his presence, that he might not be a spy upon his actions, and sent him to Italy. His mother burst into tears when the Baron's resolution was announced. Florimand could not resist the impulses of his heart, and they wept together. In a few days the son left the house of his father—an exile from his home!"

"That was inhuman!" exclaimed Manlove, whose blue eyes beamed with more than wonted lustre. "Why, Sir," said the Major, dubiously, for he seemed to be dealing with a difficult question; "there is a good deal to be said for it—a family is an army in miniature, and discipline is discipline; is it not, Mr. Subtle?" The barrister, highly pleased at being thus appealed to, replied, gravely, "I think it cannot be disputed. If a ship obey not the rudder, it becomes a wreck: obedience is, doubtless, a means of safety: but, Sir, on the other side, if a headstrong man will ride a horse over a precipice, methinks the horse is at liberty to turn aside, or cast his rider, rather than lose his life." "Self-preservation is the first law of nature!" said the Doctor—"And subordination is the first law of society!" returned the Major. The President, apparently awakened by the quick succession of vibrations on his tympanum, raised his head, shook the dust from his beetling brows, and said, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath;—human conduct is aameleon. The shortest speaker has the most sense!' These dicta ended the controversy, although the Major thought they were equally as far from a right understanding of the matter as when they set out.

The club having vainly endeavoured to unravel this knot, Balance thus resumed the thread of his story:—"So much had I learned from the young noble, when one day, on calling at his house, I was informed that he had suddenly left the city; and that it was pre-

sumed he had returned to France. I pondered long and anxiously over this conduct, and recalled to my memory many of his observations expressive of his desire to check his father's dangerous career; but I could not form any satisfactory notion of his plans.

"A few months after this event I arrived in Paris, on my way to London, and once, when walking along the Boulevards, I observed a funeral, conducted in a very imposing manner, pass by. 'That is the carriage of Count de Berbier,' said one woman to another, while a gorgeous vehicle passed at the usual slow funeral pace, before them: 'tis said that he won a large sum from the Baron de Beaumain, on the night before his death.' 'Very likely,' answered the other, 'and he hopes to gain absolution, by attending his funeral; 'tis a judgment that the father and son should have died on the same day!' 'Tis said the Baron sent the youth into Italy some years ago: he never liked him. We poor people don't know how the rich live or die!' and she shrugged her shoulders. 'God rest their souls!'—'The Baron will want it i'faith, if it be true, as they say, he had none upon earth.' As the women uttered these remarks a flood of recollections rushed through my mind. I felt unable to ask these people any questions; and, indeed, my heart was so overwhelmed with astonishment and regret, that curiosity was, for the moment, deadened. Anxious, however, to know all the particulars relative to the death of my friend, I made inquiries among my acquaintances in Paris, and from them learned these circumstances, which had become matter of public fame:—

"When Florimand was gone into Italy, the Baron, persisting in his licentious habits, continued to indulge in deep play: and as he had made a few successful bets, he was induced to stake higher sums than usual, that his wealth might be returned to him more quickly. His swindling antagonists, however, knew when to win and when to lose, and were careful that whatever success might attend him it should be but transient, and that the result should be always in their favour.

"He had lately lost considerable sums, and went, one night, to a celebrated *café*, in the Palais Royal, where there was every accommodation for the man of gaiety, which such people are likely to require. The gaming-houses in the city of Paris are frequently decorated in a style of magnificence equal to that observed in the most fashionable private mansions. The saloon, in which the Baron now found himself, was one of the most costly and imposing in this quarter of the town, and where the stakes were generally proportionate to the richness of the accommodation. Large mirrors, with elegantly gilded frames, were placed against the walls, in various parts where, it was thought, the effects of the scene could be most advantageously heightened. Couches and chairs of the nicest workmanship, adorned with gold and satin, were distributed about the room, and placed in order by the various tables. At one side of the apartment, behind a row of Corinthian pillars, embellished with numerous arabesque ornaments, was a sideboard containing refreshment for those engaged in the games. Candelabras of the most graceful forms were suspended at intervals, and contributed to

give a lustre to this enchanting scene. There were numerous groups already assembled, among which many of the fair sex mingled, and diffused gaiety and beauty. These women were richly attired, exhibiting pearls and gems in their dark locks and elegant garments, and charming the beholder with all that winning vivacity of manner so peculiar to the women of this nation. They moved from table to table, smiling to one, glancing at another, and encouraging all in their destructive career. It seemed more like a scene of fancy than reality, for as yet, the evening being early, all faces appeared happy, and offered not a contrast to the gorgeousness of the saloon.

"The Baron paced through the apartment, stopping occasionally at the various tables, to mark the progress of the games. He had not spent much time in this occupation, when he was accosted by a gentleman of tall stature, who seemed to rejoice in a profusion of black locks, arranged with the most scrupulous attention. His demeanour was polite, and there was a degree of earnestness united with it, which might be attributed to various motives, according to the prejudices of the parties. The gamblers by profession believed that the youth was anxious to obtain the Baron's purse; the Baron himself conceived that he was desirous of obtaining his good opinion. De Beaumain accompanied him to the upper end of the saloon, where other gentlemen were seated, waiting for an opportunity to join in the sport with advantage. 'Count Berhier,' said the youth, 'was lucky enough to win 1000 Napoleons last night.'—'Ay luck's all, De Martini,' replied the Count; 'if you lose this month, you will win next. After all 'there is never much money lost at the table; you can strike a clear balance-sheet by the end of the year.' 'Because there will be nothing left on the credit side to made a difference,' gaily retorted the Baron, thus disseminating an uneasy sensation that had arisen in his bosom. 'Why, now, De Beaumain, you won fifty Napoleons from me last night,' said De Martini: 'truly, you should give me the opportunity of regaining them, or I may, by the end of the year, realise your commercial calculation.' 'Ay and De Beaumain will gain fifty more this evening,' interrupted a beautiful woman, who now mixed with the group, and leant gently on the Baron's arm, 'I mean to be his partner; and it would be very ungallant of you, sirs, to take advantage of a lady's hand.' 'Or heart'—said De Martini. 'There I can defy thy wit,' returned the lady, 'although I should be less confident in thy honesty.' 'I bow to the lady,' answered the Count, with an ironical smile, 'who has wit enough to protect her hand and heart.' 'I will bet thee one hundred Napoleons upon this throw,' said Antoinette, addressing the Baron. 'Twere uncourteous to take thee upon equal terms: here's two to one against you.' The dice were thrown, and the Baron won his bet. His success imparted a degree of gaiety to his manners, and he said, 'Ah! Antoinette, the dice, you see, do not acknowledge the influence of thy charms; perhaps it were well if thy admirers were as blind as they.' 'I faith, Baron, you have forgotten your days of wooing; as soon as they feel my power they become blind indeed.' 'She profits more from the blindness of her admirers, than from

that of the dice,' said the Count De Martini to De Berbier. 'Ay! But she will profit by both this evening, or she would not take that loss so quietly. She will tantalize him with the bait, until he is fairly hooked. See! they have turned to Rouge et Noir!' De Martini watched the conduct of the Baron with the most anxious attention, and marked carefully every bet he made. He did not however play or bet much himself, but was contented with lounging about the saloon, and observing the sport. 'The Baron frowns!' said De Berbier, 'he is losing, the francs are dropping through his fingers, faster than he can count them. De Beaumain was not born an arithmetician!' De Berbier now quitted the side of the young Count, and joined the Baron and Antoinette, for like a vulture, he anticipated feasting on the spoil.

"The room is crowded," said De Berbier, as the party turned to pass to other tables, 'the bets will run high this evening'—and some purses low,' muttered the Baron. 'Thine cannot be one of them, De Beaumain,' returned Antoinette, 'for it is a perpetual spring!' There was a degree of covert satire in this remark, which escaped the Baron's observation; and believing it to be a compliment to his supposed wealth, he thought that he ought to make one bold bet to support his reputation. 'Five hundred Napoleons upon this trick, De Berbier!' said the Baron, as he stopped by the side of De Martini, who had seated himself at a game of *ecarté*. 'The stake is high!'—answered De Berbier doubtfully, 'nevertheless I will tempt Fortune for once!' 'I would advise thee not,' interrupted Antoinette, 'De Beaumain does not bet high except on good grounds.' 'I will risk the Naps upon his judgment!' replied De Berbier significantly. He was right; De Martini lost the trick. The Baron's upper lip trembled, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could master his emotion. 'Fortune forsook me,' said he, in concealed agony; 'She has wings'—added Antoinette. 'Ay, and the gold too!'—'Fear not!' said De Berbier—'try again, double the amount of the next stake; bet fast: you may perhaps overtake the goddess.'

"The Baron acceded to this seducing remark; and the game was watched by him with an eagerness proportionate to the greatness of the stake. The second trick he won; and the smile returned to his lip. 'Two hundred Napoleons on the next trick, Baron?' said Antoinette. 'Willingly'—the hand was played; the trick was lost; and the Baron stamped convulsively on the floor. Again the Baron was allowed to win, but the bet was a trifle; and De Berbier, perceiving that his success had somewhat enlivened him, invited him to stake the amount of the previous bets. The Baron agreed, for his mind was so much excited by the game, that he had scarcely the moral strength to give a refusal. He took a glass of brandy to compose his nerves, and while the cards were shuffled, he watched them with a penetrating eye. The dealer distributed the cards, 'twas a moment of intense interest:—he turned up the king! 'Ah, devils!' cried the Baron, and he struck his forehead violently; 'lost again!' His face became of a livid hue; he bit his lip, and his body writhed with agitation. De Berbier smiled, and Antoinette said jocosely, 'It seems that the goddess partakes of the

human character, and will be paid for her favours.' 'She rates them high!' returned the Baron in an earthy tone. 'She knows your rank, Baron, and will not insult you by a paltry prize: if you do not show confidence she will not be generous.'

"The Baron continued to play, and doubled and trebled his stakes, although he had no more encouragement than that arising from the prognostications of Antoinette. At last the morning broke; and when the victim knew the amount of his losses, he invoked curses on himself and his antagonists. 'Twenty thousand Napoleons!' he muttered to himself—'where can I get them? I have no means! I am ruined!' He grasped his grey hairs, and his jaws were locked firmly together, as he spoke this between his teeth. His creditors surrounded him, 'You have won all—every sous—I have no money!' said de Beaumain, as their intelligent glances fell upon him. 'But,' replied de Berber, coldly, 'a man of your rank can have no difficulty in procuring it!' 'I know ye, I know ye—but I pledge my word.'—'Pooh! your land, rather!' said Antoinette, with cutting sarcasm. The Baron shuddered, as the reckless woman boldly advised this last act of desperation. 'I—I will!' he uttered in a broken voice, and was about to leave, when de Martini advanced, and said in a conciliating tone, 'I know a Jew who will settle this matter for you on easy terms. He will not hurry you for the interest. Go to him, 17 Rue de Mai, at ten o'clock: thou can'st not go to a better.' 'Dost thou know him well?' enquired the Baron. 'I do. I pledge the amount of my winnings, if he do not treat thee honourably.' With this assurance the Baron left the saloon. De Martini now consulted with the winners, and offered them the amount of the Baron's losses, so that he might be enabled to make himself the sole creditor. As the prospect of immediate payment was better than depending on the Baron's promises, the proposal was agreed to, and De Martini settled with the gamblers.

"Meanwhile the Baron went straightway home; but his step was hurried, and there was that fierceness in his countenance, which indicates a man moved by strong passions. He rapidly muttered to himself; and occasionally his inarticulate murmurs were arrested by a deep groan, or stifled laugh.

"On entering his mansion, he went immediately to his dressing-room, and taking from his bureau a roll of parchment, he placed it on the table. He then unlocked another drawer, and took therefrom a pair of pistols, which he laid beside the scroll. One of them lingered in his hand sometime before it was deposited; and then, it was placed next its fellow. The Baron then paced, and repaced the apartment, and ever as his voice became elevated, could be heard such exclamations as these, 'Why do I hesitate?—dishonour is around me!—every step I take will lead me to disgrace!—death is better!' He stopped before his pistols, took one up;—a groan was heard from his deep chest, and he placed the weapon in his vest. The other pistol and the scroll were concealed in like manner; and he rushed from the apartment.

"Remembering his appointment, the Baron immediately bent his course towards the house of the Jew. His mind was, however,

very unsettled; and he sought the Jew, rather because he felt the necessity for action, than from being governed by any fixed determination. On his way thither, he met Antoinette, who heedlessly and insultingly informed him of the arrangement entered into by De Martini. The suspicion of villany, instantly darted through the brain of the irascible man; and it was but with the greatest effort that he could refrain from abandoning himself to the tumult of his passion in the street. He knew but little of De Martini, but he longed for the moment when they might become better known. His eyes flashed the vengeance which he did not utter. Antoinette marked his violent feelings; but hardened to indifference, she passed on without making further comment.

"Scarcely conscious of his own movements, the Baron continued to seek the residence of the money-lender; and after wandering through various obscure allies, he arrived at the house. He rang with a tremulous hand: the Jew, an old man, with the characteristics of his race strongly marked on his countenance, came to the door. 'I have some business with thee,' said the Baron. 'Enter, noble Sir, the times are bad, and monies are scarce; nevertheless, old Israel will endeavour to assist thee.' 'If thou call'st money scarce, Jew, what name can I give it?' 'Yes; but ye Gentiles can get credit upon the strength of your promises: but who would trust a Jew? If a Jew have not monies he must starve: but what would'st thou?' 'Money.' 'Ay, ye cry Monies! as if a Jew could shake francs like dust from his feet. What surety of repayment hast thou? If the bond be good, old Israel may, perhaps, satisfy your thirst for the monies.' So saying, the Jew stepped into another room, and soon returned holding a leathern bag, apparently well filled with this world's lucre. The chink of it struck the ear of the Baron, and he drew the parchment scroll from his pocket. 'I want 20,000 Napoleons!' said he in agitation; 'here are my bonds!' '20,000 Napoleons! that is a large sum: and you want at one demand, more than a Jew can amass in a lifetime. All the silver of Solomon's temple melted into *ecus* would hardly give that sum: but let me see the deeds.' 'Nay, grinding Jew; I will not part with them, until you have counted the money,' said the Baron fiercely; for he was unwilling to part with the security of the last remnant of his property. 'That be not just; can I give thee the Napoleons without seeing the bond; the deeds may not be worth the sum.' 'Thou liest! give me the money!' 'A Jew is not obliged to part with his monies,' answered the money-lender patiently, and turning his back upon the Baron, as if in the act of retiring to deposit his cash safely in his iron chest. De Beaumain changed his determination, and, grinding his teeth, flung the parchment on the table. 'Take the deeds!' he muttered hoarsely. The Jew glanced over them; and then turning to the Baron said, 'These lands are not worth 4,000 Napoleons—but it is just to cheat the Jew out of his monies. I will give thee 4,000 Napoleons, by the beard of Aaron, if the interest be good,—say 5, it is worth thy taking.' 'Lying Jew, thou knowest better, 20,000! I will have twenty!' The Baron was about to place his hand on the parchment, but the Jew checked him. 'Nay, stop,' said he, 'we can manage it now,'

and he began to count out the Napoleons. 'Quick!' said the Baron, and his eyes dwelt upon the money anxiously and eagerly. 'There, noble Sir, are 5,000 Napoleons, good weight, and new.' The Baron swept them into a pouch, and then turning to Israel, said, 'Now Jew, count me out the sum by five thousands, until I have the value of my deeds.' 'By the rod of Moses, thou wilt rob me of my monies; I will give thee no more: the deeds be not worth the sum thou hast taken.' 'False!' interrupted the Baron, in a loud voice. 'Give me the deeds or the money.' 'I will do neither,' returned Israel, foaming with anger. 'I will have law; you have robbed me—give me back my monies!' 'Villain,' cried de Beaumain, seizing the Jew by the throat, 'deliver up the deeds—or—' 'Do thy worst; thou shalt have no more—O my monies! there shall be witnesses—help! Manasseh! Amos!' The Jew could utter no more, for he was almost choked; and he then kicked violently against the partition. At this moment a man entered the room, the Baron cast a look over his shoulder, and immediately relaxed his hold of the Jew. But his anger grew even more furious, his face paled, and his eyes darted livid lightning. 'Robber!' he exclaimed, and he drew a pistol from his vest—'take this, and give me the opportunity of vengeance!' 'Peace, peace, old man,' answered De Martini, for it was he, 'this matter can be settled more at our leisure. I have now other business on hand.' 'Ay, you are leagued against me with the Jew, with my robbers of the Palais Royal; but old as you call me, I can take my vengeance! Stand back!' 'Hear me!' 'I will hear nothing, thou art a villain!' answered the Baron, shaking his head and waving his hand to silence all remark; 'stand my fire!' 'I will not fight with thee!' returned De Martini advancing. 'Then die!' The Baron fired—'Father! O my father!' exclaimed the youth, but it was too late; he fell back against the wall. His disguise fell off, and the auburn locks of Florimand de Beaumain were disclosed. The Baron started back, and was for a moment fixed in doubt and agony; he then rushed forward, caught the youth in his arms as he was falling to the ground, and cried 'Say'st thou true? What mark hast thou? Yes, it is—it is—it is my own son!'—and he drew from the bosom of the youth the locket containing his own portrait. 'Father,' said Florimand, in a broken tone which thrilled through the Baron's bosom, 'I would have saved thee from ruin! I loved thee.' 'I believe thee, my son; but why disguise thyself before me? But I have deserved all this! 'twas my own wickedness! O God! O God!'—The eyes of the young man became glassy, his lips livid, and he pressed his father's hand gently and tenderly. 'Speak to me! *but* speak!' cried the Baron, 'one word only! say Pardon! He speaks not—I am accursed! I have murdered him—my own boy! But one look! He's dead—dead.' The Baron sprung upon his feet, ran to and fro in the room, then stopped by the body of his son, grasped his grey hairs with clenched hands; heaved a deep, deep groan, and as if his heart-strings had burst asunder, he tottered, and fell inanimate by the side of the ill-fated Florimand."

EVEN-TIDE.

GATHER the shades of night,
 And on the surface of the waveless sky
 Adventure forth the early barks of light,
 And on mine ear a gentle melody

Steals, like the echoing
 Of anthems sung by voyagers of Heav'n,
 And the heart thrills, as if a communing
 With powers eternal to its will were given.

And it is even so,
 Father supreme ! and the wide realm of space
 Is spirit-haunted ; and pure souls below,
 With those above hold converse, and embrace.

In days that now have fled,
 I long'd to make enduring joys of earth ;
 Nor knew I the great secret, that the dead
 Perish to teach us an immortal birth.

While yet they live in sense,
 The fair and good that sense so beautify,
 That we grow wedded with a love intense
 To the mere garb of immortality.

'Tis when the symbols fade,
 The soul asserts her high prerogative
 Of union—not with substance that is shade—
 But with that love by which even shadows live.

Then bend we kindly gaze
 On the apparent which is not the real,
 And know that the most loveless is a phase
 (Albeit a dark one) of the true ideal.

In every mode of slay
 Art thou, O universe-pervading mind !
 And who is he shall dare to brand or slay.
 The form where the Almighty is enshrin'd ?

If through the world there roam
 Any from peace exil'd, and slaves to sin,
 O be it ours to the internal home
 With words of love such erring ones to win.

Not from her dreary cell
 Shall the soul rise to meet the sons of gloom
 Who trust in persecution as a spell—
 To them no Lazarus gives up the tomb !

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

No II.—LAMARTINE AND NOVALIS.

(Continued from p. 61.)

It was remarked by a German critic (Tieck I think), that in the dramatic works of Heinrich von Kleist, the romantic poet, a kind of barrister-feeling is apparent; a taking up of the *pro* and *con* side with equal facility, like a skilful pleader. Thus, in a Romeo and Juliet sort of piece, "*die Familie Schrockenstein*," he first gives a scene of one of the rival houses, then a scene of the other; and so he continues, as if he thought it was but fair to hear both sides of a question, and carried out this equitable notion even in his dramatic works.

In those "Meditations" of Lamartine, which assume a higher and more solemn character, we may observe much of a similar feeling; much of the *pro* and *con* of theology, the struggle between faith and infidelity; though, of course, as a writer strictly Christian, he invariably gives the victory to the former. In his address to Lord Byron (*Med. II.*), he confesses that he also has been in the sceptical state, and his Seventh and Eighth Meditations are complete pleas on each side. When he has passed this state, he really becomes sublime; there is about him a free expression like that of one who has shaken off painful shackles: having broken through the trammels of controversy, he sings in a strain of faith, as if conscious of a victory gained.

See the vast universal sacrifice!
 The fane, the universe—the altar, earth!
 The heavens are the dome! the countless stars,
 Those half-veil'd fires, pale ornaments of night,
 Scattered with order o'er the azure vault,
 These are the torches for this temple lit,
 And those pure clouds tinged by the dying day,
 Which the light gale, breathing from west to east,
 And softly gath'ring them in plains of air,
 Rolls to the sky's edge in small purple flocks.*
 These are the waves of incense which ascend
 To the altar of that God whom nature worships.
 This temple hath no voice.—The holy concerts,
 The hymn to heaven's king—O where are they?
 All's hushed, my heart alone in silence speaks,
 The voice of all the universe speaks in my mind.
 On evening rays, upon the wings of wind,
 To God it rises as a living scent;
 And giving to each creature its own tongue,
 To nature lends my soul that she may worship.
 Alone, invoking his paternal glance,
 I fill the desert with th' Eternal's name,

* "Flocks" *flocks*, flocks of wool.

And he who from the bosom of his glory
Hears music of the spheres, ruled by himself,
He also hears my humble reason speak
Which views his glory—softly breathes his name.

Still it is in a melancholy calmness that he seems most at home; the sublimer strain is more like the flush of a moment; but the soft sigh is his most natural expression: the weariness of the world, the calm hope for death, sketched with a kind of luxuriousness, as if the wish for death was not to be taken quite literally. The "Meditations" expressive of these feelings are those which give the most pleasurable sensations. Of these the following is a pretty fair specimen.

THE VALLEY.

My heart now tir'd of all—of hope itself,
No more shall trouble fate with its desires;
Vale of my infancy grant me no more,
Than an asylum where to wait for death.

A narrow path winds through the shady vale,
On the hill-side are hanging leafy woods,
Which, spreading o'er my brow their mingled shade,
Form me a canopy of peace and silence.

Here are two brooks, hid by a verdant arch,
Flowing along the vale with serpent-course;
Their waves and sounds unite for one brief time,
And near their source they're lost without a name.

My source of life, like them, has flowed away,
Pass'd without sound or name—without return;
But while those streams are clear—my troubled soul
Reflects no brightness of a sunny day.

The freshness of their beds, the shade that crowns them,
Lead me to rest upon their banks all day—
And as a child lull'd by monotonous songs,
My soul reposes to their murmurs soft.

By a green rampart compass'd all around,
With an horizon for my eye sufficient,
I love to stand, as if alone in nature,
Hearing but waves—and seeing but the sky.

I've seen, I've felt, loved too much in my life,
And I have come to seek for Lethe's calm;
Sweet spot when here, O, let me but forget;
Oblivion is my only happiness.

My soul is silent, and my heart's at rest,
And as it comes the world's far din expires;
Like sounds remote which in the distance fade,
Borne by the wind to the uncertain ear.

Here I see life as through a veil of mist,
Before me vanish in the past's dim shade;
But love alone as some great image lasts,
Of a lost dream after the dreamer wakes.

In this asylum rest thyself, my soul,
Like to some wand'rer, who with heart of hope,
Before he enters his love city's gates,
Pauses to breathe awhile the evening air.

Like him, we'll shake the dust from off our feet.
 Man, by this road, can ne'er return again ;
 Let us, like him breathe at our journey's end,
 That calm—the harbinger of lasting peace.

Thy days—gloomy and short as autumn days,
 As the shade cast on the hill-side—decline ;
 Pity abandons, Friendship but betrays,
 And thou must wander to the tomb alone.

Nature, who loves thee—she invites thee here,
 Sink in the bosom she unfolds to thee ;
 Though all may change, still Nature is the same,
 The same sun rises upon all thy days.

She will surround thee still with light and shade,
 The false wealth thou hast lost bewail no more ;
 Adore the sounds Pythagoras adored ;
 With him to heav'nly concerts lend thine ear.

To conceive Him God give us intellect ;
 Learn beneath Nature to discern her source ;
 A voice speaks in her silence to the mind.
 Who has not heard that voice within his heart ?

This *silence* Lamartine lives to express ; but it was a most sublime idea to make his own soul the spokesman for dumb Nature in the extract first given. The psychological phenomenon presented by the "*Premières Méditations*," taken as a whole, is singular. The mind of the poet is evidently in the controversial state, engaged in a polemic discussion with itself. The air of uneasiness is strongly marked throughout. The poems in the softer strain are the mournful repose which seems to arise from the weariness incident to a controversial position, while the more fiery enthusiastic strains seem to proceed from a strong act of the will, a determination to leave the sceptical state entirely : and it is the palpable form in which this determination is exhibited that gives these poems their fire. We have seen the struggle,—have felt with the poet its painfulness ; we have seen him repose as if weary of it, rather sinking under it than overcoming it ; when the sudden victory over doubt declared by such poems as *La Prière* bursts upon us like a sudden light, and strikes us the more on account of the alternate restlessness and listlessness which we feel preceded it. The will, not the understanding, has solved all difficulties ; and it is the majesty of the will which is enthroned before us, and which darts radiance through every line of the work. We now feel that notwithstanding the sceptical tone here and there, Christian was occasionally at Doubting-castle, but that he was Christian notwithstanding.

In Novalis we do not see a trace of the sceptical state, as present ; he alludes to a state previous to that of faith in his "*Geistliche Lieder* ;" but so little practical influence has this state upon his works, and he relates so circumstantially his quitting it, that we may regard it as occurring at a period indefinitely distant, and passed away long before he introduces himself to our notice. The two following poems declare the past transition.

I.

Of a thousand joyous hours,
Which throughout my life I found,
Only one is constant still ;
One—when with a thousand pangs
I experienced in my heart—
Who it was that died for us.

Yes, for me the world was crushed,
And as if a worm had stung,
Both my heart and bloom were faded,
All the riches of my life.
Every wish was in its grave,
I remained for pain alone.

While I thus in silence pined,
Ever wept, and ever longed,
Bow'd by dread anxiety ;
Suddenly, as from above,
Was the dull grave's stone removed ;
Opened was my inmost soul.

Whom I saw, and whom I knew
By his hand—let no one ask,
Nought else shall I ever see ;
And of all the hours of life,
That alone will, as my wounds,
Bright and open still remain.

II.

Without thee, what should I have been :
Without thee, still what should I be ?
Selected but for pain and fear,
In the wide world to stand alone ;
And what to love I should not know,
A dark gulph would the future be.
And when my heart felt anguish deep,
To whom should I my grief proclaim ?

Consumed by anguish and by love,
Would every day each night appear ;
And I, with burning tears alone,
Should follow life's unruly course.
I should find truth amid the throng,
And nought but hopeless grief at home ;
Oh ! who without a friend in heaven,
Who could abide on earth below ?

When Christ displays himself to me,
And when of him I feel secure,
How swiftly does a life of light,
Consume the darkness deep and drear !
With him I first became a man,
By him my fate a lustre takes ;
The North an India must become,
And round the lov'd one gladly bloom.

Life has become one hour of love,
The whole world utters love and joy ;
A balsam grows for ev'ry wound,
Freely and full beats ev'ry heart ;

And I, for all his thousand gifts,
Will aye remain his humble child,
Certain to have him in the midst,
Where are assembled two or three.

O travel forth on ev'ry path,
And fetch the erring wand'ers home;
To ev'ry one stretch forth your hand,
And call them to us joyously.
For heaven is with us e'en on earth,
And we can gaze on it in faith;
To those that have one faith with us,
To those are opened heaven's gates.

An old, a heavy weight of sin,
Was firmly bound to all our hearts;
In darkness, as the blind, we strayed,
Inflamed by penitence and love.
Then ev'ry work appeared a crime,
And man appeared a foe of God;
If heav'n e'er seem'd with us to speak,
It spoke of nought but pain and death.

The heart, the fruitful source of life,
An evil nature dwelt therein;
And even if our minds had cleared,
Disquiet was our only gain.
An iron bond bound down to earth,
Firmly the trembling prisoners;
Dread of the avenging sword of death,
Consumed the small remains of hope.

A Healer, a Redeemer came,
A Son of Man with love and pow'r;
And an all-animating flame,
He kindled in our inmost soul.
Then first we saw the heavens unfold;
They seemed an ancient father-land;
And now we could believe and hope,
And feel we were akin to God.

And from that time sin disappeared,
And ev'ry step was one of joy;
And as a sweet and precious gift,
This faith to ev'ry child was given.
Life, when by him thus sanctified,
Passed as a pure and happy dream;
Resign'd to endless joy and love,
Its parting hour was scarce observed.

And still the lov'd and Holy One,
In all his wondrous brightness stands;
And still, touched by his boundless love,
Touched by his crown of thorns, we weep.
Welcome to us is every man,
Who, with ourselves, will grasp his hand,
And who, received within his heart,
Ripens to fruit of Paradise.

These poems are selected as expressing the transition to a state of perfect faith, and not on account of their superiority to the rest of the "*Geistliche Lieder*." They are, however, fair specimens, as all

the songs are much in the same strain. They all are pure expressions of feeling, with little or no aid from the imagination; indeed, scarcely an image is to be found throughout. No poems could be more purely Christian; the love of the poet for Christ speaks forth entirely unadorned. It is worthy of observation that these poems leave scarcely any trace on the memory; the reader may take them up without being able to separate those he has read from those he has not. This illustrates a remark of Coleridge, that mere feelings are not objects for the memory. The unimagined character of these poems is the more singular, as the imagination of Novalis was most boundless; exceeding, perhaps, that of Shelley; and so very rapid in its operations that one image destroys another. An instance of this may be seen in the extract from the Hymn to Night, in the first number of this Magazine; it will be perceived that the imagination of the poet has not paused for a moment to complete any single image—they are altogether in one confused mass, broken, glittering, and fantastic, like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, when viewed apart from the reflectors. A still stranger instance of this wildness of imagination may be found in the tale which concludes the first part of his romance, "*Heinrich von Ofterdingen*," when it becomes even licentious. But of this romance more hereafter. Novalis, finding his imagination so unruly an instrument, rather carrying him on than allowing itself to be directed, has therefore in his "*Geistliche Lieder*," which he designed as the expression of the simple Christian child-like feeling, forsworn its aid altogether. Had he once dropped this mere feeling tone—had he once allowed his imagination the least play, it would have borne him along through the whole sphere of his knowledge; he would have dashed through history, mathematics, chemistry, mythology, logic, "*Fichte's Wissenschaftslehre*," and a hundred to one but he had ended by hymning Vishnu, or chanting the praises of a Bayadere.

The works of Novalis must not be read by those who would take no interest in the man. Their great value is the complete picture they present of an individual mind, as acted on by the various literary and philosophical circumstances of a period. There is no writer, who, without the aid of "Confessions," or an Autobiography, brings himself more completely before the reader than Novalis. We may follow him through his studies in physics and metaphysics—observe the effects of the Fichtean philosophy, which was at its height at the time Novalis lived, combined with the strong religious feelings which he had imbibed from his education, and to which his connection with the romantic school gave a Catholic tendency. In him we do not find a war between religion and philosophy; he seeks to unite them, or rather never seems to have regarded them as separate. His editors, Tieck and Friedrich Schlegel, felt so much that his history was contained in his works, that in the first edition they refrained from giving a biography of their lamented young friend. In the third edition, they felt that a biography would be acceptable, and they wrote one accordingly. And what was the biography when it appeared? Why, it merely told the world, that Novalis'

father, Baron Hardenberg, was a Herrnhuter; that he went through the usual studies of a German youth, being particularly attached to mathematics, physics, and the Neo-platonists, became acquainted with the Schlegels, Tieck, and Fichte; lost his first betrothed and a beloved brother; and died himself of a consumption in 1801, before he had completed his twenty-ninth year, and just as he was about to be united to a second love. The fact is, Novalis had no practical life at all, and this biography merely served as collateral evidence to convictions which any one might have drawn from his writings; in short, though he does not ostensibly mention himself from the beginning to the end of his works, I have no doubt but an ingenious reader might, after an attentive perusal, sketch out an imaginary biography, which should correspond as closely as possible to the real one, and which, by a little attention to the period when certain influences had the greatest effect, might be pretty correct, even with respect to dates.

One passage in the biography is, however, worth extracting, as enunciative of a peculiar mental state. "At this time [after the death of his mistress], Novalis only lived for his sorrow; it was natural for him to consider the visible and the invisible world as one only, and to distinguish life and death merely by the desire for the latter. At the same time, however, his life was enlightened, and his whole being flowed away as in a bright conscious dream of a higher state of existence. By the sanctity of sorrow, of inmost love, and a pious longing for death, may his peculiar state of being and all his thoughts be explained; indeed, it is possible that the deep melancholy of this period planted in him the germs of death, unless it were always his destiny to be torn from us so soon." This remark illustrates the death-like position I observed he took in his "Hymns to Night."

One of the earliest publications of Fichte,* a short pamphlet some sixty pages long, set forth in plain and scientific terms the great idea that all science was but one, and that the different particular sciences were but ramifications of this one. The works of Novalis are an admirable picture of the effect such a doctrine would have on a young, enthusiastic, and poetic mind. We observe throughout, the strong universal spirit, the grasping at the most varied objects to draw them to one point: the quantity of Aphorisms he has left are extremely valuable to all who would study the time and the philosophy of the time. He could never, I am convinced, have written any regular philosophical treatise; logical connection he had not: hence his philosophical thoughts were necessarily expressed in detached sentences, or, if treated at length, were presented in an allegorical form; and hence all his works relating to philosophy are romances and aphorisms.

Of the romance form, Novalis intended to make great use, designing to render it the vehicle for all his thoughts. He had in contemplation the writing of seven romances, which were severally to contain his views of poetry, natural science, civic life, com-

* Ueber den Begriff der Wissenschaftslehre.

merce, history, politics and love. Of these, only two fragments were written. "*Heinrich von Ofterdingen*," and "*The Pupils at Sais*;" the former relating to poetry; the latter to physical science. Heinrich von Ofterdingen, was a poet of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; whom some learned men have supposed to be author of the celebrated "*Nibelungenleid*," and Novalis who had discovered the story of this poet in an old chronicle, selected him for his hero. The reader must not look for an interesting story in romances of this sort; they are peculiar to a German soil, and are the mere form for conveying the author's ideas. Hence, Novalis confines himself to no series of adventures, but throws in the whole mass of his knowledge to whatever time or place it might relate. Though the romance is incomplete, there are notes of the author's design for the remaining parts, which shew it would have been one of the wildest combinations of heterogeneous materials that ever was beheld. He considered poetry as "the spirit which animates all things;" and hence his romance was to contain all things viewed on their poetical side.

The first part, which is complete, is comparatively regular and historical. Heinrich has a dream of a blue flower which inspires him with a great longing, and which symbolizes the spiritual tendency of the whole; he is a youth wholly unacquainted with the world, living in an obscure town, and is first made acquainted with it by a journey of his mother and himself to Augsburg. On the way, he becomes acquainted with an Eastern lady, who is prisoner in a crusader's castle, with a miner, a solitary, and an experienced poet, who gives him advice; and all these characters are made the vehicles of the most singular and original thoughts. The advice of the poet is the more remarkable, as it contains a doctrine Novalis never followed, and is a striking instance of the opposition of the critic and the poet in one person.

"Can an object," said Heinrich, "be too exalted for poetry?" "Certainly; or rather strictly speaking, we should say not for poetry but for our terrestrial means and instruments. If there is for a single poet his peculiar domain only within which he must remain, that he may not lose all breath and power of containing himself, so there is also for the sum total of human powers, a determined limit to their capability of representation, beyond which what they represent will lack the necessary substance and form, and become an empty fallacious nothing. As a pupil in poetry, one cannot be too much on one's guard against such extravagancies; since a lively phantasy will but too readily rush at once to their limits, and presumptuously attempt to grasp and express the non-sensual, and incomprehensible. By maturer experience we first learn to shun that disproportion of objects, and to leave to philosophy the search for the most high and most simple. The older poet rises no higher than he feels necessary, to exhibit his various stores in a comprehensible order, and takes the greatest care not to leave this variety, which offers him matter enough and even the necessary points of comparison; I may almost say that the chaos must in every poem peer through the regular veil of its arrangement. Only a

light combination can make the treasures of invention comprehensible and graceful, while mere regularity presents the unpleasant dryness of an arithmetical figure. The best poetry lies quite close to us, and an ordinary object is not unfrequently its most charming material. For the poet is poetry confined to certain limited instruments, and on this account it becomes an art. Speech altogether has its determined sphere, and the compass of the speech of any particular nation is still more narrow. By reflection and practice the poet learns to know his language; perceives accurately what he can effect with it, and will make no absurd attempt to strain it beyond its power. Seldom will he compress all its powers to one point, for then he becomes fatiguing, and destroys the valuable effect of a well applied expression of power. Only a juggler, no poet, aims at strange leaps. Poets cannot learn too much from painters and musicians. In these arts it strikes us at once how necessary it is to be economical with our means, and how much is owing to apt relations. On the other hand those artists might learn of us our poetical independence, and thankfully receive the inner spirit of every invention—in fact of every genuine work of art. They, should be more poetical, and we, more musical and pictorial; both after the manner of our art."

All this is very good indeed, but little did our poet attend to his own precepts. Look at his "Hymn to Night," with his "Brilliant Clock," and his "Cots of Peace," and "Night" clasping his "Day," all in a glittering, sparkling mass—unsorted, unclassified. Verily, friend Novalis knew well how to give us the chaos, but it not only peeped or "glimmered" (*schimmern*) through its arrangement, but there it stood, just as he found it, or rather his imagination in one of its sportive moods flung it together.

The first part of "*Ofterdingen*" concludes with a mythos, the signification of which was to be unfolded by the subsequent part of the Romance.* All times and places meet in this remarkable tale, allegorical personages, heavenly bodies, beasts and birds, and insects, become acting characters, and the *fulfilment* of this mythos was to have been even more wondrous than itself. Heinrich was to have come into a world where water and air were of a nature quite different to their nature here. Men, beasts, plants, minerals—even tones and colours were to have spoken as one race. The world of tales was to have become real, and the real world a tale, &c. &c.; only the work stopped short, and the notes alone remain to show the public what an intellectual treat they have lost.

Strange as all this may seem, the design of the Romance was not wrong; the author had to exhibit poetry as a whole, and not as confined to any particular department; and hence all the objects of poetry, whether real events or the creations of the imagination, were correctly placed in one series, as *quoad* poetry, they are all equally real. The only defect is that the series itself is not suffi-

* I am not aware that this tale was ever translated, and, therefore, as it is complete in itself, I shall, with the Editor's permission, translate it at some period for this Magazine.—J. O.

ciently luminous, and that the wild play of imagination which created the mythos, has at the same time bewildered it so as to render interpretation difficult, and often impossible.

The joint influences of the romantic school, and Fichte's philosophy, must never be forgotten, while reading the works of Novalis. While the former kept up his veneration for the old popular tales, the latter, by asserting the absolute rule of Spirit over Nature, necessarily gave a great value to the creatures of imagination. Nature was a mass which man was to work up; what are called the laws of nature were only our own powers and faculties; and hence, by directing them to any particular art, any individual might build a world of his own. Heine has denied the influence of the Fichtean or any other philosophy, on the romantic school generally; but the aphorisms of Novalis show that an exception must be made in his particular instance, assuming that Heine's opinion is correct.

One single aphorism will suffice to show the Fichtean tendency of Novalis:—

"What is nature? An encyclopediacal systematic index, or plan of our spirit. The fate which oppresses us is the indolence of our spirit. By the extension and cultivation of our activity, we shall ourselves become fate. All appears to gush upon us, because we do not gush out ourselves. We are negative, because we *will* to be so. The more positive we become, so much more negative will be the world around us, till at last there will be no more negation, but we shall be all in all."

By the way, these aphorisms are the gems of the whole works, though, as they are thrown together under the unpromising title of "Fragments," they are the most likely to be overlooked. Novalis, as I have before observed, did not shine in the connection of his thoughts, and hence he appears to most advantage where the thoughts stand out singly, merely in the terms requisite to express them. Further, as they were not intended for printing, but were merely selected from a heap by the author's friends, after his decease, the reader is sure that they are the genuine unadorned expressions of his mind: the author has been at no pains to check any thought on account of its boldness or eccentricity, and hence these scattered sentences contain many original views, which, if properly studied, may become the seeds of an organised system of thought.

They are not confined to philosophical subjects, but sometimes touch on general literature. The two following, though many will not agree with the sentiment, are hit off with an acuteness worthy of Heine, though they want his graphic power:—

"Goethe is quite a practical poet. He is in his works what the English are in their goods; perfectly simple, neat, convenient, and durable. He has done in German literature what Wedgwood did in English art. Like the English, he has a fine taste, naturally economical, and acquired by the understanding. Both are closely connected, and have an affinity in the chemical sense of the word."

"Klopstock's works appear, for the most part, like free translations of some unknown poet, written by a very clever but a very unpoetical philologist."

It will be seen, that in the above notice, I have gone more closely into the life and works of Novalis, than into those of Lamartine. The fact is, that the life and influential circumstances of the latter have been published in so elaborate a form, in a recent periodical, as to render unnecessary any special notice in this work. I therefore merely continued Lamartine as illustrative of my views of Christian poetry in my first article, and then entered at length on the subject of Novalis, who is so little known to the English public. At some future period I shall give a sketch of the romantic school as a whole, in which Novalis will again appear as a principal figure.

As every word that falls from the pen of Heine, however we may differ from him in principle, is to be regarded as so much old gold, with a speck or two here and there, this article cannot be better concluded than by an anecdote he tells of a reader of Novalis.

"The muse of Novalis was a slender white lass, with serious blue eyes, golden hyacinth locks, smiling lips, and a little red mole on the left side of her chin. In fact, I picture to myself as the muse of the *Novalisch* poetry, the girl who first made me acquainted with Novalis, when I saw the red morocco volume, with gold ornaments, in her beautiful hands. She always wore a blue dress, and was named Sophia. She lived a few stations from Göttingen, with her sister, the post-mistress, a lively, fat, red cheeked lady, whose high bosom, with its stiff indented line, looked like a fortress, and an invincible fortress it was, for the lady was a Gibraltar of virtue. She was an active, frugal, practical sort of woman, and yet her whole delight lay in reading Hoffmann's Romances. In Hoffmann she found a man who knew how to shake her sturdy temperament, and set it in a pleasing motion. On the other hand, to her pale and delicate sister, the sight of a book by Hoffmann caused the most unpleasant sensations; and if one touched her by chance, she shrank convulsively. She was as delicate as a sensitive plant, and her words were so fragrant, sounded so purely, that if arranged, they became verses. Often have I written down what she said, and it formed a singular poem, quite in the *Novalisch* style, but still more spiritual and fading. One of these poems which she uttered when I took leave of her to go to Italy, is very charming. In an autumnal garden, where there has been an illumination, a conversation is heard, between the last lamp, the last rose, and a wild swan. The morning mist approaches, the last lamp goes out, the rose loses its leaves, and the swan spreads its white wings, and flies off to the south.

"There are in Hannover many white swans, which, in autumn, wander to the warm south, and in summer return to us again. Probably they pass their winter in Africa, for in the heart of a dead swan we once found an arrow, which Professor Blumenbach recognised as African. The poor bird, with the arrow in its breast, had, it seems, flown back to its northern nest, to die there. However, many a swan, shot by such an arrow, may not have been in a condition to finish its journey, and, perhaps, remained powerless in a burning desert, or is now sitting, with enfeebled wing, on one

of the Egyptian pyramids, looking longingly towards the north, for its cool summer nest in the land of Hannover.

"When, late in the autumn of 1828, I returned from the south (and, indeed, with a burning arrow in my breast), my way took me near Göttingen, and I got out at the house of my friend the post-mistress to change horses. I had not seen the good lady for a year and a day, and she seemed much altered. Her bosom was still like a fortress, but it was a demolished one; the bastions were razed, the two chief towers were hanging ruins, no guard was posted at the entrance, and the heart—the citadel, was broken. As I learned from the postillion Pieper, she had lost all pleasure in Hoffmann's Romances, and drank so much the more brandy before she went to sleep. And, in truth, that was much easier, for the people always have brandy at home, but they must fetch Hoffmann's Romances from Deuerlich's circulating library at Göttingen, four miles off. The postillion Pieper, was a little fellow, who looked as sour as if he had sucked vinegar, and had shrunk together in consequence. When I asked this man after the sister of the post-mistress, he answered, 'Mademoiselle Sophie will soon die, and is already an angel.' Now what an excellent creature must that be, of whom the sour Pieper could say, 'she is an angel!' And he said this, while with his booted foot he frightened away the fluttering and cackling poultry. The post-house, once white, had changed as well as its hostess; it had got a sickly yellow, and its walls were full of deep wrinkles. In the yard lay broken carriages, and behind the dung-hill, on a pole, was a scarlet postillion cloak, wet through, hanging to dry. Mademoiselle Sophie stood at the window above, reading, and when I went up to her, I again found in her hands a book with red morocco binding and gold ornaments, and this was the '*Heinrich von Ofterdingen*' of Novalis. She had read and read this same book, till she had read herself into a consumption, and looked like a shining shadow. Still she had a spiritual beauty, the aspect of which, raised in me painful emotions. I took both her pale, thin hands, looked deep into her blue eyes, and said at last, 'Mademoiselle Sophie, how do you find yourself?' 'I am quite well,' she replied, 'and shall soon be better,' and she pointed out of window to a new church yard—a little hill near the house. On this bare hill stood a single small dry poplar, on which but a few leaves hung, and this moved in the autumn-wind, not like a living tree, but like the ghost of a tree.

"Under this poplar now lies Mademoiselle Sophie, and the keepsake she has left me, the red morocco book with gold ornaments; the '*Heinrich von Ofterdingen*' of Novalis, now lies on my writing desk before me, and I use it to write this article."

Is not this ironical, half pathetic treatment of all sentimentality delicious? No one can sneer amiably like Heinrich Heine.

JOHN OXENFORD.

GREEN ROOM.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Performance of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's RICHELIEU, &c.

OUR attention continues to be attracted to Covent Garden Theatre, where, only, is attempted anything worthy of the drama of England. Mr. Macready, if not a poet, is yet an actor, whose conceptions are poetical, and who makes so the parts that he embodies. Never was this better illustrated than on the evening of Thursday, the 7th of March, in the getting up of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's play of *RICHELIEU*, or *THE CONSPIRACY*, and in the manner in which the leading character was performed. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the splendour of the scenery and dresses, nor on the excellent *caste* of the *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Macready did especially well in associating with his own *Richelieu* so intelligent a confidante as Mr. Phelps, in the character of *Father Joseph*, a capuchin. Everything, in consequence, between these two performers, went off with the most admirable propriety. They played excellently into one another's hands, and maintained the illusion of the scene to perfection. Mr. Warde, as the king's favourite, *Count de Baradas*, was hard, noisy, and villanous, and Mr. Anderson, as the *Chevalier de Mauprat*, was a veritable lover. Miss Helen Faucit, the wood of *Louis XIII.*, of the *Count de Baradas*, and the wedded of the *Chevalier de Mauprat*, was exceedingly well fitted to her part; and Miss Charles fulfilled the duties of spy to *Richelieu*, and mistress to *Orleans*, with vivacity and grace. There is a host of other characters; but they have little either to say or do. In fact, the entire drama consists of sketches rather than portraits; even *Richelieu* himself is only a more careful outline, the filling up of which is entirely left to the actor.

As an exceedingly clever play, this production has been very judiciously accepted by Mr. Macready. The species of drama is almost new to the English stage; at any rate, it has never yet been executed with equal tact and merit. If it must be conceded by the most staunch of the author's admirers, that it is rather the product of the play-wright than the dramatist, and, in short, little more than a melo-drama in five acts; let it be generously conceded, on the other hand, that it ranks the first of its class. There is in it the skill and tact to be expected from a practised writer; but there is also a concentration of diction and incident, which could scarcely be hoped for, however desirable, from a novelist. In its style of execution, *Richelieu* sometimes reminds us of Byron's *Two Foscari*, with more vivacity, yet with less depth—the effects being for the most part comic, even where the situations are tragical in character. There is also an irony running throughout the dialogue—not, however, the exquisite Shaksperian irony—no—nor the Socratic—but the irony of the man of the world. We repeat, it is not the irony of poetry or philosophy, but of society. Sometimes, we confess, it grated on our feelings, and violated our susceptible sentimentality. We have yet to be hardened into contempt both for the vices and virtues of men—are too new to the stern realities of existence—have too lately left the bowers of the muses—

are yet too recent from the influence of fine fancies—to enter heartily into this cold prosaic view of man's doings and motives. The democratic air, too—that most anti-poetic of all things—with which the piece is surrounded, spoiled, in our estimation, many of its best passages. The manner in which *Louis XIII.* is portrayed is abhorrent to our loyal sympathies. Even supposing that it were true to nature and history (which, by the way, we are not at all inclined to concede), it is for the interest of an ideal representation, that to every person represented in it the ideal should be attributed. See the difference that exists between the villains of Ford and of Shakspeare. How vulgar and despicable those of the former—how well characterised, and, in many respects, admirable those of the latter.

Richelieu is a play, of a kind hitherto much wanted on the English stage. The romantic drama, as the French have it, and as represented in this, is of specific merit. In a theatre like Covent Garden, it should substitute the ordinary melo-drama, and form the *lowest* round of the ladder of ambition that a poetic manager should seek to climb. We are indebted to Mr. Macready for the introduction of this species, as well as for higher, such as *Ion*, the *Athenian Captive*, and the *Bridal*. We understand, too, that Shakspeare's *Henry the Fifth* is to be reproduced, in a style of great splendour, and with accuracy of costume. The chorus is to be replaced, Vandenhoff reciting the passages, and Stanfield contributing a panoramic view of the events recorded. Such efforts as these entitle the manager to the highest praises that a competent critic can bestow on worthiest labours.

Adjourn we now to

THE LIBRARY.

Oh! a presentation copy, lying on the table, of "*Richelieu*, a Play, in five acts, with odes, &c., by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, Bart." Well, we shall now be able to read, what we have already seen, not without pleasure. But, ah! a single glance suffices to shew us that the author had rather an eye to the stage than the closet. It wants the polish of a production designed for critical perusal, notwithstanding the retention of certain poetical passages which were omitted in representation. Take the first of such.—

No house
So safe as Marion's. At our statelier homes
The very walls do play the eaves-dropper.
There's not a sunbeam creeping o'er our floors,
But seems a glance from that malignant eye
Which reigns o'er France; our fatal greatness lives
In the sharp glare of one relentless day.
But Richelieu's self forgets to fear the sword
The myrtle hides; and Marion's silken robe
Casts its kind charity o'er fiercer sins,
Than those which haunt the rosy path between
The lip and eye of beauty.

There is no house so safe as *Marion de Lorme's*, to carry on the conspiracy against *Richelieu*, that is, in the *Duke of Orleans'* opinion. Nevertheless, the emphatic "Hush!" of *Baradas*, the king's favourite, was not

imprudent. *Marion*, in fact, is in the pay of *Richelieu*, though in the keeping of the *Duke*. The conspiracy presented in the drama is that of the *Duc de Bouillon*, amalgamated with the dénouement of "The Day of Dupes;" and circumstances connected with the treason of *Cinq Mars* (whose brilliant youth and gloomy catastrophe tend to subvert poetic and historic justice, by seducing us to forget his base ingratitude and perfidious apostasy) are identified with the fate of the earlier favourite, *Baradas*, whose sudden rise and as sudden fall passed into a proverb. Nor is there anything in such amalgamation and accommodation, but what may be permitted to poet, epic or dramatic.

Let us proceed. As they are all gambling in the house of *Marion*, one *De Mauprat* throws and loses; but his bankruptcy causes him no grief. Wherefore? *Baradas* extracts the secret from him. The dialogue thus inartificially proceeds:—

De Mauprat. Hating the Cardinal, and beguiled by Orleans,
You know I joined the Languedoc revolt—
Was captured—sent to the Bastile—

Baradas. But shared
The general pardon, which the Duke of Orleans
Won for himself and all in the revolt,
Who but obeyed his orders.

Now—don't kick our shins in that abominable way. We are determined not to be critical. What matters, though they do tell one another what both knew before? Is it not for the benefit of the audience, you gaffer? Hold your tongue, then, and keep the peace, and let the piece keep the stage! With all our heart.

Poor *de Mauprat* had acted *without orders*. On his way to join the duke in Languedoc, he (then the down upon his lip, less man than boy) leading young valours—reckless as himself, seized upon the town of *Faviaux*, and displaced the royal banners for the rebel. Orleans (never too daring), when he reached the camp, blamed him for acting without his orders; upon which quibble *Richelieu* razed his name out of the general pardon. Yet *Richelieu* released him from the Bastile, and in pity for his youth and birth, commuted the penalty of death, with the imposition of hard service—telling him that he had no wish to glut the headsman—

"Join your troop,
Now on the march against the Spaniards;—change
The traitor's scaffold for the soldier's grave;
Your memory stainless—they who shared your crime
Exiled or dead—your king shall never learn it."

Now, this was very good of *Richelieu*; but it is the business of *Baradas* to make the young man think otherwise, to join their plot, and become the minister's assassin. Then take the following scene, which we quote, because it contains passages omitted in representation.

De Mauprat. Better the victim, Count,
Than the assassin. France requires a *Richelieu*,
But does not need a *Mauprat*. True to this;—
All time one midnight, where my thoughts are spectres.
What to me fame?—What love?

Baradas. Yet dost thou love not?

De Mauprat. Love? I am young—

Baradas. And Julie fair! (*aside*) It is so,
Upon the margin of the grave—his hand
Would pluck the rose that I would raise and wear!
(*aloud*) Thou lovest—

De Mauprat. Who, lonely in the midnight tent,
Gazed on the watchfires in the sleepless air,
Nor chose one star amidst the clustering hosts
To bless it in the name of some fair face
Set in his spirit, as that star in Heaven?
For our divine affections, like the spheres,
Move ever, ever musical.

Baradas. You speak
As one who fed on poetry.

De Mauprat. Why, man,
The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves with summer wind.—The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the first garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world—and talk in words
That cloathe the feelings of the frigid herd?
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses flushed
With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps:—her voice
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or Fairies dip their changelings! In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty
(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Allures to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him!—O those eyes
That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than lurks
Under the lids of Psyche!—Go!—thy lip
Curls at the purled phrases of a lover—
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.”

We have read better poetry than this—and worse. Baradas, however, had he heard it, which on the stage he has no opportunity of doing, would not have cared for it—for at the end he exclaims *aside*—

“ With each word

Thou wak’st a jealous demon in my heart,
And my hand clutches at my hilt.”

What might have happened after all this, none knows, if the Cardinal’s arquebusiers had not arrived at the spot, and arrested Messire de Mauprat; thus leaving Baradas, villain-like, to soliloquise, and soliloquising to reveal his various designs—*in primis*, to be, by the king’s aid, Julie’s husband—and minister of France—and next, by aid of Bouillon and the Spaniard, to dethrone the king himself.

But now for Richelieu. In the Palais Cardinal he sits in consultation with Capuchin Joseph. Sarcastic and ironical, despising mankind while feeling for them, yet showing the inherent sympathy that accompanies all antipathy, the aim of the poet—(for in the Richelieu scenes of the piece,

if anywhere, the playwright runs into the poet)—is to represent his hero as a man of two apparent characters—as a man, who, if on the one hand, he is justly represented as inflexible and vindictive, crafty and unscrupulous; so, on the other, it cannot be denied that he was placed in times in which the long impunity of every license required stern examples—that he was beset by perils and intrigues, which gave a certain excuse to the subtlest invectives of self-defence—that his ambition was inseparably connected with a passionate love for the glory of his country—and that, if he was her dictator, he was not less her benefactor. As to poor Joseph, he is kept so subordinate to the chief character, as only to indicate that he has one of his own. More, we think, might have been well made of the Capuchin—he had talents, and some influence with Richelieu, if not so much as have been attributed to him. Sir L. Bulwer quotes Voltaire as saying of him, "Tantôt fanatique—tantôt fourbe—fonder les religieuses de Calvaire—*faire des vers.*" Richelieu also wrote verses—nay, if the Abbé Arnaud is to be believed, even an entire drama—the tragi-comedy of *Mirame*, which was presented to the world under the foster-name of Desmarets. Its representation (says Pelissan) cost him 300,000 crowns. The queen was avenged on him by its ill success. He was, however, so transported out of himself by the performance, that at one time he thrust his person half out of his box, to show himself to the assembly; at another time he imposed silence on the audience, that they might not lose "*des endroits encore plus beaux!*" He said afterwards to Desmarets, "Eh bien, les Français n'auront donc jamais de goût. Ils n'ont pas été charmés de *Mirame!*" Arnaud says pithily, "On ne pouvoit alors avoir d'autre satisfaction des offenses d'un homme qui étoit maître de tout, et redoutable à tout le monde." Nevertheless, adds Sir L. Bulwer, "his style in prose, though not devoid of the pedantic affectations of the time, often rises into very noble eloquence."

It was one of the marvellous touches of *Richelieu's* character, this same versatility of talents. He not only surmounted all the opposition that he experienced; but, while the genius of most men, even of great abilities, would have found it sufficient occupation to wage war against those cabals and factions which were continually meditating his downfall, this extraordinary man not only completely foiled the schemes of his enemies, but found means to raise the kingdom of France to a most flourishing condition at home, while he extended her glory and influence over all Europe. While he was making open war against the House of Austria in Germany, Italy, and Spain, he was at the very same time employing his thoughts in the establishment of the French Academy. He held meetings in his palace of the most celebrated literary geniuses of the age; he cultivated the *belles lettres* with success, and composed himself some dramatic pieces, which were exhibited in the French theatre.

To the literary tastes of both cardinal and capuchin, the dramatist before us has rendered recognition, in the following comical style. It is introduced in reference to the *Chevalier de Mauprat*, the lover of *Richelieu's* orphan ward, the fair *Julia de Mortemar*, as aforesaid, and whom, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, the prime minister has designed for her husband.

Richelieu. Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat :—When my play
Was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gazers,
Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him
Applaud in the proper places : trust me, Joseph,
He is a man of an uncommon promise !

Joseph. And yet your foe.

Richelieu. Have I not foes enow ?
Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.
Remember my grand maxims : First employ
All methods to conciliate.

Joseph. Failing these ?

Richelieu (fiercely). All means to crush : as with the opening, and
The clenching of this little hand, I will
Crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.
So, so, we've baffled Baradas.

Joseph. And when

Check the conspiracy ?

Richelieu. Check, check ? Full way to it.
Let it bud, ripen, flaunt i' the day, and burst
To fruit—the dead sea's fruit of ashes ; ashes
Which I will scatter to the winds.

Go, Joseph ;

When you return, I have a feast for you ;
The last great act of my great play : the verses,
Methinks, are fine—ah, very fine. *You write*
Verses (aside) ! such verses ! You have wit, discernment.

Joseph (aside). Worse than the scourge ! Strange that so great a
statesman

Should be so bad a poet.

Richelieu. What dost say ?

Joseph. That it is strange so great a statesman should
Be so sublime a poet.

Richelieu. Ah, you rogue ;

Laws die, Books never. Of my ministry
I am not vain ! but of my muse, I own it.
Come, you shall hear the verses now. (*Takes up a MS.*)

Joseph. My lord,

The deeds, the notaries !

Richelieu. True, I pity you ;

But business first, then pleasure. (*Exit Joseph.*)

The capuchin was only too glad to be gone, for where are there two poets or poetasters, who can agree to hear each other's rhymes. We forgot to mention, that Joseph's poetical reputation is founded on a Latin production, called "*La Turciade*," in which he sought to excite the kingdoms of Christendom against the Turks. But, says Sir L. Bulwer, the inspiration of *Tyrtæus* was denied to Father *Joseph*. He was not, however, without other qualities, for Anquetil says of him, "C'étoit en effet un homme infatigable—portant dans les entreprises, l'activité, la souplesse, l'opiniâtreté propres à les faire réussir."

"Both Richelieu and Joseph," says Sir L. Bulwer, "were originally intended for the profession of arms. Joseph had served before he obeyed the spiritual inspiration to become a capuchin. The death of his brother opened to Richelieu the bishopric of Luçon ; but his military propensities were as strong as his priestly ambition. I need scarcely add, that the cardinal, during his brilliant campaign in Italy, marched at the head of his troops in complete armour. It was under his administration, that occurs the last example of

proclaiming war by the chivalric defiance of herald and cartel. Richelieu valued himself much on his personal activity, for his vanity was as universal as his ambition. A nobleman of the House of Grammont one day found him employed in *jumping*, and, with all the *savoir vivre* of a Frenchman and a courtier, offered to jump against him. He suffered the cardinal to jump higher, and soon after found himself rewarded by an appointment! Yet, strangely enough, this vanity did not lead to a patronage injurious to the state; for never before in France was ability made so essential a requisite in promotion. He was lucky in finding the cleverest fellows among his adroilest flatterers."

There is a very pretty, though feeble passage introduced into one of the scenes before, connected with the cardinal's military recollections, and his present civil and literary occupations, in which the clerkly man ascribes greater might to pen than to sword. The reader will recollect Leigh Hunt's poem, entitled the Pen and the Sword.

We are not quite satisfied with the materials of the play before us. They are inferior in dignity to those afforded by history. Where is the queen-mother, Mary of Medicis?—the queen herself, Anne of Austria? Would not the banishment of the former have formed a nobler topic than the common place love-tale of the melodrama? The following condensed account of the historical theme alluded to, appears to be full of suggestions. Take it in the words of a modern historian.

"Louis XIII., though a monarch of a weak frame of mind, had somewhat of a military disposition. He entered into the schemes of Richelieu for the aggrandisement of France, and fought at the head of his armies, both in his own kingdom and in Italy." [Who, in seeing or reading the play before us, could have believed this of Louis XIII.? We tell you, Sir L. Bulwer, that all your democratic notions of royal imbecility are flat libels!] "Richelieu was a man whose genius was truly astonishing. He was negotiating at one time *with all und against most* of the sovereigns of Europe. His principal aim was to humble the house of Austria; he wanted to establish a Duke of Mantua, independent of the King of Spain; he proposed to harass the Austrian dominions in Flanders, and had prevailed with Gustavus Adolphus, the King of Sweden, to make a descent upon Germany. But while these great schemes were in agitation, a formidable cabal at court was secretly undermining his power. Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the king's brother, detested the Cardinal de Richelieu; Mary of Medicis was jealous of that very power which she had contributed to raise; and most of the nobility were his secret enemies. This illustrious man, whose intrepidity was equal to all situations, suppressed these cabals in a manner which astonished all Europe. The Maréchal de Marillac, one of the nobles who was most obnoxious to him, was arrested at the head of an army, and condemned and executed for treason. The Duke of Orleans, the king's brother, apprehensive of a similar fate, quitted the country; and the queen-mother, Mary of Medicis, removed from all concern in the government, ended her career of ambition in voluntary exile at Brussels."

There are stronger elements of antagonism in these historical details than in the dramatic ones before us—and how superiorly must the Cardinal have been drawn to combat with such mighty opposites. Then, indeed, the Man of Genius in high office would have stood out. But then it would have wanted genius in the poet; and Sir E. L. Bulwer has unfortunately only talent—and can produce a clever novel or play, but not a *work of art*.

Even the period which he has chosen affords more salient points than his piece presents. The queen, we are told, demeaned herself so far

as, like the ladies of the court of Louis XIII., who were ambitious of his favours, to show her dislike of Richelieu. But the bold Cardinal laid his hands upon her father-confessor; ordered the general's papers to be seized, on the pretence of a correspondence with the enemies of the state, and Anne of Austria had very nearly undergone the same fate with Mary of Medicis. The king himself had sometimes hastily expressed his indignation at the violent conduct of his minister. A favourite of the king, the young Marquis de Cinque Mars, encouraged by these expressions, which he took for a certain presage of the downfall of Richelieu, entered into a conspiracy with Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and the Duke de Bouillon, against the Cardinal's life. The plot was discovered, Cinque Mars was put to death, the Duke de Bouillon had his estates confiscated, and Gaston, after making an humble submission, consented to remain a prisoner at the castle of Blois. The detection of this conspiracy was the last scene of the life of Cardinal Richelieu, as well as that of Louis XIII., who survived him but a few months.

With the spirit-stirring episode between the Cardinal and the Queen, Sir E. L. Bulwer's drama has nothing to do—it aims at meaner quarry. Surely the following, notwithstanding its *pseudo* platonism is below the real Richelieu.—

Richelieu. So, they would seize my person in this palace?
I cannot guess their scheme:—but my retinue
Is here too large!—a single traitor could
Strike impotent the faith of thousands;—Joseph,
Art sure of Huguet?—Think—we hanged his father!

Joseph. But you have bought the son;—heaped favours on him.

Richelieu. Trash!—favours past—that's nothing.—In his hours
Of confidence with you, has he named the favours
To come—he counts on?

Joseph. Yes:—a Colonel's rank,
And Letters of Nobility.

Richelieu. What, Huguet?

(*Here Huguet enters, as to address the Cardinal, who does not perceive him.*)

Huguet. My own name, soft—(*glides behind the screen*!)

Richelieu. Colonel and nobleman!

My bashful Huguet—that can never be!
We have him not the less—we'll *promise* it!
And see the King withholds!—Ah, kings are oft
A great convenience to a minister!
No wrong to Huguet either!—Moralists
Say, Hope is sweeter than Possession!—Yes—
We'll count on Huguet! Favours *past* do gorge
Our dogs; leave service drowy—dull the scent,
Slacken the speed;—favours *to come*, my Joseph,
Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,
A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur
Would make a Cerberus.—You are right, this treason
Assumes a fearful aspect:—but once crushed,
Its very ashes shall manure the soil
Of power; and ripen with full sheaves of greatness,
That all the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn.

(*Huguet holds up his hand menacingly, and creeps out.*)

Joseph. The saints grant it!

Richelieu (solemnly). Yes—for sweet France, Heaven grant it!—

O my country!

For thee—thou only—though men deem it not—
Are toil and terror my familiars!—I
Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows
Wreathed the old Roman laurel:—at thy feet
Bowed nations down.—No pulse in my ambition
Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart!
In the old times before us, patriots lived
And died for liberty—

Joseph. As you would live
And die for despotry

Richelieu. False monk, not so,
But for the purple and the power wherein
State clothes herself. I love my native land
Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss,
But as a Noble and a Priest of France;
"All things for France."—lo, my eternal maxim!
The vital axle of the restless wheels
That bear me on! With her, I have entwined
My passions and my fate—my crimes—my virtues—
Hated and loved, and schemed, and shed men's blood,
As the calm crafts of Tuscan sages teach
Those who would make their country great. Beyond
The map of France my heart can travel not,
But fills that limit to its farthest verge;
And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.
We Priests, to whom the Church forbids in youth
The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies
The soother helpmate—from our withered age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring,
That smiles in the name of father—We are yet
Not holier than humanity, and must
Fulfil humanity's condition—love!
Debar'd the actual, we but breathe a life
To the chill marble of the ideal—Thus,
In thy unseen and abstract majesty,
My France—my country, I have bodied forth
A thing to love. What are these robes of state,
This pomp, this palace? Perishable baubles!
In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame and a People!"

All these idealisms—so prosaically expressed, as well as puerilely conceived—belong to Bulwer not to Richelieu,—to Sir Edward, not to the Cardinal Armand. So also a long soliloquy of one hundred and fifteen mortal lines, at the commencement of the third Act, somewhat Hibernically entitled, "Second Day (Midnight)," is the baronet speaking, not the prime minister.

Our readers will join with us in thinking that the above entrance of Huguet is clumsy, common-place, and inartificial. That he should join with the conspirators against the life of Richelieu is not extraordinary, under the circumstances. He accordingly betrays the Cardinal's retreat to the castle of Ruelle; but it luckily happens that the agent of murder is none other than Mauprat, whose bridal happiness had been frustrated by an order from the king to dissolve the marriage, forbidding Mauprat, at the same time, to hold communication with Julie, whom the king had

previously affected. Baradas, who has revealed Mauprat's secret to Louis, and procured this order, persuades the young soldier that it is a plot of Richelieu; hence his willing agency. Connected with this part of the business also, is one François, a page, whom Richelieu has commissioned to join the plotters, in order to obtain a dispatch, which Baradas desires to send to Bouillon on the Piedmont frontier. He gets it, but loses it almost immediately, and returns to Richelieu with the tale—

“ A hand of iron griped me ; through the dark
Gleamed the dim shadow of an armed man :
Ere I could draw, the prize was wrested from me,
And a hoarse voice gasped,—‘ Spy, I spare thee, for
This steel is virgin to thy Lord !’—With that
He vanished.”—

This little incident and its circumstances is the most pleasing in the piece. It was Mauprat who had rifled him of the despatch, thinking it only revealed the plot to Richelieu, but had again parted with it to Huguet. In the meantime, Julie has been forcibly carried to Louis, whom, scorning, she escapes; and, by help of the queen, quits the palace, and seeks refuge with the Cardinal at Ruelle; whither, when Mauprat arrives on the assassin's errand, the Chevalier finds his lost bride, and all matters being explained, the parties are reconciled. His coadjutors pressing on his heels, the Cardinal extends himself on a bed in a recess, and Mauprat tells them, that, to avoid suspicion of murder, he has craftily strangled the old fox, with which account satisfied, Huguet and the rest of the band make what speed they may to inform their employers, and receive their reward—which turns out not to be colonelships or patents of nobility, but the dungeons of the Bastile.

Richelieu now reported dead, Baradas assumes the premiership—Julie is in the power of himself and Louis—and Mauprat condemned to the Bastile: but the Cardinal, to the astonishment of all, reappears. He is, however, abandoned by the king. Baradas exults. One of Richelieu's replies to the presumptuous favorite is happy:—

“ I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood !
Avaunt ! My name is Richelieu. I defy thee !
Walk blindfold on ; behind thee stalks the headsman.
Ha ! ha !—how pale he is ! Heaven save my country.”

The line in italics, though perhaps in the class of Italian conceits, is, we think—we hope, at any rate—fine; *but it is stolen*: and the situation of the end of the fourth act is striking.

The concluding scene of the fifth is borrowed from the novel of *Cinq Mars*, to which, we fear, the dramatist has been more indebted than to history. It is, however, very effective. Richelieu resigns his office. The secretaries of state lay the ledgers of the realm before the monarch—the incompetency of the new minister is evinced—just at the proper moment too, François enters with the lost despatch—the Cardinal produces it in the nick of time—the king reads with his own eyes the treason of Baradas—and the triumphant Richelieu is reinstated in the premiership, with absolute authority.

Such is the new play of *Richelieu*;—the production of a clever man:

not gold truly, yet the best sort of substitute. If not so valuable, it is not so heavy. Theatrical audiences frequently prefer tinsel for its lightness to the sterling ore, which is sometimes inconvenient from its weight. The chief character enters into comparison with Shakspeare's *Wolsey* and *Lear*; the difference between them, just measures that between the poet and the playwright.

We have received the second volume of Shelley's Poetical Works, which contains *THE CENCI*, besides *The Prometheus* and *The Hellas*. We cannot help, with such a tragedy before us, regretting the absurd prejudices of the English theatre. There is no valid reason why so glorious a production as *THE CENCI* should not be performed. Mrs. Shelley's account of her husband's negotiations on the subject are interesting and instructive. Shelley entertained at first the same prejudice against his own dramatic powers as managers do against authors in similar cases. Shelley asserted of himself, that he was too metaphysical and abstract—too fond of the theoretical and the ideal to succeed as a tragedian. How groundless this suspicion was, the result proved. When in Rome in 1819, a friend put into his hands the old manuscript account of the story of the Cenci. He visited with Mrs. Shelley the Colonna and Doria palaces, where the portraits of Beatrice were to be found, and her beauty cast the reflection of its own grace over her appalling story. Shelley's imagination became strongly excited, and he urged the subject to Mrs. Shelley, as one fitted for a tragedy. She begged him to write it instead. He began—proceeded swiftly; urged on by intense sympathy with the sufferings of the human being, whose passions, so long cold in the tomb, he revived and gifted with poetic language. This tragedy is the only one of his works which he communicated to his wife during its progress. They talked over the arrangement of the scene together. She speedily saw the great mistake they had made, and triumphed in the discovery of the new talent brought to light from that mine of wealth, never, alas, through his untimely death, worked to its depths—his richly gifted mind.

"Shelley," proceeds the Editor of the volume before us, "wished the Cenci to be acted. He was not a playgoer, being of such fastidious taste that he was easily disgusted by the bad filling up of the inferior parts. While preparing our departure from England, however, he saw Miss O'Neil several times; she was then in the zenith of her glory, and Shelley was deeply moved by her impersonation of several parts, and by the graceful sweetness, the intense pathos, and sublime vehemence of passion she displayed. She was often in his thoughts as he wrote, and when he had finished he became anxious that his tragedy should be acted, and receive the advantage of having this accomplished actress to fill the part of the heroine. With this view he wrote the following letter to a friend in London:

"The object of the present letter is to ask a favour of you. I have written a tragedy on a story well known in Italy; and, in my conception, eminently dramatic. I have taken some pains to make my play fit for representation, and those who have already seen it judge favourably. It is written without any of the peculiar feelings and opinions which characterize my other compositions; I having attended simply to the impartial developement of such characters as it

is probable the persons represented really were, together with the greatest degree of popular effect to be produced by such a development. I send you a translation of the Italian manuscript, on which my play is founded; the chief circumstance of which I have touched very delicately; for my principal doubt as to whether it would succeed, as an acting play, hangs entirely on the question as to whether any such a thing as incest in this shape, however treated, would be admitted on the stage. I think, however, it will form no objection, considering first, that the facts are matter of history, and secondly, the peculiar delicacy with which I have treated it."

There is more of this letter; but so much serves our purpose. The play having been sent to Mr. Harris, that gentleman pronounced the subject to be so objectionable, that he could not even submit the part to Miss O'Neil for perusal, but expressed his desire that the author would write a tragedy on some other subject which he would gladly accept. Now, that the play has been some time before the public, and is thoroughly understood, there is no reason why we should not witness Mr. Macready in the Count Cenci.

Another tragedy claims attention, "The Piromedes,"* the work of a polished and well-stored mind. It has no claims on the stage, but is designed as a dignified poem for the closet. Its style may be conjectured from the opening speech.

Piromis. "Yon star, the oldest prophet of the dawn,
Fulfills its task and quits a gloomy world:
Deep strikes the chill into the dusky morn,
As now she draws her twilight mantle round,
And hails yon streaks of feeble light which burst
The eastern sky and scatter roseate tints
Along the tract of day. And indistinct
This crowded pile of dome and column frowns,
As if lugubrious night still clung around
Enamoured of the grandeur. Dreadful fane,
Which hides so vast a portion of the heaven
Encanting grace in the surrounding æther:
And thou unsleeping Isis, still within,
Fixed in eternal presence, how my years
'Neath ye have glided into latest age!
Though it be pride in me to haunt thy shrine,
O grant this intellect may not decay;
O grant my prayer that I may breathe my last
Within thy sanctuary!"

The feeling of the piece throughout is sacerdotal; which portrays the decline and fall of the Egyptian priesthood. Thus Isis is in the first act implored in a fine chorus:—

"Preserve the orders as of old,
The sacred priest, the warrior bold;
The sage who scans his mystic rolls;
The pilot who the bark controls;
Artificers of varied toil,
And herdsmen, dwellers on the soil."

* London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street, 1839.

The action of the drama partly consists of the trial of Horos, a sage, for heresy. The following is part of his defence—

"O thou proud priest, think of thy father-land,
Is it not lost? To think that it should be
In such an age as that which boasts thy name!
Thou who wast delegated from above
With ample power to stamp the nation's brow
With thy mind's aristocracy! Instead,
In barter for thy vile idolatry,
O, lucre-hearted serpent! wouldst thou strip
The poor man of his earnings! Through thy deeds
Is Egypt, from whose giant sons have sprung
The nations, in her moral growth cut off;
Her course of human ancestry is run;
The fountains of her unpolluted blood
Must be absorbed in the o'erwhelming flood
Tossed from barbaric shores."

At length foreign aggression puts an end at once to internal dissension and the hierarchical power, the empire being subdued beneath the sway of Cambyses king of the Persians. The populace also rebel against the priesthood, whereupon Piromis exclaims—

"Do I hear?
The congregated passion, like a sea
By nature left to its unguided course
Is turbulent; the quantity of man
Against the god-like quality engaged.
The crude humanity, whence nature shapes
The rarer masterpiece, rebellious moves
Against the work which heaven was pleased to form
Of its materials.

Tis the voice
Of the brute number of the monstrous host,
O, if my time of reckoning be nigh,
May my long life from them be separate
For ever; may two kingdoms us divide.
To dwell with them for ever, dreadful scene,
Would brutalize this immortality.

Cambyses. Strange man! thy portion was to succour them.

Piromis. Thou earth-born! look upon this haughty brow!
I was not made for menial office,
Nor, tho' besought by hopeless misery,
To pander to the wants of the most low."

And, at last, while uttering his lofty gratitude to the Eternal, for the gift of superior reason, by which he was distinguished from the herd, "he falls destroyed beneath a column's weight." The writers of the *Tracts for the Times* might learn a lesson from this tragedy.

From the dramatic, we pass on to poetry in its narrative and lyric forms:—

"*Ignatia*, and other Poems, by Mary Anne Browne, author of *Mont Blanc*; *Ada*, &c. &c.—London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., Paternoster Row."—The leading poem of this volume is beautiful, elegant, and pathetic. It is a tale of love, of marriage, of maternity, and desertion. *Leodine* is such a ballad as could only have been composed by a person of exquisite taste and talent. The tale of *Helen Grey* might have been

written by Wordsworth. *The Husband's Story*, also, is touching and delicate. The lyric pieces are correct and spirited; particularly the verses entitled *The Border Land*, and *The Song of Dreams*.

The transition is easy from productions like these, to the following:—*"Poetic Culture, an Appeal to those interested in Human Destiny.* By J. Westland Marston, author of *Poetry as an Universal Nature*;" and *"Self-Culture*; an Address, introductory to the Franklin Lectures, delivered at Boston, September, 1838. By William E. Channing."—Both these little works may be said to be on the same subject; for the poetic is, in virtue of its egotism, self-culture. Our readers are acquainted with the notions of the first-named author, who esteems the poetic spirit as a kind of divine Logos, universally partaken by the human being. According to him, Deity abides in all men; Deity is the life-foundation whereon the edifice of humanity is erected. By its revolution, genius is revealed in the soul, intellect is empowered to understand aright external nature, and purity manifested in the physical frame. "Genius," he exclaims, "is the voice of love, and God is love! intellect is the ray of light, and God is the ineffable sun whence it proceeds; purity is the crystal stream from the one unpolluted source—God is that source." "The one," he adds, "reveals himself in varied forms." He does not say that the same man will be at once the poet in literature, sculpture, painting, music, or any other shape, in which life loves to develop itself. But that, if an individual be once subjected to the action of superior power, through him must the divine inhabitant of necessity manifest himself in some lovely and accordant expression. Dr. Channing's address, in fact, takes up the subject on the same ground. "First," says he, "self-culture is moral—next, it is religious—thirdly, it is intellectual—fourthly, it is social—and, fifthly, it is practical." Channing all along proceeds on the principle, that a man has within, capacities of growth which deserve, and will reward, intense, unrelaxing toil. "I do not," he asserts, "look on a human being as a machine, made to be kept in action by a foreign force, to accomplish an unvarying succession of motions, to do a fixed amount of work, and then to fall to pieces at death; but as a being of free spiritual powers; and I place little value on any culture, but that which aims to bring out these, and to give them perpetual impulse and expansion. I am aware that this view is far from being universal. The common notion has been, that the mass of the people need no other culture than is necessary to fit them for their various trades; and though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded. But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity, not their outward direction. He is to be educated, because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being, for his mind cannot be shut up in it; his force of thought cannot be exhausted on it. He has faculties to which it gives no action, and deep wants it cannot answer. Poems, and systems of theology and philosophy, which have made some noise in the world, have been wrought at the work-bench, and amidst the din of the field. How often, when the arms are mechanically plying a trade, does the mind, lost in reverie, or day-dreams, escape to the ends

of the earth! How often does the pious heart of woman mingle the greatest of all thoughts, that of God, with household drudgery! Undoubtedly a man is to perfect himself in his trade, for by it, he is to earn his bread, and to serve the community. But bread or subsistence is not the highest good; for if it were, his lot would be harder than that of the inferior animals, for whom Nature spreads a table and weaves a wardrobe, without a care of their own. Nor was he made chiefly to minister to the wants of the community. A rational moral being cannot, without infinite wrong, be converted into a mere instrument of others' gratification. He is necessarily an end, not a means. A mind, in which are sown the seeds of wisdom, disinterestedness, firmness of purpose, and piety, is worth more than all the outward material interests of a world. It exists for itself, for its own perfection, and must not be enslaved to its own or others' animal wants. You tell me, that a liberal culture is needed for men who are to fill high stations, but not for such as are doomed to vulgar labour. I answer, that Man is a greater name than President or King. Truth and goodness are equally precious, in whatever sphere they are found. Besides, men of all conditions, sustain, equally, the relations which give birth to the highest virtues, and demand the highest powers. The labourer is not a mere labourer: He has close, tender, and responsible connexions with God and his fellow-creatures: he is a son, father, friend, and christian. He belongs to a home, a church, a race. And is such a man to be cultivated only for a trade? Was he not sent into the world for a great work? To educate a child perfectly, requires profounder thought, greater wisdom than to govern a state: and for this plain reason, that the interests and wants of the latter are more superficial, coarser, and more obvious than the spiritual capacities, the growth of thought and feeling, and the subtle laws of the mind, which must all be studied and comprehended, before the work of education can be thoroughly performed; and yet, to all conditions, this greatest work on earth is equally committed by God. What plainer proof do we need that a higher culture than has yet been dreamed of, is needed by our whole race?"

On the all important subject of Education also, we find the following excellent pamphlet, "*A Letter to George Birkbeck, Esq. M.D. President of the Mechanics Institution, &c. &c. on the Arts forming a basis of our National Education, and a means of employment to our increasing population, by Robert T. Stothard, F.S.A. elect. H. D. S. A.*" In going through these different works, we cannot but be sensible of exercising a sort of *Protean* character. Nay, are we not Proteus' self? Verily, an editor in his library, is, in the various changes to which his mind is brought, a demon or a god. But though we may libel ourselves, we have no right to libel Proteus. No! no! old horn-winder, thou art no demon, but a veritable god! God? True, those who have not comprehended the divine significance of thy name, have associated it with tergiversation, apostasy, and infidelity:—yet will it be recognised in its original and legitimate meaning, as indicative of the permanent ONZ who represents himself in aspects multiform.—

Within the deep bosom of the stately forest are soft cradles con-

structed by the ornithological artificers. In each cradle are couched the rainbow dotted eggs. The sun shines not many days ere the vernal nativity is celebrated in the woods, and thousand musicians are added to the concert,—say, if you will to the orchestra of nature. There art thou Proteus,—spirit-metamorphoser! Who remembers not the careless lither lad, who with laughing eyes, was wont daily to emerge from the hut in the valley, and watch with joyous stealthiness by the clear trout-stream? Who remembers not his rod of willow, secured by a stone, uncouth, yet faithful? Canst thou not now see him in his rent pinafore, and his unfronted,—we will call it, his peakless cap? Yes! unto us all is his wraith or image visible. But he is dissolved; or rather, expanded into the ruddy coloured rustic, who pauseth nightly in his homeward path, to talk with—no matter, his conversation profiteth him more than our loving readers. But why hath the boy thus spectrally evaporated, and whence cometh the man? Ask of Proteus!

Hush! let your step be noiseless, and your voice the echo of a whisper, and we will shew you a sight, sad, solemn, yet withal beautiful! Feel you not supernatural as you gaze on the massive curtains screening the still room from the cold gaze of night? Could you not fancy that a voice, grave but harmonious, spoke from the richly chased lamp on the table? Let us join the band which bend over the dying girl! Their looks—how anxious,—yet how sublimated in their anxiety! Eternity dwells in the grief-gaze we give to the departing Just. Saw you ever a countenance more exquisite in its pallid yet celestial expression? Fair creature! she is an incarnate appeal to the unearthly in man. She is a volume en-written by the Father of Spirits. Nay, she was so. She is a Spirit. Who wrought the change thrice hallowed? He to whom Mythology has ascribed the name Proteus,—who is life himself,—who calls death his ministrant!

Chide us not then, reader, for carrying out in our converse with thee, the Protean character.

By no finite bound, be it ever so orthodox or precedent-sanctioned, will we limit the flight of our soul:—we travel from Rome to America in an infinitesimal of time. The arrow that outspeeds the eagles is symbolic, nay, rather, suggestive of the wind-yoked chariot, wherein we circuit the universe.

Poet are we (being permitted to interpret as of old the word), maker or inventor. Take not then, in every case, our language *au pied de la lettre*. True, mentally, space is too narrow for us, and therefrom do we at times escape into the void of—what? Into the void of sensuous images and physical apparitions. The land of ideas, the country of realities.

Thereto can we daily ascend; and chiefly. O! dear room! whereof the oaken panels are in many places concealed by the morrocco laden shelves,—chiefly from thy sanctuary, take we our mystic journeyings, sometimes beginning at night-fall and ending not until the time for matin mass. Well knoweth this, Jenny Browne, for our outward life, jealous carer, and kind, though wearisome.

In our oaken room are we now sitting. Brightly blazeth our fire. Disinclined are we at this moment to hold commune with a sombre

folio. We are not *en train* for work. We leave therefore our ancient friends, to coquet with the morning paper.—

Never glances our eye over the political article of the day ; that we do not feel tempted to exclaim with Lord Falkland, "Peace, peace." Ferocious to a degree is the editorial exhibition at present under our notice. To a beautiful text is wedded an odious commentary.—"Every man" saith the scribe, "is equal in the eyes of our common father." This, we delight to acknowledge ; but then followeth the usual tirade against heads pronounced scaffold-worthy, for that they wear coronets,—against hands declared polluted, for that they sway sceptres.—"Power hast thou, and I have none, therefore thou art a tyrant ; gold hast thou, and I have none, therefore thou art a miser. Shame on thee, to sit in courtly halls, whiles I toil in open plains. Shame on thee, to speak with princes, whiles I bend my body before their lackeys. Am I not a man even as thyself?" Such is the appeal that the poor address to their wealthy brethren.

Bethink thee, poor friend (for with thee, as part of the whole, we would fraternize ourselves), bethink thee, whether thou hast right to complain. Dost thou not long for these honours thyself? Doth not thine own heart hunger after these riches? Were all that belongs to the envied, thine own, wouldst thou not be as one of themselves? Doth not the same impulse which moves thee to desire, induce them to retain? Are they selfish? So art thou. Why then should that which would receive no better usage from thee, be wrested from them?

Suppose all the wealth in the country were equally apportioned amongst the heads of families ; under the present state of moral feeling, the next generation would witness a return to the existing aspect of society. The economist would have accumulated treasures, the prodigal would have dispersed them : and as wealth is necessary to the maintenance of political honours, we should again see the few powerful rich, placed in contrast with the many powerless poor.

But thou complainest, friend, that the Aristocrat disdains thee ; that appearances carry the homage which should be conceded only to the man. Thou speakest truly, and thy words point to thy only remedy. Thou hast hitherto only put thy naked un-alluring appearances into competition with the gorgeous and attractive appearances of thy more fortunate fellows. Develope the MAN, put thy essentiality of being into contrast with the fairest external apparitions, and thou shalt no longer lament the inferiority of thy position—

Consider, that even now the man of Genius takes his place amongst the men of Title, and consider, that whatever thy avocation in this life be, the end for which thou existest, is to become a fair representative of Genius. Thou wilt not deny that Genius dwells in thee :—thou sayest, "Heaven is just, and gave to all an equal right to participate in the fruits of the earth," and wilt thou not likewise say, "Heaven is just, and gave to all an equal right to participate in the inheritance of mind." Let desires after the outward be quelled in thy bosom. Let thy soul be consecrate to holy and loving influences, for through these doth Genius utter its voice, and the truth is recognised by the age.

It is only by bringing the moral and intellectual aspects of man into comparison with his highest outward station, that the inferiority of the latter can be properly exemplified. The truly developed man of Genius sighs not for honours, and yet he has them. Honours that outvie all appertaining to political institutions. Precious is the diadem of a King; magnificent his retinue; great his dominion. But the Child of Genius is a God-crowned Sovereign. Immortal affections follow in his train, and his empire is the Universe!

But enough of one class of subjects,—let us change it. And truly we need pause, for our fountain-inkstand is dried up. Know, gentle reader, as a matter that may concern thee much, that we use Riddle's Duplex Fountain Inkstand, a new invention for holding at the same time a proportionate quantity of black and red ink. Now this is very convenient.

We are filled again, and find by our elbow, an extraordinary work thus entitled, "*The Discovery of the Vital Principle, or Physiology of Man*," recently published by G. A. Starling, 40, Leicester Square. The writer of this book is evidently mad;—it is therefore probable that there is some truth in it. He is mad too, much in the same way that St. Paul was supposed to be. Too much learning has made him so. Too much learning brought to bear on one idea. The anonymous author is possessed with the notion, that all Matter is Diamond, and thereupon proceeds to announce an *Evangile* of the Diamond, as the primal indivisible atom of the Universe. We find that this work has been exposed to considerable ridicule; yet after all, however apparently extravagant, it only carries out the data of natural theology as far as they will go. We have long known that the new natural theology was only the old mysticism in a sprucer and more learned form, and that both at bottom were virtual pantheism. Our author quotes largely from the Bridgewater Treatises, Lord Brougham, Paley, Mrs. Somerville, and other similar authorities, and on their joint testimony, erects a theory of his own.

Space will not permit a laboured analysis of this production; yet some conception we will render. All Matter he says, being Diamond, and this substance having from its very nature, a tendency to form itself into a central mass or primitive egg, that egg being the centre and most solid portion of the sphere, would, of course become the focus of all attraction, and collect around its surface, matter, in parts, like unto itself. Thus would the circumference of the primitive egg, be studded with eggs, which, by pressing in every direction upon the parent egg, would cause it to stagnate or become degenerated, and in its nature changed. From cold to heat it gradually progresses, and generates a new form of matter, the fluid. Thus the solid egg is changed from the perfectly compressed and most minute atom, into a fluid state, expanding, swelling, and causing a succession of steam to arise from the centre to the boiling point or circumference, and to fall externally from thence to the bottom or freezing point, gradually drawing the outward bound eggs by means of the apex, into its stomach, and forming there a new centre or foundation egg in the midst of a minute fluid ocean.

Thus is formed to each part of the tissue, a progressive line of gravitation, similar to that, on the larger scale, of the earth itself; the apex, or lowest portion of which, is always the seat of electricity, the highest that of galvanism; the heart or centre being the cavity whence the materials are ejected. The matter at the electric point, is ever in a crystalline condition, and attracts solid particles analogous to itself, by electricity preserving the mass above in a fluid state of motion; this fluid matter forming a medium between the solid parts and the aerial animal boundary, by which the whole sphere is netted together.

We cannot but smile when we find that at the final change of matter into the aeriform, men will be saved from the Last Judgement by means of Balloons. "Ere the awful termination of the present abode of man," ejaculates the author, "let us hope that we may see the surrounding atmosphere spotted and illumined by moving vessels of every description, as we now behold them on the waters."

Matter and space with our author are coeval, "That which in the beginning was filled by the ovum, must have contained prior to that period, matter of a lighter description, displaced by the organisation of the ovum." Is it not plain that here we are yet to seek for something beyond the ovum, the diamond, or atom?

Separation and gravitation are with the author synonymous terms, and pre-suppose sin and the fall of man. "By separation or gravitation," he says "matter was first divided into three forms, the solid, the fluid and aeriform, united in one, which finally became perfected as the ovum of the universe; the materials of the ovum, by the same law, again gravitating to form a fœtus, threefold in one as before, and being again the separation of imperfect from perfect matter.

The Law of Gravitation is prior to the universe, and Deity is prior to Gravitation. In proof of the latter dogma, the writer states, that a body must ascend ere it can descend,—we should be disposed to add, and descend before it can ascend. It is a question in which "either" is the proper answer; it is not to be settled by mere thesis and antithesis, but a third and mediate case must be supposed.

Friction or agitation is the only inherent quality of matter; it causes heat, and heat moisture; consequently, the primitive atoms began to adhere together. Two atoms adhering to each other, would have double force; thus attraction beginning, the two would accumulate four, the four eight, and so on, until the mass assumed the solid form, and became the perfectly organised egg. Blind or inorganic matter can organise itself. Life being the triumph of vital over physical laws, and progressive,—organization must have commenced from the most simple, and been carried on to its present complicated state. Its primary form being circular, (and it is well known that a circle may be enlarged from a mere point to infinity,) we must admit that matter has ever been and will ever continue to be. Power, extent, or volume, and organisation, have been acquired by unity and connexion. We have the same perfection in a single atom, as in the whole universe. But who shall assert that one atom can possibly possess the power of millions? One single solitary atom can never be annihilated; but it could never, on the other hand, extend itself into space, or become voluminous without some assisting power to extend it into

a form, or condense it into one entire centre. This power is the innate principle of motion or life which produced the law of gravitation, the original impression upon the matter forming our universe, of which all the subsequent combinations &c. are the necessary result. All the varied motions of matter are produced by contact. Organisation is nothing more than parts uniting together to make a whole; as in arithmetical progression, we find developed, 1. Unity; 2. Addition; 3. Subtraction; 4. Multiplication. Such are the existing laws of nature. The beginning is the end, and the end the beginning.

Man is the faithful Thermometer of life, in which the living moving Mercury rises or falls, to indicate the state of his health, or of the air which he breathes; teaching him what food to take, or what to avoid, &c. Mercury is the only metal which unites the solid, fluid, and aeriform states of matter in one—the elastic. There are alike three stages of elasticity and non-elasticity,—the oval, the foetal, and the locomotive.

As an instance how all things connect together in this writer's mind, take this. He had said, that "the human heart is the only perfect machine of the human life." In a note, we find that "the Indian rubber is the substance which most nearly approaches to that of the human heart. This has lately been discovered to be, in some degree, analogous to silk." The text, which would be unintelligible without this note, then proceeds. "From the primitive egg of a pure, unadulterated diamond, has been produced that delicate, most refined, and perfect living mechanic, the little silk-worm. From this little worm, all heart, all love, all feeling, has been produced the immense and wonderful universe, with all its continuous chain or links of animated structure. From its own body has this little worm spun out the line which first formed the canopy of heaven, the silken bed on which its ashes could hereafter repose. It was this perfect little insect which produced from its tears the first pure crystal drop of water. (This is always found in the human heart). To its sympathy and love man is himself indebted for an existence. It was this little worm which spun the threads forming the first matting and downy texture of his bed. From the mixture of its ashes has been wrought that entire web or continuous wrapper, which incloses and protects every organ of his wonderful machine."

There is a sort of Hindoo sublimity about this hypothesis. Thus prepared, let the reader turn ostrich, and digest the following:—

"The substance of every animal is the same; its quality of three kinds, diamond, iron, and carbon: its genders, masculine, feminine, and neuter. The masculine gender is the iron, the feminine the diamond, the neuter the carbon, or latent life. Man first existed in the neuter gender, as in Eden, ere he was doomed to labour and death. Secondly, in the masculine, as in Adam, after Eve had been separated from his body; and lastly, in the feminine gender, as Eve.* In the

* "The larva is the second state. . . . It has no sex, or, at least, none has hitherto been distinguished, the development of the sex of insects being confined to the state of imago or winged insects."

non-elastic life, the genders are separated ; in the elastic, united.* The perfect man is formed from one pure substance, of a three-fold nature—Adamus. He unites in himself the three forms of matter or genders in one—the elastic, the perfect solid, the perfect fluid, and the perfect æriform. 'For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word,† and the Holy Ghost: and these *three* are *one*. And there are three that bear witness in earth; the Spirit, and the water, and the blood; and these *three* agree in *one*' (1 John, v. 7). In allusion to the author of this universe, I shall not presume to apply either the masculine or feminine gender; but I do assert, without hesitation, that the celestial parent, 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being,' unites both these genders in one perfect frame—the *elastic*."

What from this point the author proceeds to tell us of God, as the primitive diamond, only shews the imperfection and inadequacy of the system of inquiry which he has adopted, that is, the inductive and *à posteriori*. He stops at the *fosse*, which we allegorised in our new year's greeting; but let the scientific man, who is better off, throw the first stone! Our nameless pantheist is safe from the doom of the proto-martyr. The evangile of the diamond calls not on its writer to suffer. It is written, that whether mad or inspired, he shall not die the death of St. Stephen.

Trials of the Heart. By Mrs. Bray, author of "Trelawny," &c. 3 vols. Longman, 1839.

Beautiful exceedingly are these volumes. Mrs. Bray has in them given us a picture of the various trials and calamities, by which it is the lot of man to suffer in this his earthly pilgrimage. The tale, entitled "Prediction," is very sweet. In it there is no variety of incident, yet is the interest of the plot unceasingly preserved. We become concerned in the developement of the feelings of its different personages—we are only anxious respecting their fate, because we sympathise in their distresses. We are not incited to the perusal of the tale, by having our curiosity stimulated by the authoress enveloping her hero in a mystery, which the reader is ever wishing to fathom. No! far from it. We can almost anticipate every incident in the piece. It is by the drawing forth of *character*, that Mrs. Bray excites us to the perusal. Not by exciting our merriment, by laying bare any peculiarity of speech, &c. &c., which so many authors mistake for delineations of character, but by making us weep for their failings and pity their misfortunes.

In the "Orphans of La Vendée," we have another phase of the miseries of humanity exposed to view. The mutual affection of a brother and sister for one another, is there the author's ground-work. Here again the plot is simple, but the details are most powerfully

* "There is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."—Gal. iii. 18.

† It is the second person in the Trinity (the *word*), which corresponds to the fluid, or active states of matter, by means of which God causes this universe to increase in size, and work onwards to its perfect or locomotive state of existence.

worked out. The character of Jeannie is complete; nothing could be added to it.

We like not the "Little Doctor" so much as some of the others. There is a great deal of surplusage about it; it is more a collection of unconnected incidents, each, however, well told, than a tale. The old man's death, on his daughter's grave, is most exquisitely done; but we have some shrewd suspicions that it is not original.

The "Adopted," however, is the principal tale of the volume. It forms a practical comment on indecision of character. The wavering Philippe is drawn with a master hand, and the tale throughout is beautifully told.

In conclusion, we must express our high admiration of the genius of Mrs. Bray. We think that she deserves to be ranked as one of the greatest of the female writers of England. Still, however, we would respectfully submit to her, whether it would not be better to give her characters names, instead of merely indicating that they possessed such a commodity by dashes. Thus we have Miss C—, Miss B—, Doctor P—, Captain O—, and numberless others. To our eyes, we must say, these dashes are most offensive. We hope this suggestion will be taken in good part by our talented authoress.

Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China, in 1831, 1832, and 1833; with notices of Siam, Corea, and the Loo-Choo Islands. By Charles Gutzlaff. Third Edition. London: Ward.

The "Celestial Empire" is now beginning to excite some attention in Europe. Within the last few years, many books have been written upon China; yet, our stock of *positive* information about the Chinese is as small as ever. Still, however, we have, by the help of such men as Mr. Medhurst, Mr. Downing, and sundry other writers, who have chosen China for their theme, obtained just so much insight into their manners and customs, as to make it evident that many of our previous opinions concerning these extraordinary people were ill-founded. Of these writers Mr. Gutzlaff is not the least. Sailing round the coast, he had many more opportunities afforded him of noting the feelings of the people, than those persons can possibly be supposed to have who merely visited Canton. Of these opportunities he appears to have made the best use. Not only does he give us an account of China, but makes us also acquainted with Siam, Corea, and the Loo-choo islands. In the Loo-chooans we have ever had an interest, after reading Captain Basil Hall's exquisite account of his visit to them. Of them Mr. Gutzlaff thus speaks:—

"We took an affectionate leave of our kind hosts. In reviewing our intercourse with them, I think that their politeness and kindness are very praiseworthy. They are, however, by no means those simple and innocent beings which we might at first suppose them to be. Upon enquiry, we found that they had among them the same severe punishments as at Corea; that they possessed arms likewise, but were averse to use them. The Chinese tael and cash is current amongst them, but very scarce; their manufactures are few and neat; their houses and clothes are always kept clean. They are certainly a very diminutive race, and every thing which they possess or build seem

proportionably small. While the Chinese regard them with the utmost contempt, as an effeminate race, we will freely acknowledge that they are the most honest and friendly people which we have met during all our voyage."

"Domestic Scenes in Russia: in a Series of Letters describing a Year's Residence in that Country. By the Rev. R. Lester Venables. London, Murray, 1839.

This is a chatty, sketchy, interesting work, full of amusing detail, and all kinds of entertaining matter. The book is in every respect satisfactory. The following anecdote is amusing. A marriage was arranged between a young couple. The father of the young lady was rich, and had agreed to pay his son in law two hundred thousand roubles, on the morning of the wedding. Before the wedding, the father of the lady presented the bridegroom with the promised dowry, but advised him not to take such a sum of money to church, but to leave it with him (the father) until the next morning, to which the young man assented.

"The next day," says Mr. Venables, "the bridegroom was hardly dressed, when he was told there were some men enquiring for him; he at first refused to see them, saying it was not a moment for business, and he would attend to none that day. The people, however, persisted in their demand for admission, and were at length let in. On seeing the bridegroom, they immediately told him they were come for the chests. 'What chests,' was the reply. 'Why the *pridannie* so be sure!' 'Phoo!' said the young man, who supposed the ornamental chests had been hired for the occasion, 'you shall have your boxes, but you are in a great hurry, my wife has not had time to unpack her things and put them in their proper places!' The lady, who was standing by, looked very foolish at this, while the men replied, that they must have not only the chests, but their contents. Upon this, the bridegroom got into a rage, and asked if they meant to carry off his wife's wardrobe. 'Don't talk nonsense about your wife's wardrobe,' said the intruders with a provoking laugh, 'you don't really suppose all these things belong to her; the old gentleman only hired them for the occasion, to make a shew, and we are sent now to fetch them back! The bride on being appealed to, was obliged to admit that all the men said was true, and accordingly they carried off the handsome furs, silks, jewels, and other valuable articles of a Russian *trousseau* in that class of life; while the husband betook himself in no good humour, to his father in law, to complain of his deceit, and to get the money he had left in his charge, 'What money?' said the old man in pretended surprise. 'Why,' said the other, 'the two hundred thousand roubles, which you paid me yesterday, as your daughter's dowry, and which I left in your care last night?' 'Ah!' said the old man laughing, 'you can't pretend to be serious. I gave you the money yesterday, to make a shew before the company, and you gave me it back afterwards, as it was always understood between us you should!' In vain the young man denied the assertion, and claimed the payment of the money: argument and entreaty were alike useless, and he was obliged to go home with the satisfaction of having been cheated out of his wife's fortune and wardrobe by her own father."

There is a gentle double rap at our library door.—“Come in, Mrs. Brown—A parcel, hey.—Oh! the books we yesterday bought at auction.—Let us see.—Ah! the first has long been numbered among our jewels. The *Golden Violet*, with its *Tales of Romance and Chivalry*, and other Poems, by L. E. L. Let our silence proclaim how we loved her.”

Carefully were we going to lay aside the volume, when our eye rested on an exquisitely written name, which despite of attempts at obliteration, was sufficiently legible to our discerning vision. That name has become to us an hallowed secret, we mention it not even to our brethren who patronise “*THE MONTHLY*.”

Our interest was excited, we turned over the leaves, and found many wordless comments on the text, in the pencilled interlineations, denoting whatever had touched the sympathies of the reader. The words

For love brings sorrow,

were marked.—

And she, the previous owner of the *Golden Violet*,—“she then had found what it is to lay up treasures on earth.” Again,—

We do too little feel for others' pain ;
We do too much relax the social chain
That binds us to each other ; slight the care
There is for grief in which we have no share.

Her heart then yearned for a fuller developement of that sympathy whose atmosphere rested upon Eden. Sorrowful was she, but resigned in her sorrow. Recipient ever and anon of that Faith which bids us turn from the vanishing many, to the enduring One. The following couplet was emphatically marked,—

Oh! only those who suffer, those may know
How much of piety will spring from woe.

We could have argued the point with dear L. E. L., and shewn that piety springs not from woe, but that woe, as sacrifice or atonement, is the offering required by Religion, ere she can make herself felt in the soul, as a *joyous presence*! Nevertheless we understood the feeling wherewith she to whom appertained the euphonious name, construed the words of the poetess. The subjoined passage was peculiarly distinguished by the delicate pencil lines. It occurs in *Erinna*,—

Can it be,
That these fine impulses, these lofty thoughts,
Burning with their own beauty, are but given
To make me, the slow slave of vanity,
Heartless and humbled? O my own sweet power!
Surely thy songs were made for more than this!
What a worst waste of feeling and of life
Have been the imprints on my roll of time;
Too much, too long!—To what use have I turn'd
The golden gifts in which I pride myself?
They are profan'd: with their pure ore I made
A temple, resting only on the breath
Of heedless worshippers. Alas! that ever
Praise should have been what it has been to me—

The opiate of my heart—Yet I have dream'd
 Of things which cannot be the bright, the pure,
 The all of which the heart may only dream ;
 And I have mused upon my gift of song,
 And deeply felt its beauty, and disdain'd
 The pettiness of praise, to which at times
 My soul has bow'd ; and I have scorn'd myself
 For that my cheek could burn, my pulses beat
 At idle words——

It was impossible that a being who could feel deeply the foregoing lines, should remain undefined in the range of our mental vision. She herself was a Poetess, and L. E. L. had only chronicled the experiences of her reader's heart. The vision of the unnamed rose, before us ; first the graceful outline, anon, the brow, exquisitely feminine, yet queenly withal ; the sweet, yet half-proud lip ; the eyes, heart-historical ; the expression persuasively eloquent.

Ah ! soliloquised we, would that you had been earlier known to us, how we could have loved you, with what kind accents would we have soothed your sorrows, and when your sorrow was so sacred that words would have been intrusive, what tenderness should have beamed in our eyes, how gentle our pressure of the hand.—“Pshaw,” we continued, remembering that our companion was phantasmal, “why waste we our breath on nought.” Yet from our mind fled in an instant the repining suggestion. What though no form on earth was cognizant of our sympathy, was it nothing that love should create for us, by the mere spell of lines pencil-written, (and by whom we know not), a lovely apparition for our converse ? Honour be to thee, oh ! Love ! “peopling vacancy,” with shapes refined and ætherial. Yet why own we thee, as mere inhabitant of air. Teach us that thy abode is every human heart ; if a temple, to hallow it, if a sepulchre, to rend it.

Wherewithal shall we beguile the time ? For work we feel not yet disposed. Ah ! we have it : let us look into this dear little packet, the contents of which are purchaseless. And what are they at best, thou kind reader of Library Proteanities ?—Letters, letters, letters. Old are they, and faded is the writing, yet as we gaze on them, how does our heart thrill with emotion. We could weep as we think of the delicate fingers that ran over these rent sheets. They are cold now. Yes, we could weep, but not tears of bitterness. How can the tears of affection be wholly bitter ? Nay, how can the tears of pure affection be other than evidences of joy ? As the band of loved ones steal round us, those with whom we smiled in the pleasant sunshine and mused in the calm twilight ; those whose eyes eloquently encouraged us in our first outpourings of soul ; we feel certain that the power which conjures up their images to our sensuous perception, will hereafter, reunite us to them in soul-blending sympathy. Oh ! love, thou art indeed the inspirer ! thou alone givest bliss in earthly communings ; and when thou callest to thyself early and well-beloved associates, thou still leavest to us the charmed vision. Not for us, death invades the hearth-circle ; we yet behold it perfect as of yore. And if otherwise, we were content. Banish us from every ancient haunt, shroud

from our view every well-known face. Let our ears be alien to every kind and now familiar tone. Leave us only love, and we cannot be exiled from friendship. To the universal heart, every country is a home, and every man a brother. "Home" and "Brother" are eternal words, and shall endure when France and Foreigner are forgotten.

But chiefly do thou, O Love, show us that in the very act of loving, "is our own exceeding great reward," that in submitting to thee, we have power; in communing with thee, peace; and in representing thee, glory—

We cannot conclude this brief tribute to the talents of L. E. L. without recommending as a memento of her merits, *the Bijou of Schloss*, for which we ourself, only a year back, supplied some lyric verses in testimony of the critical estimate which we had conceived of her poetic genius. We will close this article by repeating them here.

Sappho of a polished age!
Loves and graces sweetly fling
Chastened splendors o'er thy page,
Like moonlight on a fairy's wing.

Feelings fresh as morning dew,
Breathings gentle as the May's,
Verses soft as violet's hues,
Once sported in thy happy lays.

Sad is now thy plaintive strain,
Melancholy is thy mood—
Bring us back thy youth again!
For cheerfulness befits the good.

Yet, if thou art sad—'tis well;
If we weep—'tis not in vain!
Sighs, attuned to Sappho's shell,
Allure us into love with pain!

LITERARY AND OTHER NOTICES.

Preparing for publication, with the approval of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, Geological Observations made during the Voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*, on the volcanic islands of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and on coral formations; together with a brief notice of the Geology of the Cape of Good Hope and part of Australia. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., Sec. G. S., &c., in one volume, 8vo., with numerous maps and sections.

Sir John Herschel, Bart., has nearly ready for the press, his *Observations on the Southern Hemisphere*.

Nearly ready for publication, *Physiological and Anatomical Researches*, by

Dr. John Davy, M.D., F.R.S., &c., in three volumes, 8vo., illustrated.

The collected Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, F.R.S., &c., edited by his brother, John Davy, M.D., are preparing for publication, and will appear in successive volumes (preceded by a *Memoir of the Life of Sir Humphrey Davy*), uniformly printed, in post 8vo.—It is presumed that this new and uniform edition of Sir Humphrey Davy will not exceed ten volumes, embracing the whole of his works during the space of thirty years (1799 to 1829), a period memorable in the History of Chemistry, and, in no small part owing to his discoveries.

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RETROSPECT OF SPANISH LITERATURE.*

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI, M.A., D.PH. OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF BOLOGNA.

"En nuestro sistema literario no admitimos nada absoluto, y per eso tenemos mas fe en el sentimiento que en las reglas dogmaticas, y quiza arbitrarias, en que los criticos quieren que sebusque siempre la belleza.

"Al teatro, sobre todos los demas generos de poesia, es aplicable nuestra opinion."

D. A. DURAN.

CALDERON.

THE Spanish works printed in France, Germany, and Italy, and the translations made at the present time into all languages, show the degree of importance attributed to this portion of European literature. The elements of which it is composed are various, but the Oriental predominates, conferring on it exquisite original beauties; and we think it will not be uninteresting to our readers, if we present to their notice some remarks upon a literature which well merits the attention of all learned men, and which, by the vicissitudes that agitate this great nation, impart to it an interest of peculiar intensity.

It is unquestionable, that the Spanish began to cultivate letters at a very early period; and their theatre dates so far back as the year 1356. The golden age of the Spanish literature was the sixteenth century; after which, its cultivation was pursued with various results, though, in some respects, with signal success. The Oriental colouring which, as we have said, enters so generally into the Spanish literature, is a source of many beauties, and, indeed, forms its characteristic trait. When, however, the Spanish writers attempted, as they occasionally did, an imitation of the French, or Italians, they were manifestly inferior to their models, and even to themselves, and lost many of their native splendid charms. They devoted themselves principally to the drama and romance: and, with respect to the first, it may certainly be affirmed, that Spain

* Collection des los mejores Autores Españoles Antiquos y Modernos. Tesoro du Theatre Espagnol.—Baudry, Paris, 1838.

has produced more dramatic compositions than all the rest of Europe put together. In romance, the Spanish are most original, and singularly eminent for ingenuity, simplicity, and vivacity in their tales, fidelity in their pictures, and correctness in their costumes. From their romances—such, for instance, as “*Lazarillo de Tormes*,” the “*Life of Picaro Guzman*,” “*Gran Tacagno*,” “*Don Quixote*,” “*Fray Gerundio*,” and others, the habits and customs of the whole nation may be much better learned than from history, or the narratives of travellers.

But not to diverge from the subject of the drama, we are disposed to believe, with Chasles, as a point beyond a doubt, that the Spanish genius is in its nature European. It is profoundly imbued with the spirit of Christianity: it grew under the influence of the all-symbolic inspirations of southern catholicism; it blossomed and shed its fruit between the cross and the sword, between chivalry and asceticism. But the gales of Arabia passed over this Christian plant, depositing fruitful seeds; and the African sky produced considerable modification in the chivalry which was protected by the holy Virgin. The true Spanish literature sprung out of this peculiar mixture. Primarily Gothic, deriving very few elements from Greece and Rome, and teeming with Arabian traditions, although it received a certain degree of influence, through natural affinities and imitations, from the literature of Italy, it never was susceptible of assimilation with Northern forms. The genius of Spain is entirely and exclusively southern; the character of the people is active; absorbing, but never permitting itself to be absorbed, it suffers from the weight of its own grandeur, and sustains the unhappy consequences of its own speciality. After having produced a number of splendid intellects, and reaped a rich harvest of glory, Spain fell with prostrate energies; and when all the various influences, warlike, Catholic, Arabian, Castilian, Italian, had worked their effect, the exhausted soil, no longer enriched by fertilising juices, yielded, as the reward of her labours, merely a feeble delusive abundance.

But down to this epoch of intellectual and political languor, the creative power of Spain was truly wonderful; it was a torrent of light streaming from its bosom as from the sun in open sky; it was an eastern splendour, an enchantment worthy of the Thousand and One Nights. It produced more dramas than would have sufficed for all the theatres of Europe; even Corneille drew from its rich fountain of inspiring heroism. Its lyrics and elegiacs abounded with brilliant beauties, partly Oriental, partly European, but combined with such extraordinary taste, as to seem a new and mediate species: in fact, it seemed a forest exuberantly rich in native and foreign beauty; or a mountain covered with polypetal plants, exhaling effluvia which intoxicate the brain.*

In selecting from the infinite multitude a single example, to furnish an idea of the genius of Spanish literature, none could be

* See an Essay of P. Chasles, which appeared on the publication of the comedies of Calderon—*Las Comedias de D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca*. Leipsic, 1837.

more appropriately chosen, than one of the celebrated dramas of Calderon de la Barca, entitled "SECRET REVENGE FOR SECRET INJURY."

Don Pedro Calderon drew his topics from among the things which he had witnessed and experienced in the course of a life replete with vicissitudes of every kind. He was born in Italy, at Mantua, in the year 1601. After serving as a common soldier in Italy and Flanders, he fixed his abode, in the year 1636, in Madrid (where he died in 1686), at the invitation of Philip IV, who appointed him dramatic poet to the Court and royal theatres. At the age of fifty-two he became a priest, and then commenced the composition of his "AUTOS SACRAMENTALES," viz. "La Cena de Baltasar," "La Nave del Mercader," "La Primer Flor del Carmelo," "La Viña del Señor," &c., sacred dramas with allegorical characters. Schlegel, in his "Treatise on Dramatic Literature," eulogises Calderon in the warmest terms. Some of his plays, closely translated, were performed at Weimar and other towns of Germany; and Schlegel himself translated "*El Principe Constante*," "*The Constant Prince*," one of his most beautiful comedies.

Calderon's mind was eminently poetical; and though he was generally irregular in his designs—although he was extravagant in his use of Oriental forms, and his morality, sometimes, not the most correct in the world, the richness of his imagination was truly Homeric. His style was harmonious, sweet, spontaneous, with great variety in his pictures and dramatic situations: his plots are felicitous and full of novelty; and his characters remarkable for their sweetness, vivacity, or "*hermosura*," and force; so that he received from many the title of Phoenix "*des los Poetas Castellanos*."

But let us return to our proposed specimen, "A Secreto Agravio Secreto Venganza"—"*Secret Revenge for Secret Injury*." This drama shows, in characters of fire, how thoroughly the poet, and the country for which he wrote, understood that most terrible of all revenge, conjugal revenge. To revenge ourself, to slay, to love (*vengarsi, matar, amar*); such are the words which, in many dramas, resound in the Spanish theatre. Even the play which we are now considering, exhibits a pervading hue of ferocious cruelty, which probably may seem excessive and repulsive to those who have formed, on the subject of sentiments and characters adapted for theatrical representation, peculiar opinions, based on theories opposed and inapplicable to the dramatic genius of Spain. But when the reader remembers under what sky, and for what an impetuous people, the poet wrote, he will not examine his *chef-d'œuvre* with so strict an eye. For instance, he will not be offended at meeting, in every principal scene, this terrible maxim, "*Who seeks revenge, must wait, be silent, and strike!*"—a maxim which sheds a glare of horror over the drama, and, recurring at intervals, falls on the trembling ear with the appalling sound of a voice from the tomb. Upon this tremendous principle the whole action of the plot is conducted; and truly admirable is the mode in which it is gradually developed, rising out of the most natural combinations, and ultimately blazing into the most fearful of tragic emotions.

The opening scene is simple and beautiful. A young lady who had just entered into a marriage of convenience, meets, the very day after her wedding, the man whom she formerly loved, and to whom she would have given her heart and hand, if a singular accident had not induced her to believe him dead. This situation, which will not appear novel to us, which we may have seen imitated a hundred times by subsequent poets, constitutes, nevertheless, a very lively and effective commencement of the piece. This is one of Calderon's great merits; but we may add, with the forenamed Chasles, that in general "the dramatic art of the Spanish is accustomed to dispense with those slow preparations, so agreeable to the calculating prudence of the Northerners." Among the impetuous inhabitants of Spain, but an ill reception would be accorded to the poet who should set himself to work to distil, and minutely analyse the passions: never will you there meet with an *Iago*, so coolly torturing his victim, and pouring the poison of jealousy, drop by drop, into his agonised heart. All is opened by a single touch;—like those tropical plants, whose calix bursts with a loud report, and at once expands to the sun a cluster of brilliant flowers. In the Spanish drama, the action is bold and lively from the first start; the attention of the spectator is immediately absorbed in the rapid succession of events, nor is ever diverted by a studied development of the characters.

Such, perhaps, is the essential difference which distinguishes the dramatic art of the Spanish from that of the English and Germans. The people of the North, for the most part, love to study human nature in detail, and under all the variety of its different forms; but the restless, fiery temperament of the native of the South, finds delight in movement only and warmth of action, and not in deliberate philosophical analyses. It is also necessary that the poet should powerfully curb his own mind, and learn to impose silence upon his own emotions, if he wishes to delineate profoundly the human character; for character is the combined result of organism, climate, education, social position, the crosses of life, and the feelings that have been called into action. How to calculate all these influences, to distinguish accurately their almost infinite gradations, requires, in the poet, the exercise of all his reason, all his skill, all his sagacity, and we may add, too, all his coolness: and these are special prerogatives of the North, often denied to the poet of the South.

Such are the difficulties which meet the dramatist, when he attempts the delineation of character at the moment when the passions are at work. *Othello*, for example, the ingenious *Othello*, after his transition from confiding trust to suspicion and jealousy, became mad with a quite inhuman ferocity. He laughed and wept in the same moment at sight of the blood he had shed *Juliet*, the delicate *Juliet*, through the strength of her love, became fearless and grand as a heroine of the ancient, noblest times of Sparta and Rome: the tomb itself was no longer an object of terror, provided it could reunite her to him she loved; for that she would gladly robe herself in a winding-sheet, and sleep with the bones of her

forefathers.* Shakspeare evinced the wonderful power of his mind, in thus combining the study of character with that of the passions; but to any one who examines him closely, it will readily appear, that the predominant instinct of his genius belongs to the north; and, although in all his works he displays the power of the passions, that he devotes himself principally to the study of character. A southern poet would have had much difficulty in forming so elaborate a picture of the agonies which racked the jealous mind of *Othello*. Calderon would never have exhibited for contemplation the exquisitely painful transitions of a soul, by nature simple and ingenuous, but now crushed by the weight of the misfortune which generated suspicion of his loved one, and rendered fiercely cruel, in the outburst of his fury, the moment suspicion was converted into certainty.

But let us return to Calderon. The young lady, already bound, as we have said, in the chains of a marriage of convenience, received a letter from a former lover. In vain does she endeavour to repress the desire to see him again: after a brief conflict, duty is vanquished by love, which is always ready, with ingenious, subtle arguments, to persuade to acts of the greatest imprudence.

"It is better I should see him again," said Leonora, in answer to the checks of her conscience; "I must see him, to induce him to leave this city: I will insist upon it; he will conform." In fact, a few minutes after, the young man was led in by Leonora's waiting-maid.

"I am now a slave!" exclaimed Leonora to him, "I no longer belong to myself: renounce my love!" and their short conversation, full of respectful love and deep grief, was still far from approaching the culpable, when it was suddenly interrupted by the unexpected entrance of Don Juan. This was a gentleman whom Don Lopez, the husband of Leonora, had rescued from indigence, and hospitably entertained in his house. The room in which the lovers were standing was dark, which rendered their situation suspicious, and Don Juan immediately prepared to avenge the honour of his friend. Don Luigi (the lover) takes advantage of

* When *Friar Lawrence*, to save her—as she is already married to *Romeo*—from being given by her father to *Count Paris*, proposes a remedy of desperate execution, how bold is her reply:—

"O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls:
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love."

the darkness and confusion, to escape through the first door he finds open.

"Your name, sir," repeated Don Juan, who thought himself addressing the intruder, and who was brandishing his sword all the while.

"'Tis I," replied the husband; "what means this naked sword?"

"It is very well you spoke," returned the friend; "for had your lips remained closed, the point of my sword would have made an opening in your breast."

After mutual expressions of astonishment, Don Juan began to explain. He informed his friend that he had certainly seen a man in the chamber. The husband declared the thing was impossible, and enjoined Don Juan to silence; for he could not for a moment endure the thought that any supposition, or suspicion, of his dishonour should be entertained by his friend. "If I have been injured," he said to himself, "I will be prudent, and my revenge shall serve as an example to all the world. My silence will quiet her fears of discovery. If a man wishes to revenge himself, his business is to wait, be silent, and strike!"

Battaglia, with whose opinions we, in most respects, coincide, remarks, "This is the terrible burden of the piece."

Don Lopez sends away his friend, takes a light from the hands of a servant, and, entering an adjoining chamber, finds there Don Luigi, the lover of Leonora, who, assuming an air of boldness, came forward, uncovered his face, which he had concealed in his cloak, and stated that, being attacked by assassins, he had saved himself by entering the first house he could; that he was entirely at the mercy of him into whose premises he had thus abruptly entered. "Kill me, Signor," he continued; "I much prefer dying the victim of an honourable anger, to falling under the daggers of a disgraceful revenge." Don Lopez put on an appearance of belief in this bold fabrication, and, curbing the rage which struggled within him, turned, with placid countenance and gentle words, to his rival, and offered him his own sword, that he might defend himself against those who sought his life: "*Now, come,*" said he, "*I will myself conduct you with a light, and show you the way out.*"

In an instant he returns, and, meeting his friend, Don Juan, endeavours to banish from his mind every shadow of suspicion that there had been a stranger in the house. Don Juan pretends to be convinced: Leonora comforts herself with the thought that the danger has passed away: but vengeance swells the breast of the husband, Don Lopez. "Who meditates a revenge (he mutters to himself, at the end of the second day), must learn to be patient and silent." The effect of these words, when they fall upon the ear of the spectator, is invariably to chill the blood, and to produce an involuntary, foreboding, mysterious shudder.

Truly in these passages there is a grand movement, a real *vis poetica*: the interest, the anxiety, the emotions, are kept in a state of continually increasing excitement; the heart beats more and more forcibly as scene succeeds to scene. How touching are the

situations of Leonora ; how terrible the calm of her husband, Don Lopez. These, we repeat, are beauties eminently dramatic, springing from the passions, and not from the developement of character.

Meanwhile, the principle, the point of honor, is seen, as a phantasm, to pervade the whole drama, exercising a direful influence, like the fate of the ancient tragedies ; and already does it commence its disastrous workings. Don Juan, the friend of the husband, is no less tender than himself of his honour, and, believing him ignorant of the outrage received, is anxious to rouse his friend from his apparent serenity : to this he is impelled by duty, friendship, nobleness of spirit, and gratitude. These reflections are common in the Spanish drama ; frequent is the resolution to pursue a certain course, for the reason—

“ Que ostenderia
Se obrara de otro modo mi nobleza ! ” *

But Don Juan finds it very difficult, in such delicate circumstances, to know how to comport himself towards his friend, so as to avoid giving him offence. Perhaps it would be right to inform him of all, even the most slender suspicions : perhaps the better way would be to suffer Don Lopez to remain in his blind confidence. Don Juan is still tossed by a thousand perplexing doubts of this kind, when he finds himself face to face before his friend ; whereupon under the pretence of seeking advice for himself upon the subject of a scruple which troubles him, and using fictitious names, he divulges his suspicions, and the actual situation of Don Lopez. The latter suffers great pain while listening to the words of his friend ; and this internal conflict, his resolute dissimulation, the augmenting fierceness of his purpose of revenge, his highly-wrought emotions, gradually increasing in intensity, without discovering themselves, are all portrayed with masterly skill, and constitute beauties of the highest order. In these few minutes, the two friends have arrived at a perfect mutual understanding, without either having uttered a word, directly, of that which was uppermost in the mind of each. A significant reciprocated look terminates the portentous congress ; and they part, each silently resolving that the vengeance shall be grand, full, tremendous. In some respects, this mute vow of the two friends upon the altar of vengeance, reminds us of the exclamation (though the circumstances of Inez were of a totally different character) of Don Pietro de Portogallo to his friend :—

“ Va, Roldano ; in cupo suono
Surde il folgore d'Iddio :
Va, Roldano ; al furor mio
Alleato, applauda al ciel.”

And, in fact,

“ Naõ covreo muito tempo que a vingança,
Naõ visse Pedro das mortaes feridas—.”

* See Don Vincente Garcia de la Huerta.

But to return to the drama : the King meditates a war in Africa : Don Lopez is at an audience with the King, who asks if he will remain at home by the side of his wife, or follow him to the African war. "I will follow you, Sire," said Don Lopez ; to which the King replied by cautioning him to remember, that "*the husband who goes from home on a long journey, exposes his family to very awkward accidents.*" How the suppressed indignation of Don Lopez boiled at this sentence ! How fervid became his infuriated pride ; how burning his fatal thirst for revenge ! He instantly suspects that his secret is betrayed to the King, and fears that his countenance has betrayed the agonies he has tried to conceal within his breast. As soon, however, as he is alone, he relieves himself by giving utterance to a deep, exasperated heart-grief. But not a single word escapes him of love ; not the slightest allusion deigned to a lost affection ; not one sentiment of tenderness ; not a single regret for happiness snatched away : nothing of the sort. He is absorbed in himself, in the outrage, under the weight of which his offended pride is groaning. The tragic egoism of his fury is carried to the highest pitch in the following monologue, splendid for both its ideas and its loftiness of style :—

"Now !" said he to himself, "let me just examine the accounts of my honour ! Let me see ! Have I not been liberal with the poor, just with the soldier, compassionate with the weak, loyal with the gentleman, generous with all ? Surely not for this ought I to suffer bitter taunts from my king, or my mind receive so deep a wound !" Not for one moment did he lament that his wife should love another man : no ; he knew too well that he was not sent into the world to correct the world, and much less the female part of it. "I live for vengeance !" he exclaimed ; "and the King shall see ; Don Juan shall see ; all men shall see : the age shall know in what manner a Spaniard revenges himself. But if a man wishes to revenge himself, his business is to wait, be silent, and strike !" And truly the vengeance will be terrible ; it will be worthy the half African nature with which Calderon frequently imbues the characters which people his dramas.

After the foregoing beautiful scene, in which she is discovered with her lover by her husband, Leonora wishes to see Don Luigi once more. Calderon, in this passage, again describes with a profound knowledge of the human heart, that species of fatality by which true passion increases in proportion to the obstacles it meets, and, deriving nutriment, as it were, from the griefs and impediments themselves, seems to find comfort in the continual encounter of new dangers and pains : on which account Dante terms it—

"Verace amor che per gli affanni cresce."

In Spain, where the passions are very ardent, the courage of every *caballero* increases with the impediments in his way ; and he contemns every danger "*por su Rey, y por su Dama.*" The ladies, in return, are most zealous—"por su Rey, y por su Caballero." Unfortunately Donna Leonora, in a moment of blindness, gives Don Luigi a *rendezvous* in an island near the shore. Just at the

moment when Don Luigi is looking for a boat to convey him thither, the husband appears, and, politely addressing his wife's young lover, bestows on him many courtesies, and enquiries, What he is seeking thereabouts?

"A boat to carry me to the Quinta del Re," answered Don Luigi.

"I myself will conduct you there," eagerly replied Don Lopez; "I will be with you in a moment, and shall be most happy to oblige you, as I have a boat at my disposal close by."

Don Luigi accepts the offer, and Don Lopez, with ferocious, but repressed exultation, mutters to himself, "The hour of my vengeance is come!" On the other hand, Don Luigi is delighted to find himself thus favoured by fortune. The two gentlemen enter into the boat.

Let us not examine too rigorously into the probability of this occurrence; it is within the limits of possibility. We know by experience, too, that the effect in the theatre, when these two enter the boat, is tremendous. "He himself conducts me to his wife," mentally ejaculated the young man. "I am leading him to his death," murmured the husband in a low voice. This said, the boat recedes from the land—is already in the open sea; when a boatman approaches the shore, astonished to see the little bark so far out to sea, and no practised hand to guide it. "Unhappy men," he exclaimed, "they will surely be ingulphed in the sea, unless God have pity on them, for he alone can save them."

This is one of those terrible junctures, the powerful effect of which reveals the special character of the dramatic poetry produced under the burning sky of the Sierras, in that land where the east and the west meet together; where the two principles of the Gospel and the Khoran have long battled with all the forms of repulsion or reciprocal absorption. The embarking of the two rivals in the same boat, and the cold irony of the few words they utter, lead on with rapid strides to the final sad catastrophe.

The subsequent atrocious scenes, rising in confused perspective before the spectator, and, as a dream of the night, impressing the mind with a sense of indeterminate fear, fills the heart with grief and pain at the approaching disasters. In like manner as the immortal Shakspeare, the force of whose genius ever rose with the difficulty of his dramatic combinations, Calderon, so truly wonderful in his art of collecting, and then distributing again, the threads of his web, alternates and combines, with infinite talent, dialogues of an original comic humour with tragic deeds of awful grandeur.

To return, however, to our analysis, from which we digressed at the moment of the boat leaving the shore. The next scene is placed on the land between the sea and the country house of Don Lopez. Manrico, his servant, a sort of buffoon, who, to the plebeian mischief-making spirit of Harlequin, superadds a vein of comic and diverting wit, holds a dialogue with Sirena, Leonora's chambermaid; and these frivolities and merriment are thus introduced, we think, with true poetic art, for the sake of diverting, by a few moments of amusing relaxation, the spectator's mind, in order that

it may feel more acutely the painful, the tremendous emotions which are shortly to follow.

Many rigid dramatic dictators would think it a profanation thus to mingle comedy with tragedy. But, as we have already remarked, Calderon and Shakspeare, and many others, both Spanish and English, depict in their dramas life and humanity, such as they appear, with their appalling mixture of tragic and comic, with their alternations of laughter and tears. And so general is this order of things, that, as a talented writer observes, the flower springs up from the tomb, and the day of feasting follows close upon the day of death, without either rendering the other less gay or less gloomy, and without the violet losing aught of its grateful fragrance from its contact with the sepulchral turf; that therefore the jovial laugh of thoughtless dissipation may, in perfect accordance with nature, be placed in close proximity to the tearful cry of Misery bewailing her mournful or tragic sufferings. For ourselves, we fully coincide in the opinion, that this is a faithful representation of the very brief interval which separates joy from grief in the world; and we would cite, in corroboration, the following beautiful line of an Italian poet:—

“Non sai che il riso ha il suo confin col pianto?”

Notwithstanding all the servile admirers of Aristotle, and those who rigidly follow the dramatic lawgivers, there is true philosophy and grandeur of effect in thus assimilating the drama to the mode, and rendering it a faithful mirror, of real life. In this theory, as has been often and justly remarked, which permits the *graceful* of Calderon, and the *insane* of Shakspeare's *King Lear*, to introduce their pleasantries and buffooneries among the accents of grief, and the raging of passions,—in this theory is involved the terrible truth, that nothing in this world is certain or durable, and that an invisible chain connects together events the least analogous. Nor ought we to forget that, if there do exist objections to it, their proper place is not in our analysis, because, in announcing the publication of the “Spanish Theatre,” we have put forth the confession and definition of our literary faith with respect to the Spanish drama, selecting, as a type and specimen, the “*Secret Revenge for Secret Injury*.”

The spirited sallies of the two domestics are interrupted by the entrance of Donna Leonora, and Manrico retires, leaving her alone with her attendant, through whom she seeks to dispel a certain secret foreboding of ill by which she is troubled. She does not attempt to disguise her fault to herself, but is consciously unable to repress the passion with which she is burning. She loves Don Luigi, and knows but one fear, the fear that her love should not be returned: every other affection is absorbed in this; for this alone she exists. Of the jealousy of her husband, which so recently made her tremble with fear, she no longer takes any thought. “After the evening on which he surprised Don Luigi in my chamber,” she said, “my husband has exhibited even a greater degree of confidence in me—more esteem, more tenderness!” Unhappy

woman! At the very moment when she thus blindly abandons herself to so culpable a boldness, her husband is actually accomplishing the first part of her punishment. Even now she hears, at a distance, upon the sea, a cry of despair.

Leonora. What is that (*Que es esto*)?

Don Juan (*who at that instant joins her*). Nothing, madam (*Nada, Señora*).

Leonora. Did not you hear?

Don Juan. Nothing: it was the wind moaning among the trees.

Leonora. No! it was the voice of a man uttering the cry of death!

A moment after, and just as she and Don Juan, in the deepest agitation, were directing their looks to the agitated sea, there appears in sight a man, endeavouring to swim to the shore. It is Don Lopez; he holds in his hand a dagger!

Don Lopez (*to himself*). O land! O sweet abode of man!

Don Juan. What! Don Lopez, is it you?

Leonora (*aside*). My husband!

Don Lopez. I, myself!

And, having concealed the dagger, which the spectator alone has been permitted to see, he then proceeds to tell them, that by a dangerous accident, he and Don Luigi Benavedes, "his dear friend," were in great danger of losing their lives in the sea; the little boat, over which the waves washed, sank

Leonora utters a piercing scream, and falls senseless to the ground. In an act which, to the more refined nations of the present day, would appear the very height of atrocity, but which the Spanish public, contemporary with Calderon, esteemed heroism, her husband bends anxiously over her, and raises her up, addressing her in tones of tenderness, and exerting every effort to conceal from the bystanders the fearful tempest of his mind, torn with jealousy, and but half sated with vengeance. While the attendants assist the scarcely conscious Leonora, he makes signs to have her conveyed to her own apartments, which is done. Left alone, Don Lopez breaks forth: "Now, my honour! have I with requisite prudence taken secret revenge for secret injury! Did not I seize the favourable moment, when, having loosed the boat, I pushed from the shore, under the semblance of wishing to reach the harbour? Have I not used this poignard with terrible dexterity against his life! Was not mine a cautious measure to split the boat, that no suspicion might arise? All's well! Now that, fulfilling the duty of a man of insulted honour, I have dispatched this gallant, now comes Leonora's turn. The King shall not again have to counsel me not to accompany him, lest I should suffer from it in my own family. Leonora! alas! inconstant as beautiful, nor less unhappy than inconstant! Fatal ruin of my happiness, and of my life, you, yes, you, also shall die this night!"

Generally speaking, we certainly do not admire soliloquies, particularly long ones, for we do not think them probable, and scarcely possible: but classic romanticists all, by tacit convention, admit them;

and in this instance we shall not be more fastidious on the subject than they. After this soliloquy, then, Don Lopez reflects upon the manner and means of taking vengeance for the infidelity of his wife. He recoils from the thought of shedding her blood upon their marriage bed; he is unwilling that any vestige of the punishment should awake suspicion of crime. He had trusted the first act of revenge to the waters of the sea; to the devouring flames he will commit the care of the second. He himself will set fire to his own dwelling, and, at the instant when the flames shall rage most furiously! This idea pleased him, from the certainty that the two elements, to which he entrusted his secret, would never betray him. "It must be that to-morrow—to-morrow, and no later;—the sun of my honour shall rise all radiant above this wreck, and these ruins!"

This deep imagination of terrible evil, this species of horrid fever, stifles in the bosom of the outraged husband every breath of humanity, and places vengeance in despotic sway over every thought and action. The spectator is already prepared to behold the consummation of the atrocity; he sees the victim sacrificed upon the altar of implacable revenge. It seems as if nothing could interrupt the progress of the action. But not so: the poet introduces a sweet picture. Don Lopez has withdrawn: the King, accompanied by his Court, enters. He contemplates the beautiful view, seen by the pale light of the moon, and in the soft silence of night.

"The azure heaven is reflected in the placid waters of the sea, like another Narcissus enamoured of his own charms" And then, observing the distant vessels with their watchlights and unfurled sails, he adds: "And they seem so many illuminated swans, in the act of spreading their snowy wings to sail upon the deep. Hail, my sweet country, hail!" &c. By some, this passage has been criticised as useless; but we are inclined to say, with a certain critic, that he would be much deceived, who should imagine this beautiful description, which mingles the soft hues of the idyll with the exquisite sadness of the elegy, to be introduced without any object. This brief and placid colloquy was a masterly thought of the poet; it is destined to soothe the mind of the spectator, and to lull him into delicious ecstasy, from which to be suddenly startled by the fearful cries that are about to disturb that deep silence, and by the red glare that is presently to burst forth, making pale the tremulous light of the beauteous stars.

The palace of Don Lopez is on fire. "Dense volumes of smoke and sparks issue from the roof. It is like a volcano: every thing is enveloped in flames." Different individuals are seen flying in terror from the burning pile. Don Juan exclaims, that the fire has broken out so fiercely, and spread with such rapidity, that all must quickly be reduced to ashes. He is hastening to the rescue of his friend and his wife, when suddenly Don Lopez himself, half-dressed, appears, bearing in his arms the corpse of Donna Leonora. Firm to the full accomplishment of his design, the fierce Spaniard persists in his dissimulation, "O! pitying heaven,

restore the breath of life to my Leonora, to my beloved wife ! " he exclaims.

The King. Is it you, Don Lopez ?

Don Lopez. Yes, Sire ; if my heavy misfortunes leave me enough of myself to see and address you in the midst of this horrible tragedy This lady, Sire, whom you behold lifeless, is my wife, noble, exalted, worthy, in short, of the eternal praises of fame. This lady is my wife, whom I have loved with the tenderest love, only to experience more acutely the bitter grief of losing her. I had succeeded in entering into her room, and was preparing to bear her from destruction, when, suffocated by the smoke, she expired on my bosom This dreadful event ! " &c. Then, turning cautiously to his friend, Don Juan, he said, in an undertone, " And you, valiant Don Juan, to him who may take counsel with you, you can now teach what measures to adopt, if he wishes that the vengeance should not betray that which was not betrayed by the outrage."

These last words of Don Lopez bring again before us the whole terrible moral of the drama ; depict an epoch in which a whole people is swayed by their sanguinary prejudices of honour ; portray an entire society bending beneath the yoke of the passions, but holding passion itself in subjection to that tyrannical law of life ; they display the Eastern principle still unsubdued by the Western ; reveal the existence of a perpetual struggle between the Gospel and the Khoran, which we have before mentioned. Through the principal Spanish dramas of the age of chivalry, this inexorable idol of honour stalks like a spectre, invading every thought and affection, mingling in every grief and every joy. In the Spanish tragedy it is, we repeat, the *vis motrix*, the *fatality*, which reigns dominant in the tragedy of the Greeks.

The modern Spanish theatre has undergone many changes of form and idea, according to the different epochs, and the various political commotions it has experienced, still, however, preserving a certain character of originality.

We purpose a demonstration of this remark in subsequent analyses of some portions we shall select from the present beautiful edition of the "COLECCION DE LOS MEJORES AUTORES ESPAÑOLES, ANTIQUOS Y MODERNOS." That we may not exceed the limits of an article, we must now draw to a conclusion, with the intention of resuming the subject at a future period ; nor will it be difficult to us to prove that the theatre of Spain, together with her literature, has preserved a physiognomy, an air, wholly her own, peculiar in all her political changes, as well as in the political unity violently imposed upon her in the reigns of Isabella I., Charles V., and Philip II., descending thus to our own times, to the days of the political *tragala*, and to the hymn of the unfortunate Riego. Throughout this vast literature, from which we shall, in future numbers, give some translations, the two elements, eastern and western, Mussulman and Christian, continually present themselves before us, occasionally, however, assuming certain modifications, according with the six divisions, or nations, Asturias and Galicia, Biscay

and Navarre, Arragon and Catalonia, Valencia and Murcia, Andalusia and Castille—nations which, though differing in costume, and even in language, constitute the great Spanish family. Spain, little known in its arts and literature, by some too lightly judged, and unworthily condemned, shows herself deserving of a better fate. And if General Foy, in his Spanish history, speaks of the country as "*une noble et grande ruine*," we foster the hope that, after so much wailing and bloodshed, she will yet again exhibit herself a noble and grand nation! Then, restored to peace, Spain may preserve in her customs, in her theatre, in her literature, those inspirations alone which spring from the perfumes of Arabia, and free herself from the Moorish fierceness, to which nothing is pleasing but the awful and tremendous!

THE VILLAGE-CLERK AND THE WIDOW.

A RIGHT-HUMOUROUS AND MERRILY-CONCEITED TALE.

CHAPTER I.

In which we introduce our veritable Parish-Clerk to the Reader.

IN the village of H——, situate not twenty miles from London, lived Mr. Benjamin Bender, by trade, a hatter, and by office, parish-clerk. The length of Mr. Bender, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, was somewhere about five feet nothing; and his breadth, from side to side, about three feet nine inches, he rejoicing in what may be considered a somewhat impassable corporation.

This same Mr. Bender was a man of no little consequence in his way. He had lived in the parish some fourteen years, and, therefore, considered himself in the light of an old inhabitant of the place, and would often talk, with all the dignity of a personage sensible of his own importance, about the office which he held within it; and I can assure the reader that he manifested no small degree of pride, when, on a Sunday, he strutted from the vestry-room, clad in his robes of office, and squeezing his unwieldy bulk into the desk, pronounced the responses in a loud, sonorous, and measured tone, sometimes pulling the front of his gown together, with an air which seemed to say, "I am Sir Oracle: let no dog bark."

The possession of this gown was also a subject of great self-gratification to him. The parish-clerks of the three neighbouring parishes were without gowns, and he therefore rightly considered it no little distinction to be able to say, when giving an account of any little event which had occurred in the vestry-room, "As Mr. Steele and I were putting on *our* gowns," and particularly if he happened to be speaking to a stranger.

But, however, Mr. Bender was very far from being rich; for, although he was the only hatter in the place, yet, as the good

people of H—— always thought twice before spending their money, he found it difficult to make them buy more than two hats a-year a-piece, namely, one for common wear, and a “bettermost” for Sundays. Now this, as the place was not very populous, afforded but a scanty maintenance for a family of six children. He therefore endeavoured to make both ends meet more easily, by keeping a little toy-shop; but he found this to be, as he expressed himself, “no go,” for the farmers’ unsophisticated boys laughed at his mimic horses and carts, and other gew-gaws, while the good housewives shook their heads at such a “waste of money;” and accordingly having, in the course of a year, sold only three rocking-horses, for the amusement of the “young masters at the Hall,” he gave up the speculation in despair.

His first wife being dead, his next expedient was to improve his estate by matrimony, which he determined should be to him a real *matter of money*, as he thereby hoped to be enabled to discharge sundry debts into which he had fallen through apprenticing his son to a tea-dealer: besides, he fancied that his eldest daughter had spent too much money in house-keeping since his “poor dear wife’s death;”—at any rate, he was never before so “pushed up into a corner for money” in his life.

However, as every person of substance in H—— knew his circumstances too well to encourage his addresses to their daughters, he determined to put his arts into practice against some stranger. Soon he found a widow reported rich, and in every respect a person to his mind. What if she were bandy, blind of one eye, and took copious potations of what she politely termed “cream of the valley?”—what mattered all this, I say, since it appeared that her pockets were far from empty? She lived in a house nicely furnished; and certainly the orders given to the village butcher, baker, &c. &c., were very large. Mr. Bender determined to try his fortune with her.

CHAPTER II.

The matter contained in which is too important to be forestalled.

BUT how he was to get introduced to Mrs. Wombell, was the first question which suggested itself to Mr. Bender. For a long while the ways and means of effecting this desirable object sadly puzzled him; until, one day, looking over his books, he discovered that Mrs. Wombell’s poor’s-rates were still unpaid. Now the reader must know, that Mr. Bender, besides being parish-clerk, held the further office of collector of the poor’s-rates. Here, therefore, was an excuse for a first visit; and he then would at least be able to see in what manner the house was furnished; and, if every thing pleased him, he trusted to his own ingenuity to give occasion for a second interview, he not having the least doubt, but that when once admitted to her presence, he should soon do the business.

Having thus determined, one morning he put on his best black cloth coat, which hitherto he had only worn upon Sundays, his

superfine black silk waistcoat, and, with his red rate-book under his arm, he set off for Mrs. Wombell's dwelling.

Upon his arrival here, he was immediately ushered into the presence of the lady. The room in which she was sitting, did not belie the tale which the gossips of the town had circulated concerning her wealth. Upon the floor was a Brussels carpet, and on a side-board was displayed a quantity of, what appeared to be, massive plate.

Mr. Bender having made his bow, and cast a hasty glance around the room, at once entered into the ostensible object of his visit.

"M'am I've taken the liberty of calling—"

"Pray Mr. Bender take a seat."

"Thankee M'am. But M'am I've taken the liberty of calling for one quarter's poor's rates, due last Christmas."

"Lawks Mr. Bender," exclaimed Mrs. Wombell, "If I had'nt forgot all about it. But," added she with a languishing air, "as poor womens carn't be expected to think of them there kind of things. We want a man to manage 'em for us."

"Of course Ma'm," responded Mr. Bender, "such things its a man's business to look after. Have you not a man you can trust?"

"I am afraid to trust none of 'em, 'cause what could a poor defenceless woman of the like of me do, if he cheated," answered Mrs. Wombell, "and yet," she continued, "its dangerous, is'nt it, to have such a deal of valuable property about one, without a man to defend one?"

In short, the whole conversation turned upon the evil of being without "a man to defend one." Thus they continued for nearly an hour, talking with all the familiarity of old friends. Mr. Bender now began to think ultimate success as certain, for thought he "if she is so fearful of being without a male protector, I think I'll have no great difficulty in persuading her to take me for her husband."

Upon Mr. Bender's rising to depart, he discovered that the rain was pouring down in torrents. This produced an invitation from Mrs. Wombell, that he should stop to dinner, which he objected to, as in duty bound, upon the score of pressing engagements; but, after a few such expressions as "now do, now," "I wish you would, &c. on the part of Mrs. Wombell, he suffered himself to be prevailed upon, and stayed.

After dinner he must, of course, have a glass of wine, which said glass being succeeded by divers others, the afternoon began to wear away apace, and the tea-tray made its appearance. It would now have been dreadfully unmannerly to go away without taking a cup of tea; but, which was hardly dispatched, before a female acquaintance of Mrs. Wombell's dropt in, and proposed a game at whist. The time now passed on so pleasantly, and so quickly, that supertime still found Mr. Bender with his fair companions. In short, it was not until the watchman had called out "half past eleven o'clock, moon-light night," that Mr. Bender took up his hat and departed; and then not without Mrs. Wombell's charging him to be "sure and come again."

Mr. Bender as he left the house, trod the earth with a firmer

tread than he had been wont for many years. "I am sure of her! I am sure of her!" he exclaimed as he walked along. "Yes! there's no fear, soon shall I be a gentleman." His head was filled with dreams of future happiness. He already imagined himself sitting in his crimson morocco chair before a great fire—an independent man! He already saw the tradesmen, as they passed by him in the street, greet him with a reverential touch of the hat; he already saw himself keeping company with the squire as his equal. What bliss! Could any respectable parish clerk desire aught, above such exalted felicity?

The next day witnessed a repetition of his visit; for he was determined that the golden chance, which now presented itself to him, should not be lost. This visit went off even better than the former one. The lady smiled and languished, while he strove to look loving and tender. To day, as before, he dined, *teued*, and supped, along with Mrs. Wombell.

The third day again found Mr. Bender at Mrs. Wombell's, each party becoming, every hour, more and more pleased with the other. But things could not long continue in this undecided state. The gossips of the town were already whispering about, that the strange widow and the parish clerk were very intimate: the men already began to envy "his good luck" in thus getting on her blind side; and the women, already, were busy at their old trade of calling Mrs. Wombell a great fool, donkey, or something worse, for picking up with such a hog-tub, without a penny.

These rumours saved Mr. Bender a great deal of trouble in the way of protestations, &c.; for it happening to come to the ears of Mrs. Wombell, that the good people of H——, were expecting every Sunday to hear the banns put up, for her marriage with the parish clerk; she became of course immoderately angry—wondered people were so busy with other people's affairs, when they ought to attend to their own—declared that she would not marry the parish clerk, even if he were worth the universe; saying, with her face red with anger, that the very thought of it made her laugh.

This, however, broke the ice. It associated the idea of marriage with her previous ideas respecting Mr. Bender; and as second thoughts are best, she soon began to think that Mr. Bender would not be quite so ineligible a *cara sposa* as she had at first supposed. Was he not in a good business? Thus by little and little, from thinking that he *might* make a good husband, she soon progressed so far, as to *wish* that such a man *was* her husband, and then to the conviction that she would not be able to find a better husband than Mr. Bender in all the kingdom. Having thus reasoned herself into loving Mr. Bender, the prime wish of her heart was that he should "pop the question;" accordingly next time the clerk visited her, there were played off on her part, certain sighs, languishings, whimperings, &c., the meaning of which was too plain to be mistaken. Mr. Bender accordingly did "pop the question;" when, after sundry little pauses, "O dear me's" &c., which every woman uses on such important occasions, Mr. Bender had the happiness to hear the wished-for monosyllabic "Yes," pass the lips of Mrs. Wombell.

CHAPTER III.

"And O when we are married,
How happy we shall be!"

Ballad of the Maid of Lodi.

It soon, however, appeared that the consideration of Mr. Bender's being in a good business, had no little influence in inducing Mrs. Wombell to give this said affirmative answer, as it was not long before she began to cross-question the parish clerk, as to his worldly prospects. This, to be sure, was but commendable, for if one be ever so rich, one would not wish to marry a beggar. This prudent conduct also, she hoped, would raise her in Mr. Bender's estimation, as a "woman who had all her wits about her."

Now from what we have before stated, the reader must have gathered, that Mr. Bender's affairs were not in a very prosperous condition; but, as might easily be supposed, he was in no wise anxious to be the first to inform his future wife of this degrading fact; but, on the contrary, he would much rather have made her believe, that he was a man "well to do in the world;" and, indeed, truth obliges me to say, that he was not over nice in exaggerating his resources a little, or in other words, or rather to spare more words, he told her that he was worth three times more than he really possessed; or would have had, supposing that he were out of debt.

Whether this little departure from the strict rule of the moral law was justifiable or not, I shall not for the present opine; but leave the question to be decided, yea, or nay, by such learned divines, as may think it worthy of their attention, and proceed without making any further reflections, as an impartial historian ought to do, in this my important record of facts.

Mrs. Wombell also gave Mr. Bender, what she termed an exact account of her fortune, by which she appeared to be in possession of a clear income of three hundred a year. Every thing thus seeming to be satisfactory on both sides, it only remained to fix the wedding day. This was a matter of great and earnest deliberation to both parties; for first, it was to be ascertained how long it would take Miss. Fal-lal the milliner, to make Mrs. Wombell's wedding dress properly; for the good widow had resolved, that it should be made nicely, not run up in a minute, and so rendered, as she said, "not fit to be seen."

Then was there to be taken into consideration, the time that would necessarily elapse before the requisite preparations could be made, in order to celebrate the marriage with the desired degree of splendour. It was, however, ultimately settled that the wedding should take place that day fortnight.

They having, also, further determined to give a grand wedding dinner, or feast, Mr. Bender, in conjunction with the bride elect, made a list of the persons who were to be invited to partake. It was now discovered, upon counting heads, that Mrs. Wombell did not possess a sufficient number of chairs and tables to accommodate such a large party; and that, therefore, others must be procured

from Mr. Polish the broker, to whom accordingly Mr. Bender sent the following note:—

"Benjamin Bender, Esq. would be much obliged if Mr. Polish could find it convenient to step up to his house, at South Terrace, upon business, and to receive a little order; that is to say, if Mr. Polish finds it not inconvenient so to do."

Mr. Polish duly received this note, and went the very same afternoon to Mrs. Wombell's house, where he found Mr. Bender sitting in a great arm-chair, enjoying himself over a glass of old port. Upon the table were four or five bottles, containing as many different sorts of wine, for Mr. Bender, expecting Mr. Polish to arrive about that time, had placed them there to show his consequence.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Polish," said Mr. Bender, rising with dignity out of his great arm-chair, and extending his hand to the broker, "good afternoon; how do you and Mrs. Polish find yourselves?"

"Same as usual, Mr. Bender; we get on in the old dog-trot manner," responded the broker, taking a seat, and drawing it to the fire.

"Glad of that. What will you take, Mr. Polish. You can have your choice. Here's Madeira, Port, Sherry, Champagne, Claret, Hock."

"I would rather be excused."

"Excused! Stuff! I shall be offended if you won't have a glass. Better wine you never tasted."

Mr. Polish of course resisted no longer, and took a glass of Madeira.

"Well, you know, Mr. Polish," began our hero, "that I am going to be married to a great fortune, three hundred a year. Well, and you know I am going to give a very large party on my wedding-day, and I am in want of a great many chairs, and some tables, and I thought you might perhaps be able to let me have 'em."

"Of course I can," answered Mr. Polish; "would you like to buy or borrow them?"

"I shall borrow nothing now, Mr. Polish," replied Mr. Bender, with a toss of the head; "I am above that. Of course I shall buy them; and let them be of the very best, Mr. Polish, and never mind the price, for I am not at all particular to a few pounds."

It was only at the expense of biting his lip that Mr. Polish could restrain his inclination to laugh outright at this little display of vanity in a man who only, about two months before, had grumbled because bread was a farthing a loaf dearer than it used to be, and who was constantly declaring, if times did not soon mend, he should be obliged to take refuge in the work-house.

"I shall be sure to let you have the very, very best," answered Mr. Polish, with a concealed smile; "they shall be of the most expensive Spanish mahogany."

"Mind you don't forget; the very best;—but, by-the-bye," repeated Mr. Bender, seeing that the broker was making prepara-

tion for departure, "won't you come to my great dinner, Mr. Polish? You *must* come. It will be a splendid concern; the parish of H—— will never see such another."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Polish, "I shall have great pleasure in partaking of your good cheer, Mr. Bender."

"Very well, I shall expect you; mind you come. No Lord Mayor's feast will rival mine."

The broker now took his leave, inwardly determining to make Mr. Bender pay the best price for his worst chairs, and to render due justice to the eatables at the feast.

* * *

At length dawned the important wedding-day, big, if not with the fate of nations, at least with that of Mr. Bender. Now, were I an ordinary novel writer, I should attempt to enlist the sympathies of the reader for my hero (and thereby obtain a little applause for myself), by representing the slumbers of the bridegroom as restless and uneasy, disturbed by dreadful dreams and dire portents; but, alas! here I can only figure as an humble recorder of facts, and must relate events as they actually occurred. My veracity, therefore, will not allow me to flourish away as I would wish, as Mr. Bender not only slept fast and long on the night in question, but was even so unpoetical as to snore audibly!

Thus, gentle reader, are you deprived of sundry grandiloquent sentences, and well-turned periods, with which I should otherwise have regaled you, while I have lost an opportunity of perhaps adding considerably to my fame as a "fine writer," all through my respect for truth. Can you now, then, gentle reader, refuse to believe whatever I shall write, after I have given you such a proof of my utter incapacity to practise on your credulity?

Yes, Mr. Bender slept long and fast. If he had dreams, they were doubtless those of happiness: but herein history sayeth not. All I know for certain is, that he woke not until he had been informed of the important fact, that Mr. Peruke, the barber (a 'addresser, as Mrs. Wombell termed this personage) was waiting for him below.

He accordingly ordered Mr. Peruke to be conducted up into a room, styled by him his "dressing-closet." Now commenced the operations of curling, and otherwise be-frizzing the somewhat (it must be owned) thin and shaggy locks of Mr. Bender's poll. I wish not to play the part of the renowned Paul Pry, by peeping too narrowly into the mysteries of the "dressing-closet," else would I let the reader into the secret of how much oil was expended upon the person of Mr. Bender; how often he combed his whiskers before they attained a satisfactory state of smoothness, and how long he stood looking into the glass when all was completed. No! reader, thou must imagine all this!

Well, at last the two coaches arrived at the door which were to take the wedding-party to church. First, out marched Mr. Bender, with a swagger in his gait, that he had never been observed to throw into it before: no, not even when strutting into the desk on a Sunday. His outward man was adorned with a black coat,

white waistcoat, white unmentionables, and white silk stockings, with a white cockade, as big as a moderate sized plate, stuck into his button-hole. His curls displayed a plenitude of powder, and shone brightly with oil, while in his cambric shirt front a large diamond pin "shed its lustre" all around. He first politely handed his bride, and her bridesmaids, into the coach allotted to them, and then got himself, with some male friends, into the other, causing a visible inclination of the coach to the side where he had seated himself, which augured no good luck to the springs.

Now, then, they proceeded in procession to the church. Each coachman had on his hat, and in his button-hole, an immense cockade, while the horses' heads, and every joint in their harness, were decorated with long pieces of white ribbon. A number of boys, who, having nothing better to do, followed shouting and hallooing at the top of their lungs, completed the line of march, and in this order they arrived at the church.

The ceremony was duly performed. The bride blushed, or tried so to do, and Mr. Bender looked, to use the expression of a person present, "as pleased as Punch."

Meanwhile the boys outside were far from being quiet, and directly Mr. and Mrs. Bender appeared, set up a loud and lengthened shout, at the same time reminding the new married couple that they were desirous of drinking to bride and bridegroom's future happiness. Mr. Bender replied to this appeal, by throwing a handful of coppers among the crowd, at the same time vociferating, "a scramble, boys!"

A regular scramble was accordingly commenced, the effects of which were soon seen in the black eyes, and bloody noses, with which several of the scramblers were pretty quickly endowed.

It would have been well if all had ended in this inoffensive manner; but the fates would have it otherwise. One of the boys, who on account of certain propensities was dignified with the enviable cognomen of "Bob Mischief," happening to catch a glimpse of Mr. Bender's well oiled and powdered poll, could not for his life refrain from asking its owner, in a loud voice, whether "he had'nt soused his wig in the grease-pot, and then shoved it into the flour sack, afore he came out." Mr. Bender very properly resented this insult, by giving the redoubtable Bob Mischief one or two pretty smart cuts over the back with his cane. But Bob's vagabond comrades, who liked nothing better than "getting up a row," as they termed it, would not allow their favourite to be thus treated; and accordingly a thick shower of stones came whirring past the ears of Mr. Bender. Mrs. Bender now began to scream out pretty lustily, "Oh, the blackards will murder hus," which brought two functionaries, with laced hats, bearing respectively the offices of beadle and street-keeper, to her assistance, who after making good use of their official swishes, obliged the "rabble rout" to take shelter in a neighbouring field.

Here, safe from pursuit, they held a consultation as to the ways and means of obtaining revenge on Mr. Bender. At length Bob Mischief exclaimed, "let's give 'em the rough music; that'll

plague 'em enough, I guess." A universal shout of approbation greeted this proposal; and the gentry all began to run away as fast as they could, to procure tin kettles, saucepans, and other instruments of noise, when they were once more arrested by their leader's voice. "Not so fast," bawled he, "not so fast. Don't let's go afore six o'clock to-night, 'cause as how Black Will, and Jack Hardened, vill then be home from work, and you knows as how they be big enough to 'fend us from the old catch 'ema, if so be they vants to cage us, and you know as how they can make twice the noise any of ve can." It was impossible to resist arguments thus urged, and the proposed expedition was postponed until six o'clock.

CHAPTER IV.

Cold Pig, Broken Heads, and Muddy Windows.

I SHALL not follow the example set by the newspapers, on the occasion of her present Majesty's visit to the Guildhall of this mighty metropolis, in describing each of the dishes that were placed punctually at half-past two o'clock, on the great dinner table at Mr. Bender's. Half past two was certainly not a fashionable dining hour, but Mrs. Bender belonged to the old school, and "couldna," as she said, "abide at all the tarnin tae-time into dinner-time. For," would she continue, "when I was a gal, we did 'nt so much as 'ear of such a thing, as not havin our dinner at the middle of the day."

Among the persons assembled round the overloaded table, were our old friends, Mr. Polish the broker, and Mr. Peruke the "addresser." Sermonising Plum (so called from his propensity to speechify whenever he could find a fitting opportunity), grocer, and the crusty Mr. Crusty, baker, also graced the company with their presence.

Besides these worthies, were there present the Cheesemonger, the Publican, the Great Market Gardener, and numberless others, whose names and occupations it is needless to specify.

But some London friends of Mrs. Bender's were the most remarkable personages in the whole company. These consisted of Miss Prim, an old maid between forty and fifty, but who gave herself all the airs of a girl of sixteen, and would gladly have been mistaken for one; Miss Williams, a "young lady," very fond of reading novels; Mr. Tomkins, a professed fop, but who was generally supposed to be a good player upon the fiddle; and his friend, Mr. Willis, whose abilities as a singer had never been disputed.

Dinner passed off quietly enough. Each person was too deeply engaged in discussing his portion of the good things before him, to care for aught else. Silence prevailed among the whole company, it appearing to be the general opinion that the operation of mastication could not be properly performed, if the tongue were set at liberty.

After each, however, had satisfied their corporeal wants, this taciturnity vanished. After wiping their mouths, some upon their handkerchiefs, others less polite, upon the table-cloth, the guests began to exercise their hitherto dormant colloquial powers. Sermonising Plum hummed and ha'd, as if clearing his throat preparatory to some long-winded speech. Miss Prim smiled, laughed, and chattered about fifty thousand silly matters. Miss Williams was busily employed giving Mrs. Croft, the cheesemonger's wife, who happened to sit near her, a full and particular account of the last new novel. Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Willis were equally busy, examining some new songs, with which they proposed to entertain the company; while Mr. Crusty amused himself with making ill natured remarks upon every body present, in an under tone to his wife.

I need not say that the table was speedily furnished with all kinds of wine, and other "spirituous liquors."

"Miss. Prim, my dear," began Mrs. Bender, "I hopes you likes the 'oosberry wine? I makes it always my own self."

"I must confess, my dear Mrs. Bender," answered the lady addressed, "that I think it particularly excellent."

"Excellent, indeed!" whispered Mr. Crusty to his spouse, "excellent, indeed! I would as soon drink so much hog-wash. The dear lady had better take care of her bowels."

Mr. Crusty, however, was evidently not much afraid of his own, for he drained one glass of the condemned wine to the bottom, and poured out another, qualifying the action by observing, that he "merely did it out of compliment, as it would'n't do to affront the ugly old creature on her wedding day."

"Well!" pursued Mrs. Bender, "I think its the werry best that ever I made. How lucky, was'nt it, that there was some left for to-day?"

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Bender," replied Miss Prim, "and I hope you may be as happy as you deserve to be."

"I sincerely hope it may be so," began sermonising Plum, "I sincerely hope that you and your husband may be an exception to the ordinary fate of married couples. And as I see there are some young folk present, I will e'en drop them a word of advice on this momentous topic. And first, you young men I will address in the words of a song, which I have in my pocket—I hav'nt forgot it sure," exclaimed he, as he emptied first his waistcoat, and then each of his coat pockets, "O no—here it is, entitled 'Good Advice to Bachelors and Maids, in Choosing Husbands and Wives,' not one of your profane, nasty, love-sick, songs only fit to be thrown into the fire, but a good moral one, that ought to be in the hands of every young 'un. You should never marry, my young friends, for money, [here Mr. Bender started, and coloured a great deal] for never does any good come of it. As the song says,

'Some men have slighted girls they lov'd, they said,
For being poor, or but a servant maid;
These men have oft been taken in by those,
With some small savings, and a few fine clothes.'

Then follows a little story, illustrative of the ill-effects produced by such "take-ins:"—

' A gay young lady Simple Simon found,
Who had a fortune of one hundred pound;
He married her, and got a prize he thought,
But had fared better with a wife with nought.
For this fine lady she must keep a maid,
Which could not be supported by the trade:
And though he worked hard, it was all in vain,
He but reproaches got from her again.
It was not long before they made a break,
Then Simple Simon found out his mistake.'

No! No! never seek after the pelf, but always look out for an industrious wife, for as the song says truly enough—

' Some men are gaping for a little pelf,
But a good wife's a fortune in herself;
A brighter jewel in her husband's view,
Than all the gold and diamonds in Peru;
And Solomon himself says, such a wife
Will be his comfort during his whole life.'

And above all when you are married, and your wives won't do as you would have them, mind you don't strike them. And I'd advise you, also, never to marry a flashy wife, for

' Some wear a veil, and on their breast a locket,
That have not got one shilling in their pocket.'

There are dreadful snares which you must avoid. And, above all, never marry without the consent of your parents."—

"Not marry without our parents' consent," exclaimed Miss Williams, interrupting Mr. Plum's long harangue, which had been listened to with great impatience, "if that was to become the fashion, what would novel writers do for plots."

"D——n all novel writers," ejaculated sermonising Plum, "they do more harm than a hundred thousand devils could, with their books of lies! I wish they would make a bonfire of all the novels that were ever written, and put that Walter Scott on the top of it. It would be rare fun."

"Indeed I can't agree to that, not at all I can't," replied Mr. Bender, taking up the cudgels, as novel-reading formed part of her daily employment; though, I must admit, they did her more harm than good, "I own I'm werry, werry, fond of 'ovels, they are so werry amusing."

"They send people to Bedlam," exclaimed Plum vehemently,—"are the ruin of young girls."

"Nay! nay, Mr. Plum," said Miss Prim.

"None of your nays to me, Madam," continued Plum still more vehemently, "they are the curse of the country—the ruin of the nation. If I knew that a daughter of mine had ever opened a novel, I'd disown her—turn her out of doors."

"I am glad I'm not your daughter then," said Miss Williams, laughing, "for I have exhausted three libraries."

"More shame for you then," bawled Plum, "and what do you

expect to come to, after filling your head with all this nonsense, eh? Do you expect to obtain a respectable husband? or iron bars and a strait waistcoat in Bedlam? Yes, Miss, you will come to Bedlam, or perhaps to worse; novel reading being the parent of every kind of wickedness and crime. You may laugh at what I say, you may despise my warning voice, but my words will not fall empty to the ground. Oh! for the good old times, when people thought not of teaching young girls to read; *then* had we duteous daughters, and industrious housewives; but now, every thing is changed; and every dirty drab of a servant maid, the moment her mistress's back is turned, sits down to read her novel, in the place of doing her work. Such are the boasted results of what the sentimental folk call the march of intellect. March of intellect, indeed! call it rather the march of wickedness, devilry, blasphemy, yea, and of every evil under the sun."

Here the orator was interrupted by a long snore, proceeding from the nasal organ of Benjamin Bender, Esq., intimating that the combined effects of some strong brandy and water, and of Mr. Plum's two speeches, had sent that important personage fast asleep.

This induced Mr. Plum to look around him, for hitherto his indignation against novel readers, and novel writers, had prevented him from observing whether his audience well or ill performed their parts as listeners.

What, then, must have been his surprise and anger, to find all the company, otherwise employed than in attending to his eloquent tirades? All the ladies, including Miss Williams, were engaged in a learned discussion as to the merits of Mrs. Bender's wedding-dress; Mr. Willis was loudly declaring that, in his opinion, the singer, Wilson, was "an abominable squaller;" while Mr. Tomkins, having made the discovery that he only, of all the company, had seen the new opera, was favouring the males with an acute (and to them unintelligible) criticism upon it. Others of the company were loudly disputing about Corn Laws, politics, high rent, and a thousand other similar topics; in short, as each person had something to say, and was determined to say it, the place had become little better than a second Babel. Mr. Plum perceiving how the case stood, and most likely thinking that, without listeners, it was useless to speechify, sat down with the melancholy ejaculation of—"But I see its no use talking, you wont mind me; so I'll hold my tongue."

At length Mr. Tomkins having finished his critique, very much to his own satisfaction, proposed that they should have a song. This was assented to by all the company, with the exception of Mr. Plum, who, forgetting the neglect with which his super-excellent oratory had lately been received by the party, began to declaim vehemently against the proposal, exerting the whole force of his sentorian lungs.

"Is this the way," he exclaimed, "we ought to spend our time, when we meet together; squalling horrid songs, capering about the floor, throwing the body into all kinds of fantastic shapes, dis-

shapes, and postures, which it was never intended by its Maker to assume—is this, I say, right? Is this the way in which we ought to spend our time? Ought we not, rather, to employ ourselves in peaceable, profitable conversation, which might be a benefit to us here and hereafter? Yes, we ought to do so! but, alas! alas! nothing will serve but impious merry-making. To-day—yes, this very day! I attempted to set the good example, and would have given the young people good advice, but—”

Here the orator was rather rudely interrupted by the cheesemonger, who told him gruffly to leave off his “bawling, and let one hear the song which the gemmans was playin and singin.”

The fact was, that while Mr. Plum was thus giving vent to his violent indignation against such “impious merry-making,” Messrs. Tomkins and Willis were employed in choosing, out of a large bundle of music, an appropriate song.

As for the company, they paid as little attention to the worthy grocer as before: indeed, he was considered by the inhabitants of H— as a complete nuisance; and, though none thought it would be to their interest (he being of good substance, and having an unmarried daughter, to whom all his riches would descend) to interrupt him, very few paid any heed to his speeches.

Finding that his remonstrances were totally without effect, Mr. Plum sat down, and, taking out of his pocket a “Whole Duty of Man,” began to read therein very devoutly, as if to secure himself against the danger of contamination from the wickedness about to be enacted.

In the meantime, Mr. Willis, after expressing his sorrow that there was not a single wedding song in his whole bundle, began to sing the following rhymes, Mr. Tomkins accompanying him upon the fiddle:—

“The roses denote the return of young spring—”

“You don’t keep time,” exclaimed he of the fiddle.

“We’ll try again,” responded he of the song.

“The roses denote the return of young spring;
The birds gaily twitter, the goldfinches sing;
And all looks so merry, so blithe, and so gay,
Yet—yet must I leave them, and go far away!

“The violet sheds its loved perfume around—
The daisies spring forth on the lawn and the mound:
Though all are so dear, I must bid ‘em farewell—
The hills and the streams, and the tree-shaded dell.

“Yet ere I leave them, to see them no more—”

Here were the musicians interrupted by a boisterous chorus outside, as unwelcome as unexpected: in short, the village clock had struck six, and Bob Mischief and his allies having provided themselves with old saucepans, tin kettles, and whatever else was capable of emitting a loud discordant sound, were putting into execution their threat of giving Mr. and Mrs. Bender the rough music in right

good earnest, making such a din, that nought could be heard above it.

"O my ears! my ears!" exclaimed Mr. Tomkins, throwing down his fiddle, and clapping his hands to his organs of hearing.

"D—mn the rascals," ejaculated Mr. Bender, forgetting, for the moment, to speak with the propriety befitting him who bore the office of parish-clerk; "it's that black Bob Mischief, and his set, giving us the rough music, in revenge, I suppose, for the cuts I gave him this morning. We shan't be able to get rid of him without giving something. Ring the bell, my dear."

The bell was accordingly rung, and the servant appeared. "Here, Sal," continued Mr. Bender; "here, take this half-crown, and give it to the ragamuffins outside, and tell them that I should be very much obliged if they would make their tune as short as possible."

Sal quickly departed upon her errand to the "ragamuffins," who, upon her appearance, unanimously deputed the redoubtable Bob Mischief to treat with her upon their behalf.

"Well, Missis!" began Bob, "ve 'ave jist comed, you see, to give yer master a little tid bit of music at his wedding-day. Come, Missis, yer must'nt look so plaguy black and blue—none of yer d—mn'd cook's airs now, 'cause I'd jist tell ye that ve gemmans won't stand yer throwing saucepans, and such like gear at ve, as yer did at poor Bet —"

"You impudent scoundrel—"

"Call me a scoundrel, you old baggage! Now if I arn't got a great mind to trundle you into this ere ditch for that there speech. But go, make haste, and tell yer master, as how ve vants summut to drink his health."

"Here he has sent you this half-crown, and tells you to get about your business."

"Vhat, is this all? Stuff! Ve shan't be put off with this ere, as ye may jist tell him. Here, I gie him it back again," cried he, throwing the half-crown through the front parlour window, to the destruction of a rather expensive pane of glass, "for a nasty stingy old dog as he is."

This exploit of Bob's was hailed, as might be expected, with a boisterous shout of applause from his comrades, who immediately followed up the assault, by sending a shower of stones, mud and dirt, right through the unfortunate window, not only breaking every pane of glass in it, but doing, as Mrs. Bender stated, "the waird o' damage within sides, smashing the 'ansome peer glass to mammocks, 'sides ruining the carpet, and breaking the chairs."

"Now, then, Ma'm Cook," said Bob, "jist show a clean pair o' heels, and march yourself in, else yer knows as how that I shall jist pay off some old scores wi' yer, that's all. I don't forget, ye knows, as how ye got me three months at the —"

Here, however, the hero's auditor had disappeared, her place being supplied by Mr. Bender. Bob doffed his hat to him with an air of mock respect, and thus addressed him:—"Sorry for the broken windar, werry sorry, yer honour (that's yer new title, arn't

it?); but that hussey the cook provoked us. If ye'll jist now give us one or two golders to drink yer healths wi', ve'll go peaceable away, 'cause you see as how yer be rich, and can afford it."

"Why, my good fellows," answered Mr. Bender in his smoothest tone, as from their desperate characters he well knew it was dangerous to provoke the rabble who had now surrounded his dwelling; "you ought to consider that you have broken an expensive window ——."

"Amen! That's it, arn't it, clerk?" bawled out one of the rabble, interrupting Mr. Bender's harangue, while a tremendous peal of laughter testified how well the joke was relished among the crowd.

"You marn't speechify, yer knows, Cocky Bender," continued the same voice, "'cause as how that's the parson's place, not the clerk's. Vill ye gi' us the golders?"

"Why, I can't afford it," answered Mr. Bender.

"Can't afford it!"—"Pelt him!"—"the stingy dog!"—"duck him!"—"pelt him,"—now became the universal cries of the crowd; and accordingly a volley of mud (procured from the opposite ditch) was hurled as quick as thought at the unfortunate parish-clerk, who was therefore soon obliged to take refuge within doors.

The rabble now set up a scornful shout, and while some once more began to beat their old saucepans, &c. &c. with all their might, others employed themselves in scooping mud out of the ditch, and plastering the windows therewith.

This plastering the windows provoked Mrs. Bender more than all the rest, and she angrily resolved "to put the blackards out o' tune." She accordingly filled her largest pail full of water, and opening the street-door, suddenly threw it among the thickest of the mob. This wetting was at once indignantly resented, for before she could even turn herself round, a saucepan full of mud was thrown right into her face, whereupon she screamed so loud and lustily, as to bring down all the male part of the company to her relief.

The rabble had no more respect for these gentry, than for Mrs. Bender, and accordingly saluted them in the same way by a volley of mud.

"That's right, my fine 'uns," cried Bob; "gi' it 'em well—throw, pelt away as hard as ye can. Gi' that flash 'un there with the gold chain an' flare-up vaistcoat a tid bit of a taste."

In obedience to these commands of their leader, the rabble pelted with threefold energy; more especially aiming to annoy Mr. Bender and Mr. Tomkin. Now Mr. Bender was a very choleric man when provoked, and by no means a coward; he, therefore, upon this ran into the house, and snatching up pokers, tongs, shovels, and whatever other offensive weapons came into his way, quickly armed the most athletic of the males, and then himself set the example of assault, by plunging into the midst of the crowd, and dealing around him dreadful blows with a ponderous kitchen-poker. The company emulating the martial conduct of the parish-clerk, also plunged into the *melée* after him, while Mrs. Bender, shouting out "Murder! murder! murder!" ran into the house.

almost tumbled down the kitchen-stairs, and hid herself from danger, with her maids, in the coal-hole.

Meantime the combat outside raged with unequal success. Mr. Bender had at length been disarmed, and rolled into the muddy ditch before mentioned; and Bob Mischief, on the other hand, had received a broken head from Sermonising Plum. Will Hardened had also very quickly levelled Mr. Tomkins to the earth, and to keep up his character, had deprived the unfortunate musician of his gold chain. This circumstance, however, was the means of depriving Bob of Bill's valuable assistance, for finding the chain to be of great value, he prudently made off to secure his booty before the constables came up, which his experience told him would now be in about a quarter of an hour.*

This defection was a great misfortune to Bob, Will being a large strong built ruffian, able to send fifty Mr. Tomkins with their "heads afore their heels;" more particularly as Bob himself, the next to him in point of strength, was now disabled from loss of blood, to take any active part in the fray. Still, however, like a good general, he remained on the field of action, encouraging his followers by his voice and gestures.

By this time, however, the street-keeper (a tailor by profession) finding that he had put the last stitch to the parson's smalls, began to think it high time that measures should be taken to put down the disturbance at Mr. Bender's, and accordingly went in search of his colleague, the beadle. After the tailor had searched almost every nook and corner in the village, this functionary was found snugly ensconced in the taproom of a certain alehouse, distinguished by a daub dangling over the door, intended to represent one man pouring down the throat of another, who appeared horribly pale and faint, something out of a great tumbler; bearing underneath the inscription, "A Friende at nede."

Here, as I said before, was Mr. Beadle comfortably employed in pledging four great plough-men in huge jugs of ale, when the street-keeper entered; and explained to him how matters stood at Mr. Bender's. Whereupon, after swearing a few oaths at being disturbed so unseasonably, he accompanied the tailor to the spot, attended by the four ploughmen aforesaid.

Their arrival on the scene of action soon turned the scale of fortune: deserted by Will Hardened, with their leader, Bob Mischief, disabled, and tired by their previous exertions, the rabble were not able to offer any protracted resistance to these fresh recruits. They all quickly took to their heels, and the two officers allowed

* Very likely the reader will be rather curious to know why the constables had not come up before the riot had gone thus far. The parish of H—, although full of rookeries, which afford an harbourage for the worst of characters, has no effective police; and so fearful are the inhabitants of expense, that they never would allow one to be established, although many gentlemen have endeavoured to overcome their aversion. They trust the protection of their property to a beadle, who is hardly ever to be found when he is wanted, and a street-keeper, who pursues the *peaceable* occupation of a *tailor*!!!—A NOD OR A WINK TO A BLIND HORSE.

them to escape, in order to save the trouble, which their being locked up in the cage, would necessarily give to Mr. Beadle, and Mr. Street-keeper.

CHAPTER V.

Many Castles in the Air dispersed.

Mr. Bender did not get up until half-past twelve o'clock, on the morning succeeding his wedding day. What must then have been his surprise upon rising, to find a great part of the furniture, down stairs, already removed, while two large waggons were being loaded with what remained! He could hardly believe his eyes—whatever could be the meaning of it? He determined to seek an explanation from his wife at once.

"My dear," said he to her, directly he found an opportunity of addressing her, which was no easy matter, for she was bustling about, now ordering this one, now directing another; and all husbands must know how un-come-at-able wives are on such occasions, "why are you having all these things removed?"

"Why Lud! Mister Bender, however can you ax that there question," answered his wife, "why o'course you means to take me home to your house to day, don't you?"

"Why, my dear," replied Mr. Bender, rather uneasily, "I did think of staying in this house to live."

"To be sure I can ha' no manner of objection to that," observed Mrs. Bender, "if so be that you can afford to gi' up your shop, and live on your ends like a gemman."

"Why, my dear, having married you," continued Mr. Bender, striving in vain to conceal his increasing uneasiness, "and with the assistance of your fortune I think——"

"Oh!" answered the lady, "if my fortune be all you ha' to depend on, I'd jist advise you to keep in business, that's all."

"Why surely," exclaimed the parish-clerk, "it is sufficient to keep us comfortably all the rest of our lives, for you know it is——"

"My own self, and not a stiver more," interrupted the wife, "I have no fortune; why bless the man, what made you think I had?"

"Whose then," asked Mr. Bender, "is this great house——"

"The house and furniture is my own dear brother's, I tell you," replied his wife, "and he's a lodging-house keeper, and he took this ere house a little while ago, and put chairs and tables in it, to let it out in lodgings, 'cause he thought he could let it to a family who wanted to come down into the country, a wee bit distance from Lunnun, but the doctor said that this ere place was too damp. So then you know my dear brother was goin' to take the furniture out o' it, and let it on lease, but I (who he had put in jist to look arter it) finding, as how you, a respectable tradesman, in a werry good business, and who'd be able to keep me for the rest of my life, wanted to marry me, persuaded him to let the things be in it till we were married, as we were yesterday."

During the whole of this narration, Mr. Bender was struck dumb with vexation and surprise. What! was his wife in reality, nothing but a poor woman, who had merely been put in to take care of the house, which he had believed to be her own? He could scarce believe it! Were all his fine air castles to be thus dispersed to the four winds of heaven?—was this to be the end of that independence which he had, but the day before, so fondly believed he had attained? Was this to be the fulfilment of those bright dreams, in which lately he had so much indulged? It could not be!

"You mean to gammon me, my love!" said he to his wife, in a soothing tone, "you cannot mean what you say!"

"It's as true as I stand here," replied Mrs. Bender.

"Then you have most cruelly deceived me!" exclaimed our most unfortunate of parish clerks.

"Why," answered the wife, "I'm beginnin' to think as how you ha' deceived yoursel in this matter."

Mr. Bender was too much cut up to say any more. Instead of bettering his condition he had made it worse; instead of lessening his burthens, he had added to them. He found some comfort, however, in the thought, that Mrs. Bender would find herself as much deceived as himself, for she evidently considered him as a prosperous tradesman; whereas, he had not a penny.

The furniture was all safely dispatched in the waggons, the house shut up, and the announcement of "This house to let. Enquire at Mr. Bender's, Hatter," put up at the window; after which, the disconsolate Mr. Bender took his wife home to his shop.

* * * *

"My dear Mr. Bender," bawled Mrs. Bender from the top of the stairs to her husband, who was sitting musing on his misfortunes in the little parlour behind his shop, "where are your shirts, my dear?"

"They are in the drawers," cried the husband in reply.

"I can't find one there, not at all, I can't," once more bawled the wife; "I can't find 'em anywhere."

"They ought to be there," answered Mr. Bender, getting up, and going up-stairs; "there ought to be four-and-twenty beautiful ones."

"Well! I declare that I can't find one on 'em anywhere ereabouts," observed Mrs. Bender.

"My children have robbed me most shamefully, then," exclaimed our parish-clerk.

"How can you say so, father," said his eldest daughter, who had just joined the party, "when you know you never had any more to your back, than a shirt and a shaker?"

"That's a confounded lie, you young baggage!" continued her father; "tell me what has become of my four-and-twenty beauties?"

"You know, papa, you never had twenty-four in your life,"

* An old ragged shirt generally used by poor people to do their dirty work in.—A NOD OR A WINK TO A BLIND HORSE.

answered the girl; "you know you used to say, that a shirt and a shaker was all that you could afford."

"And I can't find one morsel of a sheet," said Mrs. Bender, who had, during this dispute, been continuing her inspection of her husband's linen, "'cept what's on the bed."

"And what, you hussey, have you done with the sheets?" asked Mr. Bender, once more addressing his daughter; "you know that we were well stocked."

"No, indeed, father, we wasn't," answered the girl, "for we never had more than two sets, and one of them is now at the wash."

"You young hussy, you have sold them!" violently exclaimed the father.

"Indeed, father, I hav'nt," humbly protested the daughter.

"You lying baggage, you know you have," vociferated Mr. Bender; "you have robbed me out of house and home, and no longer shall you eat of my bread. Come, pack up your tatters, and be off."

"But indeed, father," supplicated the girl, "you know, father—"

"Don't father me, you young hussy," bawled out Mr. Bender, glad of being able to vent his ill-temper upon some one, however unjustly. "March—no longer shall you darken my door;" saying which, he took her by the shoulders, pushed her down stairs, and then forced her out of the house, shutting and fastening the street-door upon her.

Meantime Mrs. Bender, continuing her inspection, found the house almost destitute of furniture; there was scarcely a cup or a saucer to be found: the chairs and tables were dreadfully shabby; indeed the house was almost empty.

She now began to suspect that there had been a mutual take-in, that each had succeeded in deceiving the other, and that Mr. Bender had about as much pretension to the character of a prosperous tradesman, as she had to the character of a rich lady.

Upon his reappearance, therefore, after the ejectment of his daughter, she taxed him with the "most rascally, abominable unprovoked piece o' deception, that had comed into the 'eart o' man, that o' deceiving a poor lone 'oman."

Upon this he retorted, by rating her with the deception that she had played off on him, and accordingly the dispute ran very high; during the course of which, however, she made her husband confess, to her great consternation, that at that moment he had not ten pounds in the whole world.

* * * *

While all this was going on at home, the daughter went to Mr. Steele, the clergyman, and related how she had been treated by her father. Mr. Steele, thereupon, sent for the parish-clerk, and reprimanded him for his conduct, and desired him to take his daughter home, which he refused to do, still persisting that she had robbed him. Upon this Mr. Steele deprived him of his office of parish-clerk, and told him that he must no more look for his patronage.

* * * *

The gossips of the town have declared that the charge of Miss Bender's robbing her father is totally unfounded, and have whispered that the latter's motive for preferring it was to procure an excuse for throwing her off his hands. She is, however, well provided for, having been set up by the 'Squire and clergyman in a thriving milliner's shop.

Poor Mr. Bender has also had sufficient reason to repent of his marriage with Mrs. Wombell. As I have before stated, he had gone into a world of expense in providing the splendid wedding feast of which I gave an account in the last chapter. Accordingly when Mr. Plum, the grocer, and Mr. Crusty, the baker, together with the cheeseman, the publican, and the other tradesmen, sent in their bills, he had nothing to pay them with. Nor was this all; Mrs. Bender's brother sent in a long bill for the damages which the rabble had done to his house: and he also found that his wife owed sundry debts which he was expected to pay. The end of it all was, therefore, that Mr. Bender not only lost his character with the inhabitants of H——, but found himself, before his honey-moon was up, in Whitecross-street prison, for debt, from which place of security he was not released until a reformation had been effected in his unwieldy corporation.

Witnesses {	JACK NOKES.	JACK STRAW,	His
	TOM STYLES.	at his castle.	+
			Mark.

[Here ends our marvellous tale. Reader! Do you ask what is its meaning, or moral? First of all decide whether it be a Fact, or a Fable; a Political Allegory, or an Alsatian Mystery. If you cannot; ask JACK SHEPPARD, OLIVER TWIST, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, or SIR EDWARD LYTON BULWER, Bart. Any one of these worthies will render a reason, by way of application.]

THE GUARANTEES OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

BY DR. MICHELSON.

PART II.

MONTESQUIEU is said to have asked the celebrated *Law*, whom he met at Venice, why he did not follow the example set him in England, and endeavour to win the Parisian Senate over to his views by golden arguments? "The members of your House," answered *Law*, "are not so bold and generous as my countrymen, but they are more honest." This reply gave rise to an observation from D'Alembert, "that an assembly possessing but scantily the rights of freedom, is more scrupulous in the disposal of them, than a body enjoying their liberties to the fullest extent. In one case the surrendering parties must divest themselves of their little all; in the other, they only lease out a portion of their possessions to the best bidder, for the time being, without parting with the proprietorship. The latter only *mortgage*, where the former would *sell*."

The influence of the crown naturally increased with the growth of its years. Every successful experiment in the arcana of corruption fur-

nished hints for new schemes to the same end, and ministers learned, in the course of events, to invent and employ such means as were least obviously at variance with the integrity of the constitution. The national debt, swollen, at the present date, to the enormous sum of eight hundred millions, even then not only fettered all the rich landowners and capitalists to the government, on whose continued stability they could alone depend for faith in public credit, and payment of the national securities; but enforced, even from the most upright members of parliament, *bon gré mal gré*, their consent to novel taxes and monetary expedients, necessarily attended by the creation of numerous new offices and commissions, and incurring an expenditure, that, during the American war, amounted, according to Franklin's estimate, to no less than two millions.

All this formed what next assumed the title of *patronage of the Crown*, and if we add to its political faculties an enlarged bestowal of church preferments, and the advantages derivable from the formation of armies, and other expensive appurtenances of war, we cannot be surprised at finding the influence of the Crown supremely paramount in Parliament.

The powerful and comprehensive mind of Lord Chatham was early imbued with the necessity of reforming the constitution in its very heart's core—even the senate itself; and through the intervening period between the conclusion of the American war and the commencement of the French revolution, scarcely a single eminent statesman flourished in Britain who was not equally impressed with the vast importance of this great national object. Fox, when adverting to the all-absorbing topic, in the House of Commons, on the seventh of May, 1783, declared that the English constitution, however admirable when its provisions were justly and fully administered, and containing, as it confessedly did, those essential qualities which admitted of modification and progressive improvement, was, nevertheless, greatly defective as a whole. At that same time too, what said William Pitt? He denounced, in a severe philippic, the potent influence of the crown, which he described as undermining all the embankments of liberty, and exercising a corrupt power sufficiently strong to subdue every patriotic duty and feeling, in breasts bound to sympathise with the wants and wishes of the people. He characterised the House of Commons as at once the creator and creature of boundless corruption. That house, constructed as the palladium of the constitution, framed to protect the rights of the subject, and restrain within just limits the regal and executive power, had become the cradle of an influence which held freedom in chains, and drained the constitution of its vital spirit, however the outward exanimate lineaments might be preserved. The dire calamities generated by the French revolution, and the horror with which its frantic course inspired all right-minded Englishmen, acted as a check on those salutary reforms, antecedently and ardently sought in this country. Humanity paralysed the energies of parliamentary enterprise, silenced the popular orators, and dissipated the desire for correcting abuses previously prevailing even among the aristocracy. So painful, indeed, had the topic of reform become, that it was deemed democratic and indecorous to introduce it even in conversation among the higher classes, to which the members of both the senatorial houses claimed to belong. History, however, per-

tains to the nation at large, in its most comprehensive acceptation, and deals not exclusively with any section of society, whether patrician or plebeian!

Turning to the House of Lords, we view the influence of the crown in its native and congenial sphere. The decline of the feudal system gradually changed the nature of baronial service and the duties of allegiance, in England as in other countries; and after the desolating wars of the rival roses had swept away the greater part of the most powerful nobles, Henry the Seventh spared no pains to break the weakened bonds of military vassalage, or, as Lord Bacon expresses it, the "combination of multitudes, and maintenance or headship of great persons." To effect this, scarcely a session passed during his reign without producing some fresh enactment against such practices; and he called all the arbitrary powers of the Star Chamber into unceasing action to punish offenders. Hence, in process of time, the feudal aristocracy became transformed into a court nobility; and the pride of almost independent warriors was exchanged for the vanity of distinguished servitors. This conversion, it will be observed, long preceded the system of gaining over influential members of the House of Commons to the interests of the crown, and the Lords (who, as natural *attachés* of royalty, paid every deference to its dictates), seem to have been scarcely conscious of their *political nobility*, until after the restoration of Charles the Second. From the manner in which the House of Peers is constituted and maintained, it is evident that the ascendancy of the crown must there be more potential than even in the lower house. The throne, in England, as elsewhere, is the dispenser of all honours, and may bestow seats in the House of Lords on individuals not entitled by birth to that distinction. It plainly ensues, that the persons receiving such privileges must follow where their benefactors, the ministers, lead; especially in the early stages of their elevation: and that the crown has always deemed it expedient to ensure its domination among the Lords by a certain majority of members of its own making, may be judged from the simple fact, that the number of English Peers, amounting, in 1525, to 318, had been increased, under the rule of George the Third alone, by nearly 200; and that, from the commencement of Pitt's administration in 1784 until 1826, while 42 peerages became extinct, upwards of 170 were new created.

In the formation of the House of Lords, we find 26 Prelates endowed by the crown, with 16 Scotch, and 28 Irish, Peers; who have been elected to the upper house, by the nobility of their respective countries, ever since the union of those lands with England. Most of these representatives, whether clerical or secular, are usually looking forward, far or near, for various gratifications in the gift of government. Prospects, which most ministers well know how to hold out in perspective, but, generally, without committing themselves by positive promises; and thus, in some degree, every expectant becomes an agent of the cabinet.

The double dependence of the Bishops—first on the Archbishops, whom they are bound to obey as their ecclesiastical superintendants, and next on the ministers of the crown, from whom they may receive worldly advancement in the way of translation—has ever caused the commons to cast a jealous eye on their presence in the upper house,

where it is thought (though without much basis in experience), natural, that they should commonly concur in all measures sanctioned by government, without questioning too nicely their constitutional tendency.

To what an extent the system of picking and packing the House of Lords was carried about a century since, may be seen in the political records of 1734, when a case of the grossest partiality, bribery, and intimidation, on the part of the Ministry, respecting the election of the Scottish peers, was exposed by the Dukes of Queensberry, Hamilton, and Montrose, with Count Dundonald, in a petition to the House itself. They stated that an official list of the 16 noblemen most agreeable to the Crown, was laid by the ministers before the elective assembly in Scotland for their approval and acceptance; and that the electors were, also ocularly reminded of the authority in readiness to interfere, should they reject the persons proposed, by the presence of a military battalion which surrounded the mansion wherein the assembly met.

These facts were both undeniable and undenied; yet so little notice was taken of this transaction, that at the next election, which occurred in 1741, the same 16 ministerial peers, were, one and all, reelected; though, at the same time, the government could not muster even half a dozen Scottish members to their satisfaction, in the whole House of Commons. "16 Scottish peers," says Franklin in the third part of his memoirs, "24 Bishops, and all those Lords who either hold, or expect, offices under the ministers, already form, in themselves, such a majority in their leader's favour, that any discussions or debates on motions brought forward by the cabinet, are, in most cases, little better than formalities, as ludicrous as they are useless." This general remark will not, of course, apply to particular cases, wherein the measures proposed may be regarded, by many members, as detrimental to their personal interests, or the honour of the order, whether aristocratical, or hierarchic.*

The addition of the 28 members for Ireland introduced into the house since Franklin wrote, effected, at the time, no material change in the political modification of the assembly; and even now, the number of independents, so styled, wealthy hereditary English peers, is not sufficiently large to counterbalance the opposite phalanx, when united.

* The pending "Church Property" question, tempts us to cite as historical example, of time teaching a reverend, but irreverent advocate for "spoliation," the error of his juvenile ways, that may find some political parallels in the present year of grace. In 1556, John Aylmer, then a humble labourer in the spiritual vineyard, published a reply to John Knox's "First Blast" against female sovereignty. In this treatise he was rash enough to address his clerical superiors thus:—

"Come, off, ye Bishops! away with your superfluities; yield up your thousands, be content with hundreds, as they be in other reformed churches; where be as great learned men as ye are. Let your portion be priest-like, not prince-like: let the Queens have the rest of your temporalities, and other lands to maintain these wars; and with the rest to build, and found, schools throughout the realm, that every parish church may have its preacher; every city its superintendent, to live honestly, not piously; which will never be, unless your lands be dispersed, and bestowed upon many, which now feed and fat but one!"—Strype, in his life of the after bishop, says that this daring attack barred the door to his promotion for many years. In 1576, however, he was raised to the see of London, and when subsequently reminded of the above passage, "Ah!" replied the better-instructed prelate, "When I was a child, I spoke like a child, and thought like a child!"

Neither are the patrimonial revenues alluded to, so valuable as is popularly supposed. The medium amount has been greatly exaggerated.

It is well known that the value of landed property has much decreased, and to whatever artificial height the legislative body may raise it, and however true, and consistent, government may be to the principle of conferring, only on wealthy and influential land-owners, seats in the upper house; it is, nevertheless, a fact, that the present members of the peerage are in possession of, comparatively, but a small portion of that landed property, the enjoyment of which was the original, and exclusive, cause that constituted their senatorial predecessors, the natural, and hereditary, legislators of the nation. A third of the members of the house of Lords have but mediocre incomes, and the remaining two thirds, including the ten or twelve most wealthy nobles, own, on an average,* not more than, from £12,000 to £15,000 per annum, each; a sum inadequate in itself to ensure such a decided independence in principle and opinion, as would render any pecuniary increase from official emoluments, equally unnecessary, and unsought. But gold is not the only bait that may entice a courtier: vain men are always needy, as misers, and spendthrifts are ever insatiable, craving, and unsatisfied: consequently, it sometimes happens, that certain situations, in the disposal of government, present irresistible allurements to, even, the wealthier class of Lords. A high-sounding office, which, in reality, only places its occupant on a par with a chief clerk, or head workman of the Premier, is esteemed as a most desirable, and eminent position; whilst the charm of a splendid uniform, or a brilliant decoration on the breast, will, occasionally, prove more successful than the precious metals, in lulling the dragon of patriotism into a mortal lethargy.

When the whole of the hereditary legislators of Great Britain and Ireland assembled in 1830, there were found among the 5 sons of royalty, 1 Admiral, and 3 Field Marshals and Colonels. Among the 19 Dukes, 1 Field Marshal, 1 Admiral, 5 Colonels, and 6 high Functionaries, with great salaries. Among the 18 Marquises, 2 Generals, 1 Admiral, 2 Colonels, and 5 Functionaries. Among the 104 Earls, 1 Field Marshal, 6 Generals, 18 Colonels, 2 Captains, 1 Admiral, 2 Ecclesiastics, with rich prebends, and 24 Functionaries. Among the 22 Viscounts, 4 Generals, 4 Colonels, 2 Admirals, and 7 Functionaries. Finally, among the 164 Barons, 10 Generals, 14 Colonels, 1 Captain, 1 Cornet, 3 Admirals, 4 Naval Captains, and 24 Functionaries. So that out of 332 peers, 155 were holding posts under government; and if we add to the numbers on each side, the 26 Prelates, it will appear that the majority of the assembly were servants of the crown. Therefore, the whole House of Commons, comprising only 179 official members, may boast of more independence in its composition, than the House of Lords.

In France, the Chamber of Peers is the mere work of recent monarchs, and though modelled after the English form, differs widely in its constituent parts from the construction of the British peerage, who derive their primary qualifications and hereditary rights of legislation from

* Vide Sir Egerton Brydges' work, published in Paris in 1825, entitled, *A Note on the Suppression of Memoirs*, announced by the Author.

remote antiquity. Nothing, indeed, is more striking in the state machinery of France, than the disproportion visible between the elevated political station of the Peers, and the comparatively subordinate rank they occupy in society at large. This disparity is attributable to the salaries attached to their titles; a stipend which necessarily lessens their estimation in the opinion of the public. In comparing, however, the actual independence of the upper houses of the two countries, it is clear that as the French Peers enjoy their senatorial incomes by a determinate law of the land, totally beyond the control of the king himself, they are less likely to submit their judgments to the direction of the ministers of the Crown, than the English Lords, whose rewards are drawn from advantages bestowed by the existing government, and subject to a continuance of the royal favour. Every increase of a kingdom in power, riches, and territory, manifestly tends to heighten the ascendancy of the crown, when the throne, in concert with its complaisant counsellors, may dispose, unchecked, of the nation's augmented resources. The most perfect constitution in being, observes De Lolme, at least that hitherto found most fit to supply the necessities, and aid the capabilities of human nature, approached the brink of destruction, when Columbus was on the point of opening to Henry the Seventh the watery way to Peru and Mexico. Two hundred and fifty years later, the military successes of Clive, in establishing the foundation of the Anglo-Indian empire, did not less menace danger to the constitution, already deteriorated by corruption. That a company of merchants, whose political and commercial privileges were held under the purchased allowance of the ministry, and who could not effectually protect any part of their spreading possessions without assistance from the mother country, should ever maintain an independence of government, was plainly out of all question. The first direct interference of Parliament in the management of the Company's proceedings, took place in 1766, when among other bills passed on the subject was one, providing that the Company should assist government with an annual sum of 400,000*l.* for two years, on condition of receiving some advantage in their duties.

Six years afterwards their affairs were in such a situation that a bankruptcy was apprehended, and a most important act for the better regulation of the entire system, at home and abroad, passed the two houses, though attended by an illustrious protest from *thirteen* peers, including the Dukes of Richmond, Devonshire, and Portland, but ungraced by either a single Scottish representative, or an individual member of the Episcopal bench. In this truly constitutional declaration, the Lords principally objected, that the proposed "mode of vesting ultimately the whole management of the Company's weighty political affairs, their vast revenues, and their extensive commerce in the king's *private direction*," was not only a violation of the existing charters, "but a total subversion of all the principles of the law and constitution of this kingdom." They refused to sanction the election of executive officers in Parliament, as freeing ministers from responsibility, whilst it left them all the effect of patronage, and thus infringed the constitution, "which placed the nomination of all officers, either immediately or derivatively in the Crown, whilst it committed the check upon improper nominations to Parliament." After reciting several other reasons for

their dissent, the protesting Peers burst into the following most admirable and eloquent peroration :—" If the provisions and precedent of this bill should render the public faith of Great Britain of no estimation, the franchises, rights, and properties of Englishmen precarious, and the peerage distinguishable only by a more than common measure of indolence and servility ; if the boundless fund of corruption furnished by this bill to the servants of the Crown, should efface every idea of honour, public spirit and independence, from every rank of people ; after struggling vainly against these evils, we have nothing left, but the satisfaction of recording our names to posterity, as those who resisted the whole of this iniquitous system, and as men who had no share in betraying to *blind prejudices*, or *sordid interest*, every thing that has hitherto been held sacred in this country."

Time, and Lord North's specific, instead of amending, only rendered the East Indian management notoriously worse ; and in 1783, Fox, during the memorable coalition ministry, brought forward a fresh bill on the subject, proposing to bestow the powers required on seven members to be appointed by the House of Commons ; but a conviction that the nominees would be, in fact, the deputies of administration, was so general, that the country resounded with clamours against the measure. In the Lower House, Pitt strongly opposed the bill, on grounds similar to those urged in a still more decided tone by Mr. Grenville, who argued, that there could be no doubt, but that the seven proposed commissioners, under the apparent authority of Parliament, would be neither more nor less than servants of the Crown, chosen by the minister—agents empowered to exercise their best abilities in collecting the treasures of the East for the benefit of certain receivers at home, where the inundation might break through all the remaining bulwarks of the constitution, and overwhelm liberty in the flood. The king himself appeared to partake in the alarm excited, and distrust the designs of a minister, for whom he was known to entertain a personal dislike, and who, he seemed to fear, might use the weapons placed by untold wealth in his hands for party purposes, not in accordance with the royal sentiments. So great were the king's apprehensions, and so solicitous was he to shake off the offensive advisers forced on him by circumstances, that reluctant to exercise his constitutional right of issuing an open dismissal, he had recourse to secret intrigue. Charging his own government with mismanagement of the public interests, he employed Lord Temple to convey a confidential message to as many peers as he could firmly depend on, stating, that his majesty would consider every one as his personal enemy, who concurred in passing the India bill. The consequence was its rejection, and the ensuing downfall of the ministry. Pitt came into the cabinet, and now occurred a signal instance of the truth of the political maxim, that men always take the very same methods to preserve power when they have obtained it, which they reprobate in others before they gain their point. On Pitt's accession, he introduced a bill for the regulation of the East India Company, altered and modified in form and expression from the late decried measure, but in spirit and effect precisely the same. It was enacted that the king should appoint six persons, being privy counsellors, under the title of a Board of Control, to superintend, check, and govern the

civil and military establishments and revenues of the Company. Its independence was thus totally annihilated; and the acting directors thenceforth formed a mere intermediate authority, responsible to government and the instruments of its will. In common with other political and social impulses of the advancing age, it has become a question of moment, whether the state should not assume to itself the sole and entire administration of England's possessions in the East, on a basis similar to that established in the West Indies. It may be doubted whether an unlimited power over the richest dominions of the globe, and an uncivilised population of seventy millions would be ultimately beneficial to the constitutional prosperity of Great Britain is undeniable; still, much may be said on both sides. We must not forget that it is the *abuse*, not the possession of power, that renders it pernicious. If we admit, with Fox, that the constitution contains within itself a remedy for every defect which time can discover in its component parts, it remains but for reform to perfect its work, and by modifying and strengthening the original guarantees in unison with the more enlightened views of modern polity, render it, in truth, a legislative beacon to all mankind within the circle of its radiance, and a boon to those beneath its rule. A brief glance at the elemental ingredients of Parliament will assist us in judging how far the opinion of Fox is tenable, and what hopes may be founded on it if correct. The first object that meets, and somewhat perplexes our observation, is the appearance of two distinct divisions of the senatorial body, yet both operating in the same manner to one and the same end. Of these divisions, the lower compartment displays the *elected*, whilst the upper contains the *hereditary* legislators. The very term, *hereditary legislator*, has something in it, to say the least, that rather startles common sense. The throne, the highest seat of power in the state, may reasonably enough be hereditary, since the welfare of the nation depends more on the integrity of its other safeguards, and on the unity, tranquillity, and intelligence of its citizens, than on preferring the ablest candidate to the honours of supremacy. An election, that, in such cases, must be but the reward of past services, and in itself an apple of discord, that on every fresh occasion would lead to the competition of ambitious men, and give rise to everlasting intrigues and civil dissensions, is of all evils in a country the most to be dreaded.

Hereditary legislation, indeed, in its origin, was the result of past and passing services, but duties very different from those at present required from the body. Now that the lawgiver's vocation is specifically peaceful, that he is expressly called on to administer rational justice, to open new paths for intellect, and to guard the inherent, and promote the acquired rights of society, we cannot but pause on the sarcastic remark of Franklin, that "*hereditary legislators in a state, might assuredly authorise the government to establish hereditary professors of mathematics in a university.*"

What is now the British *parliament*, originally differed in nothing from the feudal courts, or courts of fees, common to the rest of Europe, and which even then partly passed under that very appellation. After the conquest, the king was deemed the absolute lord of the soil. All secondary rights to landed property flowed from him; and those pos-

seasons, in return, were bound to serve him in war, and attend his councils whenever summoned.

As with the tenants of the crown to the king, so with the vassals of the baron to their lord. "Thus," says Hume, "a kingdom was considered only as a great barony, and a barony as a small kingdom." The dignified clergy sat in the "great council" by prescriptive right from the first establishment of Christianity, and "by their right of baronage, as holding of the king *in capite*, by military service." Subsequently, when the bishops endeavoured to separate themselves, and assert a self dominion in their order independent of the temporal power, the king insisted on the observance of their baronial tenures. In fact, all attendance on the national assemblies, in the infancy of our constitution, was regarded more as a badge of subordination, than a distinguished prerogative. To enact general, permanent, and equal laws, was little contemplated at an era when the supply of present military or social wants, and the preservation of rights, were matters either managed by usage, or decided by the will of the strongest at the moment. The great tenants of the crown, including the prelates, were summoned by the king to attend him at various periods, for the treble purpose of thus acknowledging their fealty; of officiating as judges in any controversy among the barons themselves; and of giving their consent and assistance to any measures distinct from their military duties. As these personal tributes were services inseparable from the possession of their lands, the same conditions were naturally entailed on their successors; hence the first stage of legislation was hereditary *homage*, rather than indefeasible *privilege*.

Hume asserts, that the Commons did not form a constituent part of the ancient Parliament until some ages after the Conquest, and that the earliest idea of representing counties occurred about the middle of the thirteenth century, in the reign of Henry III.; but the venerated Earl Camden, who lost his chancellorship for inflexibly denying the right of England to tax America, in his celebrated speech disproving the alleged sovereignty, designated Hume's hypothesis as "a most pernicious and destructive attempt," and energetically exclaimed, "When did the House of Commons first begin? When, my Lords? It began with the constitution, it grew up with the constitution; there is not a blade of grass growing in the most obscure corner in this kingdom which is not, which was not ever represented since the constitution began; there is not a blade of grass which, when taxed, was not taxed by the consent of the proprietor."

As civilisation spread, military domination receded before the advance of allodial agriculture, commerce, and trade. The highborn feudal maxim, that warriors were only to obey an authority of their own allowance, became the motto of the peaceful Commons. From the change of position also, their aid soon became indispensable to the crown, and was given through representatives appointed by themselves. What was before exacted was now bestowed, and thus, again, were *duties* converted into *prerogatives*. As with the nobles, their rights descended to the heirs and possessors of their lands; so with the Commons, they followed to the most opulent and influential of the community.

Respectability of rank, and reputation, and independence in fortune, are naturally the most approved qualifications of a representative. The people bow willingly to the decisions of those whom they regard not more as their superiors than as their friends and protectors. They confide in the judgement of their chosen members as the expression of their own; and an Act of Parliament is obeyed and revered by the mass, not merely because it issues from an assembly called *Parliament*, but because it emanates from, or is approved by those, on whose private characters and public sentiments they rely for justice. Every member, generally speaking, thus brings into the house an individual stock of personal influence, and the junction of all may be said to combine, in a great measure, the impulsive powers and intellectual strength of the commonwealth. In fine, the importance of the house, as now constituted, is derived more from the popular estimation of its members than their official situation. Without such a bond of union, it would be absurd to expect that the elected legislators would act on the motives and justify the delegation of the various classes they represent, by asserting their rights, and assisting them as guides to attain their several appropriate stations in the sphere of social organisation. *Aristocracy* of intellect, and consequently of influence, is not only natural to every country, but beneficial in every grade of its inhabitants, since they are incited to emulation by the example of deserved eminence. But hereditary rights which would form any given number of families into an isolated and ultra exclusive society, utterly divided from the mass of the nation, and without a sympathy beyond the pale of the caste, would soon transform their possessors into a hateful oligarchy, threatening, at once, the freedom of the people, and the safety of the throne. To guard against such dangers by extending the privileges claimed by nobility to individuals equally entitled by every requisite, save ancestral prerogative, to the distinction, the constitution has wisely bestowed on the crown the authority of creating new peers, thus providing for its own security as the fountain, whence, alone, honours can flow. On the other hand, lest the royal influence, so supported, should grow too luxuriant, it is held in check by the right of the people to elect their own representatives, without whose concurrence, neither the crown nor its immediate supporters, nor even the confederated powers of both, can give the force of law to any act injurious to the public weal. Again, as the crown is naturally connected with the peers on one side, so, on the other, are its interests vitally entwined with those of the Commons, by whom its wants are supplied, and its dignity upheld. Thus, the three estates, though distinct, are inseparable. The legislative bodies, placed apart, both in position and rights, are intended to counterpoise each other, and yet by their mutual action on the crown preserve the union and just equilibrium of all. Love of power is self-love, and more or less inherent in every breast. From the highest to the lowest all feel a pleasure in merely being obeyed. The continual contests between the barons and the sovereign during the feudal times were struggles for supremacy devoid of the slightest reference to the liberties of the million. As civil rights acquired strength, the Commons grew in self respect. As the Commons rose in importance, the quelled aristocracy sank into satellites of the crown. At length the freedom of the subject and the prerogative

of the throne came to mortal debate. In the course of that tremendous conflict, most of the temporal lords quitted their seats in the upper house and followed the king, whilst the spiritual peers were expelled. The throne and the peerage abolished, the constitution was itself annihilated, and the conquering Commons then degenerated into a military democracy in form; but the land, in reality, was ruled by despotism in the person of Cromwell. Since the restoration, though the peers and the Commons have never approached near any collision that could incur a repetition of the fatal consequences inevitable from a rupture pursued to extremities, unavowed struggles for the mastery in political privileges have at various periods occurred. In the reign of Charles the Second, the Commons introduced a custom of annexing certain resolutions, which they were anxious to carry, to their grants of supply; as such bills, it is well known, cannot be subjected to any modification whatever. This practice, if admitted and continued, would have transferred the whole of the effective legislative power to the House of Commons, and rendered the actual existence of the Upper House nothing better than a state pageant. The latter soon perceived to what end such an innovation would lead; and, after some warm debates, the Lords finally resolved to establish as a standing rule of their House, that they should, at once, unhesitatingly reject any resolutions appended to the money bills.

Not to be far behind the Commons in arrogant pretensions, the Peers, according to Burnet, soon after the settlement of 1688, projected a plan for re-modelling the constitution. They proposed to limit the rights of the crown relative to the convoking and dissolving Parliaments; to delay passing the supplies until the independent right of exclusively taxing themselves was conceded to them by the Commons; and, lastly, to establish in their own body a *permanent* and supreme tribunal, to be consulted on all affairs touching the welfare of the kingdom. Accordingly, in 1692, the Lords added a clause to their confirmation of the granted supplies, claiming the privilege of determining the rate of their own assessments. The House of Commons, of course, protested against this encroachment on their rights, whilst the Peers, under the leading of Lord Mulgrave, argued that their political existence was merely nominal, if denied that immunity. At length, however, the claimants to exemption gave way, though, as they declared, only for *the present moment*, and with the reserve of maintaining their prerogative on another occasion. On the accession of the house of Brunswick to the throne, the Lords determined to stop for the future, if possible, the vexatious interference in their legislative functions, caused by the occasional influx of newly created peers—additional links between them and the Commons. Had the Duke of Somerset's measure proved successful, it would not only have fixed irrevocably the number of British noblemen permitted to sit in parliament, but have also taken from the crown the right of creating new peers, except in cases where the extinction of ancient titles required a fresh supply to fill up the indispensable aggregate. George the First, unacquainted with English usages, manners, and feelings, and still less versed in the politics of the aristocracy, saw in the design nothing beyond such an institution of hereditary and *exclusive* nobility as he was accustomed to behold in his native country. He, therefore, raised not the slightest objection to an act that would have

deprived the crown of one of its choicest prerogatives; but when the Commons strongly opposed the adoption of a law so evidently inimical to their own, as well as the royal interests, he discovered only in their resistance a manifestation of their love to himself, and a dutiful desire to preserve his rights from curtailment, and complacently assured his faithful Commons that the proposition had his full consent, and that they need suffer no anxiety on his account. On this, the House of Commons put an end to all anxiety on the subject, by rejecting the bill without any farther ceremony.

On the whole, experience has shown that the division of a legislative assembly, whose separated members diversely exercise both a personal and legal influence on society at large, is not only a useful but a necessary provision in a constitution, that though far from perfect, may be rendered as nearly so, as human intellect can ever hope to accomplish.

No great apprehensions are to be entertained for any possible consequences arising from bickerings between the two houses. Both have done their best at different epochs to obtain parliamentary pre-eminence, and each has failed in its attempt.

Both are now conscious that the integrity of the constitution depends on the inviolability of its several parts, and that a decided preponderance of power in either would certainly endanger the stability of all.

Nor should the axiom cited by Lord Camden, in the speech before referred to—"that every constitution should, at proper periods, be strictly examined according to its first principles, that abuses may be corrected and defects supplied!"—be ever forgotten.

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

No. V.—MR. GEORGE STEVENS.

"ELIZABETH," said I, to a well dressed lady, come from Hammersmith in her own carriage to visit me; "do me the favour to read the MS. entitled 'Mr. George Stevens,' I now put into your hands: take it home with you, and, if you have no objection, I mean to publish it."

"Why should I read it, my dear Mrs. Griffiths?" said the lady: "why should you consult me?"

"It is a compliment I mean to pay you," answered I; "so say no more about it."

The morning following, the MS. was sent back by the lady's footman, with her wish that it should appear in print, and here it is as follows:—

Many years ago, I met with a strange circumstance, whilst I went down to pass a few weeks at Peckham, for change of air, before I took my pretty house at Kensington. I find it all duly written out in my common-place-book, and I copy it accordingly.

It was during the reign, in England, of that deceased daughter of

Fortune, yclept *The Lottery*, that what I am going to relate, happened; when the names of Hazard, Bish, and Carrol, were visible in large letters throughout our city; when our Coopers'-hall there, resounded two or three times a year, with the names of numbers issuing from the wheel, drawn from thence by the selected Blue-coat-boy, with one hand bound behind him, and the other holding up the blank or prize, which chance, from the other wheel, chose it to be; the selected Blue-coat-boy, in the meanwhile, like most boys, proud of his honours. It was during the time when dreams and omens respecting fortunate numbers, were retailed from month to month, and insurances effected upon them, to the last farthing, by all the lower grades of citizens and servant girls, until the pawnbrokers' shops were glutted with their apparel, and beggary stared them openly in the face.

This species of gambling was, no doubt, most pernicious; yet was there something very stirring about the Lottery: a most fascinating evil, or Circé was she, this same daughter of Fortune, now sleeping calmly within her silent tomb. Have I not often myself been tempted to try my chance with a sixteenth, although well assured by an excellent calculator of chances, a friend of mine, that it was "gambling to a dreadful disadvantage," and that I should have had better hope of success, if I had risked my money at the Pharo or Hazard tables. It is to this same infatuating Lottery, that my present little narrative relates.

At Peckham, I was located, some years ago, for a few weeks, at the house of a Mr. George Stevens, "a man very well to do in the world," as the phrase is; having scraped together, by various ways in the city of London, full as much, it was reported, as £50,000, but who allowed himself no greater luxury, with this large amount of money at his command, than his neat little domicile out of the city smoke at Peckham, and a solitary bottle of wine every Sunday.

Mr. George Stevens had been a stock-broker, and still loved to dabble a little with the mysteries of that science, but very careful was he not to burn his fingers. He went constantly to town every day to watch the market, and see "who were Bulls and who were Bears;" but having been lucky in one or two most hazardous speculations, he was wise enough not to endanger his property by entering into others; he knew what he was about, and still continued to pick up a few scraps more to add to his shining heap.

"To turn an honest penny," was one of the golden maxims of mine host at Peckham, who, having a couple of rooms in his cottage, that he very seldom occupied, he had no objection, during the summer months, to let them, at a moderate price, to any quiet, respectable, single person, like myself, who would not damage his brightly polished furniture, which, as he said, "you might see your face in," or give much additional trouble to "Mrs. Betty," his clean, bustling, round-faced, servant, of a certain age, who presided over his household gods, carried up his smoking viands to his table at five o'clock precisely; and, unlike most female servants living with a bachelor master, knew well her own place, and never presumed to "pass the rubicon," the boundary of respect, that should ever lie between the master of a house and his female domestic.

"Mrs. Betty," as I called her, from courtesy, was only "Betty" to Mr. George Stevens, who was to her what Cæsar was to the world—the

first and greatest man that dwelt upon it. How did her face shine, when she heard his rap at the street door about five o'clock, when he returned from the city; how glow, as she placed his bit of *roast* upon the tablecloth, the mealy potatoes, *vis-a-vis*, and took his cane, or umbrella, whichever it happened to be, from his hand; then, stirring up the fire, and with officious respect attending to his every want! Betty was, indeed, a *jewel* of a servant; nor had she, I verily believe, a spark of ambition in her whole being, beyond the desire of hearing Mr. George Stevens say, when he had refreshed his inner man to his heart's content—"Betty, take away; you have done the *mutton* to a turn;" or, "the lamb is excellent." This was his meed of reward for all her culinary skill, and on it she quietly existed (I mean mentally), for Betty had her full portion of the aforesaid mutton, or lamb, down in the kitchen, when her master had been served, and of the barrel of ale also; for she was actually trusted by him with the key of it, but had it run out a single day before the appointed time, such honour would have been, without scruple, taken from her for ever; but she bore her honours meekly, filled not her cup *twice* down in the cellar, and was, in all things, as far as I could see, the very perfection of an old bachelor's servant.

Whilst I was staying at Peckham, in my little drawing-room on the first floor, Mr. George Stevens gave a party, actually a dinner party, to a couple of city friends and their wives; and, much to my astonishment, Betty came up to me the day previous with her master's compliments, "and would I eat a bit of mutton with him next day?" Seeing that I hesitated, she added, "that a fine piece of salmon, too, was coming down by the coach, and it was a pity if I did not taste it."

"There will be ladies here, then, I suppose?" enquired I, still undecided.

"Oh, certainly there will, ma'am," answered Betty, "or Master would not have taken the liberty of asking you. Mrs. Fearn, the wine-merchant's lady, and—I declare I forget the other's name."

I was just on the point of saying, "My cough is so troublesome (the cause of my visiting Peckham) that I must decline the favour intended me," when the truth came out fully upon me, by the unpractised "house-keeper," as she loved to call herself; "that Master would be disappointed, if I refused, since there would be no place for the ladies to take their tea in, if I refused, for I had possession of the drawing-room, and there was no third room they could use for that purpose."

This made it altogether a different sort of an affair; so, not wishing to appear ill-natured, I accepted Mr. Stevens's invitation most graciously, and dressed myself accordingly; yet, not being very anxious to be under an obligation to mine host for my *mutton*, &c. next day, I proposed, to the great satisfaction of Mrs. Betty, that I would add a pigeon pie to the dainties already alluded to by her, and, as she had so much to do, take on myself the office of purchasing the materials wanted at Camberwell-green, when I walked out in the course of the day, and of making this same savoury pie myself. From that moment I became a most popular personage with both the master and his faithful domestic.

All went on most prosperously during dinner; all the eatables were praised, and all were deserving of it. As for my pigeon pie, it was pronounced by the whole party, including Mr. Stevens himself, to be

one of the very nicest—the most highly flavoured—the most deliciously seasoned pie—with the best of all possible crusts, that ever was built up together by the hand of woman. Had I not sufficient cause for self-gratulation during this my health-seeking visit at salubrious Peckham?

During dinner, much was talked about the forthcoming Lottery, and the chances whether *Hazard* or *Bish* would have either, or both of the two great capital prizes of £30,000 each. Many anecdotes were related, of how fortunate shares in former lotteries had changed hands; and, in short, that there was something very *mysterious* about these state speculations altogether. Mr. Fearn, I remember, with a good deal of pomposity, told us what had happened to a young cousin of his, who had been educated in Christ's hospital, and who had by himself and his powerful interest been got into a clerkship, after coming out of that establishment, of forty pounds a year, "which, I assure you," said Mr. Fearn, "was a very pretty sum for a young chap, who had not a shilling in the world, nor a friend to give him one, except, indeed, myself."

"Yes, indeed," interrupted Mrs. Fearn, throwing back her flaxen ringlets, and adjusting a little her large pearl comb at the back of her head, which was large enough and heavy enough to give her a brain fever—"Yes, indeed, and prettily has he repaid you; a nasty ungrateful *vagabond* was that cousin of your's, Mr. Fearn, so kind as we both were to him. Did I not give him half a dozen of your fine shirts, not half worn out, when he went to Mr. Wilkin's office? and did you not take him to the warehouse of Mr. Dixon, and order all his clothes?"

"It is very true, my dear," said the gentleman, with much complacency; "but we will not amuse the company with the story of his ingratitude; I was only mentioning about the Lottery, my dear, just to show how very odd the chances are that that '*child of Satan*,' for such, Mr. Stevens, I always call it.—"

"Pray go on," said the other visitor gentleman and lady, "let us hear how it was that Tom Fearn got his thirty thousand pounds."

"The strangest thing in the world," resumed Mr. Fearn. "there's no accounting for such things. The Devil was determined Tom should have the capital prize, whether he would or no. I'll tell you all about it."

"You know the counting-house where I put this youngster was in St. Mary Hill, Eastcheap; it was at a wine merchant's. He was sent one evening with some letters to the post: the *old* Post-office, you know, in Abchurch Lane, when, as he was going through Eastcheap, he had to pass through half a-dozen young fellows he knew, who were standing talking together there by the Weigh-house; Clayton's Chapel, you know—"

I perceived that Mrs. Betty was fidgetting about the side-board, and seemed determined to hear the rest of this long-winded Lottery-yarn.

"'You are just the lad we wanted,' said the young men, when Tom was running past them with the letters in his hand, 'what say you, my fine fellow, to making your fortune in the Lottery?'"

"'Say,' said Tom, 'that I should like, of all things, to do it; but be pleased to tell me, gentlemen, the way to do it.'"

"'Oh, easy enough,' said they, 'we have just clubbed together to buy a Lottery ticket; but here is one-sixteenth of it that nobody seems much

inclined to take : you shall have it, Tom Fearn, a bargain, because you were a *Blue-coat* boy, and wore the *yellows*.'

"Now cousin Tom was always very proud and aspiring ; he did not like to hear of his yellow petticoats, so he was proceeding on his way to the Post-office with a very indignant look, when one of the chaps said, 'Now don't be a fool, Tom Fearn, we mean you no harm : but just run and put in your letters, and then come back to us at the Falstaff's Head, and you shall hear more about it.'

"And so he did. They asked him how much money he could muster, to pay for the odd sixteenths. He fumbled in his pockets, and pulled out a seven-shilling piece (they were current, then, you know), and five shillings more."

"Yes," interrupted the flaxen-headed wife, for the second time, "and you had given him that very seven-shilling piece to buy himself a new hat with, an ungrateful—"

"Never mind, my dear," said the placid husband, "let me tell my story my own way, or I shall never have done with it. So, gentlemen and ladies ; I beg your pardon, the ladies ought to be mentioned first. Mrs. Griffiths—madam, will you take wine with me ? madam, I wait your move. So to finish my story about Tom and this same Lottery ticket. He just called in at the Falstaff's Head, in Eastcheap, on his return from putting the letters in, when they all agreed (I mean the young chaps, gentlemen), to let him have the odd sixteenth for his seven-shilling piece ; and his five shillings, which was, you know, a piece of good luck, as the sixteenth was worth then, for the wheel was immensely rich, as it is indeed now, at least six and twenty shillings."

I still observed that Mrs. Betty loitered about the room to hear the finishing of this interminable, and, to me, most stupid story ; and so did the master of the house, and the relater's own wife to boot, who had no doubt often heard it before. Mr. Stevens fidgeted about in his chair, hemmed once or twice, sipped his wine, and played with his doyley. But no mercy existed in the bosom of Mr. Fearn : on he went, as he passed the bottle, filling the glass of the sober-minded lady who sat before him, whose name I have forgotten ; thus *defrauding* her of that portion of fame she would otherwise have gained, by being mentioned in these narratives.

"Well, my cousin Tom went without his new hat by this lottery speculation of his," continued Mr. Fearn. "In a few days after this, these foolish young men, who had clubbed together to buy the ticket, wanted their money again ; and so they resolved to make a *raffle* of their shares, and by this means get a few shillings besides. They had soon their raffle-paper nearly full, when they apprised Tom Fearn of it, advising him to include his sixteenth with their shares of the ticket, and realise a profit. They met again at the 'Falstaff's Head,' where they were to decide who was to be the fortunate winner of the ticket which was now to be thrown for, entire, as Tom agreed to let his share be included, in order that he might make himself sure of about fourteen shillings profit more than cent. per cent. you know, Mr. Stevens, for his first outlay."

"A shrewd, clever fellow he must have been," observed Mr. Stevens, approvingly, "no man should ever refuse such an advantage. That was realising"—

"As I said before," continued the loquacious Mr. Fearn, "Tom was born to be fortunate. The raffle-paper wanted still one member to be filled; it was No. 9."

Mrs. Betty now threw down a large tumbler from the side-board; but strange to relate, it was not broken. "*Nine* is a very fortunate number," said Mr. Fearn, "I have always found it so; and I think my cousin Tom had often heard me say so: for when he found that it was *Number Nine* that was vacant, he was seized with a strong desire to fill in his own name opposite to it, but he had no money—he had *cleaned himself out*, as I may say, the week before, when he had purchased his sixteenth.

"Have you no *silver filigree* at all, Mr. Tom Fearn?" said the President, "the shares in the raffle are only five shillings a-piece; have you no *money's worth*? That will do quite as well."

"I have a bran new India handkerchief at home," said Tom, "that a cousin of mine has just given me."

"That was I," said Mrs. Fearn, "I liked him *then* very much; I bought that handkerchief at Flint's, and paid five shillings for it, and it was worth seven; but as you did not like the pattern, my dear, I gave it, after I had hemmed and marked it, to your cousin; he was certainly then a very handsome youth indeed."

"And a handsome man he is now," said the whole company in a breath, saving myself and Mrs. Betty, who uttered not a word, but seemed to drink in the whole discourse, to me dull as ditch-water, with greedy ears.

"Run and fetch your handkerchief, lad," said the good natured President, who was a banker's clerk, and had been in the Blue-coat School himself, "Let Tom Fearn have another chance; who knows but he may ride in his coach yet." Away scampered cousin Tom; he had to run as far as the Minories, where he lodged; but no time lost he, and he filled in his name opposite No. 9, before he set off.

"They would not wait 'till he returned, for they could not spare the time; so the dice were brought in, and above twenty of them had thrown as he entered the room, and gave his handsome red and yellow India handkerchief into the hands of his friend the President.

"Not a quarter of the people were there who had put down their names and money; so the President threw for them, as is always usual in such cases."

"I don't like that way at all," said both ladies. "It is not always done fairly; I remember at Margate I put in," said Mrs. Fearn, "for a very beautiful ivory work-box, and"—

"My dear!" remonstrated the half-angry husband, "you should never let one story cross the road of another, and try to *smother* it. I shall have done in a moment, and then you will be at liberty to relate to the company all about your mischance at Margate, where, I do think, you were, as they say, completely '*jockeyed*.'"

"You go to Margate every year," ventured just to observe the master of the house, hoping to *strangle* this long-winded story himself, of which he was heartily sick. Vain effort! his guest was not to be beat off his ground, or drawn off it by a false scent.

"Mrs. Fearn knows every lane and alley in Margate, as well as she

does her way to church, and a great deal better too," observed facetiously her admiring spouse.

"She knew how to lead *you* there, however," exclaimed the taciturn gentleman opposite, whose name I recollect not. "I don't know how it is, gentlemen, but most all the ladies contrive, not only to find their way themselves to church once in their lives at least, but to make us follow them."

"Ladies are always *led up to the altar by the gentlemen*, I should imagine," remarked Mrs. Fearn with a little toss of her well arranged head, "do you not think so, Madam?" turning to me.

"Oh, certainly," I replied, smiling, "we must not allow that we are ever the *leaders* in this expedition, especially as we are obliged to be *wheelers* ever afterwards. But we interrupt your husband's story."

There was some little *malice* in this last remark of mine; but it was not made *altogether* from such motive. I had interrupted, clearly, the high interest our good, clean, bustling Mrs. Betty had in the story of Mr. Tom Fearn and his lottery ticket; so I wished she might be, at the end of it, gratified.

"Madam, you are most polite," said the historian of his cousin's fortune, bowing to me, "I will now finish it off in a brace of semi-quavers.

"You are entitled to your throw, Mr. Tom Fearn," said the President, putting the silk handkerchief into his pocket, after having ascertained its value.

"Which was worth at least seven shillings," interrupted the voluble help-mate of the narrator.

"Give me leave, my dear—" continued he, "I wish you had not such a knack of stopping me, whenever I am telling a story."

"It is more than I, or all the women in England could do together," muttered the lady with the flaxen ringlets, "is it not time we should go up stairs?" and she actually yawned.

Mr. Fearn affected not to hear this whispered *aside*; on he bowled, fixing his eye now on me; for had not I been the patroness of his little history?

"Well, madam, my cousin Tom took up the dice-box—it was the first time he had ever clutched one; and the Devil, we all know, assists young beginners.

"Doublets, sixes!" exclaimed the President, writing it down opposite number *nine*. "Now, throw again. Doublets again! by all that's wonderful; look, gentlemen, he has thrown *fives*. Once more, my hearty;" and he slapped Tom Fearn kindly on the shoulder.

"Rattle went the box; all the members now crowded round the table—out poured the dice—'Sixes, or I am no gentleman,' vociferated the President. My friend, Mr. Tom Fearn, has won the ticket, I'll bet any of you a hundred to one;" but no one would take him up.

"The matter was soon settled; there was no competition that could come near my cousin Tom's throw: only think, the astonishing number he had thrown!"

Mr. Stevens, having nothing better to do, began to calculate, "Let me see," said he, "first, the doublets, *sixes*, they make just twenty-four; then the *fives*, twenty; after that, the other *sixes*, twenty-four more: yes, exactly sixty-eight. I would have taken five hundred to one in his favour."

"And you would have lost," said Mr. Fearn, triumphantly, "Tom Fearn got his ticket for less than nothing, and it came up one of the two great capitals. I went with him when Bish's people gave him a check for thirty-thousand pounds! and he sent a twenty-pound note to be distributed amongst the clerks."

"Astonishing!" was echoed round the table; "Astonishing!" came also from the side-board, and Betty retreated into the kitchen; the ladies and myself into my own apartment up-stairs.

Glad was I when, at half-past one in the morning, the uninteresting guests of mine host departed, and I had quiet possession of my rooms again. All was neat and in perfect order in my little front room, when I went into it from my back one to breakfast. Mr. Stevens was gone to London as usual, on his money-seeking, money-making errand, and every thing seemed as if we had had no revelling there the night previous, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of the clever housekeeper, who, as she came in to take away my breakfast things, asked me with much respect, yet extreme anxiety, "if I could at all interpret *dreams*?"

"No, indeed," said I, "or I should have enough to do with my own; I have had, I believe, a thousand since I fell asleep, this morning at two o'clock; but they were principally owing I believe to the pigeon pie which I was stupid enough to eat of, for the second time at supper.—One of my dreams was, that I had swallowed *nine* pigeons alive, as fast as they could fly one after another into my mouth!"—

"And do not you mean ma'am to try your luck after such a communication as that?" demanded Betty, sweeping up the crumbs from the carpet, and very reluctant to leave the room.

"Communication! Betty?" enquired I, "from whom, and about what?"

"As for, from *whom* the communication may have come, ma'am," answered the ruddy-faced housekeeper looking me full in my face, "it is not for me to say—the parson could tell you better than I could; but I am sure I know as well as he could tell me, what it is about."

"Indeed!" cried I, a little amused, "I shall like to be made acquainted with it"—

"Why, what should it be about ma'am, but the *lottery*?" said Betty, "I mean to have a trial if I live, and master will give me my money—but he never thinks much of lotteries, and if he should refuse, I shall almost break my heart."

"I hope you do not mean to speculate largely, my good creature?" said I, "if you have saved a little sum, keep it for your old age, and run no risks."—

"My money is as safe in the hands of master, as if I had put it into the Bank, and he gives me good and lawful interest for it; I wish he had a great deal more of it belonging to me, than my poor thirty pounds.—I think they said, ma'am, yesterday, the gentlemen at dinner, that you can get a whole ticket for that sum. I am determined after the dream I have had, to spend every shilling of my savings, and buy the number I have dreamt of; that is if it is not sold."

"Do not be so foolish, Mrs. Betty," argued I, "If you are resolved to try your luck, purchase only a sixteenth."

"No, ma'am, in for a penny in for a pound; the only fear I have is that master wont advance the money for such a purpose: and so he will be the ruin of me."

"If he is your friend, Betty, as I am sure he is, he will not; why I might as well go into town now, and try to hunt up the number *nine*, because I dreamed of the pigeons."

"No, ma'am," said the rubicund Mrs. Betty, "you are very near the mark though, but *nine* is not the number that will gain the 30,000*l.*;" and she spoke so confidently that I was much amused.

"And yet," said I, "they all said, you knew, yesterday that *nine* was a *fortunate* number."

"And so it will prove," said Betty, "or I should not have been told so plainly of it last night. You are a lady, ma'am, I'm sure, and would scorn to take advantage of a poor servant, to go into town, and buy my number over my head, as I might say; therefore if you will not be displeased, I will tell you all about my dream."

"You had better be cautious, Betty," said I, smiling, "for 30,000*l.* most people would do a great many dishonourable things."

"I have no fear of you," replied the housekeeper, "so I must ease my heart; that is, if I am not troublesome."

"Go on then, Betty," said I; "but give me first my netting-box and footstool—now ease your mind."

"I dreamed," said the housekeeper, "that master came home very wet and hungry; that he asked me what I had provided for his dinner? when I told him that I would fry him some new laid eggs in a few minutes, for that we had no meat in the house," and she stopped.

"Go on," said I, "there is nothing very remarkable as yet."

"How many can you eat, Sir?" said I, "for I do not like to fry more than will be eaten; for I have had my dinner."

"That is just like you, Betty," I observed; "your master has quite a treasure in his servant."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Betty, dropping a curtsey. "'Eat!' said my master, 'I am never satisfied with eggs!—you may fry me, Betty, just *nine* of them.'"

"So I went out and took the frying-pan, and broke just *nine* eggs, and I was most particular in counting them; and, as I hung the frying-pan up again, against the wall, something seemed to say to me, that with its long handle and round pan, it looked just like the figure of *nine*; and so indeed it does."

"Well, ma'am, I pondered on my dream, and made up my mind, from what I heard yesterday, that I would try my luck in the number 99, as shewn to me by the eggs and the frying-pan; but since I have come into your room, and heard what you have dreamed and told me of, about the *nine* pigeons flying into your mouth, I am *determined*, even if I pawn every rag I have, to go to London to-morrow, and secure the whole ticket of the three nines, or 999—but some one has knocked three times, and I must run down to the door."

Let not the mighty of this land turn away with disdain from this simple story, of which I boldly avow that Mrs. Betty, the comely housekeeper of Mr. George Stevens, stockbroker, of Peckham Rye, is to be the decided heroine. It is all very well to hear sometimes of mar-

chioness and countesses, but why should we not be made acquainted with what passes in the abodes of merchants and shopkeepers, of the loves and fortunes of culinary nymphs, and those whose province it is to "sweep the cobwebs from the state?" Many a romance could be gathered from the adventures of nursery-maids and Abigails; and I do assert, that the true history I am now writing, respecting Mrs. Betty Martin, aforesaid, has a prescriptive right to be so entitled.

With much alacrity and good humour were all the manifold household duties performed in the quiet domicile of Mr. George Stevens that day. My little repast, at two o'clock, was neatly put upon my table, and most officiously was I waited on, for Mrs. Betty was "still harping" on her dream, and the chances of the lottery. "If you would but stand my friend, ma'am," urged the infatuated creature, "and would persuade master to let me have my own money; I am sure of it, I shall get the capital prize."

"Indeed, Mrs. Betty," said I, "it would go against my conscience to persuade Mr. Stevens to do this to the amount you intend. Buy, as I said before, a small share, since you have such a fancy for this favorite number, but do not lay out all your little savings."

"In for a penny in for a pound, is my maxim, ma'am. I should be sorry to be disrespectful to master; but my money is my own, and I have worked for it. I am resolved; so if you would be pleased just to be present when I speak to him, by-and-bye, I shall be much obliged to you. I never, you know, *make free* with master, so I shall feel a little queerish when I begin."

"How shall we manage then, Mrs. Betty?" said I, seeing her determination; "I cannot go down into your Master's parlour on purpose."

"But he can come up to you, ma'am, if you will please to let me deliver a message to him, when he comes home; that is, after he has dined, that you wish to speak to him; you are such a great favourite of his, I assure you, that he will be ready to break his neck, in his hurry to run up the stairs."

I could not help smiling at this double stroke of policy on the part of the apparently simple-minded housekeeper. By my sending to him on this business she would gain the benefit of making her master think that I fully approved of her intended speculation; then, on the other hand, she had endeavoured to awaken my woman's vanity within me, by seeking to convince me that I was an immense favourite with her bachelor master, to her as high and great, I have said, as a Cæsar or an Alexander; and thus putting it into my head, if I had not conceived the thought before, that, with proper tact and encouragement, I might be able to turn this prepossession so much to my own advantage, as to become in due and proper time, no less a personage than Mrs. George Stevens, and the legitimate owner of his vine-covered cottage, and all the bright and burnished movables within it.

As Mrs. Betty was at present situated, this *move* of hers on the check-board of life, must appear either most disinterested or most foolish. To have a mistress put over her head—one should think the bare idea must have been most unpalatable to her, when she had things now so much her own way; but, as I took some pains to sift this seeming extra-

ordinary conduct of her's to the bottom, I will, in two words, explain the mystery.

Mrs. Betty Martin was not of an ambitious character, and moreover was as pure-minded a creature as ever breathed. Never had she, I am sure, once contemplated the notion, that the rich bachelor, Mr. George Stevens, "a gentleman every inch of him," could think of marrying so ignorant and inferior a being as herself. It was totally out of the sphere of her thoughts; she would as soon of thought of contemplating wedlock with "some bright particular star." Thus I could not disturb any fine woven schemes of hers, by inviting her master up stairs, into my room. This was *one* of the supporters of her little plan; the other (it was but a biped) I soon made myself the mistress of—an inch of thread tied round a swan-shot, would have been plummet and line enough, to sound the depths and shallows of poor Betty's mind: in fact every pebble could be plainly seen lying at the bottom of it, so clear and pellucid were its waters. Much affection did I bear thee, kind and simple creature! and much hast thou been thrown within my path!

Well, the other *leg* on which her fancy walked, was this:—she cared much for her master's comforts, knew somewhat of her own value, and as she felt *certain* of getting one of the 30,000*l.* prizes, if she could but put herself into a Peckham coach, and search for the ticket 999, why, with such a fortune, she could no longer submit to perform those offices in his domicile, hitherto so cheerfully and thoroughly executed. He would lose his housekeeper, and thus miss her services. What could she do better than provide him with a wife, before she left, who might hire what servants she chose to do the work, and of course would administer largely, she thought, to his comforts. What a pity it is that we cannot as easily unravel all the stratagems and plots of political men, for the good, as they would make us believe, of their king and country, as I could unwind this little, innocent scheme of Mrs. Betty!

Up came Mr. George Stevens, puffing and blowing, as his housekeeper had predicted, when she had given him the invitation agreed upon between us. I could not resist a smile, as I perceived how he had, as they say, *adorned* his little, round, plump figure, to do me honour; he had mounted a gold chain, twisted *secundum artem*, through the fourth button of his new black silk waistcoat. His stock was a quite new one, and was fastened down with a diamond pin, which I verily believe he had not long before purchased; and I plainly enough (too plainly it seemed to me) perceived that he was scented with that, to me, vile odour, bergamot. It wanted not a lynx's eye to discern that Mr. George Stevens actually meant to *propose* himself to the Monthly Nurse.

There are some situations which are, or become, ridiculous—one cannot tell why, this was one of them; and it amused me much to observe the little stockbroker, armed at all points for conquest, and evidently imagining that I met his advances full half way. Unconsciously I gave him, by this pleased appearance of mine, fresh grounds for self-delusion, and I was, without knowing it, acting the part of a veteran coquette.

"You have done me the honour of inviting me up to tea with you," began the self satisfied, but still rather awkward Mr. George Stevens; "I am most proud indeed; I much wished to—"

"There has been a little mistake, I believe," said I, breaking in upon

his well constructed speech ; " Mrs. Betty can explain"—but Mrs. Betty had left the room.

" How provoking," thought I, biting my lip, " Why, what can the man think, but that I am as ready as he seems to be ! I cannot suffer this to go any further," and I rang the bell with some impatience of manner. Mr. Stevens looked puzzled, and began to pick the dry leaves off some geraniums that stood in a basket near the window. Mrs. Betty came in with a face as red as a peony.

" You want to ask your master a favor," said I, walking to the other window, " and you requested my presence whilst you did it ; now is your time, Mrs. Betty, as I am going out, almost immediately, for a walk. My cough is so much better, sir," said I, turning to the discomfited stock-broker, " with your fine air at Peckham, that I think I shall be able to return to London in the course of another week."

" I hope not," said Mr. Stevens, very mournfully, but with so absurd an accent, that I could hardly contain myself. " Surely," thought I, " he will not declare himself in the presence of his servant !" But I wronged him : he had too much delicacy, I found, for that ; for he turned round sharply to his unoffending domestic, and asked her, " What the devil she wanted with him that she could not say to him down stairs."

Mrs. Betty looked distressed, humiliated ; yet I saw she was determined. " I want, sir, if you please, my money you were kind enough to say you would keep for me, and give me interest for, my thirty pounds you have in your possession ; and I want it, sir, if you please, this evening."

A dreadful hurricane was coming on, I saw, by most portentous signs in the horizon, &c. of Mr. Stevens' countenance ; a short pause preceded it—there is always one before any *great* event. Out it at length thundered ; and it seemed to ease the gentleman very much. " What does the woman mean by asking for her money in such a way as this—and before you, my dear madam ? Does she mean to intimate that I want to *keep* her little bit of trumpery saving from her ? I, that have twice as many thousands as she has pounds !"

This was a hint intended for me. What a sublime chance had I now to *better my condition*, as people say ! as good as having *both* the thirty-thousand pound prizes to my own share ; only that there must be a little, round *unit*, or rather cypher, attached to them, which, instead of increasing their value in my eyes, made them, to me, wholly unacceptable.

Mrs. Betty took up the corner of her clean, white-holland apron, and applied it to her eyes ; but she stood in the presence of a heart of rock, at least as far as she was concerned.

" Did I ever ask you to take care of your thirty pounds ?" demanded he, vehemently. " Are you *afraid* you should lose your money ?"

" She has no fears whatever in that quarter," interrupted I, pitying poor Betty's situation, " she only wants her money, I believe, to try her chance in the Lottery ; and she was afraid you would disapprove of her risking it."

" Whew !" exclaimed the elegant Mr. Stevens, " and she thought quite right then. Do you, madam, approve of such a step ?" and I saw I had lost 50 per cent. in his estimation, only by the supposition.

" Indeed, Mr. Stevens, I do not," I returned, " but Mrs. Betty will listen to no arguments against her strong desire : she is, as she says, resolved to try her luck."

"Yes, sir," now spoke up the housekeeper, taking courage; "I have had a *dream* about a certain number; and come what will of it, I will get the ticket 999."

"Why, what an old fool you must be!" was the polite observation of the softened stock broker, "Venture all you have in the world upon a stupid dream! What will you do if you should lose this money?"

"Work for more, sir," answered Betty, firmly. "If you choose to turn me away for indulging my fancy: why, I can't help it; I shall soon get another place."

"Turn you away!" observed Mr. Stevens, thinking at that moment, no doubt, of all the excellences of her past conduct; her sobriety, her honesty, her cleanliness, her unwearying attention to his comforts and his interests; "why, in the name of all that's beautiful (and he smiled and bowed conceitedly to me) why should I turn you away because you are a bit of a gambler: what is the number you are resolved to have?"

Betty repeated to him all about the eggs, the frying-pan, and the flying pigeons, and insisted on it, that she would have, if money and inquiry would obtain it, the whole ticket bearing that magic number.

"You are a stupid old fool!" again repeated Mr. Stevens; "but wilful woman will ever have her way—asking your pardon, madam, for speaking so disrespectfully of your sex. Then you want, I suppose, too, a holiday to-morrow, to go in search of this same ticket? You had better think no more about it;—you'll surely repent it."

"No, Sir," answered Betty; "if it should turn up a blank, why I shall have had my fling for it; and I shall never fret about it. Have you, Sir, so much money in the house?"

"Silly woman! Thirty pounds, indeed! A mere *bagatelle*! What is *your* opinion, Madam?" said he most deferentially.

I saw the woman's heart was set upon it, so answered accordingly, "That if people were resolved to do a foolish thing, as this was a free country, why they must have the liberty of doing it."

"Then I'll give her the money out of my pocket-book this moment, if you will permit me to do it in your presence. I have had a little good fortune this morning on the Stock-Exchange, although I am only a dabbler now. These are the fruits of my speculations to-day;" and he took out a small roll of bank-notes very ostentatiously, as if to throw dust in my eyes. "There, Betty," said he; "there are three ten pound notes for you, and a crown-piece besides, to pay your coach and dinner in town, for you will have a fine scrambling walk about from one lottery-office to another, to get your favourite ticket, and perhaps a pound or two to give as a bribe to get it back again, if it should be sold."

"I have a pound or two by me," said Betty, "and have it I will, cost what it may. That number is the same as any other to those who have not had a *dream* about it; they know nothing of its value; so I shall be sure to have it. I will take care, Sir, to have every thing comfortable here at home for you and this kind lady, whilst I am away. I will speak to Peggy Hughes, the charwoman, to-night, to come and wait upon you both to-morrow; and if you please, I should not like you to *twit* me afterwards about this lottery-ticket, if I should be deceived. Please never to mention it to me again."

"Just as you please, Betty; but I suppose we shall know of it, if you get the £30,000," said I.

Mrs. Betty simpered, and immediately left the apartment, whilst I gave a pretty broad hint, that the sun would soon go down, if I did not immediately go out to walk; and the little stockbroker had not courage enough to ask me, "If he should accompany me?" I carried too many guns for him; so he was obliged, sheepish enough, to veer off; but he crossed my path more than once during my solitary walk, with my book in my hand; but he felt awed to keep a respectful distance. I found the weather so delightful, and enjoyed the pure air so much, that I made up my mind that I would not be frightened away sooner than I had first intended from my country retreat, through any absurd punctilio, and because a vulgar, low-born, mere money-getting man happened to have taken a fancy to my portly person, and intended to honour me with proposals of marriage. I wish I had not so much *pride* in my composition. Proposals of marriage from Mr. George Stevens! It makes me sick, even at this distance of time.

Home came Mrs. Betty Martin, towards the evening of the next day—every look assured me that she had succeeded in the object of her search. And when her master asked her, still keeping his promise to the ear, that he would not mention the affair of the lottery-ticket again to her, yet trying to worm out a little information about her proceedings in town, I had not the slightest doubt in my mind, but that number 999 slumbered quietly in the depths of her tin japanned nutmeg-grater, to her an exchequer.

"You look fatigued, Betty," said Mr. Stevens; "here, take a glass of wine.—Well, I hope now you will be at rest?"

"I ought to be so, your honour," answered Betty, "for I have but three shillings left me now in the world; all the rest is in that great London town, yonder; what a mint of money does it contain!"

"What an excellent tactician is this simple creature," thought I, as I heard how she had led her master *off the scent*, by her last observation. I was walking up and down the little forecourt, and from the parlour window caught every word. It was a point of honour now to me, and to Mr. Stevens, not to question her about the lottery.

Another week passed pleasantly away, and Mr. Stevens gave up, as a "bad job," to use his own words, all hopes of gaining the stately and high-born Monthly Nurse, the *ci-devant* Mrs. Griffiths, for his future wife: but it seems the thought of marrying, once kindled, would not be extinguished.

He came home in high good humour one evening, about a week after this, and full two hours later than his usual time. "He had taken a chop," he told Mrs. Betty, "in town, and if Mrs. Griffiths would allow it, he should like to say a word or two to her, his old servant, up in that lady's apartment."

No objection could I possibly have; so when the gentleman was seated, and his housekeeper was standing waiting his orders near the door, he asked me "If I would permit Mrs. Martin to sit down a minute or two in my presence?"

"Willingly," said I, "for I have great respect for this kind, good creature; so help yourself to a chair, Mrs. Betty."

"I am glad you think so well of her, madam," said Mr. George Stevens, looking much embarrassed, and, as I thought, a little *spitefully* too, at me; but I may be mistaken. "Some days ago I had other views," continued the little round stockbroker; "but in this world we cannot get every thing one fancies. You have not found me an unkind master, *Elizabeth*?" asked the gentleman.

Mrs. Betty stared; she did not know herself by the name of *Elizabeth*; she had never been called it in her life. She might, for aught she knew (nay, she did know), have been christened so; but what of that? *Betty* was the name she answered to. I own I stared a little likewise, and wondered what was coming next.

"I believe I have been a very *moral* man," observed Mr. Stevens, "since you have been under my roof?" and he looked poor Betty full in the face: she was perplexed beyond measure. "And you have been a most faithful, industrious, saving, trust-worthy and modest creature!"

Betty burst into a flood of tears—it was too much for her; such unqualified praise! and from so great a man as her master!

"For so exemplary a domestic," continued Mr. George Stevens, getting warmer as he proceeded, and giving a sidelong glance at me, to see how I took it, "for so good, modest, and excellent a creature, there can be nothing too valuable to bestow upon her. I have thought over the matter well, and if *Elizabeth Martin* will become the wife of *George Stevens*, why—the sooner it is done the better!"

O inimitable Cruikshank! why have I not your skill, to illustrate this scene? it was one thy graver would have done ample justice to. Betty could not answer—astonishment, doubt, delight, chased each other over her features: she turned deadly sick, and as white as ashes; I gave her a glass of water, and told her to be of good courage. "Tell your master at once, my good soul: will you accept his most unexpected offer?"

"Will I?" at length sobbed out Mrs. Martin: "O it is what indeed I do not deserve!"

"You deserve every thing," cried Mr. Stevens; "and as I always like to strike a bargain at once, I have been to Doctors' Commons this very day, and have brought down the license; aye, and the ring too, in my pocket."

There was no mistaking now the look of the little stockbroker, as he handed to me the parchment and the wedding ring; it spoke as plainly as a look can speak, "See what you have lost: you have no longer any chance of me!" But all feelings of *self* were now absorbed in extreme interest for poor *Elizabeth*, as I must now, I suppose, call her: the surprise had been too much for her: she was in a state of stupor, and I was obliged to loosen some of her clothes. "Can it be possible," at length she said, whilst tears relieved her; "shall I be the mistress of this beautiful little palace—sit in the parlour and in the drawing-room, and call my dear master by the name of husband?"

"Certainly you will," answered I, "as strange things as that have taken place before now."

"And will you go to church with me, ma'am?" said the poor house-keeper, "I shall know that all is right then." I looked towards Mr. Stevens before I could give an answer.

"Will you do us that honour, madam," said that gentleman, bowing

to me, formally, "to attend our wedding? I wish it to be to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow!" repeated poor Elizabeth, very naturally; "why I have not a gown handsome enough to appear in, sir, as your bride."

"We can easily manage that," said I, "we have only to tack up one of mine at the bottom, as I am a little taller, and we can make it fit you. You shall have also one of my bonnets and my veil."

"I have ordered two white satin bonnets and white gloves as I came down; and have spoken to the clerk at Camberwell. We will be married at St. Giles's, then," said Mr. George Stevens.

"And shall we come back here to dinner?" innocently inquired the astonished bride elect, thinking, no doubt, of *who* should cook the dinner; and that she ought to be in the parlour, and waited on, if they dined at home.

"Hampton Court is a pleasant distance from town," said Mr. Stevens, looking, inquiringly, at me, "or *Richmond*. We will have a good dinner upon the occasion; where shall it be eaten?"

"Oh, help me! answer for me," said the agitated woman, "I am so confused that I cannot speak."

"We can settle *where* we shall dine to-morrow," said I; "and now, sir, with your permission, I will take Mrs. Stevens that is to be into my room there, and make her lie down an hour, for she looks yet very pale. Perhaps you had better go and procure the charwoman who was here the other day; for Elizabeth must no longer be the kitchen guest."

"Not the charwoman," said Mr. Stevens, with great good sense, "we must have no one that has known her before; there is a servant coming down from town by the last coach. I thought of all that; and now, *ladies*, I will leave you, and go and order a glass coach for our expedition to-morrow."

When he was gone, I was nearly as much struck with the suddenness of all this as poor Elizabeth could be. I had my suspicions, but I kept them to myself, as to the cause of it all; and it turned out I was not mistaken. But this is not the place to speak of them.

I shall not describe all that passed before nine o'clock the next morning; the contrivances that we made in order to make the former housekeeper look a little like a lady. She had a good clear skin, dark eyes, a colour like the setting sun, and hair which certainly wanted some attention to be paid to it. She looked not exactly, it is true, like Venus being attired by the Graces, as I did the best I could for her, and after powerful ablutions and brushing, braided up her tresses, with a graceful knot behind. We tore to pieces two pairs of white kid gloves before we could cram Betty's rosy, chubby hands into their bridal coverings; but with some allowance to be made for not being perfectly *au fait*, when dressed in my handsome silver grey silk dress, with lace pelerine and cuffs, she looked better than scores of ladies I have seen at a Guildhall or Mansion-house dinner; and I admired the work of my own hands and inventive skill, almost as much as Mr. George Stevens did, when he handed us into the smart barouch *and four* (think of that, Mr. Brook!) and who could hardly recognise the smiling, obliging Mrs. Betty Martin, in the gaily dressed personage that sat all blushes and confusion, and doubts and fears, and hopes and sunny smiles, opposite to him in the carriage.

It does not take long to *splice* a pair together, when both are ready, and willing; the license bought, and the priest robed—before she could say Jack Robinson, there she stood, and was hailed by the high sounding cognomen of “Mrs. George Stevens.”

“Now where shall we go to dine?” enquired the loving bridegroom,—all places were the same to her: she thought at first of Stepney, were she was born, that she might show herself there in all her grandeur; but that was soon overruled,—then Richmond, she had heard so much of Richmond! so the carriage was ordered to the Star and Garter.

Before dinner, we explored Richmond-hill, and Richmond-park; drove to Ham-common in our carriage, went up the river in a boat, loitered and sauntered about as fancy directed us; the still amazed Mrs. Stevens, clinging to my arm and protection, and imploring me to direct her to speak to the waiters on her return; and to take the top of the table for her.

An excellent dinner had we,—eels and chickens, and lamb, and tarts, and fruit, and all sorts of things.—The bride wisely enough, talked but little, which is always a safe course to do—we drank as much wine as we liked, had tea with a profusion of cream in it; and at eight o'clock precisely, stepped once more into our green barouche, to return to Peckham. Mr. Stevens insisted on our taking a very handsome bouquet home with us, which cost him full ten shillings; but his heart was open, and he wished to show us both, me more especially, what a noble liberal man he was, and what I had lost.

When we had been seated about ten minutes, Mr. Stevens, who had imbibed rather more than a sufficient quantity of rosy wine, took the ungloved hand of his new partner, ungloved, because that plump red hand of hers had burst its cerements, and thus addressed her; for he could contain himself no longer.—

“Elizabeth,” said he, “dear Elizabeth! I have a most delightful surprise for you” (it was not much of one to me,) “let me congratulate you, and he gave her a connubial kiss, “your ticket is come up a capital prize, I was in Coopers-hall, and saw it drawn myself,—Number 999, is actually one of the 30,000’s.”

“My God forgive me!” screamed the new made bride, clasping her hands and overcome with so many new sensations, crowding one after the other upon her, “and I did not buy the ticket after all!!”—and she now actually fainted.

“Not bought the ticket!” ejaculated the equally as distressed bridegroom,—“did I hear aright? what have I married my own servant without a shilling in the world, when I believed, and had every reason for doing so, that I was taking to church a woman with a fortune of £30,000!”

“You have married a virtuous, clean, kind-hearted creature, as ever lived,” said I, “and not a bad looking one either—do not destroy her happiness, and your own by unavailing anger, and reproaches.—Make the best of your bargain; and I will pledge myself that she will turn out not a bad one after all:—see, she recovers Mr. Stevens, do not be a fool now;—*she is your wife*, and she will be no discredit to you”—Elizabeth now opened her eyes, and burst into tears!

“Oh *Master*” said she, “I mean sir, my husband, sure you are; but all seems to me a dream—when I got to the office, and found out they

had not sold No. 999, I looked at the ticket, and then at my money all taken out of my silk glove, and I thought then of your words, 'what a fool I was going to make of myself to part with all that lot of money, for such a bit of paper as that!' So I turned out of the shop again and went to the Bank of England, when I asked for somebody who could show me how to put it safe into the bank? and a broker came up, I think they called him, and took me away with him, and led me through a great many passages, and high rooms, and I saw a great many persons with books, and a great many letters all around the room, and he asked me my name, and if I was married, so I told him no, I wish I was; and he laughed, and took me opposite the letter *M.*, for my name of Martin, and soon settled the business for me, charging me only half-a-crown for all his trouble; and I was so glad when I had fastened up my money in there, so that I could not get it out again, for the lottery; and there it is my dear master, I mean my dear husband, and it is all yours every farthing of it, the thirty pounds, I only wish it was the thirty thousand pounds for your sake."

Nature thou art always eloquent; there was a simplicity, a truth, a beauty in this little narrative of poor Elizabeth Martin that was, which touched the heart, even of her disappointed and speculative husband.

"Never mind, Elizabeth," said he very kindly; "I have quite enough for both of us."

"That was nobly said," cried I fervently, and I seized the hand of Mr. George Stevens, and joining it with that of his bride's, pressed them both between my own, and the tears started into my eyes.

"God in heaven bless you for that speech," exclaimed the poor excited creature, throwing her arms about her husband's neck, and imprinting on his cheek a hearty kiss.

"Let us think no more of that horrid lottery," said I; "to-morrow we must go out shopping you know; your wife, sir, will want a number of new things."

"And she shall have all she wants," cried now the reconciled husband, wisely turning his thoughts to the tried and excellent qualities of the being who now bore his name. Her gratitude and affection to myself, has ever been unbounded, for the part I had played in her little drama—a better wife never existed than Elizabeth Martin made to the rich stock-broker. She added to his comforts every way during ten years that he lived, and when he died with gout in his stomach, she found herself a good-looking widow, with a fortune of more than £60,000. We have been intimate friends ever since; and so improved is she by dress, conversation with intellectual persons, and her own shrewd observations on manners, that no one unacquainted with her history, would ever suspect that Mrs. Stevens of Hammersmith, riding in her own plain handsome chariot, was once the maid of all work, or housekeeper as she loved to call herself, of a certain little Bachelor Stock-broker at Peckham Rye.

I once, when alone with this gentleman, questioned him respecting his supposed knowledge of the ticket, having been absolutely bought by his servant,—he told me, confidentially, that seeing Mrs. Betty was so obstinate about the number 999, he had once thought of forestalling her himself, and buying it speculatively on his own account; that he had

ascertained early in the morning that she went to town, that it was still unsold, and he went to Carrol's to purchase it, but, like poor Elizabeth, had not the heart to part with so much money for it then, but the thought of it haunted him all the morning. So he made up his mind by two o'clock, that he would go and actually run the risk of it, but found that it was gone; *some lady*, who would not leave her name, had carried it off; he concluded of course, that it was Betty.

He told me that he had strolled into Cooper's Hall for the sole purpose of knowing the fate of this identical ticket as early as possible,—when he heard the amount of the prize, to Betty's number 999, he had darted off immediately to procure the licence, and buy the ring; after that he went and hired a servant at Parr's Register Office, in Holborn, and on his way home, bought the two bonnets and the gloves.

On my asking him, if he had ever repented the precipitate steps he had taken, he answered "No; that as he could not obtain me, whom he chose to call 'a most *splendid woman*,' he was determined to marry some one immediately, chiefly to pique me, and he could not have met with a worthier object."

Not an atom of pride has my gentle friend Mrs. Stevens; she has worn her honours meekly—many a good dinner do I get at her house, many a ride in her carriage—many a delightful chat have we together about all the mystic preparations which she and I made the night before her marriage.

By means of cold cream, wearing soft wash-leather gloves, and doing no menial work, the hands of Mrs. Stevens have become as fair and delicate as any lady's need to be on the shady side of fifty.

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(Continued from page 423.)

Mephistopheles. I could master the northern witches well, but with these strange spirits I am not at my ease. The Blocksberg remains a very convenient place—wherever one is, one feels oneself at home. Lady Ilse* watches for us upon her rock,* Henry will be cheerful on his height,* the snorers* still grunt at* misery, yet all is done for a thousand years. Who knows here where he is walking or standing; whether the ground is not puffing up under him? I wander pleasantly through a smooth valley, and all at once a mountain rises up behind me, scarcely indeed to be called a mountain, yet quite high enough to separate me from my Sphinxes—many a fire still quivers down the valley, and flames about an adventure. . . . The pretty band with artful trickery running before me, still dances and hovers round me enticingly. On, but gently! All too accustomed to sweets wherever it be, one tries to catch something.

* There are spots on the Brocken called Ilsestein or Ilse's rock, Heinrichshöhe or Henry's height; Schnarcher, snorer; Elend, misery.

Lamia (*drawing Mephistopheles after them*).

Swiftly and swifter!
And ever farther!
Then again staying
With prattling and talking.
It is so pleasant
To entice after us
The hoary sinner,
Limping and stumbling
With feet stiff and tired,
(As a sore penance),
See, he is coming;
While we are flying,
His legs he is dragging
After our path.

Mephistopheles (*standing still*). Cursed fate! Cheated men! Misled blockheads, even from Adam! People grow old indeed, but who grows wise? Wert thou not already fooled enough! We know the tribe are worth absolutely nothing with their laced bodies and painted faces; they have nothing sound about them—rotten in all their limbs, wherever we touch them. We know it, we see it, we can handle it, and yet we dance if the carrion do but pipe.

Lamia (*stopping*).

Hold! He bethinks him, tarries, stays,
Come, meet him now lest haply he escape.

Mephistopheles. On! on! and be not foolishly caught in this web of doubt; for if there were no witches, who the devil would be a devil!

Lamia (*gracefully*).

Round this hero let us circle,
Love for one of us will surely
Show itself within his bosom.

Mephistopheles. By this uncertain shimmering indeed you appear pretty girls, and therefore I would not rate you.

Empusa (*rushing in*).

Rate me not either! Such as I am let me into your train.

Lamia. She belongs not to our band,
Always doth she spoil our sport.

Empusa (*to Mephistopheles*). Hail to thee from thy cousin Empusa, the dear one with the ass's foot! Thou hast only a horse's hoof, and yet, cousin, all hail!

Mephistopheles. I thought them here all strangers, and yet unfortunately I find relations; it is an old saying from Harz to Hellas you have always cousins.

Empusa. I can act alone decidedly, I can change myself into many things; yet to honour you I have now put on the ass's head.

Mephistopheles. I see relationship means much with these folks; yet happen what will, I must deny the ass's head.

Lamiae. Leave the hideous one, she scares
 All that fair and sweet appears;
 Whatever might be sweet and fair
 She comes—it flies—no more 'tis there.

Mephistopheles. These tender and languishing cousins too are all suspicious to me, and even behind the roses of these cheeks I fear metamorphoses.

Lamiae. Try it! There are many of us.
 Come! And if thou hast good fortune,
 Draw the best lot for thyself.
 Wherefore this desireful prating?
 Thou art a miserable wooer.
 Walk'st so proud and act'st so grand!
 Now amidst our bands he mingles,
 By degrees your masks off throwing
 Show to him your nature real.

Mephistopheles. I have chosen the fairest (*embracing her*). O dear, what a dry broomstick! (*Seizing another*). And this one . . . what a dreadful face!

Lamiae. Deserv'st thou better? Think it not.

Mephistopheles. I should like to lay hold of the little one . . . a lizard slips out of my hand! and the smooth tress like a snake! Now I seize the tall one, then I lay hold of a thyrsus stick! The pine apple for a head. Where will this end? . . . Now a fat one, with whom I may perhaps solace myself; I'll dare it for the last time! Be it so!—Quite flabby and squabby, such as the Orientals would buy at a high price . . . Yet, alas! the pudding bursts in two.

Lamiae. Leave each other, float and hover
 Like the lightning, dark, surround ye
 The intruding witches' son!
 In uncertain awful circles
 Bats, around, on silent pinion!
 Still too cheaply will he 'scape.

Mephistopheles (*shaking himself*). I have not, it seems, grown much wiser; 'tis absurd here, absurd in the North; the spectres here as there confounded, the people and the poets absurd. 'Tis even here a mummery, a dance of the senses as everywhere. I grasped at beautiful mask-features, and laid hold of beings that made me shudder. I would fain deceive myself, if it would but last longer (*losing himself among the rocks*). Where am I then? How shall this end? That was a path, now is it a wilderness. I came here on smooth ways, and now a heap stands opposite me. In vain do I scramble up and down. Where shall I find my sphinxes again? I should never have thought of anything so desperate, such a ridge in one night! This I call a good witches' ride; they bring their Blocksberg with them.

Oreas (*from the natural rock*).

Ascend here! ancient is my mount,
 And in ancient form it stands.

To the steep rock-paths give honour,
The last extended branch of Pindus.
Before, unshaken thus I stood,
When over me Pompeius fled.
That form of nought, that near me stands,
When the cock crows at once will disappear.
Such kind of fables oft I see arise,
And suddenly again descend.

Mephistopheles. Honour be to thee, thou venerable head ! Engroved in high oaky strength ! The brightest moonlight penetrates not thy obscurity. Yet near the bushes moves a light that very modestly glows. What a strange coincidence. Upon my word it is Homunculus. Whither art going, little fellow ?

Homunculus. I am hovering from place to place, and should like to come to being in the best sense, and, full of impatience, to burst my glass asunder. But as far as I have yet seen, I dare not venture in there. Only (I tell you in confidence), I am following two philosophers. I listened : they talked of Nature, Nature ! From these I will not part ; they must know earthly nature ; and at last I shall learn whither I may most prudently turn.

Mephistopheles. Do that as thou wilt. For where spectres have taken their place, the philosopher also is welcome. That people may enjoy his art and favour, he creates at once a dozen new ones. If thou errest not, thou wilt never understand. If thou wilt come to being, do so by thine own advice.

Homunculus. Good advice is not to be despised.

Mephistopheles. Go then ! We will see more of it. [*They separate.*

Anaxagoras (to Thales). Thy obstinate mind will not bend, doth it need more to convince thee ?

Thales. The wave bends willingly before every wind, yet keeps far from the steep rock.

Anaxagoras. This rock is formed by the vapour of fire.

Thales. That which lives has sprung from moisture.

Homunculus (between both). Let me go at your side, I have a great longing to come to being.

Anaxagoras. Hast thou ever, O Thales, in one night, brought forth such a mountain out of mire ?

Thales. Never was nature, and her living industry, referred to day, and night, and hours. She forms and regulates every shape, and even in the grand is there no violence.

Anaxagoras. But here there was ! Plutonic angry fire, the monstrous explosive power of Æolian vapours, broke through the old crust of the flat soil, so that a new mountain must immediately arise.

Thales. What use is there in going farther ? It is there, and there's an end of it. In such quarrels we lose time and leisure, and only lead by the nose patient people.

Anaxagoras. The mountain quickly streams with myrmidons to inhabit the rock clefts, pigmies, ants, thumbings, and other active little things. (*To Homunculus*) Thou hast never striven after the great ; hast lived hermit-like enclosed ; if thou canst accustom thyself to rule, I will have thee crowned as king.

Homunculus. What says my Thales?

Thales. I would not advise it; with little people one does little deeds; with great people the small become great. Look there! The black clouds of cranes! They threaten the disturbed people, and would so threaten the monarch. With sharp beaks and clawed legs, they pounce down upon the little ones; a fearful tempest already appears. A crime slew the herons surrounding their quiet peaceable pools. Yet that rain of murderous shots brings a fearfully bloody blessing of vengeance, and raises the rage of near relations for the sinful blood of the pigmies. What use now is shield, and helm, and spear? What helps the heron plumes of the dwarfs? How dactyl and ants hide themselves! The army already wavers, flies and falls.

Anaxagoras (after a pause, solemnly).

If I before have praised the subterranean,
Yet now I turn myself above to heaven.—
Thou! Ever young, above, eternal,
Whose names and forms alike are triple,
Thee I invoke to aid my people's woe!
Diana, Luna, Hecate!
Thou breast-expanding, thoughtful in the loftiest,
Thou tranquil-seeming, powerful internally—
Open the dread abysmal of thy shades;
Let, without magic, thine old power be shewn.

(Pause.)

Am I too quickly heard?

Has my prayer
To those heights

The order of nature disturbed?

And greater, ever greater, nears to us
The Goddess' round and circumscribed throne,
Dread to the eyes, and vast and monstrous!
Its fire reddens into darkness.
No nearer! Threatening mighty circle,
Thou wilt o'erthrow both us and land and ocean.
Then was it true, that erst Thessalian women,
In sinful confidence on magic,
Have from thy distant path down-called thee,
And wrung the most disastrous from thee?
The glittering shield around is darkened;
But now it splits—it glows—it sparkles.
What a rattling! What a hissing!
Between them, what a blast and thundering!
At thy throne, behold me, humbled!
Pardon! I myself invoked it.

[Casts himself on his face.]

Thales. What a deal this man has heard and seen! I do not quite know what happened to us, nor did I feel it with him. We must confess, these are mad hours; and Luna quite comfortably rocks in her place as before.

Homunculus. Look to the seat of the pygmies; the mountain was round, now is it pointed. I felt a tremendous rebounding—the mountain had fallen out of the moon; and had immediately, without a warning, crushed and slain both friend and foe. Yet must I praise those arts, which, in one night, at once, from above and below, created this mountain structure.

Thales. Be quiet! It was only imaginary. Let the villanous brood go hence! It is good that thou wert not king. Now away to the cheerful ocean feast; there are strange guests expected and honoured.

[*They withdraw.*]

Mephistopheles (climbing up the other side). Here must I drag through steep rocky paths, through the stiff roots of old oaks. The piny vapour on my Harz has something of pitch, and that, next to sulphur, I am partial to. . . . Here, with these Greeks, the trace of it is scarcely to be scented. I am curious to find out with what they stir hell torment and flames.

Dryad. Be at home and wise in your land; in the strange one you are not sufficiently dexterous. You should not turn your mind homeward; but honour the dignity of the sacred oaks.

Mephistopheles. People think on what they have left,—what people are accustomed to remains a Paradise. Yet say, what triple thing has cowered down there in the cave, by the weak light.

Dryad. The Phorkyads! Venture to the place, and speak to them, if you are not afraid.

Mephistopheles. Why not. I see something, and am astounded! Proud as I am, I must confess to myself, that I have never seen anything of the kind. Why, they are worse than Alrauns. Will people find the long reprobated sins in the least ugly, if they have seen this triple being? We would not suffer them on the steps of the most hideous of our hells. Here it has root in the land of beauty; and is called, with fame, antique. They move—they seem to perceive me—peeping, they twitter—bat-vampires!

Phorkyads. Give me the eye, sisters, that it may ask who ventures so near our temple.

Mephistopheles. Most honoured ones! allow me to approach you, and to receive your triple blessing. I come to you, certainly, still a stranger; yet, if I err not, a distant relation. I have before seen ancient worthy deities, and bowed myself most deeply before Ops and Rhea; I saw yesterday, or the day before, the *Parcæ* themselves, your sisters, *Chaos* sprung; but such as you have I never seen: I am now silent and delighted.

Phorkyads. This spirit seems to have sense.

Mephistopheles. My only surprise is that no poet praises you. Say, how comes it—how could it happen? I have never seen you, most worthy ones, in pictures; the chisel should try to reach you, not Juno, Pallas, Venus, and the like.

Phorkyads. Sunk in solitude and stillest night, none of us three has ever thought of it.

Mephistopheles. How could it be so? When you are retired from the world, no one sees or beholds you: then you would be obliged to dwell in those places, where splendour and art throne on equal seats—where every day, swift, with double pace, a block of marble steps as a hero into life—where—

Phorkyads. Be silent, and give us no longings ! What would it profit us, even if we knew it better ? Born in night, to the nocturnal related ; unknown almost to ourselves—entirely to others.

Mephistopheles. In such a case there is not much to say ; but one can transfer oneself to others : one eye, one tooth suffices for you three ; then it would do equally well, mythologically, to comprehend the being of the three in two, and commit to me the third one's image for a short time.

One of the Phorkyads. What do you think ? Would that do ?

The others. We may try it ; but no eye or tooth !

Mephistopheles. Now, you have just taken away the best, how would then the closest picture be perfect !

One of them. Do you shut one eye, 'tis easily done, let also one of your tusks be seen, and you will immediately become perfectly like us in profile, as if we were brothers and sisters.

Mephistopheles. Much honour ! Be it so !

Phorkyads. Be it so !

Mephistopheles (as a Phorkyad in profile). There stand I already the much loved son of Chaos !

Phorkyads. We are incontrovertibly daughters of Chaos.

Mephistopheles. People will rate me now, O shame, as an hermaphrodite.

Phorkyads. In the new Ternal of the sisters, what beauty ! We have two eyes, two teeth.

Mephistopheles. I must hide myself from all eyes to frighten the devils in the pool of hell. [Exit.]

ROCK BAYS OF THE ÆGEAN SEA.

The Moon staying in the Zenith.

Sirens (lying on the cliffs around piping, and singing).

Once, O moon, in nightly horror
Thee Thessalian magic women
Sinfully drew down from heaven ;
From thy night's bow look in silence
Down upon the trem'ulous waters
Glittering with their shiny thronging,
Cast thy brilliance on the tumult
Which is rising from the wave.
Ready for thy service
Pity us, O beauteous Luna !

Nereids and Tritons (as sea wonders).

Sing aloud with shriller voices
Which may echo through the ocean,
Call the people of the deeps.
From the tempest's dread abysses
We escaped to still retirements,—
Your sweet music calls us here.
See how we in high delightment
Deck ourselves in golden bracelets ;

And with crowns and precious jewels
Add the clasp and band-adornments.
All this fruit is come from you,
You have sung to us the treasures
Shipwrecked, and by ocean swallowed,
You, the Demons of our bay.

Sirens. Well we know, in ocean freshness,
Smoothest fish, in sweet contentment,
Pass through life without a pain.
Yet ! ye bands in festive movement,
We would learn to-day full gladly
That ye more than fishes are.

Nereids and Tritons.

Ere we came, O Sirens, hither,
In our minds we had considered,—
Sisters, brothers, hasten all !
Now it needs the shortest journey
For the full and perfect proving,
That we more than fishes are.

[*Withdraw.*

Sirens. In a twinkling they are gone !
With a favouring wind
They have vanished to Samothrace !
What do they think to accomplish
In the kingdom of the lofty Cabiri ?
They are gods, strange and peculiar,
Who themselves are ever producing,
And ne'er have knowledge who they are.
Remain upon thy heights,
Gentle Luna, kindly stay
That the night may still continue,
Nor the day from hence expel us.

Thales (on the shore to Homunculus). I would readily lead you to old Nereus; we are not indeed far from his cave, but the disagreeable sour fellow has a hard head. The whole human race is always wrong to him, the grumbler. Yet futurity is opened to him, therefore every one respects him, and honours him at his post; he has also done good to many.

Homunculus. Let us try, and knock ! It will not at once cost the glass and the fire.

Nereus. Are those human voices which my ear receives ? How it at once enrages me to the bottom of my heart ! Forms striving to reach the gods, yet ever compelled to be like themselves. Many years since I could rest divinely, yet I was urged to do good to the best of them ; and when I saw the deeds at last accomplished, it was as if I had given no advice.

Thales. And yet, O ancient one of ocean, people trust thee ; thou art the wise one, drive us not hence ! Behold this flame, human like indeed, it entirely gives itself up to thy counsel.

Nereus. Counsel ! Has counsel ever profited men ? A prudent word petrifies in a hard ear. However often the deed has angrily blamed

itself, yet the people remain self-willed as before. How fatherly I warned Paris, before his lust ensnared another's wife. He stood boldly on the Grecian shore, I told him what I in spirit beheld; the air steaming, redness streaming over, beams glowing, and beneath, murder and death: Troy's judgment-day, fixed firm in rhyme, as frightful as it is notorious to thousands of years. The word of the old one seemed to the scoffer a play, he followed his pleasure and Ilion fell—a giant corse, stiff after long pain, a welcome meal to the eagles of Pindus. Did I not also tell beforehand to Ulysses the craft of Circe,—the horror of the Cyclops? His delay, his people's thoughtlessness, and all things else? Did it profit him? Until the favour of the waves bore him, much tossed about, late enough, to a hospitable shore.

Thales. Such behaviour pains the wise man; yet the good always tries it again. A grain of gratitude, which will content him highly, will outweigh a hundred-weight of ingratitude. For we are not come to pray for any thing trivial; the boy there wishes to come to being wisely.

Nereus. Do not spoil my most strange humour! I have got to-day quite a different thing to do. I have called all my daughters hither, the graces of the sea, the Dorides. Neither Olympus nor your soil bears a beautiful form that moves so elegantly. They cast themselves, with the gracefulest movements, from water-dragons on to Neptune's horses, united in the most tender way to the element, so that even the foam seems to raise them. Galatea, now the fairest, comes borne in the play of colours of Venus' shell-chariot—Galatea, who, since Cypris has withdrawn from us, is herself honoured as goddess in Paphos. And therefore the fair one has, for a long while, possessed, as heiress, her temple-town and chariot throne. Away! Hate does not become the heart, nor scoff the mouth, in the hour of paternal joy. Away to Proteus! Ask the man of wonders, how one may come to being and change.

[*He retires towards the sea.*]

Thales. We have gained nothing by this step; if you meet Proteus, he melts away directly. And if you catch him at last, he only tells what astounds and perplexes. You are, once for all, in need of this counsel: let us try and wander on our path.

[*They withdraw.*]

Sirens (above on the rocks).

What see we from the distance
Through the wave-dominions gliding?
As if, by breezes guided,
White sails were approaching,
So bright are they to see them,
The glittering ocean damsels.
Let us clamber downward:
Hear ye now their voices?

Nereids and Tritons.

What with us we're bearing
Will bring to all contentment.
From Chelones' giant buckler
Shines an awful image.
They're gods whom we are bringing:
Sing ye lofty Pæans.

Sirens. Little in size,
Mighty in strength ;
Saviours of shipwrecked,
Gods honoured for ages.

Nereids and Tritons.

The Cabiri we are bringing,
To hold our feast in quiet ;
For where they, holy, govern,
Neptune will sway kindly.

Sirens. To you we must yield :
If a vessel splits,
Unresisted in force,
The crew ye protect.

Nereids and Tritons.

Three of them we have brought with us,
The fourth—he would not follow ;
He said that he was the right one,
Who must think for the others.

Sirens. One god 'gainst other gods
Raises the mock.
Honour every mercy,—
Fear ye every evil.

Nereids and Tritons.

Seven of them are there truly.

Sirens. Where remain, then, the three others ?

Nereids and Tritons.

We cannot truly tell you ;
You may find them in Olympus,
There perhaps the eighth is dwelling,
Of whom no man hath thought yet.
In mercy to us inclining,
Yet all are not yet ready.
For these unequalled ones
Press ever onward,
Ever eager, longing starvelings,
For the unattainable.

Sirens. We are aye wont,
Wherever it thrones,
In sun or moon,
To pray—'tis of use.

Nereids and Tritons.

How our fame on high must shine
This festival perfecting.

Sirens. The heroes of the old time
Are wanting of fame
Wherever it shines :
When they obtain the golden fleece,
You will the Cabiri.

(Repeated as tenor song).

When they obtain the golden fleece,
We! ye! the Cabiri.

(Nereids and Tritons pass on).

Homunculus. I look upon the mis-shapen things as bad earthen pots, and the wise ones knock and break their hard heads against them.

Thales. That is exactly what they wish; the rust makes the coin of worth.

Proteus (unseen). Such as that pleases me, the old fabler,—the more wonderful the more respectable.

Thales. Where art thou, Proteus?

Proteus (ventriloquizing—now near, now far). Here! and here!

Thales. I pardon you the old joke; yet no vain words to a friend! I know thou speak'st from a false place.

Proteus (from the distance). Farewell!

Thales (aside to Homunculus). He is quite near. Now shine briskly; he is as curious as a fish; and in whatever form he is, he will be allured by flames.

Homunculus. I will pour at once the fulness of the light, yet within bounds, that the glass may not break.

Proteus (in the form of a giant tortoise). What shines so gracefully fair?

Thales (veiling Homunculus). Good! If you wish, you can see more nearly. Do not be vexed at the little trouble, and show yourself as a man on two feet. It is with our favour and our will, that who likes may see what we hide.

Proteus (in a noble form). Philosopher's tricks are still known to thee.

Thales. It still remains thy pleasure to change shapes. *(He uncovers Homunculus).*

Proteus. A glittering dwarf! Never before seen!

Thales. He wants advice, and would gladly come to being. He is, as I have heard from him, come quite wonderfully only half into the world. He does not want the properties of spirit, but very much tangible powers; up to this time the glass alone gives him weight, yet would he fain be embodied.

Proteus. You are a true virgin-son! You are before you should be!

Thales (in a whisper). It appears to me doubtful on the other side; he is, as I think, an hermaphrodite.

Proteus. So much the better for him, wherever he goes he will suit. Yet it is no use thinking much here, you must begin in the wide sea! There one first begins in the little, and rejoices to swallow the least; one grows then up by degrees, and forms one self to higher deeds.

Homunculus. Here wafts a soft breeze, the vapour rises and the chill pleases me.

Proteus. That I believe, thou dearest youth! And farther hence it is more pleasing; on this small tongue of land the circle of vapour is more ineffable; in front there we can see the procession which is even now floating hither, near enough. Come with me!

Thales. I go with you.

Homunculus. Triple remarkable spirit step!

Telchines of Rhodes (on Hippocamps and Sea-dragons, holding Neptune's trident).

Chorus.

We have been forging the trident of Neptune
With which he reduces the wild waves to silence.
When the Thunderer unfoldeth the full clouds of heaven,
Then Neptune opposeth the terrible rolling;
And when from above flashes far the jagged lightning,
From the waters below billow dashes on billow;
And what too between them in anguish has striven,
Hurled long by the waves in the depths is engulfed;
To-day then the sceptre to us has been given,
Now hover we festive and tranquil and still.

Sirens. Hail to you, ye priests of Helios,
Blest ones of a cheerful season,
At the hour which, when movèd,
Honour to the moon excites.

Telchines.

Thou loveliest queen of the bow there above us,
Enraptured thou hear'st us adoring thy brother—
To the well blessed Rhodus thou lendest an ear—
A Pæan eternal thence riseth to him.
The day course he openeth; and when it is done
He beholds us with countenance of fiery rays.
The mountains, the towns, and the shores and the waters
Are pleasing to him, and are lovely and brilliant.
No cloud hovers o'er us, and if one creeps in,—
A ray and a breath—and the island is clear!
Himself in a hundred bright forms he beholdeth,
The youth and the giant, the great and the gentle.
We, we were the first who the power of the Gods
Represented in worthiest shape of mankind.

Proteus. Let them sing, let them prattle! Dead works are only a jest to the holy life-rays of the sun, that forms, melting, unwearied; and when they have moulded it in brass, they think that is something. What comes at last of these proud ones! The Gods stood great; an earthquake shook them; they are long since melted again. The movement of the earth, however it be, is always but an annoyance; the wave profits life better: Proteus, as a dolphin, will carry thee into the eternal waters. (*He changes himself*). Already is it done! Now you will most beautifully succeed, I will take thee on my back and marry thee to Ocean.

Thales. Follow the praiseworthy desire to commence the creation from the beginning. Be ready for quick action! Then wilt thou move by eternal laws, through a thousand and still a thousand forms. And to become a man you are always in time.

Homunculus (bestrides the Proteus-dolphin).

Proteus. Come spiritually with me into the moist distance, there will thou at once live in length and breadth, thou movest here at will: only strive not after higher ranks: for if thou once becomest man, there is altogether an end of thee.

Thales. Just as it happens: it is also pretty agreeable to be a brave man of one's time.

Proteus (to Thales). One of thy stamp, perhaps! That lasts for a time; for many hundred years have I already seen thee among the pale spirit-bands.

Sirens (on the rocks).

What a ring of clouds is rounding
O'er the moon in circle rich?
They are doves, all love-inflamèd
With their pinions white as light.
Paphos' isle hath sent them hither,
Her serenest choir of birds;
Our feast,—it is accomplished,
Cheerful wishes full and clear.

Nereus (stepping to Thales). Although a nocturnal wanderer might call this halo an air phenomenon; yet we spirits are of another and the only right opinion: they are doves, who accompany my daughters' shell-path, with wonderful flight of a peculiar kind, learned of old time.

Thales. I also consider *that* the best which pleases the brave man, if something holy holds itself living in the silent warm nest.

Pselli and Marsi (on sea bulls, sea calves, and rams).

In the rough rock caves of Cyprus,
By the sea-god never shaken,
And by Seismos never injured,
Surrounded by beings eternal;
And as in the days most ancient,
In silent conscious contentment,
We preserve Cythera's chariot,
And lead, in the nightly whispering,
Through the lovely web of the waters,
Unseen by the new creation,
The loveliest daughter here.
We silently busy, nor tremble
At eagles, nor fierce-winged lions,
Nor at cross, nor moon,
As it dwells and thrones above,
And changing tosses and moves,
And each other expels or slays,
And harvests and towns o'erthrows.

Thus we bring

Onward our loveliest mistress with us.

Sirens. Gently moved, with moderate hastening,
Round the chariot, ring round ring,
Line on line is woven quickly,
Like to serpents, row by row;
Come! approach ye sturdy Nereids,

Women strong and pleasing wild,
Come and bring, ye tender Dorides,
Her mother's image Galatea.
Earnest, godlike in appearance,
Of worthy immortality ;
Yet, like fair and gentle women,
Sweet and of alluring grace.

Dorides (passing by Nereus in chorus, together with dolphins).

Lend us, Luna, light and shadows
Clearness to this flower of youth !
For dear spouses to our father,
We are come with prayers to show (*to Nereus*).
They are boys whom we have rescued
From the angry surge's tooth ;
And, on moss and rushes bedded,
Warmed them into life again ;
And they now, with fervent kisses,
In sweet confidence must thank us,
Favouring, on the dear one's look.

Nereus. The double gain is highly to be valued,
Both to have pity and delight oneself too.

Dorides. Dost thou praise our swaying, father ?
Dost thou grant our well-earned joy ?
Let us firm, eternal hold them
To our ever youthful breasts.

Nereus. If you would enjoy the beautiful prey, train to yourselves the youths as men ; but I could not give what Jove alone can grant. The wave, which ever rocks and shakes you, allows no firmness to love ; and when the passion has had its sport and is played off, place them gently upon land.

Dorides. You, sweet youths, we love you well ;
Yet we must though mournful sever.
We eternal truth desired,
But the Gods will not permit it.

The youths. If you would refresh us still,
Us, the ship-boys brave and gallant ;
We never had it half so well,
And ne'er would better have it.

Galatea (approaches on the shell chariot).

Nereus. 'Tis thou, O my loved one !

Galatea. O father ! The joy !
Delay, O ye dolphins, the sight doth enchant.

Nereus. Past already, they move past in the movement of the circling impetus ! What, does the inward, heartfelt emotion trouble them ? Ah, would that they take me over with them ! Yet one look delights so that it repays the whole year.

Thales. Hail! hail! again hail!
 How blooming I'm joying
 By the beauteous, the true penetrated.—
 All is sprung out from the waters!!
 All is maintained by the waters!
 Ocean, O grant us thy swaying eternal,
 For if the clouds thou raised'st not,
 And the rich brooks thou poured'st not,
 Here and there rivers turned'st not,
 And the swift streams perfected'st not,
 Where would be mountains or plains or the world?
 Thou art he who supportest the freshest of life.

Echo (chorus of the collected bands).

Thou art he from whom freshest life springs forth.

Nereus. They turn waving far back and bring no more glance to glance: to shew itself conformably to the feast in extended chain-circles winds the innumerable host. I only see still and still Galatea's shell throne, it glitters like a star through the multitudes. The beloved shines through the press! Still now so distant it shines bright and clear, ever near and true.

Homunculus. In this gentle moisture
 Whate'er I here enlighten
 Is enchanting fair.

Proteus. In this living moisture
 First thy flamelet glitters
 With beautiful sweet tone.

Nereus. What mystery new in the midst of the throngings
 Is now to our eyes its brightness revealing?
 What flames round the feet of the sweet Galatea?
 It glitters now strongly, now mildly, now sweetly,
 As if it were guided by pulses of life.

Thales. Homunculus is it, by Proteus removed,
 The symptoms are they of his longings majestic.
 I forebode the wails of his anguishing groanings,
 He will shatter himself 'gainst the glittering throne;—
 It flames, and it glitters, and pours itself out.

Sirens. What fiery wonder are the waters exposing
 Which sparkle and shatter each one 'gainst the other?
 They shine and they waver and glitter around;
 The bodies are glowing upon the dark path,
 And all things around are by fire surrounded:
 So hail then to Eros, of all the commencer!

Hail, thou ocean! hail, ye billows,
 By the holy fire surrounded!
 Hail, thou water! hail, thou fire!
 Hail, this strange adventure, hail!

Altogether. Hail, ye gently rocking breezes !
Hail, ye clefts with mystery teeming !
Highly honoured be ye here,
Hail, ye elemental four !

END OF ACT II.

(*To be continued*).

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

No. 3.—Selected from the Records of the Eccentric Club.

NICK SOBER, *Hon. Sec.*

THE rapid and extensive diffusion of knowledge, in the present age, has frequently occupied the cogitations of the members of the club. The Doctor, who is a man of discursive genius, and who has studied all sciences in their turn, prognosticates with much enthusiasm, that the time is not far distant, when men will no longer be obliged to labour for their support ; for that machinery will soon be engaged in the production of every object of commerce, which will be brought to market in so great a quantity, that our progeny will be able to obtain their food and clothing at a mere nominal value, and thus the golden age of idleness and happiness will be realised. He surmises further, that the end of the world will then have arrived, for as machinery will have supplanted all corporeal exertion, the punishment of tilling the earth by the sweat of his brow, to which man was condemned at his fall, will be nullified ; and as this first condition of man's existence is subverted, a new order of things must necessarily commence. The powers of animal magnetism will then be so well understood, that the passions of mankind will be held in absolute subjection. When the animal energy is too much excited, the abstraction of a little magnetism, will suddenly subdue it ; and when greater vigour is required, the instillation of a portion of the same etherial essence will confer the desired elevation. This is only an abstract of the Doctor's opinions, for as he intends shortly to honour the world with the publication of his ideas in a huge folio volume, we dare not proceed more minutely into the subject, lest we should rob his production of its chief possession—novelty, and his pockets of their chief want—money.

Dick Careless heeds but little the Doctor's reveries ; for although much given to abstraction himself, he never fails to ridicule it in others. This evening he abruptly interrupted the Doctor's speculations, by launching forth into an energetic denunciation of the faults of modern literature, and complained that sober sense and pure feeling, were now hidden behind a cloud of vulgar frivolity ; and ended by saying, that at some time or other, this cloud must inevitably disperse, and that true merit would then shine forth with overwhelming splendour. We suspected that the poet's misfortunes had conferred a bitterness on his criticisms, which was not altogether consistent with his amiable disposition. Our friend spoke with so much rapidity, that the

Secretary was unable to follow him ; and we must consequently defer the communication of his opinions, until the ingenious gentleman shall think proper to commit them to paper, which he has threatened to do.

We may observe, however, that on one occasion, when Balance opposed him somewhat warmly, the enthusiastic poet, suiting the action to the vehemence of his sentiments, swung his arm quickly round him, and brought a glittering pocket knife, with which he had been clipping the leg of his chair during his harangue, into most dangerous proximity to the President's eyeballs. It did, in fact, make a deep wound on the bridge of his nose. The worthy man, at first shrunk back, and shut his eyes, half suspecting that it was a flash of intellectual lightning that had for a moment dazzled him ; but soon perceiving the truth of the matter, he broke into a pithy invective against the indiscretion of the careless member. Dick stammered forth his excuses ; and the Doctor expecting some serious damage had occurred, immediately drew from his pocket a case of shining instruments, but which, despite their attractive appearance, made the blood shudder through the frame of the apprehensive patient. Mr. Sageman protested he was not hurt, but the Doctor declared that the accident was a very serious one, and that he might eventually lose his nose, hinting at the same time that he should have much pleasure in supplying him with a new one, which should be equally serviceable, and much handsomer than the original. Dick endeavoured to persuade the President to submit to the operation, for, said he, it is doubtless a good one, having the classic authority of Hudibras ;

So learned Taliacotius from
The brawny part—

“ Pish ! ” peevishly interrupted the President.

The Barrister then came forward, and remarked to the Doctor, “ that it was clear the President would survive the wound if let alone ; but if the Doctor should insist upon an operation, and the patient die, an inquest would doubtless be held ; by which Dick would be undeniably convicted of murder, and the Doctor of manslaughter, he being only an accessory after the fact.” He then told Dick, that he should be very happy in being retained as Counsel, and if the law should press hard upon him, he would ingeniously evade it, by maintaining that there was no malice aforethought, “ for,” said he, “ the whole club would triumphantly bear witness that you are *incapable of thought*.”

Hartshorn had now done all that was necessary to the President's nose, and began to expatiate on the virtues of animal magnetism, suggesting that its application might wonderfully facilitate the cure of the organ. “ I have not much faith in thy magnetism,” said the sober President, “ and look ye at this letter ; wisdom sometimes sits on the lips of fools.” The President then placed a letter on the table, which the Secretary read for the public benefit. It ran thus :

“ *To the President of the Eccentric Club.*”

“ Sir,—The writer of this letter is a widow, with four children, and having no other means of-support, she is obliged to let out her house

to such as cannot afford to keep house for themselves. Dr. Hartshorn, a very amiable gentleman, has lived in my apartments for these last ten years, occupying a front parlour into which he shows his visitors by day, and a back attic in which he sleeps by night. He has hitherto been very kind, and social, not refusing when he had picked the bones of his last loin of beef, to descend into the kitchen, and partake of our humble fare. He has also been very good to my youngest child Bobby, whom he has almost killed twice with a surfeit of cherries, and then has given him a jalap powder for nothing, to cure the distemper. But lately, a strange waywardness has come over the Doctor's manners, which, I can by no means comprehend, unless, indeed, his mind is a little touched, which I fear there is good reason to suspect. If this be the case, he might be much benefited by your advice, and I beg you will not fail to give it. My reason for believing his senses to be a little affected, is this,—he is continually endeavouring to persuade me and my family that all our labour is thrown away, and that we should leave all our work to be performed by animal magnetism. I told him one day, that it would be a great saving of wood and coals, if he would cook his dinner by animal magnetism; I think he tried it, but he never told me his success. There is the figure of an old woman yawning over my chimney piece, and as every person who visits me, is, much to my merriment, irresistibly compelled to yawn on beholding it,—the Doctor declares it is the effect of animal magnetism. Some days ago my youngest boy, Bobby, offended me, and I forthwith proceeded to chastise him, when the Doctor rushed in, and vehemently restrained me, begging that I would not disturb, as I understood him, the electric forces, 'for,' said he, 'friction is the great means of producing electricity, and the blows you give, are electric shocks.' He then said, 'he hoped, that some day, a patent means of chastisement by the power of magnetism would be introduced;' but I cannot help thinking, that it is much handier to give a blow when one is angry, than to submit a child to an electric battery. On another occasion, my two boys began fighting, when he arose in an instant (although he was sitting with me in my back room, and telling me that the eyes were subject to the same electric states as the atmosphere, and that brilliancy and tears, were produced in like manner as sunshine and showers; by which, I think, he meant much more than he would like me to hint, and therefore it shall remain a secret between us for me)—yes, Sir, much to my vexation, for I must say I expected something,—he arose in an instant, and taking a pail full of water, he threw the contents of it over the poor children, when, very naturally, they ceased to fight. He then came in, and said exultingly, 'Nothing calms the passions so soon as cold water; you may depend, Mrs. Rawbone, it will be employed extensively for this purpose, by and by, when the magnetic laws are better understood.'

"I cannot tell you, Sir, one half of the wild things he does; but I will finish with one circumstance, which happened only last night. My dear daughter, Jane, has been for many months very ill, and although she has had the best advice, yet I cannot say that she has had the best treatment. The Doctor affirmed he could cure her by animal magnetism; and although I was very loth at first, being, like a discreet

widow, very suspicious of the nature of this new medicine, yet considering that the Doctor was too kind to do any harm, if he could not do good, I consented; and he promised to magnetise her that night. I did not think it prudent, and I am sure, Sir, that you will agree with me, to allow the Doctor to be shut up in a room with my daughter, without witnesses; so without asking his consent, I entered the room with all my family. The Doctor placed the dear girl on a sofa, and then put the two first fingers of his right hand against her nose, then, withdrew them, and made several waftures in a cabalistic manner. We waited in silence, a tedious half hour, when my daughter seemingly fatigued, began to close her eyes, which the Doctor affirmed was caused by the electricity. Young Bobby then gave me a significant glance, and went to the foot of the sofa,—I suspected that the little dog was at some mischief, and watching him, I noticed that he took off his sister's shoe, and began to tickle her feet. Jane writhed as if she were in an agony, her body shook in a strange manner with suffocated laughter, her cheeks were puffed out, and she bit her lips. 'There!' exclaimed the Doctor, in triumph, 'there you see are the wonderful effects of animal magnetism! Now, Mrs. Rawbone, you must bear witness to the unexampled success of science,—the case shall be recorded in the Philosophical Transactions; your daughter will recover!' Before the Doctor had finished, little Bobby burst into a fit of laughter, Jane followed the example of her brother, and my fancy was so tickled, that I was fain to laugh too. When I could speak seriously, I told the Doctor what Bobby had done, and apologised to him for our rude behaviour, but he became exceedingly wrathful, menaced the poor boy with an electric shock, and although it was in the dead of night, he put his hat on his head with the front part behind, slapped it down over his brows, and hurriedly left the room; since which time I have not seen him.

"I beg, Sir, that you will endeavour to soothe the kind Doctor's resentment, and assure him that I am perfectly contrite. He is a clever man, and I have so great an esteem for him, that when he chooses to be more explicit than he was, the last time that he talked of the magnetism of my eyes, I will listen fairly to his discourse. I do not wish him to say more than he intends, but I think I know his intentions, and he may be assured I will not baulk them. Hoping that your advice will cure the good man of his delusions. I remain, &c.

"JANE RAWBONE."

When this letter was read, Balance laughed outright, and the Doctor fumed in philosophic indignation. "Mr. Balance may laugh," said he, "for he has never contemplated the wonders of science; but magnetic currents are doubtless the springs of animal life; and I have no doubt that hereafter we shall have acquired such dominion over the occult agent, that we shall not only be able to create beings at our pleasure, and make them perform all the functions of animal life, but be able to endow them with thought too: the ignorance of a poor woman, can be no excuse for the ignorance of any member of this club." Any other man than Balance would have been overwhelmed by this denunciation; but although struck to the ground, his mind

possessed the elastic property of rebounding, and he replied with the cool self-possession so peculiarly his characteristic. "The process of thought carried on by electric converts, would, doubtless, be very serviceable to some men, and perhaps the learned Doctor himself has already acquired the secret, seeing that his sentiments are uttered in total defiance of all sound reason." Many such remarks were levelled against the Doctor by the embryo statesman, and as the worthy Philosopher found he was no match for the light wits of his opponent, he was constrained to sullen silence. Balance then affected to agree with him; and in order to encourage his sanguine anticipations, and to give the club some notion of the astonishing powers of animal magnetism, he said he would relate some circumstances which transpired while he was in Germany.

"I hope you will have a little modesty in relating them," said the Poet. "Believe me, Dick, as modest as a bridesmaid; and if I blush, catch the lie on my tongue. My story shall be as genuine as any the Major ever told in his life; and who can doubt him, seeing the truth shining like a beacon in the centre of his face?"—"Your tongue, Ned, makes a greater clatter than a troop of dragoons at a charge; hold in, or, my head on't—you'll gallop on fixed bayonets!" The Major struck the subject of Ned's jest rather quickly, as he made this observation, for his temper was somewhat ruffled. "Never fear, Major, returned the other," a keen sword cuts deep, but the Doctor is present, and will drop a little balsam into the wound: the bravest soldier always gets the worst of the fray; a very perverse way of remunerating good deeds." "A truce to thy railing, Ned, interrupted the Poet, can'st thou not amuse us in a better way, by narrating that German tale, full I warrant of hazy mountains, dark dungeons, grim giants, and wandering spirits;—but I forget, 'twas a tale of Mesmerism you were going to relate." "True; I thank thee for the hint, Dick;" and saying thus, Balance immediately put himself into a posture that indicated his determination to tell a long story. The Major requested that he would not begin until he had lit another cigar; and Manlove, as preparatory to an intent application of his mental powers, took a huge ladle of snuff. A pause of proper length having succeeded, Balance thus begun:—

"We know, my friends, that a river never runs into the sea, without meeting a cataract in its course, which is only a symbolical illustration of an old adage, that the course of true love never did run smooth. Taking this point, then, for my text, I shall discuss the mischances of a love adventure, which was happily brought to an agreeable termination by the agency of animal magnetism." The countenance of the Doctor brightened with an unusual glow; but Balance, heedless of his newly awakened interest, continued, "The Germans are a scientific people, and would go as far to see a sheep with two tails, or a man with two faces,—by no means an uncommon occurrence in this country, to the advantage of philosophy,—as would an Englishman to witness the performances of a trained lion, or the exhibition of common sense in a political economist. It is owing, perhaps, to this inherent and inextinguishable love of the marvellous, that the Germans

precede all the rest of the world in their researches after the hidden and sublime; and that the science of animal magnetism has obtained such an enviable distinction from the sages of science." "Balance is not altogether irrecoverable," whispered the Doctor to Manlove. "Whatever exists in nature" continued Ned, "doubtless demands investigation; and such pursuits, are luckily within the compass of an ordinary degree of intellect; but that higher branch of study which belongs particularly to the most acute and comprehensive minds, and which has lately glowed like a sunbeam in the system of Mesmerism, has not, as yet, had that attention paid to it, which it deserves;—I mean the science of discovering natural laws where they do *not* exist. This is a branch of investigation, which will assuredly be carried to perfection by future generations."

The Major puffed the smoke from his mouth, and shook his head; Subtle rolled his large eyes round upon the speaker in absolute astonishment; but having a great respect for the talents of the other, he said nothing; while we thought we perceived a smile curling on the lip of Dick Careless, as if he were conscious of some stroke of merriment.

"But let us not expatiate too long," continued Balance, "on a subject, in the mazes of which our intellects are likely to become entangled; but let us proceed at once to the more interesting part of our story. If you expect to hear a tale of a German castle, with a deep dungeon, containing a captive, who has languished the whole of his life, and baffled expectations, and bodily tortures, and who has never heard a noise, save that of the clanking of his chains, you will be mistaken; for mine is a story of modern days, the incidents of which happened, for the most part, in the ancient city of Weimar.

"Count Carl Wilhelm von Neustadt, was the representative of a noble race, and inherited, with large estates, all the virtues and vices that had ever distinguished his numerous ancestry. The latter, indeed, were not many or weighty; for, setting aside a little ferocity, when the will of a German noble was opposed; the chiefs of the house of Neustadt, were generally esteemed a liberal, frank, high-spirited, and ignorant race of men. They were always the first in the killing a boar, and the last to rise from his roasted carcase. The wine-flagon never rested under their hands; and if the guests did not confer the due honour on the best Johannisberg, by dishonouring themselves, they were not regarded as welcome to the castle board. When the nation was called to arms, the Counts of Neustadt were the first to buckle on their helmet; and whether honour or plunder were the reward, they were sure to obtain the greatest share. They could kill an enemy with the sword, with as much gratification, as they would kill a friend with the bottle; and neither act seems to have caused them the least compunction in later years. One feature in the character of these noble chiefs, was their strict adherence to their word; and if they had threatened an indulgence in good Rhenish, or menaced a serf with castigation, the promise was inviolably performed. In this particular, as in all others, the present Count was the worthy representative of his house. If modern heroes, to their shame, have declined from the virtues of their progenitors, the family of Von Neustadt must be exempt

from this disgrace, for its present head accurately represented the intellectual cultivation and polished manners of its founder. Added to these, he possessed also certain qualities distinctive of himself. He was extremely irritable, desperately firm in the accomplishment of his resolutions, and had contracted a quick petulant mode of locution. While he would bear the wound of a sabre with the most stoical fortitude, the sting of a nettle would worry him almost to distraction. He had a short, thick person, with a round ruddy face, in which two grey eyes twinkled incessantly; his head was covered by a few straggling hairs of an ambiguous colour, between brown and grey, and which were carefully brushed over the vertex to conceal a bald patch, which had within the last two or three years begun to appear. There was a certain portion of artificial dignity in his manner, which, however, soon thawed in conversation, before his hot, eager temper. Such then was the present Count.

"But there was another inmate of the Count's mansion,—the beautiful Adelheid von Marienburg. She was the daughter of the Count's most intimate friend, who, when dying, left her as a ward, under his protection and guidance. She was then a child, and the Count, not having a daughter of his own, loved her with an affection that is generally given only to our own blood. But who could have resisted the light graceful figure, dashing like a roe among the trees of the forest, the winning manner, artless and lively, as if unconscious of the existence of earthly sin, and the mutable intelligent glance, descriptive of each passing emotion of the mind, of the lovely Adelheid von Marienburg? Even the stern bosom of the Count was softened, and compelled to own its submission. The ice of ages dissolves from the mountain top, at the glance of the sun; and thus every hard resolve was dissipated from his breast, when the eye of Adelheid darted on him its bright and thrilling beams. The snowdrop with which she was fond in the spring of the year to add charms to her beauty, possessed not a more delicate hue than the bosom on which it rested. The blush of the morning was not more rich or mellow, than the bloom which mantled her cheek. She was now in the morning of her life, when every wish or thought had its lively index in her features; and before her large blue eye had learned, from necessity, the habit of disguising the changeable feelings that rushed there for expression. But the beauty of her morning was overshadowed by clouds; her hours of joy were mixed with griefs, which took their origin from circumstances in which she was a passive sufferer."

"A beautiful woman always makes you poetical, Ned," interrupted Dick Careless. "True, Dick, if there were no women, there would be no poetry—'tis they that inspire us, and it is for them we write. There's nothing in creation equal to a fine woman!" "Excepting a fine man!" slyly interposed the Major. "Let the women decide between us, I am willing to abide their sentence," answered Ned, and continued.

"The Count, anxious to fulfil his responsible charge in the most creditable manner, and desirous of advancing the interests of his beloved ward, had early promised her in marriage to the son of a nobleman of high rank, and the matter would probably be settled without much consultation of the junior parties. The plan might have suc-

ceeded if all contingencies had been well guarded against ; but unfortunately for the wise provisions of the Count, he found an obstacle where he least expected one ; but where any other sensible man would have been first inclined to suspect,—in his own son ! The young Alexis had been educated from his childhood with Adelheid, had studied in the same books, had accompanied her in her long walks, and had been to her, in all respects, as a brother. They often wandered together on the adjacent hills ; and it was the delight of Alexis, to gather the most lovely flowers, and to weave them into a garland, to encircle the clear forehead of his companion. She would receive the chaplet with an arch smile, place it on her head, and bound away, to hide herself among the green shrubs ; while Alexis would run off in pursuit, calling her, as he ran, his dear Adelheid !

“ The purity of this platonic affection, had never been disturbed, until, on one occasion, Alexis read a portion of an amatory poem by Schiller, to the listening beauty ; and before he had finished three lines, he stopped,—there was nothing particular in the verses, for he had read such to her fifty times before, but still he stopped,—and blushed ; the pause was an awkward one ; he essayed again to read, but the words lingered on his tongue,—he sighed deeply—began again with a free bosom,—it was most provoking—his heart became full, he stopped again ; and Adelheid perceiving his confusion, and, feeling a strange commotion in her own bosom, hastily arose, and trembling, and blushing over neck, ears, and forehead, fled from the apartment. The consciousness that each felt, and the shame attending it, were something like the feelings which overwhelmed our first parents, when they ate the forbidden fruit. Adelheid had no necessity for fig-leaves ; but as if to make good the comparison, she hid her face with her hands. From this time Alexis was a miserable youth ; for he was well acquainted with the future destination of Adelheid, and he believed his father to be unrelenting in his determinations.”

“ I think,” said the Doctor, gravely interrupting the speaker, “ that the passion of love was in some way connected with that scene in Paradise : many learned treatises have been written upon it, and these have clearly proved to my mind—” “ That they prove nothing ;” answered Balance : “ We know now-a-days, that passion is the forbidden fruit, though I don’t see why love should be fixed on as the great father sin of the world : yet, doubtless, without love, sin would soon come to an end ; but I don’t know,—it’s a puzzling question, Doctor.” Hartshorn insinuated something about animal magnetism being a good substitute, and remedy for passion ; but Ned was not inclined to debate the point, and continued his narration.

“ The young Alexis, was now in a humour, much disposed, but little fit, for studying these abstract questions ; and certainly, whether he discovered it or not, his love was the father of all his griefs for many months to come. He took a great inclination to study, and conned over most of the volumes in his father’s library,—no difficult matter to an industrious reader ; but what was extraordinary, notwithstanding his application, he did not become a wiser man. The longer he associated with the charming Adelheid ; the more fully her various graces opened and bloomed upon him, the more difficult did he find it

to estrange her from his thoughts. Many a solitary walk did he now take in his father's forests; and he was hardly conscious of the folly of his conduct, until, one day, he lay, like another Narcissus, on the banks of a silvery stream, which wound its wandering way through the valley, and as he dropped his scalding tears upon its bosom, he caught a glance of his lugubrious face upon the bright surface; and although deeply afflicted, truth demands the confession, he could scarcely forbear a smile. He rose, fully resolved never again to trust himself beside a stream." "That is very like the truth," said the Major, "a man hates to be reminded of his folly; and although he will cherish the fault, he will be careful to avoid the friend.—Go on!" After this interruption, Balance recommenced.

"The fair Adelheid loved scarcely less than she was beloved; and sweet to her were the stolen moments, when, conscious of their mutual affection, Alexis came to breathe his sighs, and tender his vows of undying affection.

"Their love was, at length, discerned by the Count, and although much grieved that his son should thus have set himself in opposition, he resolved that his plan should not be frustrated, and that his word should remain inviolate. Many and severe were the lectures to which poor Alexis was doomed to listen, respecting the control of the passions, and filial obedience; but which, however, instead of calming his grief, served only to augment it. The Count, perceiving that his advice and censure administered to the passion he strove to quell, and believing his son to be a little wilful, he determined that the marriage should be forthwith solemnised; and thus he would terminate successfully his favourite scheme. But he never reflected on the powers of animal magnetism, and Alexis did, and prospered; which proves very satisfactorily, that this agent is of some importance in human calculations.

"When Alexis was assured that his father was bent on the completion of his project, he became ill, and found it necessary to send for a physician. Some of the household whispered that he was crossed in love, others that there was nothing at all the matter with him, but spleen; to which opinion his father also leant: but let me observe, that when a man is in love, he has a very serious mental complaint; and if a man have matter in his spleen, there is no small degree of bodily hurt too. I am not a physician, but a historian, and all I know is, that Alexis fell ill of a disease of the heart, and sent for Doctor Trapender to cure him of his malady.

"Now, let us imagine the unhappy lover lying prostrate in an old-fashioned baronial bed, protruding a trembling hand, and exhibiting a feverish flush upon his cheek; and let us fancy a tall gaunt figure, with lank black hair, brushed over his forehead like an ass's mane, a grave mouth, a long nose, and holding his hands, with his fingers knit together, over his chest, entering most awfully, like the minister of death, at one end of the room.

"‘I want thee, Doctor,’ said the youth, with a doubtful expression playing about his lips, which were not so much discoloured, as a legitimate patient's ought to be—‘The worse for you,’ answered the doctor, attempting to be smart. ‘Odds, man, you don't mean that for

consolation, do you? I'll have another physician,' replied the patient, in terror. 'I only meant, that you were the worse for being ill, which nobody can dispute,' said the Doctor, soothingly. 'And that you are the better for it.' The physician looked comically perplexed, to be sure; nobody could dispute it. After a few moments of embarrassment, the man of drugs was able, so far to arrange his ideas, as to ask, 'What ails thee?' in a very tender tone. 'That you must find out; had I known that, I should not have sent for thee,' retorted Alexis, somewhat peevishly. It was the strangest patient the Doctor had ever been called upon to treat. He rubbed his lank hair flat over his brows, in cogitation, and then came the next question, 'What can I do for thee?' even more softly expressed than the former. 'What's the use of a doctor, if the patient must prescribe for himself?' answered Alexis, sharply. It was a settled case; the patient answered too much to the purpose to be of sane mind, thought the Doctor—his love has driven him mad; and then the good man looked anxiously about him, to seek for some implement of defence, or ready way of escape. It was, however, the better plan to shew courage; so, after a desperate mental struggle, the Doctor asked to feel his pulse. Alexis gave his hand to the follower of Esculapius, and watched him attentively, while, in an under tone, he counted the beats, and compared their speed with the movements of the second hand of a watch he was gravely regarding. Towards the end of this serious piece of business, the Doctor screwed his mouth into a circular form, like a bachelor's-button, and shaking his head, said, in a terrific tone, 'A quick pulse, and a hot skin—symptoms of high fever; you are very ill, and unless you are closely attended to, this disease may cause your death.' Whether Alexis was alarmed at the Doctor's judgment, and wished to try his strength, or whether he had some whim in his brain, is of little import—but he suddenly leaped out of bed, much to the consternation of the sage, and cried out, 'Quite wrong, Doctor, I am as strong as I was the first day I was born!' ('Gone! gone!' muttered the Doctor—'strength in an infant!')—'and have not the least fever upon me!' 'This is delirious excitement,' said the Doctor to an attendant, he must be bound down to his bed.' 'Not I, Doctor; I am as sane as yourself; aye, or saner.' 'His judgment's totally gone—to call me mad!' interrupted the Doctor, in glowing self satisfaction. How could a man in his senses ever call so learned a physician a madman? By this time the attendant had brought an armful of cords and bandages to constrain the limbs of the rebellious patient; but when an attempt was made to adjust them scientifically, Alexis burst away, overturning the attendant upon the Doctor, and the Doctor upon a basin of household abomination. 'Do not let him escape out of the room,' said the physician—wiping his face with his handkerchief—to the attendant; but he was as unwilling to make another struggle as the Doctor himself, and merely grumbled something unintelligible by way of reply. Here was another strong proof that Alexis was stark mad; for certainly no sensible man would ever object to be bound with cords and treated as a maniac. The Doctor arose, and shook himself, like a Newfoundland dog just come to land. He was about to leave the

room to seek for assistance, when Alexis approached him, saying, 'You have made a strange mistake, Doctor. Listen to me.' The physician, suspicious of the other's intention, and conjuring up into his brain all the instances he had ever heard of the cunning of madmen, looked at him warily, and drew back two or three footsteps before he would open his ears to the communication. What this was I cannot tell; but it is the genuine truth, that on hearing it, the Doctor, at first opened his eyes wide abroad, then closed them thoughtfully, and ended his reflections by ordering the attendant out of the room. 'Well, well,' said he, 'if this is your disease, I can cure it; a few passes of the tractors will send you into a sound sleep; and leave the rest to me.' 'Remember, Doctor, nothing more than a slumber, and give me a bell: if I never awake again, I'll haunt you, sleeping or waking, eating or drinking, in the shape of a death's head and tractors.' 'Don't fear, I have a reputation to support; and the fame of Mesmer shall not suffer in my hands. Come, lie down.' Alexis obeyed; and the Doctor took his instruments, and after he had warmed them by the fire, making an evolution at the same time on the top of his toes, drawn three magic circles, in the several centres of which he stood, muttering incantations, turning up the whites of his eyes, and crossing himself, he made three passes over the body of the patient, who fell into as sound a sleep as an alderman after his dinner. The Doctor, seeing the effect of his magnetism, left the apartment, enjoining the attendants without not to enter for the next six hours, lest they should disturb his repose.

"The six hours elapsed, and the attendant, mindful of the injunctions of the learned doctor, now entered the apartment to attend to the wants of his young master. He approached the bed cautiously, drew aside the curtain, and found Alexis apparently asleep. His repose was of so mild a character, that the attendant was, at first, unwilling to awaken him, but remembering that the Doctor had ordered a vial of medicine to be given precisely at the hour, upon the proper administration of which, the overthrow of many symptoms depended, he ventured, gently to move his shoulder, in order to rouse him; it produced no effect: from a gentle motion he proceeded to a rougher one, thence to a positive shake, first of one shoulder, then of both; but still no consciousness on the part of the patient. 'Twas very strange; and so muttered to himself the attendant. He then conceived the plan of pinching his nose; 'for,' said he, 'that will rouse any gentleman's spirit, if the ghost be in him.' He pinched once—no recognition; twice, thrice;—'Did he wink his eye?—No.'—A harder pinch. 'Plague on it, 'twould be as easy to awake a mummy. Mynheer Alexis! the medicine is ready for you, are you ready for it?' No answer. 'Surely his lips move;' and the attendant placed his ear close to his mouth; not a sound came. 'Are you too sleepy to open your mouth?—shall I pour the physic down your throat?' Still no answer; and the attendant, thinking that silence gave consent, immediately proceeded to dose his master. He held the patient by the nose on an approved tonsorial principle, and opened his mouth wide enough for the admission of the stream of the Oronooko, and, giving the bottle a sudden inclination, its contents

were soon within the gaping cavity. The phlegm gurgled in the patient's throat, a groan escaped, and the attendant, dropping his bottle in horror, fled from the room, declaring that he had heard the death-rattle, and that his young master had given up the ghost. In a few minutes the whole household was alarmed; the servants fled in all directions; the Count stamped his foot, and beat his bosom, when he heard the intelligence, and, at the head of an inquisitive and mournful group, hastened to the fated apartment.

"Twas a dreadful sight to behold the old man's grief, when he cast his eyes upon the son he adored, lying on the bed of death; but the scene would baffle description, and I shall relinquish the task. Doctor Trapander, who was sent for, came in haste, and after he had made the requisite examination, declared that life was extinct. The winding sheet was thrown over the body of the unfortunate Alexis, and every other preparation was made for his interment.

"It is odd, but although the whole family, on account of the intensity of their sorrow, fasted for the whole of one day, and the butler actually drank twice the quantity of wine he was accustomed to bottle up daily, to compensate, as he said, "for the loss of fluid by weeping;" yet Adelheid bore the awful event with a serenity perfectly incomprehensible to those who were aware of the strength of her affection for the deceased. Some said, that it was unnatural, and that, sooner or later, her body would be found in the Hun; others, that appearances were delusive, and that silent grief was the deepest; while a few, more uncharitable, believed that she never had any love at all for the youth. It was a perplexing question, and one which, at this lapse of time, cannot be easily unravelled. However it may have been, she had a suit of mourning duly made, and what sorrow she lacked at heart, she was resolved should appear in external demonstration.

"At last the morning came, when the lamented youth was to be carried to the grave of his fathers; and the funereal visitors, who were more inclined to do honour to him when dead, than living, were already assembled. The young noble, to whom the heart of Adelheid had been long pledged, was there; but, with a delicacy, naturally arising from the occasion, he did not venture upon an enunciation of his mysterious nothings; but seemed rather to avoid, than seek the retiring girl. The poor old Count was sorely grieved, and scarcely lifted his head once, during the awful preparations. The coffin, in which his son lay, was borne past him: impelled by some incomprehensible feelings, he stopped it at the door, but he said nothing;—it proceeded, and he groaned.

"The procession departed for the church, and all were grieving for the dead man in the hearse; but very few gave a thought to the living man that was there. Little indeed did they imagine, that Dr. Trapander was seated by the side of the young Alexis, watching over him like a guardian angel, and endeavouring with much anxiety to restore him to life. Yet there he was; and he took two pieces of iron from his pocket, and rubbed them together, now crossing them transversely and diagonally, and then running them parallel, in a variety of geometrical, or more properly magnetical relations. After this cabalism

had been performed, he placed a thumb over the internal angle of each eyebrow, and then drew it rapidly outwards, which was considered an infallible mode of awakening the magnetic dead. He had just done this for the last time, when the coach stopped, and the men came to the door to remove the coffin. Perceiving them long before their eyes could pierce the obscurity to observe him, he threw a black mantle over himself, and crouched in a corner, when the men removed the coffin with unsuspecting gravity, and he, on the first opportunity, made his escape.

"The coffin was carried into the church, and the mourners collected in a circle around it. The priest then advanced, and began in a devout tone to read the service for the dead. It was very solemn, and the bystanders felt it so, for they mourned in earnest, and the tears fell over their cheeks; when suddenly the ring of a small bell was heard. 'Ah!' burst from every bosom, and each man started back, and gazed in an affrighted manner on his neighbour, and then at the coffin. 'Twas heard again, and louder than before—their flesh began to creep, and their blood to run cold; when lo! a tall pale figure in white grave robes, rose slowly and solemnly from the coffin. Eyelids were stretched beyond their natural limits, lower jaws fell in an inanimate manner, and arms were raised in convulsions of astonishment. Some of the women screamed, others fainted, and the rest satisfied their horror by turning as pale as the ghost itself. Every individual seemed to be struck by a flash of lightning, and, perhaps, Dr. Trapander's magnetism produced this effect upon their minds. The women, for a moment recovered themselves, screamed again, and rushed where they thought they were most likely to meet with succour, into their husbands' arms. If a few mistakes were made in the excitement, these can be easily forgiven. And what did Adelheid do? Just like the rest of the women, she rushed into the arms of the resuscitated Alexis. Yes, there they were, locked in a convulsive embrace, and the first words that broke from the group, were from the mouth of the dead man, 'Dear Adelheid,' said he, 'they shall never again separate us; our hearts are one, let our lives be one also.' The beautiful girl looked into his eyes, and thus yielded her consent.

"Meanwhile the priest, who had been struck with great alarm, was now sitting, screwed up in an angle of the sanctuary, whither he had fled when the ghost first appeared, and was muttering in a rapid manner, missing every third word, his prayer of exorcism. The Doctor approached him, and rallied him from his stupor, desiring him to hold himself in readiness for a further performance of his duty. The old Count, too, had now so far recovered his surprise, that he ran, and embraced his son, greeting him with every endearing appellation that he could summon; but once, as if suddenly struck by a doubt, he stepped back, and asked tremulously; 'But are you really alive?' 'Ask the Doctor, my dear father, if you are in doubt, but I believe this is flesh and blood:' answered he, extending his hand.—'It is! it is!' cried Adelheid. 'I see it all,' said the Count, 'ye love one another, and ye shall be bound this day, ay, this hour: I am glad, my son, that I hold you once more.' The Count then placed the proffered hand of his son in that of Adelheid, and kissed the blushing girl. 'Priest, come

hither! change the ceremony, read the marriage vow—and you, my friends, come to my house, to celebrate the happy event; the wine will have as sweet a flavour after a marriage, as after a funeral.” The Count stopped abruptly, as if remembering there was something yet to be done. The cause was soon disclosed, for he approached the young noble, whose happiness had been thus summarily annulled, and requested his consent to the ceremony. This gentleman, seeing how matters stood, and being of an indolent disposition, supinely acquiesced in the arrangement, and said, “ he did not know but that Alexis would make a better husband than himself.” Adelheid thought so too, and Alexis, it may be presumed, did not esteem himself less highly. Our hero, dressed in his white shroud, then led his beautiful bride, attired in deep mourning to the altar, and the priest, who had been literally pulled out of his hiding place, now came forward, and turning from the ceremony for the dead, to that for marriage, read on without interruption.

“ The youth who had been brought to the church to be made an associate of the angels of heaven, left it an associate of an angel of earth. Adelheid said that he was the only man who ever died for love, while the Doctor asserted that the cause was animal magnetism, and Alexis maintained against them both, that he never died at all. This dispute happened before they had left the church doors; how their after-life proceeded, I am unable to say. The Doctor was well pleased at the success of his experiment, and many hints were thrown out, that since this time, he had dug a potful of gold from under a tree in his garden; but, however this may be, his circumstances were much improved. The Count was delighted that the death ended in a marriage, and I believe, all parties, not excepting the young noble, were made happy.”

“ Who now can doubt the powers of animal magnetism?” said the Doctor triumphantly, as soon as the last word had issued from the lips of the narrator. “ Ay, who can, Doctor?” answered Ned; “ facts like these would convert even a Mussulman.” ‘Tis a marvellous tale, said Manlove, I shall propose the introduction of animal magnetism to the Humane Society, for the purposes of resuscitation, especially after the vital spark has fled.”

The President now looked at his watch, and finding that the usual hour of dispersion had long past, he arose, and broke up the meeting. “ Before we go, Doctor, let me ask where you sleep to night?” inquired the Major. Hartshorn hesitated, “ Come, come, added the worthy officer, Mrs. Rawbone will be disappointed, if you don’t go home to night, to take your water gruel, and make an end of the proposal, which, she says, you broke off in the middle.” The Major seized the philosopher’s arm, but—“ Excuse me, I—Mrs. Rawbone;” “ No excuses!” responded the Major; “ come along!” and, so saying, he hurried the Doctor out of the room, being resolved to conduct him to the door of his lodging.

THE BETRAYED.

I ~~knew~~ thee in our childhood's hours,
 When every artless grace was thine ;
 When all our path was strewn with flow'rs
 And life's sweet cup had yet no brine ;
 When not the lark's exulting lay,
 Thrilled with more joy than our young strain ;
 And not a plant wore hues more gay,
 Than life held out to tempt us twain.
 Yes ! while we shared each childish game,
 In fond communion I and thou ;
 My heart first owned affection's flame,
 I loved thee then—I love thee now !

I knew thee in thy youth's fair pride,
 When manly beauty graced thy form ;
 And through thy soul the generous tide,
 Of feeling gushed all fresh and warm.
 When from thy voice upon my ear,
 The glowing words of passion fell ;
 And every look of thine was dear,
 Because it told thy love so well !
 Yes ! when thy hand was clasped in mine,
 And thou didst press my blushing brow ;
 I felt my heart was only thine,
 I loved thee then—I love thee now !

And when thy treachery sealed my doom,
 When cowering 'neath my load of grief ;
 I knew the darkness of the tomb
 Was all that now could yield relief ;
 When Joy and Hope their wings of flight,
 Had far from me for ever spread ;
 And all Life's flow'rs beneath the blight
 Of thy false heart, lay crushed and dead.
 Yes ! ev'n in that despairing hour,
 I pardoned thee the broken vow ;
 My bosom still confessed thy power,
 I loved thee then—I love thee now !

And oh ! let her, thy bride, forbear
 To mock these foolish tears of mine ;
 She has not felt the deep despair,
 Which waits the loss of love like thine.
 But from the bliss she now doth know,
 In thy fond passion's faithful tie ;
 Let her compute the sum of woe,
 I feel who 've seen that passion die !
 Yes ! let her gentle nature this
 One solace to my grief allow ;
 The memory of my former bliss—
 I loved thee then—I love thee now !

D. G. O.

(Continued from page 262).

CENSUS OF SCIENTIFIC THEORIES.

No. 3.—THE UNDULATORY THEORY OF LIGHT.

BY CHARLES TOOGOOD DOWNING, M.R.C.S.—*Author of the "Fanqui in China," &c.*

It will be perceived that the undulatory theories of refraction and reflection which have been just explained are extremely accurate and beautiful, and we will now proceed to the consideration of the theory of the *interference of light*. This is a subject of the highest interest, and has justly entailed honour on the memory of its discoverer. As it is considered the great bulwark of the doctrine of Huygens, and is of such an interesting character, we propose to devote a short space to a kind of historical notice of the progress of our knowledge of the inflection or diffraction of light.

So early as the year 1665, there was published at Bologna, the posthumous work of a learned Italian jesuit of the name of Grimaldi, in which this curious phenomenon is described. Having closed the shutters, he admitted a ray of light into the darkened room through a very small aperture. He observed that it was diffused in the form of a cone. Upon placing bodies in this divergent light, he noticed that their shadows always were larger than they would have been, had the light passed in a rectilinear direction past their edges. Viewing this curious property with more consideration, he discovered that the shadow was surrounded by three circles or *fringes* of coloured light, the fringes growing narrower as they receded from the body, and the colours, consisting chiefly of blue and red, becoming more and more faint. He also observed similar fringes of coloured light within the shadows, especially when the light was strong, and the shadow was received at some distance from the screen. From these facts, Grimaldi concluded that light was inflected or bent from its rectilinear course in passing near bodies.

By another series of experiments he arrived at the conclusion, "that a body actually illuminated may become more obscure by adding a new light to that which it already receives." This apparently paradoxical proposition he demonstrated by admitting two cones of light into a dark chamber, through two very small apertures placed at such a distance from each other, that the cones do not begin to penetrate each other until they arrive at a certain distance from the aperture. When thus managed, it may be observed, that the mutual interferences of the rays act upon each other, in such a manner, that the spot illuminated by their joint influence is more obscure than when it was illuminated by either of them singly. It was a singular circumstance, but certainly does not stand alone in the list of coincidences which appear almost to prove that the minds of men collectively march onwards in the path of science, as it were simultaneously, that our own countryman Dr. Hooke made nearly the same discoveries without knowing what had been done by the Italian.

The results of his observations were read before the Royal Society in the years 1672 and 1675.

Sir Isaac Newton devoted a considerable share of his attention to this subject, and by experiments with human hair, horn, ice, and various other substances added considerably to the knowledge of the laws of inflection, and attempted to explain the phenomena of the corpuscular doctrine. His observations being left in an unfinished state, various authors have written on the subject, but with no great success, with the exception of Dr. Thomas Young.

This great philosopher, directed his attention to the inflection of light during the course of his enquiries respecting light and colours. He found that when he interposed an opaque screen either a few inches before or a few inches behind an inflecting body, so as to intercept all the light on that side by receiving the edge of the shadow on the screen, then all the fringes in the shadow constantly disappeared, although the light still passed by the other edge of the body as freely as before. Dr. Young, therefore, considered that these fringes were the joint effects of the portions of light passing on each side of substances, and inflected into the shadow, and that the light which passed on both sides was necessary to the production of the fringes. In order to show that the extinction of the fringes was not occasioned by want of light, in consequence of the interposition of the screen, he reduced the intensity of the light to one-tenth, or even one-twentieth, and still found that the fringes were seen distinctly in this attenuated light when the screen was not interposed. Dr. Young thus obtained an *experimental demonstration* of the *law of interference*, which in this case led to the conclusion, that the fringes within the shadow were produced by the *interference* of the rays bent into the shadow by one side of the body, with the rays bent into the shadow by the other side. This law is now universally admitted as a principle in optics, although at the time it was neglected by some and opposed by others. Like other productions of genius, it has finally triumphed over all opposition.

That the law of interference may be well understood, and its direct accordance with the theory of undulation explained familiarly, let us suppose two pencils of light to radiate from two points very close to each other; and that a piece of paper is held parallel to the line which joins the two points, so that the light may fall upon a spot, which is directly opposite the point which bisects the distance between the two radiant points. This spot will be illuminated with the sum of the light of the two rays; because the pencils would cross each other at that spot, if the paper were removed, so as to allow them to diverge. In this case, the two rays may be said to interfere with each other as the length of the paths of the two rays is exactly the same, the spot on the paper being exactly distant from both the radiant points.

If, as has been proved by experiment, there is a certain minute, but well defined difference between the lengths of the paths of the two pencils of light, the spot upon the paper where the two pencils of light interfere with each other is still a bright spot as it is still illuminated by the sum of the two lights. We may designate this difference in the lengths of the paths d , and it will be found that when the difference in the length of the paths is d , $2d$, $3d$, $4d$, &c., the spot which is formed

by the interference of the two pencils will be bright. But it will excite some little surprise when it is demonstrated, that when the two pencils of light interfere at *intermediate points*, or when the difference in the lengths of the paths is $\frac{1}{2}d$, $1\frac{1}{2}d$, $2\frac{1}{2}d$, $3\frac{1}{2}d$, &c. the rays instead of producing a double brilliancy equal to the sum of the light, will destroy each other, and produce a *black spot*.

It will now easily be perceived how the doctrine of interference is in complete accordance with the undulatory theory. When the waves of light are similarly combined, so that the elevations and depressions of the one coincide with those of the other, a wave of double magnitude will be produced. On the contrary, when the elevations of the one coincide or meet with the depressions of the other, both systems of waves will be annihilated. The similarity between the theories of light and sound will now be apparent. When two musical strings which are in unison, are struck, the effect of the two sounds is equal to the sum of their separate intensities, but when they are not in unison, the cessation of sound between the beats announces that the sonorous waves have destroyed each other. Illustrative examples in other media of the law of interference are afforded by Dr. Young himself. "The spring and neap tides derived from the combination of the simple soli-lunar tides, afford a magnificent example of the interference of two immense waves with each other; the spring tide being the joint result of the combination when they coincide in time and place, and the neap tide when they succeed each other at the distance of half an interval, so as to leave the effect of their difference only sensible. The tides of the port of Batavia, as described and explained by Halley and Newton, exhibit a different modification of the same opposition of undulations; the ordinary periods of high and low water being altogether superseded on account of the different lengths of the two channels by which the tides arrive, affording exactly the half interval, which causes the disappearance of the alternation. It may also be very easily observed, by merely throwing two equal stones into a piece of stagnant water, that the circles of waves which they occasion, obliterate each other and leave the surface of the water smooth in certain lines of a hyperbolic form, while in other neighbouring parts the surface exhibits the agitation belonging to both series united."

According to the Huygenian doctrine, the quantity or difference d , above mentioned is equal to the breadth of a wave of light, and it is obvious that this is no imaginary quantity, but a real absolute magnitude. It is demonstrable, that one half of it is opposed in its properties to the other half, if we judge by the phenomena produced. For if two anterior or two posterior halves of this magnitude combine, or interfere in a similar manner, the effect is doubled, but if the anterior half combines accurately with the posterior half, or interferes with it in this manner under a small angle, the effect which would have been produced by each separately is destroyed.

As all the phenomena of interference are dependent upon the quantity d , it becomes interesting to ascertain its exact magnitude for the different coloured rays. These were calculated by Sir Isaac Newton with a precision which did him great honour. They are, perhaps, the most minute measurements of time and space ever effected by man; and, as they are real *bona fide* existences, they fill us with wonder and astonishment.

We extract from Mr. Herschel's Table the measurements of the three primary rays; although Newton prepared this for the seven colours and intermediate spaces of his spectrum.

Colours of the Spectrum.	Length of an undulation in parts of an inch.	Number of undulations in an inch.	Number of undulations in a second.
Red	0.0000256	39180	477,000000,000000
Yellow	0.0000227	44000	535,000000,000000
Blue	0.0000196	51110	622,000000,000000

It would occupy far too great a space were we to consider all the minute and beautiful phenomena which can be satisfactorily explained by the law of interference applied to the undulatory theory. A slight sketch of the principal of these is all that remains to be given. From the table above, it will be perceived that each of the coloured rays differs from the rest in the length and size of its waves, and also in the number which is propelled in a second of time.

The phenomena of the inflection of light can now be easily understood. The fringes of coloured light which are observed in the shadow, and called the *interior fringes*, depend upon the interference of the rays which come on either side of the inflecting body. It is clear, that as the middle of the shadow is at the same distance from both edges of this inflecting body, there should be a narrow white strip illumined by the sum of the two inflected pencils, because there is no difference in the lengths of the paths of the two pencils coming from each side of the body; but at a point at such a distance from the centre of the shadow, that the difference of the two paths of the pencils from each side of the body is equal to $\frac{1}{2} d$, the two pencils will destroy each other, and give a dark stripe: consequently, on each side of the central bright stripe there will be a dark one. For the same reasons, it may be shown that at a point at such a distance from the centre of the shadow that the difference in the lengths of the paths is $2d$; $3d$, there will be bright stripes: and at intermediate points, when the difference in the lengths of the paths is $1\frac{1}{2}d$; $2\frac{1}{2}d$, there will be dark stripes. This is exactly the case in point of fact.

With respect to those rings of coloured light which are observed on the edges of the inflecting body, and called the *exterior fringes*, some little difference of opinion exists; and certainly they cannot be explained in so satisfactory a manner. Dr. Thomas Young believed that they were occasioned by the interference of the direct rays with those which are reflected from the edge of the screen. M. Fresnal, who has pursued these investigations with the greatest skill and nicety, found, from observations made with various-shaped bodies, that this was not exactly the case. He believed that those rays which pass at a sensible distance from the inflecting body, assists also in producing this phenomenon, by deviating from their original direction, and interfering with the others.

One of the most successful applications of the law of interference is in the explanations of the colours of *thin plates*. This is a subject which has engaged the attention of such men as Boyle, Newton, Hooke, Bre-

reton, Young, and Brewster, who have found ample scope for the most profound thought in the contemplation of a soap bubble. It may appear at first sight, that these small matters are unworthy of the attention of Philosophers; but, by a more attentive investigation, they will be found very interesting, and moreover, of the greatest importance.

A plate of any transparent medium which is of a certain thinness, will not reflect or transmit white light; but it will be divided more or less into the primitive colours of the Spectrum. The best way of observing the colours of thin films of a liquid, is to immerse the mouth of a wine glass into a mixture of soap and water, and then to hold it in a vertical position, when a film of the soapy fluid is stretched over it. It will then be observed that the upper edge becomes nearly black, while the parts below this dark part will be divided by horizontal lines into a series of coloured fringes.

If we wish to exhibit the colours of a thin plate of air, the most simple process, is that described in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1816: take a slip of thick Crown glass, notch it on the side with a file, and then, by applying a heated iron, make a crack, extending towards the centre. If we now examine the surface of this crack at an angle of 50° or 60° , we shall see the surface of the crack covered with coloured fringes parallel to the termination of the crack. On account of the perfect polish of the separated surfaces, these colours will be very brilliant. The coloured light seen by transmission may be observed if the surfaces of the plate of glass are polished, and the breadth and position of the coloured fringes may be altered by varying the thickness of the plate of air by opening or closing the crack in the glass with the hand.

The method pursued by Sir Isaac Newton in these investigations was to apply three pairs of clamp screws to keep together two telescope lenses of unequal focal lengths. By gradually increasing the pressure, a circular system of coloured rings was displayed in the centre of the glasses. These he studied with peculiar care, and compared them with the thickness of the stratum of air enclosed. When the glasses were the most compressed, there was a black spot in the centre; and the coloured fringes seen by reflected light were in this order of succession: black, blue, white, yellow, red; violet, blue, green, yellow, red; purple, blue, green, yellow, red: green, red; greenish-blue, red; greenish-blue, pale red; greenish-blue, reddish-white. By calculation, he found that the thickness of the air at the darkest part of the first dark ring made by perpendicular rays was one eighty-nine-thousandth part of an inch. These colours seen reflected, become somewhat altered when viewed by transmitted light: that is, by looking through the lenses. In this case, the order of succession is as follows: the central spot is white, then yellowish-red; black, violet, blue, white, yellow, red; violet, blue, green, yellow, red.

For the explanation of these curious phenomena, which he had studied with such care, Sir Isaac devised the theory of fits of easy reflection and transmission, which, though entirely hypothetical, served well to link together the various facts. By the doctrine of undulations, the colours of thin plates are supposed to arise from the interference of the light reflected from the second surface of the plate with that which was reflected from the first surface. This hypothesis is so much more simple and probable that it is now generally considered satisfactory.

We must reserve for another paper a similar sketch of the phenomena of double refraction and polarization, and the more complicated observations of Fraunhofer on the lines and colours of the spectrum. It may be observed, and will be still more so as we proceed, that frequent additions and alterations have been made to the original idea of Huygens, in order to adapt the theory to the newly discovered facts. Probably the *real* nature of Light will be soon established.

(*To be continued.*)

RECONCILIATION.

BY MRS. GODWIN.*

"Let not the Sun go down upon your wrath."

COME chase that dark shadow of wrath from thy brow,

Let us part, our resentment forgetting—

Yon proud orb that gladdens the sea-billow now

Flings all gloom from his glory in setting.

This hand I extend hath too often clasp'd thine,

To be e'er raised in malice to harm thee—

We have shared many toils, all thy pleasures were mine,

Do not these recollections disarm thee?

How light was the cause whence our discord arose

In the height of good-humour and gladness!

Thus joy, like the rainbow that gorgeously shows,

Often changes to storm and to sadness.

Is life, then, a grant so secure or so long,

That we waste it in strife and in sorrow?

Alas! we forget while we brood o'er each wrong

That the cold grave may claim us to-morrow!

Come pledge me ere yet speeding forth on thy path—

See, the goblet before thee is shining—

O let not the bright sun go down on thy wrath:

And behold his red beams fast declining.

LOYAL SUGGESTIONS,

HUMBLY SUBMITTED TO

THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY;

By an Æsthetic Student in Morals.

MADAM,—One of your humble subjects ventures to address a letter to his Sovereign, which is, (as it purports to be,) intended for her perusal; which has the novelty of proceeding from most respectful feelings; and in writing which the author has been unenvious of that ingenuity which contrives at the same time to violate manly courtesy and loyal decorum.

* A short poem by this lady, entitled "The Two Voices," appeared in our Number for April. We were not aware at the time of its insertion that we had permission to publish her name.

The many obstacles which may prevent this appeal from reaching your Majesty's eye are distinctly understood. A queen is, alas ! more frequently surrounded by courtiers than by friends : the former will not, I fear, facilitate an aim, which I feel convinced the latter, be their reverence ever so deep, or their affection ever so zealous, would not oppose.

But whilst there remains the remotest chance that one of your people may gain access to the ear of her who is (nominally at least) the guardian of National interests, I have sufficient excitement to my task. Indeed, I would hope that if my own individual efforts should fail, they may prove suggestions to more able (though not more loyal) brethren, by whose successive exertions the truths which I now utter may be eventually deemed worthy of royal consideration.

To your Majesty, as the ruler of a civilised and distinguished land, observations connected with its well-being are most naturally offered. But it is the happiness of Britain's Sovereign to be distinguished by the *feminine* as well as by the *regal* character. It is an encouragement to the present writer that the Queen cannot be severed from the woman ; that the transient temporal dignity is a phase of the eternal loving principle, which Scripture designates "Seraph,"* and which we have baptised "woman." The latter in her true and primitive purity is identical with the former.

Great joy is it that the woman is inseparable from the Queen. "Queen" would be but another name for monster were it otherwise. The woman is a legitimate and divine expression of the Ineffable ; the queen is an instituted representation of human activity. The woman is an unperishing glory ; the queen is ever a waning one. The former is in the sphere of the infinite, and is alien to declension or mutability ; a finite law governs the latter, and makes its very rising synonymous with its progress to extinction.

What woman is *essentially*, and what her human and physical exhibitions would show her to be (were there not in us a conscience always presuming primal good), are two points of the greatest import. It is not now either concurrent with space or time to enter into an analysis of the reasons why the woman or seraph nature should express itself outwardly in a manner so unworthy ; but the apparent discrepancies are to be reconciled—a solution is to be supplied to this, the deepest of all enigmas. Sufficient is it now to say that the temporal queen should be subordinate to the eternal woman, even as the eternal woman moves in willing accordance with the infinite Progenitor. It is thus that the divine nature, unchecked by rebellion, may reveal itself through the womanly character in the regal one. And so it must be, before we can interpret, in its highest sense, the apostrophe of the Jewish poet : "Through thee kings reign, and princes decree justice."

The present state of the country renders investigation, perhaps, more requisite than agreeable. Whether we look at the religious or political worlds, we find them divided into sections almost innumerable. Most evident it is, that the nation can never be happy which involves so many antagonistic parties. It may be asserted with equal truth that no remedy can arise from a coalition between the divisional bodies, even were it

* Cherubim *know* most ; Seraphim *love* most.

possible. It is not a coalition, but a union, that is necessary. It is not a forced amalgamation of fractions that can constitute a worthy entirety. As well might we expect that a combination of discords would produce a melody. A new and truer series of feelings must supplant those which exist at present. The union source, which is love itself, must be appealed to, before any amelioration can take place. Vainly do we fritter away our time in discussing the merits of *doctrines* which are all incomplete; while we are estranged from those *sympathies* which (would we hearken to their voice) declare all codes, creeds, and systems delusive, which do not present to human hearts one common ground, in which they may meet each other, and the God who sheds over such spot his reconciling presence.

But it were vain to narrate evils, could no counteracting specific be suggested. Vain were the appeal to the Sovereign, if she were unable to present in her example an excitement to the glorious feelings which rest latent in the bosoms of her people—which indeed dwell in her own. But recognising their existence in all as a conscience-generated truth, the possibility of exemplary reform must necessarily be conceded. All that it is requisite to ask is, that the sceptre-swayer shall practically carry out the idea within her of what a woman-queen should be. If the royal artist were entreated to give a verbal portraiture of some excellent Ruler, worthy of the greatest affections, and deserving of the highest earthly elevation, she would surely delineate a being whose extended sympathies should embrace all classes of the population—all modes of opinion: and in *involving* them, should prove her superiority to them; a being whose charity should have faith to believe that the just Father of the Universe gave his divine patrimony for the participation of every child; a being who, while pitying the misrepresentation of heaven-created powers, should penetrate through the dark veil into the sanctuary which it conceals; who, applying earthly punishment to none for errors of belief (not even by withholding from the delinquents exhibitions of her kindness), should argue with them most eloquently by her *more elevated character*—reproach them most effectually by her *better being*.

If such idea of feminine government should exist in your Majesty's mind, believe that it resides not there as a dream to delight the imagination; but as a law to be fulfilled in action. Associate, then, Madam, your favor and influence with all whose energies are devoted to the love-inspiring spirit—with all whose activities are universal and disinterested, though they may have been accidentally numbered in sectarian grades. Encourage all in whom singleness of purpose is revealed, whatever be its mode of expression; and should a Pestalozzi arise, deny him not your patronage, because his pupils are not instructed in the Church Catechism; should a Fourier present himself, lend him your countenance, even though his plan for social reform be unsanctioned by act of Parliament. In your connection with the loving, you address the most potent appeal to the loveless; the new commandment "Love one another" is not an addendum to, but an embodiment of, the preceding ten. "He prayeth best who loveth best." The true lover is the truly religious man.

Numerous are those around her Majesty who would bring from the Holy Bible, arguments in opposition to the course of conduct which is here pointed out. It is necessary to be explicit;—such remonstrances must

not be listened to. Is irreverence intended towards the sacred book? In the sight of him whose inspiration it reflects—no! But to the constructions which are generally put upon it we owe no deference.

The glad tidings some have interpreted as an annunciation of blessings to the few, and of despair to the many. The comment is characterised by the author, and not by the text. The despot has used Scripture as an aid to irresponsible tyranny. The democrat as a support of every disorderly outrage. The proprietor of a burying-ground (he cannot be called the minister of peace), as an apology for denying sepulture to the dead. Thus, though it stands a model divinely symmetrical, earth-directed eyes have seen only its incongruous shadow, and have discerned neither the lineaments of its countenance, nor the perfection of its form.

Bitter mockery were it of man's noblest hopes, did the possibility exist, that any revelation of the Most High could conflict with the instincts of conscience in the soul. We are enabled to recognise the Scriptures as the offspring of divine paternity only by these instincts,—nay through them. In ancient prophets and apostles, did the inspirer utter those oracles which are chronicled in the Bible. Be it ever remembered, that the solemn inspiration which a book may record, must a thousand times more vitally and essentially appertain to the writer, than to the work which he produces. From the pure love which creates in the being, the idea of what he ought to be, is every true inspiration, every influence of heaven, every breath of God.

Let the Queen, then, desiring to act as best becomes the dignity of a Sovereign, and the far higher character of woman, implicitly obey all kind and universal impulses which reside in her bosom.

The verbal signs by which these are represented have been misconstrued, and will be misconstrued; but the internal voice is unambiguous to the humble and sincere auditor.

To turn now to the political aspect, which is but an exponent of the religious—or rather of the irreligious one. I would draw your Majesty's attention not to party collisions,—the preconcerted mummeries which are enacted for the special gratification of the uninitiate, but I would most respectfully submit to your notice one or two crying violations of all that is noble and righteous in principle—violations of man's intelligent dignity;—of woman's celestial sympathy; and of God's universal excellence.

You cannot, Madam, be unaware of the revolting scenes which ever and anon, indelibly disgrace the naval and military history of Britain.

It is painful to dwell on a subject so loathsome—yet how selfish that sensibility which recoils from the mere *narrative* of deeds the *perpetration* of which it does not prohibit. No eloquence of speech, no colouring of imagination is necessary to place before every feminine mind the impossibility of witnessing the scenes referred to, with unmingled love for the monarch who permits their recurrence. O Madam, that you would condescend to reflect upon the new position you would assume to your people, by directing your influence against one savage custom! I beseech you to think how your tacit acquiescence in it affects your character. What an object of unmeasured loathing (however innocently at present) you must become in the eyes of every victim to this fiend-emu-

lative punishment ! That victim is the recognised servant of a Sovereign, whose still early youth would promise benign and civilising influences. He is the subject of a princess, whose woman-nature would seem to imply the impossibility of her assent to the mangling and laceration of human flesh. He has given his allegiance to the descendant of an illustrious line.— Surely he should be too proud to number among her defenders, a being liable to agonies which, if inflicted on a beast, would ensure to the torturer an unrepealable odium. The Queen is clad in purple and fine raiment ; her couch is of down ; her dwelling is a land of pleasure ; her wish is an enchantment which the rarest and most costly treasures obey ; melodies greet her ear ; beauties her eye ; but her acknowledged servant is a poverty-stricken man. All coarseness of fare, all hardness of pillow, all inclemency of season does he bear for her ; and yet for a fault comparatively slight, sanguinary appliances are put into activity, which a word from the fair tenant of Windsor's pleasant halls, might perchance arrest—and *she does not utter it.*

Such are the thoughts that must arise in the minds of those to whom outraged nature forbids nicely distinguishing consideration. It would be equally cruel and absurd to ascribe to your Majesty's *wish*, the continuance of those practices for which Woolwich has of late become so infamously notorious. Long-established precedent, the sanction of the bravest commanders defend them ; while the expedients which, on ever-recurring ministerial emergencies, require the exercise of all Court ingenuity, will scarcely allow this painful question to rivet your attention. But while an apology may perhaps be made for previous neglect, a long protraction of it would render justification, nay even palliation, impracticable. The permission of the sovereign must eventually be more or less connected with those laws, which, while deeply odious to the public, are never brought under the notice of parliament by her ministers ; at all events it will be asked whether this is not a case so urgent, as to call for an expression of feeling from your Majesty, as a member of that sex, whose best sympathies are insulted by naval and military torture. Be the court-etiquette whatever it may, in cases where party-spirit originates the question ; the present one is more extensive. It appeals to you as a daughter of heaven ; and your interference is warranted, because your name is registered in the calendar of humanity.

I cannot part from this subject without reminding you, that the existence of the censured punishment, necessarily implies an executioner ; and an executioner, in this instance, necessarily presumes a moral abasement almost too fearful for reflection. Just heaven ! Of what are the heart-resolves manufactured, which, in being wound up to the infliction of so much agony, do not break ?

All laws which enjoin the punishment of death are likewise inconsistent with that merciful tone which should characterise the reign of a female sovereign. Our sanguinary code is equally horrid and inutile. The legitimate object of punishment is the protection of society, and the benefit of the criminal himself. From the forgiving love of God, the vilest of his breathing creatures is not excluded ; that earthly law therefore, which proscribes the culprit from hope and pardon, corresponds not with the law of heaven.

The moral portion (so called) and the criminal portion (so called) of a community require, in their respective degrees, improvement and reformation to an almost infinite degree. The tenacious selfishness of the former, and the lawless retaliation of the latter, must disappear before a social system based on the eternal sympathies which dwell in every heart, though recognised and acknowledged only by a subdivided fraction of the people.

It is in vain for Government to expect kindly and pacific exhibitions from a class to which it appeals by the extremest modes of relentless antagonism. Worse than idle is it to direct a vengeful artillery against the acts of transgressors, while the passions which generate them are roused into activity by its voice. The minimum of punishment and the maximum of benevolent consideration, must be the objects of a peace-facilitating administration. Our present legislators forget that *the criminal is but a phase of the man*, and that the most atrocious actions must not be ascribed to essential depravity; but to the holiest principles working through an organisation unhappily modified in circumstances, not only subsequent, but *antecedent* to itself. A queen should feel that a child of the Creator is in no case to be prohibited from making an earthly atonement for his offences. Conscience must show your Majesty that under our present penal laws contrasts may take place, the consideration of which you could hardly endure. A day, opening with a Newgate tragedy, and concluding with a Court ball, involves an antithesis—from the contemplation of which every finer sensibility revolts.

I have thus, Madam, endeavoured to draw your attention to two notorious evils, in the abrogation of which royal influence might aid. It is scarcely necessary to add that the feminine principle must be excited on all similar or analogous cases.

A more unrestricted intercourse with your subjects would greatly aid in the developement of that affectionate loyalty which cannot but be grateful to your Majesty's heart. It is much to be regretted that she, whose position requires of her a national friendship, should be almost inaccessible to the greater portion of her subjects. Your agency, however kind, should not be an invisible one; your acts of love should meet the eye, as well as the ear, of your people. How delightful for every individual to feel that his Sovereign was personally co-operating with him in the advancement of public weal.

The regal dispensation must be one of love, and not of coercion: the former must gradually displace the latter. Sympathetic energies must reform society: all other instruments are valueless. Would your Majesty rule a religious people? "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Would your Majesty rule a chivalric people? Every noble disinterested deed must be generated by love. Would your Majesty rule sons and daughters of Genius? It is love that inspires every feeling of the poet—that creates every conception of the artist—that lives in every embodiment of the actor. A loveless country is a barbarous one—a barbarous one is characterised by moral and intellectual apathy.

The days of Faction are numbered; the empire of Faction is departing from it. The names of princes have been generally (sometimes, perhaps, invidiously) associated with the partial and sectarian. O, Madam! that you would disown such an alliance! that in consecrating yourself to

love, you would call into activity all that is hallowing in the heart of earth's first kingdom—a queen sympathising with her people—interesting herself in every plan for the cultivation of their feelings and faculties—lending her influence to the abolition of every cruel and uncivilised law—regarding the integrity of the *man* more than the opinions of the *partizan*! O! such a queen should transform the bard-visions of past ages into faint types of herself! Chivalry casting off the meretricious form of feudalism, should appear in the more consonant one of loving exhibition, and “Most *Excellent* Majesty” should be transformed from a term of courtesy into an expression of heartfelt loyalty.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

SINCE the foundation of our Monthly Crypt, we find that other periodicals have become cryptic too. There is, in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*, an article entirely cryptic on Dr. Channing and False Taste, in reference to that American critic's essay on Milton. Whatever concerns Milton, concerns us—and of Dr. Channing we have already spoken. Much that is unintelligible in the writings of the Boston divine to the *Edinburgh* reviewer, is unintelligible, by reason of the reviewer's, not the writer's, own defect. Where the writer is sentimental, the reviewer demands of him to be intellectual; and the utterance of the highest feelings he would bring before the bar of the understanding. Nay, such feelings as are above this faculty, are to him absurd and ridiculous, we should suppose—but this is his own fault, and not Dr. Channing's. Touching style, however, the reviewer is eminently correct. This is a matter altogether within his province and his ability. The same opinions, nevertheless, have been already expressed. The meretricious styles produced by periodical literature are remarked upon with much *verve* and precision in Southey's Colloquies with Sir Thomas More. The following remarks of the reviewer, show that, in the judgment of persons of taste, such a magazine was much wanted as we have endeavoured (and we are told not in vain) to render the MONTHLY.

“Much of the evil taste,” says the Reviewer, “of which we complain, no doubt arises from the prevalence of periodical writings, and the daily demand of the reading public for matter of amusement or excitement. The reader's appetite gets thus to be somewhat depraved by being jaded; so that it requires incessant stimulants; and then the demand is to be supplied by those, who being allowed a very limited time in which to cater for the propensity they have helped to create, must be content to do the best they can; so they drug the potion high, which they have not the leisure to make delicate; and, above all, they take the materials nearest at hand, and which may be compounded with the least labour or skill. As ever happens in such cases, things act and react on one another; and while the constant and easy supply of highly though coarsely seasoned matter, vitiates the public more and more, this degradation renders it necessary to make the stuff more coarse and stinging to the palate.

“The necessities of the Quarterly Purveyor, are considerably less urgent, and less hurtful in this respect; but we are very far indeed from standing aloof, taking ourselves out of the caste to which we belong, and, with folded arms and self satisfied aspect, thanking God that we are not as other writers are. Nay, we know, we lament, we complain, that we have often had the charge—the awful charge—of dulness, or heaviness, brought against numbers of the Journal, containing various papers of the utmost ability, the greatest originality, the purest composition, on subjects of the highest importance,—but—

not variegated, or set off by what are called *brilliant* or *striking* articles. We hope that we have not yielded to such clamours in the exercise of our functions; but we are conscious, upon the retrospect, of being sometimes obliged to surrender our own better judgement to the prevailing taste; although, upon the graver charges which we have been discussing, our principle has uniformly been to conform to the standard, long established, of correct taste; to make head against all innovation in it; and to cry down all base coin, by whomsoever uttered.

"Yet, let us add, that as evil example is eminently contagious, the corruption of which we are complaining has extended to works, the composition of which offered no such excuse as the necessities of periodical publication; and the subject of which renders the offence far more inexplicable. The scientific writings of later years have been debased by the vitious taste, the foolish vanity of running after ornaments on matters that deny themselves to the ornamental; and *should* be content with the didactic. The yearly assemblages of scientific men; professedly to argue and confer, where investigation or even consultation is impossible, really to display themselves before multitudes, wholly incapable of appreciating any valuable matter uttered before them, and only likely to comprehend the trash unavoidably spoken on such occasions; have greatly lowered the standard of taste among our men of science. There lies before us a book, in which you can perpetually trace an unnatural twisting of the subject under consideration, in a page or more, and cannot tell what it is the author is running after; till, behold a long quotation in blank verse or rhyme makes its appearance, and shows that all the effort was to introduce it. Another really writes on some of the stricter sciences, in tropes and metaphors; nor he among the least of our mathematicians. A third, and one the greatest of all, will have it, that Laplace's great work is a 'kind of scientific poem.' Let us hope that the contagion will spread no further; or if it does, that we shall no longer speak of 'French tinsel;' for assuredly, no name of any renown, amongst our neighbours, can be cited as giving the least countenance to aberrations like these. The offenders should learn to be content with their own domains, and bear in mind, that, even if they possessed the arts, the inferior arts, of the orator or the poet, to use them on their own subjects, in any connexion with these, would be just as absurd as if Mr. Wordsworth, or Mr. Campbell were to put Euclid into a ballad, or an orator in some public meeting were to declaim upon the principles of dynamics."

This is all very well: but was not the example of the very style now condemned, first set in *The Edinburgh Review*? Do we not all recollect Jeffrey's brilliancies? Not an article, however, written by that *soidisant* critic, but what was false in style and substance. We are glad to see a sounder spirit presiding over that periodical. *The Quarterly* seldom or never sinned in that way—its main fault was mostly a conventionalism, that brought all topics down to the same dead level. Mr. Lockhart has well striven against this sombre influence. By the bye—"The Ballantyne Humbug handled, in a letter to Sir Adam Ferguson, by the Author of *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*" is a master-piece of vindication. So much generosity and true nobility was never exercised by one man towards others, as by the Waverley novelist to the Ballantynes. Nothing can show more clearly than the whole account, how alien to the spirit of Trade is that of authorship. One would take, the other will give. Genius is spontaneously liberal, Commerce is necessarily avaricious. Two such yoke-fellows drag different ways. Let the story of Sir Walter Scott operate as a splendid caution to men of letters. It is quite clear, that the Ballantynes had made up their minds, that they and their family were to be *kept* by the exertions of Sir Walter Scott, and in costly style, too, as "merchant princes" of Auld Reekie.

"*The British and Foreign Review, or European Quarterly Journal*. Nos. XV. and XVI."—We cannot but admire the chaste and sober spirit in which this periodical is conducted: it rigidly rejects whatever is *ad captandum*, and

rests solely on its sterling merits. The improved taste of the public will demand works of this kind: Education is doing something, and not a little; As one evidence of this, we may instance the number of Prize Essays that have lately been published, and the number of worthy competitors that are brought into play by the several experiments. We have before us, one on behalf of "The Animal Creation; its Claims on our Humanity stated and enforced by the Rev. John Styles, D. D." Those of Dr. Drummond and Mr. Youatt, we have not seen; but the selection of the present for the prize, seems to have been judicious. The Adjudicators were the Right Honourable the Earl of Carnarvon, the Honourable and Rev. B. W. Noel, and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, M. P. There should always in such cases be three arbitrators, at least. The adjudication should never be left, as in some instances, to one person; because the question of literary merit should never be decided by individual taste or opinion. Dr. Styles argues, that animals are capable of suffering; and that while suffering generally pervades their economy, cruelty does not exist in the administration of the Divine government, separate and apart from the agency of man; but that by his cruel agency, a large proportion do suffer. He then proceeds to show that the claims of the inferior creatures are founded on the dictates of nature, religion, and morality; are recognised and enforced in the Holy Scriptures, and especially by the Christian religion. How debasing is the influence of cruelty on the individual character—how important and numerous are the evils it inflicts on society! On the other hand, the humane treatment of them cannot fail to induce a pleasurable and virtuous train of feelings and habits. The Essay is written in a popular manner, and alludes gracefully at the end, to Wordsworth's ballad of *Hart Leap Well*, which teaches us:

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Still something more positive is required, to subdue the prejudices of those classes, "who are, to the warm and generous feelings of humanity, what the torpedo is to the touch." "A man of a humane disposition will not," says Dr. Styles, "easily taste of a dish in which cruelty has been mingled; it is true, he did not inflict the torture, his feelings would not have permitted him; but it was perhaps, inflicted on his account; or if not, he ought at least to show his disapprobation of the cruel act, by strictly abstaining from the meats it has infected." We told our readers, that the tribe of vegetable-eaters was increasing. The society that takes charge of animals, should consider, we think, the subject of Flesh-eating in itself. There have been and are, fine spirits who shrink from contact with blood. In our opinion, the different kinds of food eaten at different periods of the world, are symbolical of the moral state and condition of man at those times. Man begins as a vegetable eater and clother; next he is habited in the skins of beasts; and then he eats their flesh.

"The Drunkard," writes to us, one of this class of thinkers—"comes in for a large share of public indignation, as far as words are concerned. Temperance advocates do somehow manage, without blushing, to become the focus of virtuous wrath, and reprobation of a dreadfully bad propensity, while they themselves continue in the plenitude of habits, scarcely less degrading and soul-destroying, than those they, in their knight-errantry, sally forth to condemn. A change of stimulants from one description of gratifications to another, is but poor progress towards the ultimate truth, as relates to Human Food. The subject is so fatally mixed up with all sorts of views, motives, and habits, except the right and proper ones, that it is not an easy matter to perceive, in what way the hard-frozen ice of accustomed selfishness may most successfully be broken. When man's nature has become 'subdued to what it works in,' it is not a mild appeal, that will persuade him to wash his hands entirely clean: and as the first effort is pretty sure to fail of that result, such solitary and unsupported experiment serves rather to confirm than to loosen him.

"The intellectual man, in his perfect consciousness of how much existence, life, and delight, the drunkard continually loses, is anxious to serve and to save him from his lost position. But it is pretty obvious, that the intellectual man's courses are in principle little, or no better than the sot's. It might be possible to make out a case, showing that they are worse. According to his own showing, they rest on very nearly the same main ground, that is to say, his own pleasure. Almost all that the temperate man can say, on behalf of his beef, his tea, and his coffee, the drunkard may assert for his tobacco, his beer, and his gin. It is plainly seen, that the drunkard, so long as he continues in his alcohol-imbibing practices, is utterly disqualified for giving any valuable opinion whatever, upon the human right and liberty thus to involve himself. In like manner, it is evident to the abstinent, that the temperate man while involved in his carnivorous quality and unlimited quantity, has accomplished little by cutting off one extraneous quality, and that he is as entirely disqualified for making a just estimate, in regard to his solid excitements of flesh and blood, and their always numerous inflammatory train.

"As the sot must be caught in a lucid, sober interval, before any sensible man would pronounce it useful to do as little as to speak to him of sobriety, so the flesh-eater must somehow be brought to, at least, a short abstinent interval, before the moralist can hopefully venture to appeal. It is the drunkard's sober nature that has to hear the sober voice: it is the flesh-eater's abstinent sense that has to hear the vital voice. Neither in one case, nor the other, can the gratified nature pronounce judgment on the proposed improvements. In both instances the difficulties are great; but they are greater in relation to the temperate man's progress than to the drunkard's. The latter has public opinion strongly against him; so strongly that he is never able to stifle the conscious voice perpetually proclaiming his error to him within. While the flesh-indulgent has a public opinion as strongly in his favour: so strongly, that not only is the consciousness kept quietly unappealed to, but the inquiring spirit, which the age exhibits in every merely amusing and time-occupying manner, is lulled carefully to rest upon this, as upon human generation, and every other vital or vitally connected subject. When man's selfish and sensual gratifications thus find a correspondence and cordial co-operation in the social world, it is not to be wondered that he becomes fully confirmed therein. The question of eating animal food is then not so small as the mere intellectual observer may boldly pronounce it to be. To witness the bathers' enter and emerge from the cold bath, and to hear them afterwards describe their glowing sensations, in as glowing language as they could find, would poorly qualify the spectator and hearer for experiencing the like feelings, or truly uttering similar expressions. What must he do then? Every one has the answer; he must enter the bath—he himself must become a bather. How shall the sot be able to speak of, to understand, to know the advantages and delights of sobriety, unless he suffer himself, by a passivity to intoxicating liquors, to be brought by the ~~sotter~~ spirit into the sober existence—an existence so different to that he must quit, that he has no comprehension of it? Perceiving no delights whatever out of the lower position in which he stands, he honestly believes that by giving them up he annihilates existence, and that any other life is a mystified blank. So with the flesh-consuming intellectualist. He as firmly and honestly believes that all nature would fail under a milder treatment than his stimulating system, which he, in thoughtless pride, calls Temperance. Perceiving no life, thinking moral energy impossible, beyond the bounds which a beef and pig, a curry and pepper circumvallation has drawn around him, he cannot loosen the present strong hold wherein he is self-fortified, but pronounces any thing beyond, as indeed it really seems to him, a mystified blank.

"Is it then not a question merely of health, of taste, of saving, but one involving a whole existence? Aye, truly. And the abstinent life is, in its nature, not only as much above the mental nature in which the inquiring spirit revels, as the latter is above the animal spirit in which the drunkard wallows,

that it is altogether new and incomparable in its kind. The human *mind* stands not more elevated, nor more contrasted to the quadruped *animal*, than stands the *vital* nature superior and contrasted to the *intellectual* nature.

But if all this, if consequences so important, and so strange, depend upon abstinence from animal food, there are whole nations who ought to exhibit vital results. This replication may, however, be met by observation on the facts. In the first place it is well known that a forced love is no love at all; a forced honesty, secured by the felon's enclosure in gaol, is not honesty at all. The abstinence of a poor peasantry, forced on them by penury, is no abstinence whatever, as we see when the opportunity to break out is offered. So a mental force may fail, in its proposed end, as among the Hindoos. Yet, although, under these varied circumstances, as little favourable to true abstinence as forcibly suppressed drunkenness is to genuine sobriety, all the good results are not wanting. The moral picture which India exhibits in yielding to European domination, may be the manifested humility, which their European rulers have *some* authority, though little audited, for saying is the true triumph. It is a process not yet fully marked out; and when it shall be, doubtless the unimpassioned flesh-abstaining nature will, by the unimpassioned at all events, be seen to occupy its lawful position.

"As to the poverty-forced abstinence of our rural population, as they cannot be exhibited as mental results in any eminent way, we may turn to the department of animal results. If health should be needed, with cheerful honesty combined, do we seek it in the beef and beer stimulated town population? No, we look to these to serve our clever, cunning, being-destructive commercial purposes. Among the rural population, with their scanty daily supplies, and their scantier weekly flesh-repast, we unanimously turn when any moral purpose is to be attained. Do we want any extraordinary human physical strength to be applied to any specific object at a cheap rate,—we seek not the means among the well-fed, as they call themselves, the turtled, the spiced, the wined. Far from such. Not even in those who have come down to simple bread are found the suitable individuals. It is among the hardy potatoe-fed Scotch or Irish we discover the surest means for such strengthful exhibitions. A frame so treated is, as far as mere unskilled strength is concerned, equal to any two town-fed and stimulated mechanics. It is in fact, from such sources that the town populations, which otherwise would in a few generations be extinct, are recruited. In respect to longevity it is so clear a case, to every one who takes the trouble to enter into it, in ever so superficial a manner, that the reader will grant to us all that can be required. Nor is it alone in number of days that much is added to the earthly life and consequently to temporal improvement preparatory to eternal, but by the lighter and shorter sleep required the days are magnified in length as well as number. The happy sensations are thus increased and multiplied, the fleshly nature thus replenished and subdued.

"With the riddance of animal food, when resolved on from the true principle, an immense load of satellitious degradations are also thrown overboard. The well-known observation, that the utterance of one falsehood involves the invention of twenty more delusions to support it, is not more true than that animal-food increment necessarily entails the imbibition of a multitude of accompanying equally inflammatory stimulants. It is not enough for the flesh-eater that he endeavours to hide the consciousness of wrong done to the animal, by calling the slaughtered ox by the name beef; a sheep, mutton; a calf, veal; a pig, pork; and blood, by the politer term gravy. Not this clever nomenclature, nor all the cook's industrious, fibre-destroying arts, can sufficiently palliate the direful intention. No, there must even at the last stage, in addition to the heated blood, be added further inflammatory and stimulating substances to carry out the reckless course, and to excite the jaded appetite—to call forth a corresponding quantity of liquid combustibles—to hasten on the double, the animal and mental, ruin. We need not here repeat the familiar

disgusting facts whereby the pork or goose eater makes known the necessity for an allowance of alcohol : but we may be permitted to observe to the commercial man, that a slice of his best fed beef seems always to require to be endorsed by a glass of wine before it is duly honoured. Where that is not to be had, beer or other vulgar liquor must come in. These are the courses that tie men, and, shame to say, women also, to the dinner-table by the hour together. Nothing must interfere to set aside this process : like a religious ceremony it must be obeyed, and unlike religious dictates it obtains universal devotion. Every appointment must succumb to the cook's ; every thought and action must be arranged with reference to the dinner hour. The young man in any station of society, high or low, who should in sincerity reply to his mother's upbraidings for late attendance ; " Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business ? " might think himself fortunate if he should escape with a less punishment than that of being forced to show his guilty acknowledgments by eating a double quantity.

" There is thus the cheering fact that whatever erroneous involutions are found with flesh eating, a favourable and correspondingly powerful and rapid progress ensues on the quittance of this degrading habit. All the large cargo of condiments &c., may then be thrown overboard as worse than useless when the vessel is sailed on the new tack. With simpler purer food, comes simpler clothing, simpler and purer slumbers, simpler furniture, simpler amusements, purer books, purer thoughts, purer conduct. Upon all these, which are its necessary conditions, is to be shed the lustrous, the genetic, the vital nature. (Of this, it is, however, so deep a mysticism to the scientific intellectualist to speak, that for harmony sake we had better recur to those considerations which, as standing on his own ground, he cannot controvert, however lustily he may dispute. Ultimately, it will be seen that the value of the question, as of all questions, rests on this central point.

" Indisputable as is the fact, that all the food necessary either in quantity or quality, to enable the *vis medicatrix* to keep the body in perfect health, is limited to the simplest material which the internal fire can lay hold of, as fuel to keep its supply up, and that to such persons as limit themselves in this manner, sickness is a mere tradition, unknown by actual experience ; we say evident as this law is to every mind, the self-filling, self-gratifying process is still allowed to over-run our better judgment, and to clog and suppress the better nature.

" Were further evidence wanted, not only of this fact, but of the possibility of bringing all sorts of persons within its operation, we could, from our own experience produce it. Within the last five months, there has been established near London, a real school, or child-home, where there have been simultaneously tried, the three extraordinary courses of abolishing all factitious rewards and punishments, as well mental as corporeal, the non-severation of the two sexes in study, and total abstinence from animal food and all its concomitants. We will say nothing of the mental results, because at present it will be thought premature. But of the successful results in that sphere, so much apprehended by the tender parent, that is to say, animal health and vigour, an assembly of nearly thirty persons visibly, audibly, and feelingly testifies. Persons of both sexes, of all ages, habits, &c. collected from various places, have by good will and pure desires, been enabled at once to do that with delight, which is so erroneously deemed a privation.

" We are reminded of this case by the frequently repeated excuse, which finds ready currency in the world, that we are not organized suitably for this abstinent life ; that it may suit very well some constitutions, and each one must ascertain for himself, and from himself, what is fitting for his own constitution, and act accordingly. Founded on this *irrational reasoning*, we have many clever, well-intentioned dissertations, medical and scientific, on the Human constitution and its corresponding institutions. While one minute it is admitted, that human nature is frail and susceptible of large and intense im-

provement, the next minute it is advocated by the same mouth, that every means should be adopted in harmony with the human constitution, as it now is: thus necessarily decreeing its non-improvement. For what is this constitution of which we hear so much, and which is to be so much regarded? Without designing to answer such questions, man proceeds to act, and out of the constitution which man has, though admitted to be defective, he endeavours to make beneficial institutions. One institution that he has erected, is the much-loved practice of flesh-eating. And such institutions as this, (*results emanating from a corrupted constitutional result*) are to be relied on as favourable *causes* of an improved generation. Vain logic. That which improves, must be superior to the improved, and not its offspring. The new and purified constitution, must come from the new and pure constitutor, not from a cleansing, real or attempted, of the old institutions. These latter, as institutions, must all be dropped, and passed away, and such of them only renewed as are found conformable to the new constitution.

"Abstinence, then, taken as the most general idea or expression of man's duty in relation to the material world, becomes at once a most important condition outwardly concerning the animal creation; over which, in a state totally disqualifying all just judgment, he presumes to declare himself lord; as well as externally, in regard to his own animal health, and internally bearing upon the still more important subject of mental justice. If it be impossible for the sot to pronounce fairly on the value of a temperate life, it is equally injudicious to call upon the flesh-excited, to see clearly into the merits of abstinence. Mental increment, like physical support, has a twofold source; one the endosmic, the other the edosmic. These are not more obvious in the vegetable, than they are in the mental world; and generally speaking, the animal life is emblematic of the mental life. Whence it is, that our national tendency is no less to the practical and external in philosophy, than it is in food. A people who have adopted the notion, that truth is to be built up by accretions from without, must necessarily conclude, that animal life is accumulated in a similar manner. Furthermore, a race educated in the idea, that the frame is and can alone be maintained in vigour by external and powerful applications, will as readily fall in with the principle, that mental life is to be laid on by external collegiate means; and never can be a secretion from within. Thus the twofold error, on either branch, plays into the other, and our animal system both by its baneful quantity and quality, and its erroneous principles, stands forcefully in the way of the genetic power's intuition and admission. Hence the public mind, which supports so strongly the idea, that universal truth is transmissible from one human mind to another, utterly rejects the faith, that the universal truth-spirit can commune directly with man. Scarcely conscious of the obvious fact, that animal life is deriveable solely from within, and its conditions merely from without, it is not to be expected that our mental philosophers can comprehend the fact, of an inwardly derived and sustained mental, or spiritual life. The two go together. As soon as the fallacy of one is perceived, the erroneousness of the other is admitted. As they have stood together, so together will they fall. Such a junction of mind and body, may be thought fanciful and romantic; totally unfounded on truth, or fair analogy. We recommend the reader to make trial. The negative effort of doing nothing, of merely ceasing to do, cannot be very great; the dangers, as he may see, are wholly on the other side; the cost is not likely to be inconvenient; in short, no result can rationally be expected at all militant against the desirable in body or mind. There are drinkers of strong liquors, so constant and determined, that the water drinking habit, which is now adopted by so many persons, appears when applied to themselves, a practice under which their whole existence would at once rapidly and entirely sink. Apprehensions as to giving up animal food, are equally groundless; and when once tried, the wonder will be, that we never thought of it before, and could so long, with our religious notions, and personal purity, continue in so disgusting and

degrading a system. Once well escaped from the charnel house, and placed by the incoming light in a position to see the horrors he has quitted, there can be no more tendency to return, than there is a wish in the animal feeder to add the human frame, as is reported of some wild epicures, to his list of festival dainties.

"An entire blindness to the question is not justly chargeable to the public. They have not failed to perceive that the course of justice is liable to be impeded by a too great regard to table delights; that in the competition of judicial administration and the stomach, the former may sometimes go to the wall, and that

"Wretches hang that Jurymen may dine."

"If cases so gross as this be not of common occurrence in the social world, it is undeniable that a process as destructive, goes on in every individual who does not keep his own mental court clear and unsullied by the lower considerations in which the flesh-eater is necessarily involved.

"The intellect-clouding and justice-hindering results of animal food are deplorable enough, but its passion-irritating, affection-blinding consequences grow into monster size and monster quality. Genuine love cannot possibly pervade that being whose pleasure depends on his fellow creatures' destruction. The charity which hopeth all things, and endureth all things, is surely absent from that appetite which, in a world full of readily obtained suitable increment, resorts to another being's pain and cryful groaning death for daily sustenance or pleasure.

"These statements will appear to many far too recondite for any morally practical purpose. It is in the nature of the subject that they should do so. Our primary affirmation is that a completely new existence depends upon it. Not upon the intellectual perception or assent to arguments, but upon the leaving one course and coming into the other, as a preliminary to the new being. Till some approximation is made to this centre, our observations must also excite opposition; to an extent perhaps that we would avoid if we could. As, however, they originate in a different ground to that whence exhortation and precept usually issue, there is hope that the result also may be different. So long as the preacher or writer confines his appeal to the production of verbal or mental assent, signified by an external form only, he will have hearers or readers in abundance. The public will freely attend churches, and liberally buy books, because *such self-sacrifices* still leave them in full possession of these lowering and animal delights wherein they wallow. But let the exhorter go a little farther, let him require something to be actually done in order to touch this self-satisfying system, and he will soon be abandoned by his pretended supporters. Let the Sunday Preacher demand of those who have so complacently sat under his pulpit for ten or twenty years, that seeing it is necessary at last to make room for something better, the weekly feast, which with religious regularity follows his moral appeal, shall be slightly abbreviated of its grossness. Let him require that the weekly joint, the fatted flesh shall be delayed but twenty-four hours,—let him wish to put off the animalization merely until the Monday; to hope for a purer human vessel by postponing the steaming slaughter and its exciting accompaniments till a more convenient and suitable season: let a popular preacher do but this little thing, let him merely require this small item only as the *sine quâ non* of Church communion, and his popularity will rapidly diminish to coldness, or be converted to opposition."

Such is the style of the Enthusiast by whom we have been addressed on the subject of diet. On the other side, we have an angry letter in favour of animal food. The writer likes nothing Pythagorean, but an entire abstinence from flesh least of all. "To preserve man in proper plight" he argues, "in our climates, he not only requires the use of this solid nourishment, but even to vary it; as he cannot preserve himself in a state of activity, but by procuring new sensations; to put his senses on their full stretch by a variety of meats,

to prevent the disgust arising from the uniformity of nourishment. The representations of the Pythagoreans respecting the noxious and debilitating effects of animal food are the mere force of imagination. If the experience of every individual were not sufficient to convince him that the use of animal food is quite consistent with the greatest strength of body and most exalted energy of mind, this truth is proclaimed by the voice of all history; a few hundred Europeans hold in bondage the vegetable-eating millions of the East; experience shows us that the constant use of animal food alone, is as natural and wholesome to the Esquimaux, the Painodes, the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, as the most careful admixture of vegetable and animal matter is to us. The Russians, who winter on Nova Zembla, are obliged to drink fresh rein-deer blood, and eat the raw flesh in order to preserve their health. The Greenlanders and the inhabitants of Archipelago, between North Eastern Asia and North Western America, eat the whale often without waiting for cooking. They bury the seal under the grass in summer, and snow in winter; and eat the half frozen, half putrid flesh, with as keen a relish as we do the greatest dainties. They drink the blood of the seal while warm, and eat dried herrings moistened with whale oil. In the Torrid zone the case is different, circumstances are very unfavourable for raising flocks and herds, which would be necessary to supply the numerous population with animal food. The number, fierceness, and strength of beasts of prey—the periodical alternations of rains and inundations, with the long-continued operations of a vertical sun, whose direct rays dry up all succulent vegetables and all fluids, are the principal and insurmountable obstacles. The deficient supply of *flesh* is most abundantly compensated by numerous and valuable vegetable presents, by the cocoa-nut, the plantane, the banana, the sago tree; by the potatoe, yam, cassava and other roots; by maize, rice and millet, and by an infinite diversity of cooling and refreshing fruits. By these precious gifts nature has pointed out to the natives of hot climates, the most suitable kind of nourishment; here accordingly, vegetable diet is found most grateful and salubrious, and animal food much less wholesome.

“Thus we see in temperate regions all kinds of animal food can be easily procured, and nearly all descriptions of grain, roots, fruit, and other vegetable matters, and, when taken in moderation, afford wholesome nourishment: here, therefore, man appears in his omnivorous character. As the physical composition of his frame enables man to occupy every variety of climate, soil, and situation, it follows, of necessity, that he must be omnivorous, that is, capable of deriving sufficient nourishment and support from all kinds of food. The power of living in various situations would be rendered nugatory by restriction to one kind of diet. If the practices of savage and barbarous people are to be the criterion, we must deem it natural to eat earth, for the Ottomaques, on the banks of the Meta, and the Orinoca feed on fat unctuous *earth*, or a species of pipe-clay tinged with oxyde of iron. The same practice has been observed in other places.”

PARLIAMENTARY TOPICS.

I. SERJEANT TALFOURD'S COPYRIGHT BILL.

There was in the country of Anywhere, which from time immemorial had received for water only the rain from heaven, a man who one day, by accident, discovered on his estate a living spring in the bosom of the earth. Having opened it, and formed, with cost and pain, a well for its reception; in the benevolence of his heart he was wont to suffer his neighbours to fill their buckets thereat, and to bear them away; for which benefit a gratuity was willingly rendered. But, after a few years, one of his stronger neighbours taking

advantage of his absence, and subsequently of his death, seized possession of the spring, and sold the water at a cheaper rate, which he might well do, not having been at the expense of sinking the well. The owner coming back, managed however, to recover its enjoyment; but, after his decease the invader of his property, assisted by the neighbourhood, excited by the cupidity of having *cheap* water, again claimed the well from his wife and family, and succeeded in reacquiring the use and profit of the spring. Hereupon the case was argued before the judges; and the rights of the family in favour of their private property were asserted against the extravagant claims of the usurper and his abettors. Quoth the judges, 'There being no statute-law on the subject,—it is clearly a case for the common-law—if it can be at all brought within its jurisdiction.' But then arose the question, 'What is the common-law?' and all answered 'It was the unwritten-law of the realm.' 'Unwritten-law! how then determined and identified?' And one half of the judges said 'By tradition from time immemorial' and the other half of the judges said, 'By right reason at all times.' Thereupon the judges debated the matter; the former enquiring if tradition could trace in the earlier periods of it no precedent relating to the finding of water in the earth, on the finder's own estate, or in any other way. 'To be sure not,' replied the latter; 'because in those periods, there was no water found; and therefore, in the consideration of the matter, we must act as our forefathers in those periods acted, when a particular case came before them for the first time, as cases of all kinds must have done some moment or other;—that is, decide according to the right and justice of the thing, on an appeal to the common reason of those appointed to judge. Common-law' said they, 'is in fact common reason; and common reason is common-law.' 'No,' replied the other, 'it is tradition; and tradition not having given us a precedent in this matter, we decline deciding on it.' Whereupon the subject was referred to the higher tribunals of the realm.—And they? What did they? Why—they decided the case, neither by tradition nor by reason; but, striking an arbitrary mean, deprived first the rightful owner of the estate and spring of his freehold tenure altogether; which estate, if he had not benefited his kind by discovering the spring, or if when he had discovered it he had concealed it by building a house upon the site, or by not permitting his neighbours to participate in the advantage of it at a charge always infinitely short of the benefit partaken, he might have retained for ever and a day. I say, they deprived him of the freehold estate, in the very spot of ground itself where the spring emanated, and which had he been base enough, he might have preserved by an act of selfishness; and then mocked him by granting him a leasehold estate in it for a brief and inadequate period, after which any villain who chose to rob him of the land and the spring, had full licence to do so expressly given to him by the law of the land! But the manifest injustice of this decision led to much wrong and suffering, and complaining. Appeals consequently were from time to time made to the legislature for an extension of the term, or for a recovery of the full right in perpetuity to the heirs and successors of the first owner; such law to extend to all cases of discovery and inventions whatsoever.

Such, as it appears to us, is the condition of the law of copyright as it now stands; the injustice, however, being immensely aggravated by the peculiar character of the property interested. We regret that Serjeant Talfourd's professional duties prevent him from urging the third reading of his bill, until after Easter. After the sentiments uttered by us on the theme, in the second part of *The Pleasures of Genius*, it is needless to add here, that we wish him success. We trust that it is not necessary to go now into the argument at full on the grounds of expediency, as well as those of justice. If it were so, we should much lament our deficiency of space on the present occasion. We will not, however; being strong in the faith that justice will always work out its own expediency, and that it is only necessary to make the English public understand on which side justice lies, to ensure their sympathy for the right, the good and the true.

II. CANADIAN SQUABBLES.*

LORD DURHAM's Report to Her Majesty *after* he had *resigned* his office!—What were the terms of the royal commission whereby he was appointed? It directed him to “inquire into and *adjust* all questions depending in the said provinces;” not to inquire into and *report* upon them. More easy to sit down snugly in Cleveland-Row, and write about the grievances of a people, than on the other side the Atlantic to cure them.

But let us examine of what stuff this “posthumous Report” (as one of our contemporaries called it) is made. His lordship tells us that the war in Canada is a war of RACES not of PRINCIPLES; Frenchman *versus* Englishman. But it would appear, to our humble understanding, that such a feeling, if it ever existed, would have shown itself most strongly when the English *first* obtained possession of Canada, but his lordship, as if to prove to us that

“There were more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy,”

tells us that this animosity has only *lately* broke out—that in “auld lang syne” the natives of both races used to *intermarry* one with another, although such marriages were at present rare. Now we should, in our simplicity, have thought, that as such “frequent” intermarriages would have served to blend the two races into one, the French would by this time have been more indisposed to quarrel with the English than ever, being joined with them in the bonds of relationship; or, that at least a third race would have sprung up. But no! in spite of all these intermarriages, &c. &c., “the French,” says Lord Durham, “are now more incensed than ever against the English.” *Query*, With whom did the issue of these various intermarriages, as they did not form a third party, side?

Furthermore, his Lordship, as if to show that it was below the dignity of a “Lord High Commissioner” to be consistent, says, in page 14, that “it was not until within a *very few years*, as was testified by persons who had seen much of the country, that this society of civil and military functionaries *ceased to exhibit* towards the higher orders of Canadians an exclusiveness of demeanor, which was revolting to a sensitive and polite people;” from which we are to infer, we suppose, that while treated in a manner “revolting” to a “sensitive and polite people,” such as these French Canadians were, they showed no antipathy to those who thus insulted them; but that directly the English officials treated them as a “polite and sensitive people” ought to be treated, they began to conceive a violent hatred against these same functionaries, for conceding so much to them! It is quite plain that all our European rules are reversed at the other side of the Atlantic—a poignant reason, my lord, why our colonies, there situated, should be separated from the Mother country.

As we proceed, however, the monstrous inconsistency of this puerile production becomes more and more apparent. In page 17, Lord Durham talks about “the rarity, nay, almost *total absence*, of personal encounters between the two races; their mutual fears,” he says, “restrain personal disputes and riots, even among the lower orders.” And why, forsooth? Because the “lower orders” of Canada are a very self-denying set of folk. They are not afraid of being sent to gaol by the police—but “the French know and dread the superior *physical strength of the English in the cities*; and the English in those places refrain from exhibiting *their power*, from fear of the *revenge that might be taken upon their countrymen, who are scattered over the rural parishes*.” What a prudent and thoughtful class of society are these same lower orders of

* “The Report on the Affairs of British North America. Presented to Her Majesty by the Earl of Durham, Lord High Commissioner, &c. &c.”

A Narrative. By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. Murray. 1839.

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Canada ! Such a motive would not sway the lower orders at home—but when John Bull crosses the water he does funny things. Let us now turn to page 15, where his lordship overthrows his own theory of the pacificity of the lower orders, and there we have something about the "*antipathy of the working classes*;" and we are informed that when "once engaged in the *conflict* their passions were the less restrained by *prudence** and the *national hostility now rages most fiercely* between those whose interests in reality bring them least in collision." * * * "In Montreal and Quebec there are English and French schools; children in them are *accustomed to fight nation against nation*, and the quarrels that arise among boys in the street usually exhibit a division of English into one side and French into the other." Yet these are "no personal encounters."

We believe it to be completely out of the power of man to write a more contradictory sentence than the following, of which each line contradicts its fellow:—

"*Religion formed no bond of intercourse and union.* It is indeed an admirable feature of Canadian society *that it is entirely devoid of religious dissensions.* Sectarian influence is not merely not avowed, but it hardly seems to influence men's feelings. But, though the *prudence* of both parties has prevented this fruitful source of animosity from embittering their quarrels, the difference of religion has, in fact, *tended to keep them asunder*; THEIR PRIESTS HAVE BEEN DISTINCT—THEY HAVE NOT EVEN MET IN THE SAME CHURCH."

We believe it is a rule in the practice of medicine, never to acquaint the patient with his danger—in order to be able to perfect a cure, the physician endeavours to inspire the sick man with favourable hopes. He does not come into the room, feel his patient's pulse, and then gravely tell him *he must die*; if he did, we think then his prophecy would soon accomplish itself. Lord Durham was the physician appointed to heal the diseases contracted by Canada—and how does he set about his work? Why, by declaring that never, during the present generation, can the animosity of the two races be quieted; thus holding out to the Canadians the pleasant prospect of interminable brawls, wars and troubles. Is not this the way to perpetuate the antipathy, or war? or create it, even supposing it had not before existed.

But enough of Lord Durham, and his "Report." We almost grudge the space that we have expended in exposing some few of the fallacies which it contains, so worthless is the production. It has led, however, to one good effect, namely, the publication of Sir Francis Head's dispatches—a book worth fifty Durham Reports.

Sir Francis Head was a Commissioner of the Poor Law before it pleased Her Majesty's Ministers to make him Governor of Upper Canada. Previous to his appointment to this station, he says, that he had never been connected with politics—had never even voted at an election; and was as ignorant of Canadian affairs as any poor wight could well be. Now it must be plain to the meanest capacity that the ministry would never have selected such a man, if they had not wished, in vulgar parlance, to make a "cat's paw" of him. A poor half-pay major, living in Romney Marsh, would never have been appointed to an office of such responsibility as the Governorship of Canada is, if his employers had not had some sinister ends in view. This fact is more apparent, when we consider the beggarly manner in which he was sent out; Not only was he to receive 500*l.* a year less salary than his predecessor, but was also to forfeit his half-pay, as major in the army, to the government. But this was not all—the new governor was not to be allowed an aid-de-camp, although all his predecessors had had one. Sir Francis very properly demurred to being thus sent out to rule a "disturbed" colony, with such diminished means; but the only reply which Lord Glenelg vouchsafed to his representation was, "There is much truth in what you say." At last, however, after con-

* Yet, in page 17, one would have thought them sages.

aidersable difficulty, Sir Francis was authorised to appoint Lieut. Halket, of the Coldstream Guards, as his aid-de-camp.

There was also some further pother about Sir Francis's official expenses, which was settled, by the government sending down, on the morning of his departure, 300*l.*, but of which he was told "230*l.* must be retained for the fees of his commission."

Thus, with 70*l.* in his pocket, Sir Francis set off for Liverpool, and he was on board of the New York packet, which was actually moving out of the harbour, when an official letter was handed to him, cancelling the appointment of his aid-de camp!

We will now pass over many other occurrences, and jump at once to his arrival at Toronto, "the sonorous name of the capital of Upper Canada."* Now a certain Mr. M'Kenzie, who had been originally a pedlar's boy, but who by degrees had brought himself into notice, by the extraordinary talent he possessed of inventing gross falsehoods, was the author of a certain book of "grievances" to which Lord Glenelg particularly directed the attention of Sir Francis Head. But when Sir Francis had a private audience with Mr. M'Kenzie, his mind seemed completely to abominate its contents. Afraid to look the governor in the face, he sat with his feet not reaching the ground, and with his face averted at an angle of about 70 degrees; while, with the eccentricity and volubility, and indeed the appearance of a madman, the tiny creature raved in all directions about grievances here, and grievances there, which he said the "Committee had not ventured to enumerate."

"Sir," exclaimed Sir Francis, pointing to the book before him, "Let us cure what we have got here first." But no! nothing could induce this pedlar to face his own report: and Sir Francis soon found that "the book" had the same effect upon all the republican members; and that, like the repellent end of a magnet, he had only to present it to the radicals to drive them from the very object which Her Majesty's government expected would have possessed attraction.

Sir Francis thus found that this said book, which such a fuss had been made about at home, was nothing more than a mere bug-bear—meant to frighten the ministers, but of no force or validity whatsoever in Upper Canada.

Although the well known blue-bound grievance-book, which the governor constantly kept upon his table, acted as a talisman in driving from him the republican party, who apparently could speak no language but that of indefinite complaint, yet he clearly foresaw that they would not long submit to be thus easily defeated. Although nothing but polite expressions had passed between them, it was perfectly evident to Sir Francis that the republicans were severely mortified at being, on all occasions, "*brought to book*;" and that as their case had thus become desperate, they were not merely waiting, but were *eagerly seeking*, for an opportunity to pick any fresh quarrel with him that would enable them to join with Mr. Papineau, and the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, in open rebellion. Accordingly, from the following dispatch, it will appear that before he had been three weeks in the province their skirmishers began to advance.

"Government House, Toronto, Feb. 15th, 1836.

"MY LORD,—I have the honour to enclose to your lordship, an address which I have received from the House of Assembly.

"Your Lordship will perceive, that it was moved by Mr. M'Kenzie, with the object publicly to extract from me my *opinions on various subjects*, which have long been *violently agitated in the house* by himself and others, and that in order to give unusual publicity to the address, 2000 copies have been

* The phrase used by Mrs. Jameson, in her "Summer Rambles and Winter Studies, in Canada."

† Mr. M'Kenzie's work purported to be drawn up by a Committee.

ordered by the House to be printed ; besides which, it has been copied and published in most of the newspapers.

" I accordingly submit to your Lordship my answer to this address, which you will perceive is written to meet *the object*, to which I well know it is intended to be applied ; namely, *to be circulated throughout the Canadas*."

This was pretty well for a beginning.

We now come to the point in Sir Francis Head's administration, the misrepresentation of which in Lord Durham's report, caused the publication of the " Narrative." It was that of the increase of the numbers of the " Executive Council." The facts, as stated by Sir Francis, are simply these :—

A few days after Sir Francis' arrival, he received a communication from the Executive Council, submitting to him the necessity of increasing their number ; which, being composed of three individuals, was incompetent to form a *quorum*.

After making every enquiry in his power, he became of opinion, that Mr. Robert Baldwin, advocate, a gentleman who had been already recommended by Sir John Colborne, for a seat in the Legislative Council, was the first individual he should select. Having come to this conclusion, he deemed it prudent to consult the chief justice, who was Speaker of the Legislative Council ; Mr. Bidwell, the Speaker of the House of Assembly ; and the then members of the Executive Council : and as all those gentlemen unreservedly approved of his appointment, he sent for Mr. R. Baldwin, and proposed to him to accept the same, with the addition of Mr. ———,* who had already been recommended by his predecessor, and Dr. Rolph, who had also been recommended by Lord Goderich, as Solicitor-General of the province.

Mr. R. Baldwin, however, upon consulting with his friends, positively refused to take office, unless *Sir Francis would consent to dismiss the three existing councillors*. To this demand, the governor absolutely refused to comply, and Mr. Baldwin, finding it useless to resist, succumbed, and joined the Executive Council.

The three tory or old members, accordingly, were *not dismissed* as stated by Lord Durham. The following misrepresentations, however, are more important :—

" Among the first acts of the Governor *after the appointment* of this council, was, however, the nomination to some vacant offices of individuals who were taken from the *old* official party, and this without any communications with his council. These appointments were attacked by the House of Assembly ; and the new council, finding that their opinion was never asked upon these or other matters, and that they were seemingly to be kept in ignorance of all those public measures which popular opinion, nevertheless, attributed to their advice, *remonstrated privately* on the subject with the governor. Sir Francis *desired them to make a formal representation to him on the subject* : they did so, and this produced such a reply from him, as left them no choice but to resign. The occasion of the differences which had caused the resignation, was made the subject of communication between the governor and the assembly, so that the whole community were informed of the ground of the dispute."

Sir Francis Head stigmatizes the whole of the above, as " a tissue of unintentional errors." The unpopular appointment to which Lord Durham in the plural number has alluded, was in favour of a *new settler* ; it was made by him, not only by the advice, but solely at the suggestion of the leading members of his old council, *before* the three reformers were added to it. The causes which led to the resignation of these reformers, were as follows :—

As soon as the addition of the reformers to the council was gazetted, universal joy was expressed by the radicals at the circumstance ; and they sent in congratulatory addresses to the governor upon it. From certain clauses in these addresses, he became convinced, that an attempt was being made to pro-

* We should like to know why Sir Francis Head does not give this gentleman's name.

mulgate an error, which had long been artfully broached in this province ; namely, that the Executive Council are responsible to the people for the acts of the lieutenant-governor.

The object of this smoothfaced, insidious doctrine, was at first to obtain for the council, merely *responsibility* ; and, when that point was conceded, immediately to demand from the crown the power and patronage which has hitherto been invested in the lieutenant-governor.

As the addresses proceeded from places of no importance, his excellency replied to the personal congratulations on his arrival, with which they commenced, without taking any notice of the objectionable clauses ; but, at the same time, he was perfectly aware of the very great danger that was brooding ; and, expecting that it would sooner or later be brought before his notice, by an address from the House of Assembly, he determined that, the moment it assumed a tangible form, he would at once stand against it.

While he was thus in suspense, an attack was made upon him from a quarter, from whence he least expected it ; namely, from the Executive Council itself, which, in a document signed by them all, declared that the popular doctrine was the law of the land ; that the old practice had been unconstitutional ; and that in case the governor was of a different opinion, the council, although sworn to secrecy, prayed to be allowed to communicate with the people. His excellency, on the receipt of this document, immediately informed the council, that they could not retain such principles and his confidence, and that they must consequently abandon either the one or the other. Upon receiving this reply, the six members of the council suddenly and simultaneously resigned ; a majority of twenty-seven against twenty-one of the House of Assembly, very resolutely espoused their cause : all business in the House was suspended until Sir Francis' answer to their address had been received. A public meeting was called on the subject at Toronto ; and the whole province was thrown for a short time into a state of very great excitement.

Thus it appears, that the new council who were only in Sir Francis Head's service a fortnight, *never once* remonstrated with him on the " nomination to some vacant offices of individuals, who were taken from the old official party," or on any other subjects, till he received their official documents, which emanated wholly from themselves, without *his knowledge or suggestion*. Lastly, the communication from the House of Assembly was from the assembly to the governor, not from the governor to it.

We cannot resist making the following extracts from Sir Francis B. Head's Book upon Lord Durham's Report.

" After impugning the characters of the lieutenant-governor, of the Executive Council, and of the members of the House of Assembly, Lord Durham, not satisfied with resting his grievances on them, humbly submits to her Majesty a new subject of complaint, which, throughout his report, is termed ' THE FAMILY COMPACT.' ' Successive governors,' says his lordship, ' as they came in in their turn, are said to have either submitted quietly to its influence ; or after a short and unavailing struggle to have yielded to this well-organised party the conduct of affairs.'

" In a monarchical form of government, like that of Upper Canada, composed of a legislature of three branches, one of which contains the sturdy representatives of the people, it would be difficult to apprehend how this fourth power could possibly manage to exist, unless the mystery had been thus explained by his lordship :

" The bench, the magistracy, the high offices of the Episcopal Church, and great part of the legal profession, are filled by the adherents of this party : by grant or purchase they have acquired nearly the whole of the waste lands of the province ; they are all-powerful in the chartered banks ; and, till lately, shared among themselves almost exclusively all offices of trust and profit. The bulk of this party consists, for the most part, of native-born inhabitants of the colony, or of emigrants who settled in it before the last war with the United States ; the principal members of it belong to the Church of England,

and the maintenance of the claims of the church has always been one of its distinguishing characteristics.'

"It appears, then, from Lord Durham's own showing, that this 'FAMILY COMPACT,' which his lordship deems it so advisable that the Queen should destroy, is nothing more nor less than that 'social fabric' which characterises every civilised community in the world. It is that social fabric or rather fortress, within which the British yeoman, farmer, and manufacturer, is enabled to repel the extortionate demands of his labourers, and to preserve from pillage and robbery the harvest of his industry after he has reaped it!

"The bench,' 'the magistrates,' 'the clergy,' 'the law,' 'the landed proprietors,' 'the bankers,' 'the native born inhabitants,' and the 'supporters of the Established Church,' form just as much 'a Family Compact' in England as they do in Upper Canada, and just as much in Germany as they do in England. If Lord Durham proposes not only to make the Legislature of Upper Canada responsible to what he calls '*the people*,' but to level to the ground our social fabric, why, I ask, instead of dedicating his Report to her Majesty, did not his lordship, on his landing, at once summon a National Convention, and place it in the hands of '*the people*'" * * * * *

"It therefore becomes important to the country soberly to enquire from what sources his lordship's information has been derived? In the Report itself this important fact stands shrouded in mystery; for instead of resting his opinion, verbal or written, upon any recognised authorities; almost every assertion is impersonally expressed by the words '*it is said*,' or '*it seems*,' or '*it appears*.' But I trust Lord Durham will eagerly divulge to parliament by whom '*it is said*' to whom '*it seems*,' and to whom '*it appears*.'

The last sentence in our opinion very nearly, exclusive of all other considerations, invalidates the whole Report.

We have said before, that the ministry merely selected Sir Francis Head to make a "cat's paw," of him. They did not want a governor—they wanted an instrument. They had no idea that the poor-law commissioner, and half-pay major of Romney Marsh, would presume to have a will of his own. They most likely calculated, that he would be too much dazzled by the splendour of the office, and much too frightened at losing a station in which he was dignified with the title of "Representative of his Majesty,"—and in which he was, nominally at least, invested with many of the royal functions, to offer any effectual opposition to their measures: but they found themselves mistaken. They soon found out that, by some unaccountable misfortune, they had got hold, in the half-pay major of Romney Marsh, of a man possessed of good sound common sense,—and one who considered it his duty to watch over the interests of the people committed to his charge.

States are like children—in their infancy they are weak, and incapable of "walking alone," they are obliged to lean for support upon some older country able and willing to defend them; but by little and little, as their population, their commerce, and their resources increase, they begin to throw off their nursery clothes, and demand privileges more extended; and still, as they progress, they contrive to throw off the shackles which the parent country has imposed upon them, until at last they declare they are able to do for themselves, that they are arrived at maturity and WILL BE INDEPENDENT. To this stage the Canadians are fast approaching. They are not yet quite strong enough to form a separate nation; but yet "a little while" and the time will come.

III. THE CORN LAWS.

THE Corn Law question has probably received its quietus in the House of Commons for the present session—perhaps for many years.

On Tuesday, March 13th, came on Mr. Villiers' motion. He contended that the corn laws had not worked well for the farmer. Since he had been a member of parliament, the sufferings of the farmer had been a constant theme of complaint. Three years after the corn laws passed, agricultural distress was thus described by the board of agriculture.—Obnoxious seizures, executions for

debt, farmers becoming paupers, great arrears of rent, improvements discontinued, live stock lessened, tradesmen's bills unpaid, general pauperism. These circumstances were expressed in language indicating extreme distress. During twenty years, there had been five committees sitting, on what had been termed the unparalleled distress of the agriculturists. He had looked into some of these reports, and some of these inquiries, and found that, four or five years after the first corn laws were passed, an inquiry was instituted into the sufferings of the agriculturist; and if he collected any thing from reading the report, it was this, that distress was referred to the corn law itself. In regard to our manufactures, he repeated, the corn law would have the effect of preventing English capital from leaving our shores; because, by increasing the demand for the agricultural produce of other countries, it would raise the price of labour abroad, and prevent the manufactures of those countries from having the advantage of superabundant labour and cheap food. It happened by a singular coincidence, that these restrictive laws were also a check upon the introduction of our manufactures into other countries. In Prussia, and the north of Europe generally, and also in America, our manufactures were all but excluded, in consequence of those laws. By the united league of the northern European states, our manufactures were also excluded; and it depended much upon whether we received their produce, how far the restrictive duties imposed in those countries with respect to our grain would be altered. If we took their timber and grain, we should produce the double effect of not only checking their manufactures, but also of inducing them to take ours. The limited states would have the choice, whether they would supply our market with agricultural produce, taking manufactures in return, or whether they would persevere in manufacturing their own fabrics. The advantages politically, as well as otherwise, of uniting the north of Europe and America in one common commercial bond, could not be easily estimated. No greater benefit could accrue to nations, than extending amongst them those relations, founded upon commercial interests.

Mr. Cayley in opposition to the motion, entered into large statistical details, and concluded with saying, that—

"To hear the language which was spoken by some who advocate the repeal of the corn laws, one would almost imagine that this Isle of ours, in all its richness and beauty—the offspring of centuries, of British liberty energy and industry, had sprung into existence but yesterday—the creature and spawn of Manchester; that history was a fiction, and the monuments of the dead foresworn. What? was England not England in the time of our Edwards and our Harrys, of Cressy and Agincourt; in the days of Elizabeth and Burleigh, of Cromwell and Blake, of William and of Anne, of Marlborough and Blenheim, and of Chatham, of whom it is said, that not a gun could be fired in Europe without his permission? And was she relatively less respected or feared, less envied or admired than in these latter days, even of Wellington and Grey, of Russell and of Peel; in those days of frugal industry and sober earnings, and these of grinding competition, and iron-hearted philosophy and of a frigid and gambling hypothesis? The foreign trade, as an offset, is doubtless a most valuable adjunct to the resources of the state, while it continues innocuous to the interests of industry at home: but, Sir, I will not consent to place the whole exertions of employment of my countrymen on so insecure and treacherous a base as that of a foreign trade, daily, we are told, slipping from under our feet, and hourly at the mercy of the caprice and tyranny, the necessity of other powers. And who are the advisers of a policy like this? Those who declare they owe no allegiance to this soil. In the lists of their moral obligations they do, indeed, seem to have excluded gratitude for having been nurtured, fostered, even fondled into existence, at many a temporary sacrifice of those on whom they would now turn again to rend them. 'Owe no allegiance to the soil.' Sir, then far, far distant, aye, and cursed be the day, when they and their schemes will preponderate in our councils,—schemes which would place the welfare and happiness of our people on a foundation, to-day expanded to a world, to-morrow contracted to a point; reducing us to a condition of a pyramid inverted on its apex; vibrating, reeling, tottering to our fall; with no stability for our institutions, no protection for our poor. No, give me, the broad lands of England and Ireland, on which to

rest the solid and lasting fabric of our national greatness. Hold we and abide we by those who will hold and abide by us, rather than by those who boast of their power to fly from us, who are the tenants of a-day, and have no interest in the inheritance. Yes, sir, the land and labour of our country have thriven together for many a good long day, and, with God's blessing, they will yet again; yielding us the same symbols and the same fruits which they have heretofore developed; a happy, grateful, contented peasantry; a joyous, open-hearted yeomanry; a liberal and hospitable gentry; each in their place and degree, and through the wide ramifications of society and industry to which their influence extended, dispensing peace and good-will to all around them; and forming, in the close identity of interest which they exhibited, and in the high honour and devotion of character which they displayed, the noblest and strongest bulwark against external invasion and internal oppression that ever existed in any country."

Of the debate, on the 14th, we shall only notice the conclusion of Sir James Graham's eloquent speech:—

"Repeal the Corn Laws, and what would be the condition of the country? If agriculture were not encouraged, every other interest must partake of the depression in a proportionate degree. The improvement of agriculture depended on the increased demand for production; but by turning arable land into pasture or grass land, the effect would be a displacement of labour, which would diminish the demand for manufactures. He could not, without a feeling of the deepest apprehension, contemplate the dire calamities that must spring from the change. It would lead to want, discontent, tumults, and, he feared, insurrection itself." "Oh!" but said honourable gentlemen opposite, "All that we propose by the change is the diversion of capital into different channels." "The real object was attempted to be concealed, by the mask of technical terms common to political economists; but," continued the right honourable baronet, "we can penetrate the mass of sorrow and suffering that lies concealed beneath these gently-flowing phrases. It is impossible to calculate upon the evils which such a change must bring it about. I view it not alone as a question of political economy, but as one that must operate most prejudicially against the labouring classes. In place of answering to the breezy call of incense-breathing morning, he will wake to the sound of the factory-bell. The quiet grove and the green field will be exchanged for the dark garret—the rural sabbath for the pestilence of congregated towns. Where are now your moralists? Where now are your philanthropists? You denounce as tyrannical and oppressive the banishment of the Poles to the Siberian desert; but you are willing to consign your own countrymen to more intolerable exile. You would make England the workshop of the world! If you consent to this, I agree in the opinion of my noble friend, Lord Ashburton, that England is the last country I should wish to inhabit; and I concur with Lord Melbourne, that the year of the change would be worse than the change itself."

On the 4th day of the discussion (March 16), Sir Robert Peel shewed, from official documents, that the manufacturing interests of this country were on the advance, and its commercial activity rising. Then as to the point of profits, Sir R. Peel contended that in consequence of the increased skill of the manufacturer, and the diminution in the price of the raw article, there ought to be a reduction in the expense, and that this should be coincident with not so large a scale of profit as hitherto was reasonable to suppose, in the manufactured article. *e. g.* In the year 1782, cotton-manufactured twist had exceeded the cost of the raw material only by twenty shillings in the pound. It now, however, received the price of the raw material only by one shilling and sixpence; and, taking into account the diminution in the value of the article from twenty shillings to ninepence, and if they found that in any market the price of cotton manufactured goods had declined, they should not attribute it to increase in the price of labour; but should consider that it was in consequence of the improvement in machinery, and the advancement in the mechanical skill of the manufacturers. Again, the price of the raw material in 1812, was two shillings,—in 1830, it was only tenpence—in the former year the amount of the labourers' wages *per diem*, had been eighteen pence, while in the latter it had been only one shilling. Nor was more now required from the labourer, but, on the contrary, less; beside the wages for man woman and child is at this moment one shilling and eightpence per day.

"Deposits in the savings banks had every where increased in Liverpool, Birmingham, and Glasgow especially. At Manchester, the honourable Barone^t contended, the present system of agitation had commenced—that system for which the President of the Board of Control had claimed credit,—that system of agitation which, by the admission of some honourable gentlemen, it appeared would have been carried on, if those who commenced it had not been shamed by the document which contradicted their statements—that system of agitation which would have been still carried on if those who originated it, could have confined it within convenient bounds—if they had known how to get the control of it. But they had soon discovered that this agitation could not be well confined within the bounds they intended—of hostility to the landlords of this country,—but that there were those, who, flinging off the lesson they had been taught, would agitate the agitators themselves; who would tell them, whether truly or not he did not say, We will not join you who provoke hostility to the landlord and agricultural interests of this country,—who impute to them selfish motives—who accuse them of wishing to do nothing, but grind down the poor—we will not be parties to your agitation, nor lend ourselves to your schemes, in the supposition that it is to increase the profit of the cotton-spinner, by lowering the price of corn, and lowering the price of wages also. The Delegates had been taught a salutary lesson; and they who fancied it was easy to commence agitation might find out when they commenced, they could not, so quietly as they imagined, prescribe the exact limits or boundaries between physical force and their system of moral excitement.

"The corn-laws had not operated to increase the price of wheat, but only to stimulate agriculture. The Belgians were subject to the same corn-laws as the English. Something was to be regarded in a great state beyond the accumulation of wealth, and the closest economy. He much feared the consequences of making this great country dependent on all the numerous contingencies of war for a supply of corn. They had lived in times when the ambition of one man had been able to over-rule all the interests of commerce, that usually prevent foreign hostility. In the complicated relations of this country, seeing what had resulted,—that the fens had been drained—bad lands reclaimed—that the soil had been improved, and had contributed to the comforts and health of the inhabitants—from the encouragement of agriculture, he should regret to see that encouragement diminished, or to see the whole country (though it might be productive of great wealth) a series of manufacturing towns, connected by rail-ways running through abandoned rural districts. He would not consent to throw the protection which they now had for agriculture into the lottery of legislation, in the hope of drawing the prize for a good Corn Bill."

On Monday, the 18th, on the fifth night of the debate, Mr. Whittle Harvey made an able, but rhetorical speech in reply to Sir Robert Peel. But the conclusion seems to have been little affected, either by his speech or that of the different Irish members, including O'Connell, who spoke on that occasion—the result being, that Mr. Villiers' motion was lost by a majority of 147; there having been 195 in its favour, and 342 against it.

On this particular question, both Houses of Parliament seem agreed—the Lords having, on a previous evening, come to the same conclusion as the Commons. On another question—the state of Ireland—a collision is threatened: for, on Thursday, March 21, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Roden moved for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the State of Crime in Ireland. The Ribbonmen were outrageous; a systematic, organised, and secret conspiracy existed, by which, especially, farmers suffered. Its ultimate aim is the same as that of the Precursor Society—the separation of Ireland from England, which involved the great end of all—the Annihilation of the Protestant Faith. Notwithstanding the explanation of the Marquis of Normanby, and the vituperations of the Viscount Melbourne, the motion was carried by a majority of five—the Contents being 63, and the Non-contents 58.

On the next evening, March 29, Lord John Russell made a ministerial announcement of his intention, in the very first week after the recess, to ask the opinion of the House with respect to the Government of Ireland of late years; and, if that opinion should be adverse to the present Ministry, nothing, he concluded, would be left but to relinquish into other hands the government of the country.

At the moment we are writing, we learn that the influence of Lord Melbourne is much affected by the position assumed by the National Convention and the Chartists. An insurrection is threatened, unless their petition, now in course of signature, be conceded by Parliament. At such a crisis, the peculiar talents of the Duke of Wellington are more wanted than the expediences of the Viscount. The Duchess of Kent also is said to be stirring; and the conferences are frequent between the Monarch and the Soldier. Is it a Crisis?

IV. THE CRISIS.

We had written thus far last month, but were precluded from insertion by want of space. *N'importe*; said we, the question can be asked and answered in the same number; that's all the difference.

Is it then a crisis?

The 16th of April has come and gone. Lord John Russell has risen and spoken to one effect, and Sir Robert Peel has replied to another. Mr. Thomas Duncombe sought to clog the vote of confidence in the ministry with pledges for further reforms. The 17th exhibited specimens of Irish effervescence. The two following evenings went off very dully; and the last two were enlivened with the oratory of O'Connell, Shiel, and Stanley. Messrs. Leader and Grote, as became radicals, condemned government in words, and voted for it in deed. If we quote no part of this debate, it is because we consider that in the occasion and exhibition of it, neither principles nor facts were involved. It was a mere party affair, concerning which any philosophic analysis would be wasted; and its only tendency, if tendency it had, was to increase the importance of democratic power, and, by re-action, the aristocratic ultimately. The ministry gained a majority of 22; and Mr. Duncombe lost his amendment by 218. By the loss, however, much more will be found to have been won than by the gain. What effect has the majority of 22 on the state of crime in Ireland? or on the political state of Ireland itself? Political state! It is a still higher question. It is a question of rival churches—nay, more, of rival *episcopal* churches! The historical successors of the Apostles are divided against one another. It is as if Peter and Paul were still contending, as when Paul "withstood Peter to the face." Nay, it is literally so, if the ecclesiastical legend is to be admitted, that the earliest Christians in Britain were first converted by St. Paul, and that the British Church originally existed independently of the church of Rome. Nothing happens—nothing is—but what is mythical. Admitting all this, consider again that Paul was not one of the twelve, and that no account exists of his ever having been ordained; and we derive in his person, a second order of apostleship, on which, we think, the Orielites have not sufficiently meditated; if they had, the *mystical* fancies of the Oxford Divines would have conceived some "deep truth" under the "pregnant instance." On the whole of this question, in connexion with the history and state of Ireland, we shall, in the order of our studies, present our readers with such solutions as may be obtained by prayer and fasting.

V. LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

People go to the theatre to see a father prefer his daughter's sacrifice to her dishonour. Imputations of dishonour have fallen on Lady Flora Hastings, at an ill-conducted Court, where the presence of LORD VISCOUNT MELBOURNE nevertheless has not been wanting. Satisfaction is sought from the premier by the Hastings' family. He replies in brief and cold epistles, as if the reputation of a noble lady were to him of no more consequence than that of a streetwalker. The public mind that sympathises with Virginia and her father will sympathise with Lady Flora and her friends. If his lordship wants to play the part of Appius, he must be prepared for the fate of Appius. His administration will suffer more from this circumstance than from the motion of Lord Roden.

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MILTON.

PART THE THIRD.

It is observable that whenever God the Father, and the Son, are mentioned in Milton's two poems of *Paradise*, the language of the Scriptures is as much as possible adopted. It is questionable, however, if the first person in the blessed Trinity be not too frequently, as well as familiarly, introduced; and whether the sentiments attributed to God the Father, connected as they necessarily are with the main subject of the poem, are not inappropriate to his character. They would have proceeded with less impropriety from the Son, who is also emphatically the Word of God. This would have occasioned a different disposition of many parts of the poem, but would have precluded those familiar colloquies which have been, in our opinion, justly censured, as giving a degraded view of the "secret counsels" of heaven. It would have been better to describe the Father as being invisible and inaudible to angels, and present alone in the Son, in whom only

"The Father shone
Substantially expressed."

and through whom only the decrees of Omnipotence should be promulged. The course adopted makes the Father his own Word.

This is the more observable, as the chief argument in Milton's "Christian Doctrine" is the essential distinction between the persons of the Father and the Son, whence he would infer the inferiority of the Messiah as of a Son to a Father. "God," also says Milton, "as he cannot be seen, so neither can be heard"—"He dwells in the light which no one can approach unto, whom no one hath seen nor can see."—"Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape." But it is doubtful if he considered the Father as *essentially* invisible and inaudible, but to men only. At any rate, in the *Paradise Lost*, he describes the angels as both beholding and hearing him—

"About him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Beatitude past utterance."—*Book iii.* 60—63.

Also the Father personally addresses to them that question, at which

" All the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heaven."—*Book iii.* 217—218.

This essential invisibility of the Paternal Godhead makes the first person of the Trinity an improper subject for painting. That of the Dove is the only shape in which the Holy Spirit may be legitimately represented.

" And with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like, satst brooding o'er the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant."—*Book i.* 20—23

But it is probable, as Milton asserts, that "the likeness of a Dove was not an actual embodiment of the essential presence of the Holy Spirit, but only as a symbol and representation of the ineffable affection of the Father for the Son, communicated by the Holy Spirit under the image of a Dove, and accompanied by a voice from heaven declaratory of that affection." Mr. Martin, in his engraving of the Creation of Light, has, in imitation of Raffael, been bold enough to invest the Holy Spirit with human limbs, in the act of moving over Chaos. As with the fiat of his right hand he commands the sun into being, his left hand *begets* the moon; and the stars are kindled by the inconceivable speed of his progress. The conception is grand and the execution splendid. The principal figure is borrowed, but the excellent disposition of the light and shade, from which it derives so much of its effect, is original. There are many who, with Byron, will consider such an impersonation blasphemous. But Milton most assuredly, of all men, may be readily absolved from any such charge. Audacious his genius was, but pious; bold, but venerative. Whether the person of God be represented in a visible humanity, or his Name be audibly pronounced, the idea is equally embodied. It was a feeling of this which induced the Jew to stand in awe of that Being, and that incommunicable Name, before whom he trembled, and for which his reverence was so profound that he feared to articulate the tremendous word. It might inhabit the heart and mind in hidden sanctity, but to embody it in a sound was profanation. Yet, when celebrating the dispensations of Providence, their psalmists and prophets dared to pronounce it with emphatic repetition. So when a poet or painter, of sufficient powers, applies his genius to the illustration of sacred subjects, he is entitled to all the resources of his art, and to every aid, whether derivable from the imagination or the fancy. Genius is not to be restricted within ordinary limits; of itself it is no profane gift, but it is as holy as the mind of man, which, says a writer only less than inspired, is "the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty."

The same feeling also has prevented a great poet of our own day from drinking at "Siloa's brook," rather than from the springs of the Arabian desert, or of the waters of the Ganges. Undoubtedly the human intellect, however sublime, should approach with hallowed awe the "invisible things of God;" but still we must not forget that these may be "understood in the things that are made."

Genius should not be presumptuous, but neither must it be deprived of its privileges. To mere talent we would forbid much,—but in the higher walks of art only inquire whether the production is one of transcendent genius, and make no rejoinder. For, from a work of genius, a critic must derive his rules of judgment; he has no laws by which he can limit its freedom. He was not originally the law-giver, but the poet—and so must every true poet continue to be.

“ Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.”

There is, however, no necessity for resorting to the scheme of the Humanitarians, in order to render the Deity interesting to Christians. He has manifested himself for us in a human shape, and invested with all those affections which ennoble him in our conceptions, and endear him to our feelings. This will give sufficient license to a poet to venture into the heavens and declare the attributes of Omnipotence. But he must remember that the being of the Father is only visible and audible in the person of the Son. Milton might have been taught this by reference to the 2nd psalm, in which the generation of the Messiah is declared. The decree, however, is reported by himself. It is but one person that speaks throughout, and he says “The Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.” Milton proceeds differently—

“ Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By him in bliss embosomed sat the Son,
Amidst, as from the flaming mount whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.
'Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand.
This day have I begot, whom I declare
My only Son.'”—Book v. 594—604.

On a sedulous perusal of “the Christian Doctrine,” it will be found to be the best Commentary on the “Paradise Lost” and “Regained;” but the disagreements between the poet’s principles and practice are many, and relate to the more disputable doctrines, on which it is clear his own opinion was much divided, and differed at different periods of his life, and we are inclined to believe subsequently to the composition of that extraordinary treatise.

Dr. Channing is in error when he thanks God for having “raised up this illustrious advocate of the long-observed doctrine of the Divine Unity.” Milton, on the contrary, is a determined theist. His system presents a Trinity without a Unity—three Gods, of whom one is supreme, and each substantially distinct from the others. But in “Paradise Lost,” we have, at any rate, a modification of this opinion—

“ Beyond compare the Son of God was seen,
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone,
Substantially expressed.”—Book iii. 138—140.

And is there not an intended indication of the same Divine mystery, when the "Filial Godhead" went forth "in the chariot of Paternal Deity," to repel his rebellious enemies?

The hero of "*Paradise Lost*" has been disputed; no doubt can exist as to the hero of the "*Paradise Regained*." A concise analysis of this "brief epic" may assist in forming a notion of Milton's ultimate belief as to the character of his Sacred hero. The prevailing opinion respecting the inferiority of this latter poem originates in an erroneous idea of the design and model proposed by himself for development and imitation. It is rather a dramatic than an epic poem—more of a dialogue than either. But it is a dramatic poem in the same sense in which the Book of Job is one. That the Book of Job was intentionally his model may be readily collected from parts of that sublime specimen of his prose composition, which commences the 2nd book of his Treatise, entitled, "The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy"—in which "he thinks it no shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some years he might go on trust with him towards the payment of what he was then indebted;" namely, a work "of highest hope and hardest attempting—whether that epic form whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief model: or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art, and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art; and lastly what king or knight, before the conquest, might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a *Christian* hero." He also proposes, for his imitation, "those dramatic constitutions wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign." "The Scripture also," says he, "affords a Divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."^{*}

Milton certainly appears to have considered the Book of Job as an epic, but he could not have been blind to its dramatic excellence. He accordingly has blended, with much skill, the two forms of composition, but, as in the Book of Job, the dramatic spirit preponderates over the narrative. In imitation of that ancient poem, he commences his narrative in the Spiritual World—the consistory of Satan and the full frequency of angels before the throne of God. The *Æneid* commences in a similar way, with a soliloquy of Juno. Virgil, however, may be censured, for having first set his machinery to work, in order to explain the previous history—a proceeding very inartificial. This objection, however, does not obtain against these two poems—the subject of each is of a supernatural kind, and particularly the argument which celebrates the "glorious Eremit" led by the Spirit.

"Into the desert, his victorious field,
Against the Spiritual foe, and brought out thence,
By proof, the undoubted Son of God."—P. R. *Book i.* 9—11.

^{*} Reason of Church Government, vol. i: p. 72—73. Burnett's Ed.

The Divine and angelic agency is essentially necessary to the perfection of the design. In the *Æneid* it is only a mythological ornament, an allegorical embellishment. The *Iliad* opens with a spirit which, in our age, would be considered dramatic. The transition to the action is rapid, and we are introduced, in the midst of things, to the characters and circumstances at once. This transition, we doubt not, Milton considered peculiarly epic, and therefore adopted it in his larger poem; since both "*Comus*" and the "*Samson Agonistes*" open differently. It is according to the model upon which these two poems were formed, that he introduces the divine hero of the "*Paradise Regained*." At this point the action commences, and it is evidently conducted after the fashion of the Greek drama. Mr. Sumner remarks, that the soliloquy thus ascribed to our Saviour, is "founded on the supposition that Christ was not possessed of all the knowledge which his human nature was capable of receiving by virtue of the union of the two natures, and from the first moment of that union." He concludes, from what he feels, and hears, that he is "the Christ of whom the prophets spake." It would seem that Milton had formed a vague notion on this subject, but no decided opinion. The doubt, we think, might have been attributed to the Virgin, or, with still more propriety, to some of the disciples. It was impossible for his divine identity to have been so absorbed in his humanity, and yet he remain God.

That the doubt should be proposed, however, was necessary to the integrity of the poem, and the completion of the design; to the excellence of which a beginning, middle, and end are necessary. The object of the temptation is, that the Messiah may come out thence "*by proof the undoubted Son of God*," and the angelic choir hail him at the conclusion as the "*Son of the Most High, queller of Satan*." Had the poem begun with more certainty, the evidence would have been anticipated, and the action wanted parts. We feel anxious for the success of the Messiah's arguments and patience against the sophistry and artifice of the Tempter; and we rise from the work with a conviction, that though the conduct and issue of the dispute evinced his divinity, yet such evidence was effected by human means—means equally available to all men under similar trials. It teaches that patience is a power, and that man's reason is not in vain. It is also an evidence of his alliance with Deity; and that the proper exercise of these faculties best asserts his connexion with superior essences.

Let us consider a little how the object and design of the poet is effected, and developed in the progress of his poem. Satan is described as being solicitous to learn in *what sense* the divine hero might be called the Son of God, and with this purpose commences the temptation. Taking advantage of his forty days' fast, he invites him to a gorgeous feast spread, by infernal enchantment, in the desert. This temptation not succeeding, he offers him wealth as the means required for great enterprise, pretending to discover that his heart is set on high designs. Afterwards he endeavours to seduce him with glory. Then he transports the Messiah to the exceeding high mountain, whence he showed him all the kingdoms

of the world, and tempts him with the prospect and promise of dominion. The Saviour is then conveyed to the pinnacle of the temple. It is worthy of attention, as marking Milton's purpose in the conduct of his poem, that he places this temptation last; precedence is given to it by the Evangelist Matthew, though not by Luke. The locality preferred by the poet tends to dramatic effect in the denouement. Satan tries this last test to prove the divinity of the Saviour; he commands him to cast himself down

"Safely, if Son of God;
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels; in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.
To whom thus Jesus. Also it is written,
Tempt not the LORD THY GOD: he said, and stood,
But Satan smitten with amazement fell."—

P. R. Book iv. 565—562.

The proofs of his divinity have been gradually accumulating—here they rise to a grand climax. The moral of the poem is demonstrated, angels celebrate his victory, and the Saviour returns to his mother's house.

The reason of Milton's preference of "*Paradise Regained*," may perhaps be detected in the superior dignity of the action. The action of "*Paradise Lost*," though great, was founded on the fall of man; it involved a moral degradation; that of the "*Paradise Regained*" represents the conquest over temptation, it celebrates a moral victory. Perhaps, too, it had a more interesting claim on his affections. The consideration of the subject caused him to dwell further on the proofs of the Divinity of the Messiah, (which, however, he never disputed), and we think, that there is reason to believe from the evident design of the poem, tended in no small degree to revive his earlier sentiments, and restore his nobler conceptions, regarding the Eternal Being, who laid aside

"That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity."

The partial and apparently temporary heterodoxy of Milton respecting the generation of the Son of God arises from two sources. Some confusion respecting the proper definitions of substance and essence, and an insufficient definition of eternity. He admits that Deity can only generate Deity, as man can only beget man; and we should therefore, have supposed that he could have had no peculiar difficulty in arriving at the conclusion, that the Son of God must be equally God, even as the Son of Man must be equally man, inferior neither in substance nor essence;—however these words may be understood. Eternity he defines as having no beginning nor end—but omits that it is without succession. This leads him to confound infinite time with eternity in many of his speculations. For it must be borne in mind, that Milton cannot be quoted as any authority for our modern Unitarians, though Dr. Channing

would assume as much. "He by whom all things were made," says the poet, "both in heaven and in earth, even the angels themselves, he who in the beginning was the Word, and God with God, and although not supreme, yet the first-born of every creature, must necessarily have existed previous to his incarnation." His great error is in supposing the generation to have taken place within the limits of time, although before the foundations of the world and the creation of angels;—that is, we should have thought, in eternity. If eternity be properly defined as duration without succession; then the Persons of the Trinity can neither be "before nor after the other." The truth, moreover, is, that the Messiah did not begin in time, but that in him time had its beginning. It is well said, that he was the Beginning as well as the Beginner of the creation of God, because he is the Cause as well as the Causer, Deity being free to will, and having no external motive to act. Not having mastered the full idea of eternity, our sublime poet reasoned not erroneously, but insufficiently on this important subject.

"Paradise Lost" has many examples of this deficient definition of the term.

"As yet the world was not, and Chaos wild
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where earth now rests
 Upon her centre poised; when on a day
 (For time, though in eternity, applied
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past and future) on such a day
 As heaven's great year brings forth, th' Empyrean host
 Of angels by imperial summons called,
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's Throne.
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appeared,
 Under their Hierarchs in order bright,
 Ten thousand, thousand ensigns high advanced;
 Standards, and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear,
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
 Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees.—Book v. 577—591.

Upon this subject we would only further observe, that Milton precluded himself from a fine opportunity for improving his account of the declension of the angels, by the prominence given to the Paternal Deity.

"Thee Author of all Being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible,
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Throned inaccessible."—Book iii. 374—377.

Thus he describes the angels as introducing their sacred song, but, as we have before observed, neglects to apply the idea to any of the practical purposes of his poem. Had he represented the Deity as essentially invisible and inaudible to angels, and in imitation of the 2d Psalm ascribed to the Messiah the declaration of the divine decree, he might have made it the reason for the rebellion of the apostate angels, and illustrated that great principle of faith which is the "evidence of things not seen." They might have been represented as disbelieving the word of God, and Messiah's victory

exhibited as a testimony of its truth, and as, indeed, proving him to be

"Son, Heir and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign."

But this argument was reserved for the "great duel not of arms," when he undertook to sing in no unworthy numbers,

"Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness."

We are conscious that we have been treading on holy ground, and it behoved us to take our shoes from off our feet and walk softly. The poet himself led us behind the veil, and it was not in our election to be silent at the mysteries, but we trust that they have not been approached profanely.

Whatever may be thought of Milton's philosophy, as a system it is consistent; and as a poetical theory, it harmonises with the practice of poets in every age and country. If spirit include matter, then is the latter but a symbol of the superior substance, and nature in all her forms and varieties is an express type and image of the invisible mind. It is in this light that all poets (and Spenser in particular*), have considered the subject; they have not hesitated to incorporate the things eternal in the things temporal, and of detecting in the material world illustrations of the moral. Poetry breathes a quickening principle into nature, and imparts to it a living spirit; and having purified it of whatever is grossly corporeal makes of it a glorious body, in which whatever is moral or sacred may be suitably enshrined,

"And what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, *she* doth delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,
As may express them best; tho' what if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each t'other like, more than on earth is thought."—

Book v. 571—576.

This may be erroneous in philosophy, but it is the source of much fine poetry, and gives large scope for the free exercise of the poet's fancy. Banish the 6th book of "Paradise Lost" to the perusal of nurses and children; and upon the same principle you must expunge nearly three-fourths of the whole work. Not only will the objection obtain whenever the angels are described as having bodies and armour, but it must extend to the burning marle of hell—to Pandemonium—to the mountains with which the rebel angels were crushed;—nay, all the beautiful similes by which the supernatural actors in the poem are assimilated to natural objects, must be denounced; for to what can pure spirit be likened? We must be prepared to part with the sea-beast, Leviathan, by whose side the Norway pilot moors under the lee—the sun in eclipse, shedding

* "For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."—

Hymn in Honour of Beauty —1323.

disastrous twilight over half the nations—the moon whose orb through optic glass the Tuscan artist views—the tallest pine hewn on Norwegian hill—and innumerable others. We must also part with the graceful vicissitude of day and night in heaven—and the dark and dreary vales, regions dolorous, the frozen and fiery alps, rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs and dens of hell. Whatever relates to place and succession must be omitted from the poet's description of either; and in fact it would be difficult to propose any way in which he could describe them at all; for if the principle were strictly enforced, he could not assign to either any locality or include them within any temporal limits. Heaven could have had no mural wall—no breach to repair;—hell no triple gates for sin to open.

In the meanwhile, it should be remembered, that philosophy has failed to resolve the difficulties attending these important subjects. What then? Must the Poet forbear, until the Philosopher has made his way smooth and certain? But imagination has her conquests to make, as well as reason; and disdains to be bound down by the laws of a formal logic. It is free from the limits of the understanding, and claims a privilege of making discoveries in a sublimer region, and of giving shape to the formless and the void. How is this to be done but with such materials as are in her power? Words are the poet's materials, which are to him as colours to the painter; the former undertakes to represent to the intellectual vision, what the latter portrays to the bodily eye. A shape is indispensable to the intelligibility of the object; and we have no shapes, no images, but of the material and corporeal. The only difference between Milton and the philosophers, is, that under their theory of distinct substances, such ideas are expressed by means of allegory; and according to Milton's doctrine of their identity, such images would be visible symbols and living portions of what they represented.

The critics have judged of the battle of the angels, and the episode of Sin and Death upon different grounds; both ought to have been considered in the same manner. The allegory is broken, say they, when Death offers battle to Satan. But, in fact, this episode is not more allegorical than the other. They are both of the same character, and are portions of each other. Sin and Death must be considered equally real persons as the other actors, and all that relates to them as an essential portion of the action. For what is the subject? the origin of evil, and its introduction into this world. To illustrate this, he constructs a fable, which, divested of its poetical inversions, may be thus related.

Upon a day in eternity, the Almighty summoned the Angelic Hierarchies before his throne, and declared the generation of the Messiah, and anointed him King. But Satan, of the first, if not *the* first archangel, thence conceiving envy, rebels with the third part of heaven's host, whom he arrays for battle in the quarters of the North. Here pain surprises him, his eyes become dim, and his head throws forth flames, until, on the left side, Sin springs out of his head, "shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed."

The angels are won with her attractive graces; but Satan is

chiefly enamoured with her, and she conceives a son. Meanwhile war arises, fields are fought in heaven. Satan and his host are expelled from the celestial regions by the conquering omnipotence of Messiah. They are driven down into the midst of hell, situated in chaos, fortified with adamant gates, of which the keys are intrusted to Sin, hell's porters. Here she is delivered of her ghastly son, whom she calls Death, according to the passage in the Epistle of James i. 25. "Lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

Satan and his host were nine days falling from heaven to hell, and lay nine days upon the fiery gulf "confounded, though immortal." Meanwhile the Messiah, in order to repair heaven's loss, proceeds in the creation of this earth and of its inhabitants; in sovereignty over which he places man and woman.

There had been a prophecy in heaven respecting this creation, which is remembered by the vanquished angels, after they have recovered from the confusion of their fall. They consult; and it is finally determined, that Satan shall penetrate beyond the confines of the infernal region into the new created world, for the purpose of seducing the lords thereof to disobedience, and making them partakers of his eternal punishment, "which would be all his solace and revenge, as a despite done against the Most High."

He sets out upon this expedition, and arrives at the gates of Hell, where he is recognised by his daughter and their son. These conceive it to be to their interest to assist his enterprise. She betrays her trust, the infernal gates are thrown open, and cannot be shut again: he passes Chaos, and arrives at Eden.

After going through some adventures, he succeeds in his temptation, though both Adam and Eve have been warned of his coming, and its object. They fall, and in them all their posterity. But their redemption is provided for in the counsels of God, and undertaken by the Messiah. Sin and Death follow Satan, their sire, up to the place of man; and, for a more convenient passage between hell and earth, erect a massy bridge over Chaos. They proceed at once to their work of destruction. Adam and Eve are, in consequence of their fall, expelled from Paradise.

Thus far Satan's object is accomplished, and the world is subjected to the dominion of Sin and Death. The Almighty, however, foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; which prophecy is communicated to Adam previous to his expulsion, with the order of Providence in the government of the world, until this consummation shall arrive.

The action of the poem commences in eternity: the duration of the action.

" Measures this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fixed: beyond is all abyss:
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach,"

Book xii. 554—556.

The moral of the poem is given by the poet himself, in the conclusion of the same passage, in which Adam proceeds to say:—

" Greatly instructed, I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain ;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend.
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things ; by things deemed weak
Subverting worldly strong ; and worldly wise
By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory ;
And, to the faithful, Death the Gate of Life ;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

Book xii. 556—573.

To which the angel rejoins,

" Thou hast attained the sum of wisdom ;"
" ————only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith ;
Add virtue, patience, temperance ; add love,
By name to come called charity, the soul
Of all the rest ; then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far."

Book xii. 575—587.

Now this outline, which, even at this time of day, the reader will think we are justified in sketching, plainly demonstrates, whatever the critic may suppose, that it was never the Poet's intention that one part of it should be more allegorical than another. The whole is an animated symbol of events, passing " beyond the flaming bounds of space and time," as also of every occurrence that may be included within their extreme limits. The events of the first class are exhibited under the relation of cause and effect, and in succession ; and actors purely spiritual, under the conditions of beings partly spiritual, and partly corporeal ; because the former are essentially invisible to us : and in poetry, it is as necessary to make them visible to the intellectual, as in painting to the natural eye ; which can only be done by assimilating them to the objects of sense, by means of images derived therefrom. It is in the association of these images, that the poet's fancy is exerted, and the reader's excited, and without the intervention of these, the poet's imagination would only produce ideas without form, and beings without shape. He could not have distinguished either hell or heaven from chaos. He must have presented each of them as a " void and formless infinite," and equally unimaginable with

" The secrets of that hoary deep, and dark,
Illimitable ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height
And time and place are lost."

Book i. 891—894.

Milton, perceiving that it was necessary to call in the aid of his fancy, availed himself of his poetical privilege, and removed all limits from its exercise. Fortunately there was nothing in his philosophical creed to restrain his poetical ambition. His imagination fearlessly presumed "*an earthly* guest, to draw empyreal air"—and as fearlessly ventured down the dark descent. Heaven hid nothing from his view, nor the deep tract of hell.

Yet it was not the tendency of his mind thus to incorporate the spiritual invisible phenomena, and we are persuaded that nothing but the necessity of the subject would have induced him to resort to this expedient. This the platonic character of his political and religious writings justifies us in asserting. But having convinced himself of the propriety of this mode of proceeding, he abandoned his imagination without reserve, to all its requisitions, and took advantage of all the exemptions which might be demanded from the ordinary rules of logic and philosophy. Yet with what delight he benefits by every opportunity to manifest the predisposition of his genius, as exhibited in "*Comus*," and afterwards in "*Paradise Regained*," and, in truth, also evidenced by his choice of subject for this his great epic, though found impracticable in its execution. Frequently he exerts his imagination alone, and is fond of presenting his creation indistinct and unrealised. Such are the beings with whom Satan meets in chaos—Powers and Spirits that reside in noise—ancient Night enthroned with Chaos—with Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name of Demogorgon standing by—

"Rumour next and chance,
And tumult and confusion all embroiled,
And discord with a thousand various mouths."

Book ii. 965—968.

So also in *Lycidas*, in a passage intended to convey the impression of reality, he nevertheless consents to refine his objects into the substance of a fable and a vision. But to his mind these were realities, and he communicates the same feeling to the reader's.

"Or whether thou to our moist vows denied
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
And the great vision of the guarded mount."

But these are exceptions in the execution of his great work; his principal aim was to embody and realise. Wherever he describes his angels as purely spiritual, and attributes to them the acts of incorporeal beings, these instances must be looked upon only as indications of his desire as to the manner of its execution, had it been possible—Indeed, it may be doubted, after all the disputes upon this subject, whether he has not maintained the incorporeality of his spiritual beings, throughout the Poem. For he describes them not as necessarily having a body, but as adopting any form that might best suit their occasions.

"All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense, and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape and size,
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare."

Book vi. 350—353.

There is also, we think, a deeper reason for adopting a course so clean contrary to the natural disposition of his genius, which we shall subsequently notice.

Addison observed, that to construct such a poem in the English language was like building a palace of brick. Any other language would equally have fallen short of its transcendent sublimity, and in this remark that elegant writer improperly underrated his own. All language is unequal to such high argument, and those readers only are capable of appreciating the poet's excellence in whose minds his images awaken the "thoughts that wander through eternity," and which, partaking of its nature, are, like it, ineffable. They only are capable of appreciating the poet's excellence, who can conceive of the poem as existing in the poet's mind, before it was reduced to expression, and condensed in numbers, "when," to quote from Dryden, "the fancy was yet in its first work moving the sleeping images of things towards the light, there to be distinguished, and then either chosen or rejected by the judgement."

It is not in the picturesque and the harmonious—(and who is superior to him in these excellences?)—that Milton is chiefly laudable, but in the ideality of his conceptions. In this he is incomparable. The fancy of Shakspeare was more active to invent, more fertile in expedients to embody—but the imagination of Milton was vigorous to shape, and expansive to create.

Yet what an extensive range, though of a different class, had the fancy of Milton for a dominion—over what a wide field of experience, though different in kind, like the "flower-shaped Psyche," had she liberty to wander; and with what exquisite judgment were her selections made from the choice treasures that had been subdued to her demands, and from which, like the "chemic bee," she extracted the "honey-dew!" With what magical effect are his pictures painted! Who has ever read the following passage without transport?

"Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
His mighty standard; that proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which full high advanced
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind;
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised

To height of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;
 Not wanting power to mitigate and suage,
 With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds."—*Book ii.* 531—559.

The diversions of the fallen angels are conceived in the same spirit, and executed with equal beauty and harmony. The descriptions of the angels surrounding the Almighty's throne, and the night-watches of the cherubic guards about Eden, before whom Satan was brought to Gabriel by Ithuriel and Zephon, would exhaust every term of praise to declare their merits. The horrid fray then prevented by the hanging forth of "the golden scales, wherein all things created first, God weighed," is an instance indicative of Milton's partiality to the symbolical form of composition.

In this style of writing, the primary object of the poet is nothing more than what appears to be the obvious purpose of the poem; but, besides this, he intends to shadow forth a mysterious meaning of which that was but, as it were, "the hiding," and which may be found by them who seek. To point out all the symbolical applications of which our poet's description of the war in Heaven is susceptible, would lead us into too wide a field of speculation both theological and metaphysical. But thus much may be said, as hints to assist the reader in his future perusal of this magnificent book, and in which, notwithstanding the way it has been spoken of, the sublimity of the poet's genius is more apparent than in any other part of the work. He will easily be able to fill up the outline for himself.

There was an opinion, among the early Christians, that whatever was done on earth was previously rehearsed in heaven; an opinion which receives much support in the visions of the ancient prophets and the great vision of the apocalypse. The Battle of the Angels is capable of being considered in this way. Though differing in the letter, in the spirit it agrees with the earthly part of the subject of "Paradise Lost." In both cases, "by the law came the knowledge of sin." "New laws," says the displeased Archangel—

"New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve."—*Book v.* 680—681.

Disobedience of the Divine will is followed by falsehood—he lies unto his fellows, and with calumnious art of counterfeited truth excites them to revolt and rebellion. In particular he urges their equal freedom, and the injustice of introducing law and edict on them who without law erred not. But Abdiel asserts in reply the supreme sovereignty of God, and His providence of the good and dignity of his creatures—he contends for the superiority of the Messiah, by whom, as by his Word, the Almighty Father made all things; but argues that the spirits of heaven are rendered more illustrious by his reign, since, by being made their head, he is

reduced to become one of their number, his laws their laws, all honour to him done, returns their own. In answer to this, Satan disputes the fact of their creation, and arrogates an independent self-existence.

" Self-begot, self-raised
By their own quickening power when fatal course
Had circled his full orb; the birth mature
Of that their native heaven, ethereal sons.—*Book v.* 860—863.

In the conflict which ensues, the poet is careful to contrast strength with reason; brute force with truth; though what it is that is analogous to brute force, in spiritual beings, he leaves undetermined. Under a variety of images, he describes the contest of truth with falsehood, reason with strength, until the power of God is opposed to the power of Satan, and prevails. In all this, there is a mythical signification which is worth unfolding.

Another circumstance, on which the poet lays some stress, and the critics have founded much censure, is capable of explication by this method of symbolical interpretation. None of the warriors on either side were capable of death by wound, but on one side none were capable of wound or even of pain. The former were hurt by their armour, "crushed in upon their substance, *now grown gross by sinning.*" Of this disadvantage the rebel angels were not aware until this hour of trial. "Then Satan first knew pain." The moral to be derived from this is too obvious to need comment. But it is noticeable that Milton is not satisfied with suggesting these obvious deductions, but attributes (on the part of the rebel host) fleshly conditions to angelic essences. The poet is not only careful to tell us, that "the ethereal substance" of Satan, not long divisible, soon closed; but is equally solicitous to state, that

" The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Passed through him."—*Book vi.* 329, 330.

which term "discontinuous wound," remarks one of his commentators, is said in allusion to the old definition of a wound, that it separates the continuity of the parts, "*vulnus est solutio continui.*" The wound given is therefore of a fleshly character; immediately afterwards, however, the poet recurs to his favorite notion regarding spirits—

" Yet soon he healed; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrail, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die,
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the flrid air."—*Book vi.* 344—349.

Is the poet inconsistent in all this? We must not too hastily rest satisfied with this conclusion. Did he not rather intend symbolically to suggest that conflict between the flesh and the spirit, of which the Apostle Paul complains in the viith and viiith chapters of his Epistle to the Romans; on the whole of which epistle indeed, had not Milton committed the error before censured, in attributing to the Father the part which should have been performed by the Son, he might have made his narration an excellent commentary.

It would also be a matter deserving of inquiry, what is meant by the Armour of the Angels, for it is an inconvenience to both parties. Of the bad angels it is said—

“ Their armour helped their harm ; crushed in and bruised,
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.”—*Book vi.* 656—661.

But it is likewise said of the good angels, when attacked by the satanic artillery, that

“ Angel on archangel rolled,
 The sooner for their arms, unarmed they might
 Have easily as spirits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove ; but now
 Foul dissipation followed and forced rout.”—*Book vi.* 594—598.

This may, perhaps, receive some light by reference to a remarkable expression, in the address of Michael to Satan, previous to the combat between them—

“ How hast thou disturbed
 Heaven's blessed peace, and *into nature* brought
 Misery uncreated till the time
 Of thy rebellion ?”—*Book vi.* 266—269.

These hints may shew that the objections taken to this book, if valid at all, have not gone deep enough into the principle of its construction, and offer a wide field of enquiry and criticism, which, as we cannot adequately enter into, we must content ourselves with intimating the existence of, and with a few superficial remarks by way of explanation.

The term *nature*, in this place, is evidently not of accidental introduction. Abdiel had before said ;

“ Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name
 Of servitude to serve whom *God* ordains,
 Or *nature*, *God and nature* bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs.”—*Book vi.* 174—178.

And in the fifth book ;

“ Thyself tho' great and glorious dost thou count,
 Or all *angelic nature* joined in one,
 Equal to his begotten Son ?”—*Book vi.* 833—835.

Nature and spirit are antitheses the one of the other. Milton introduces nature into a spiritual region. All the critics have noticed the introduction of material armour ; but this finer part of the question has escaped their notice, or exceeded their capacity. It is necessary only to remind our readers of the scriptural distinction between nature and grace ; and it would not be expedient to involve them in any theological discussion ; but it must be observed that the key to a right understanding of all theology lies in the perfect mastering of the signification of the term *nature*, as opposed to spirit, and particularly as distinguished from Deity. We will not pretend to fix the precise meaning intended by Milton, but it is

idle to suppose that a mind like his was capable of introducing so much apparent confusion into his subject, from misunderstanding and mistake, and not rather as a veil for some profound truth which may be discovered upon its removal. He describes the angels as revolting against the imposition of a law upon spirit as inconsistent with the freedom which before this time they had enjoyed. But, says a scriptural authority, "the law itself is spiritual," and "the commandment was ordained to life." "Sin," however, "taking occasion by the commandment, worked death in them by that which is good." We prefer to quote from the Apostle as Milton's expositor on this occasion. The doctrine that Milton would enforce, under colour of his symbolical and picturesque representations, is the carnal opposition to the spiritual law. This was the reason why he introduced nature into the abodes of the blessed spirits. Observe how cautiously he proceeds. First he approaches the daring introduction with tender delicacy. He describes it under the vague abstraction of "*Angelic Nature*." Next we have *God and Nature* put in opposition and reconciled. Then Michael boldly assumes the position, and speaks of it as acknowledged and unquestionable,

———"And into nature brought
Misery."

Thus, having prepared the way, the material armour is exposed upon the stage without reserve or scruple. In all this there is too much art for the poet to have signified nothing by it, and none of the inconsistency with which he has been too hastily charged. Milton does not thus throw away his skill, neither is liable to these errors. It was through not observing such nice distinctions as these that Johnson was at fault in his criticism on "*Samson Agonistes*." Milton's art is not to be sought in prominent passages, for it was always his tact to conceal it. On this occasion he had every motive both for using it and concealing it, treating, as he did, of a doctrine so abstruse, and which none but himself (or his contemporary, Dr. Henry More) would have dared to delineate in poetical images. This is matter for a sermon rather than a poem; still less does it comport with a flippant critique: but we must follow where the poet leads.

What if the promulgation of the law showed to all the angels, that they were under what the poet has chosen to represent as a state of nature—that they were made equally "subject to vanity?" The difference between the two classes of angels is only that the good are not rebellious, but preserve their fidelity and obedience. Still they endure sufferings, though chiefly endured "for the sake of the glory to be revealed in them." "The earnest expectation of the creature" stood in horror, previous to the combat betwixt Michael and Satan, whose sword was given him from the armoury of Divine truth, that he might in part effect "the manifestation of the Sons of God," for which the celestial armies were waiting in hope, and which should justify their allegiance, and vindicate the wisdom of Abdiel's doctrine, that the liberty of his "sect" was the true liberty, "the glorious liberty of the Sons of God."

We extract the account of the combat between Michael and Satan.

" Likest Gods they seemed
 Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields,
 Blaz'd opposite, *while expectation stood*
In horror ; from each hand with speed retired
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky,
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
 Together both with next to almighty arm,
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aimed
 That might determine, and not need repeat,
 As not of power, at once ; nor odds appeared
 In might or swift prevention, but the sword
 Of Michael from the armory of God
 Was given him tempered so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer, nor staid
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shared
 All his right side ; then Satan first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolved : so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Passed through him ; but the ethereal substance closed,
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humor issuing flowed
 Sanguin, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
 And all his armour stained erewhile so bright."

Book vi. 300—334.

This view also tends to explain what has been considered to be a piece of wrong conduct in this part of the poem, but which will be now found to be, on the contrary, an example of exquisite art. The commission given to Michael is not executed—

" them with fire and hostile arms
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of heaven
 Pursuing, drive *them out* from God and bliss
 Into their place of punishment."—Book vi. 50—53.

This is effected at last by the Messiah alone, for whom the full manifestation was reserved. The sin of the rebel angels was pride, and their armour was confidence in their own strength. The charge which the good angels had in hand was

" to subdue
 By force, who reason for their law refuse,
 Right reason for their law."—Book vi. 40, 42.

But if the rebel angels were over-confident in their own strength, the good were equally so in their own reason. In this they were

armed—of this they were vain. But the strife between two such hosts is not to be decided by such means—

“ Equal in their creation they were formed,
Save what sin hath impaired, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom,
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last,
Endless, and no *solution* will be found :
War wearied hath performed what war can do,
And to disordered rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons armed, which makes
Wild work in heaven and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine ;
For thee I have ordained it, and thus far
Have suffered, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Canst end it.”

Book vi. 690—703.

The poet himself points out where the “*solution*” of his argument is to be found, and repeats it in the speech of Messiah previous to his victorious onset on the adversaries of God and man.

“ Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in the righteous cause,
And as ye have received, so have ye done.
Invincibly ; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs :
Vengeance is His, or whose he sole appoints ;
Number to this day’s work is not ordained
Nor multitude, stand only and behold
God’s indignation on these godless poured
By me.”—*Book vi. 803—812.*

All secondary means, all created reason and strength are put aside, that the will of God may be justified, and his power manifested by and in the person of the Messiah. The battle of the angels is said to be founded principally on Rev. xii. 7, 8, “ There was war in heaven ; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven.” The battle described by Milton was intended by him to be a type of that thus sketched in the apocalypse. And the poet repeatedly refers to a period still future “ when all things shall be subdued unto the Son, and the Son himself also shall be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all-in-all.” Thus the Son immediately before his setting forth on his victorious errand addresses his Father.

“ O Father, O supreme of heavenly thrones,
First, highest, holiest, best, thou always seek’st
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is most just ; this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well-pleased, declarest thy will
Fulfilled, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Sceptre and power, thy giving I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov’st.”

Book vi. 723—733.

It is still more distinctly, as well as sublimely, referred to in the third book.

“ On me let death wreak all his rage ;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquished : thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am his due,
All that of me can die ; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil ;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive mangre hell, and shew
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave :
Then with the multitude of my redeemed
Shall enter heaven long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconcilment ; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.”—240—265.

In all this, the highest honour is ascribed to the Messiah ; Milton, however, would have fulfilled his task more boldly and more satisfactorily, had his mind been better made up respecting the doctrine of the Trinity. In all that respects the Son, he has expressed himself with studied ambiguity, and, as it would appear, in order not to involve (which would have been a manifest impropriety) the poetical reader in a theological controversy, adopted the language of Scripture. Hence there is nothing that ought to offend the most orthodox. But the uncertainty in the poet's mind throws an air of dubiety over this part of the poem which is equally injurious to its poetical effect, and to its religious application. At the same time it clearly appears, notwithstanding the strenuous argument in the “Christian Doctrine,” that the poet's reason was in a state of doubt on this great subject, and that he had not arrived to the certainty of conviction in favour of that judgment of this momentous inquiry which differed from the opinions he entertained respecting it at an earlier period of his life.

The great moral which is derivable from our view of the subject is this, that in all the conflicts between the spirit and the flesh which every Christian at some time or other invariably undergoes, no permanent dependence is to be placed on the unaided strength and reason of created intelligence, but that ultimately resort must be had to the divine assistance.

This mode of symbolical interpretation (which must not on any account be confounded with the allegorical) may startle with its novelty many readers unaccustomed to its use, and many others, with

the originality of its application in the present instance. All Milton's commentators, however, have not been blind to the symbolical applications which might be made of this book. Greenwood observes, "that Milton, by continuing the war for three days, and reserving the victory upon the third for the Messiah alone, plainly alludes to the circumstances of his death and resurrection. Our Saviour's extreme sufferings on the one hand, and his heroic behaviour on the other, made the contest seem to be more equal and doubtful upon the first day; and on the second, Satan triumphed in the advantages he thought he had gained, when Christ lay buried in the earth, and was to outward appearance in an irrecoverable state of corruption: but when the third sacred morn began to shine, he gloriously vanquished with his own almighty arm the powers of hell, and rose again from the grave."

There are other collateral applications that may be made of several portions of this narrative; but they principally regard what may be called the moral, which, though *one* (the duty and advantage of obedience to the Deity), is capable of many ramifications.

At the conclusion of this episode, Milton repeats the apology with which he commenced it.

"Thus measuring things in heaven by things on earth,
At thy request, and that thou mayst beware
By what is past, to thee I have revealed,
What might have else to human race been hid."

Book vi. 893—896.

In the passage at the commencement, and which we have before quoted, he suggests an hypothesis, that "earth may be but the shadow of heaven." This is quite consistent with a platonic notion, and Milton was a platonist. Dr. Henry More describes the word of God, as being the "archetypal seal, or intellectual world," whereto should be referred, as he calls it, "the paradigm of all virtues, the idea of all ideas, the form of all forms." This he denominates "Æon-land" and "idea-land," of which all creation is but an imperfect image, and a mutable mirror. There whatever is, pre-existed after a spiritual manner, subject neither to increase, decay, nor change.

Something like this notion appears to have passed through Milton's mind; and the reader will probably think that it was impossible in a briefer compass, to give so complete a prophecy and rehearsal of the history of the human race, under the figure of a warfare, as we conceive was in this book attempted by our sublimest poet.

This ground will furnish a new justification for the introduction of artillery into heaven. It was the endeavour of Milton to make his account (to adopt Dr. Henry More's language) a perfect paradigm of the different modes in which the principle of strife had manifested itself in the after-world. This he intimates himself in the following line—

"War, wearied, hath performed what war can do."

"In the compass of this one book," says Addison, "We have all the variety of battles that can be conceived—a single combat, and a general engagement, after the manner of the ancients, with swords

and darts—another with artillery, in imitation of the moderns—and the third, borrowed from the fictions of the poets, in their descriptions of the giant's war with the gods."

These fictions themselves, and indeed all the ancient mythologies, were constructed upon a similar principle. The gods of the Greeks were only so many personifications of the different parts of nature—the result of a traduction of cosmogony into theogony, or a reduction of the latter into the former. Hence the ideas of material nature and deity, were blended in heterogeneous union. A complete critique of the *Paradise Lost* should enter fully into Milton's system of mythology, and point out how far it had reference to those obscure revelations of divine truth, which are to be found mythically expressed in all ages and countries. We must content ourselves with intimating the manner in which this ought to be accomplished. However, it may have been the aim of some writers to reduce these splendid fictions to mere historical facts, the former must always be insufficiently interpreted by the latter. The reason of this is, that the actual event, which was the origin of the fiction, having been lost sight of by the poet, the tradition was elevated by him into a higher element of being; to say nothing of the natural tendency of the imagination, to ascribe to its objects sublimer modes of existence, under the relations, and with the attributes of eternity. The ordinary occurrences of the heroes of antiquity, are, in Milton's opinion, magnified as the adventures of deities, or the acts of demigods. They are antedated to render them apparently more divine; but their antiquity, being subsequent to nature's, betrays their earthly origin.

"The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confessed later than heaven or earth,
Their boasted parents; Titan, heaven's first born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he, from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reigned."

Book i. 508—514.

Still they are carried out of this terrestrial region, and constitute the types and shadows of mysteries, in which, in fact, their own interpretation is only to be successfully sought. Thus the story of the Titans' war, is capable of a similar explication with that already given of Milton's angelic battles. "The Titans, in general," says a formidable critic, "mean the dark primary powers of nature and of mind; the later gods, what enters more within the circle of consciousness. The former are more nearly related to chaos, the latter belong to a world already subjected to order." It is in this tendency of the human intellect, and not from hieroglyphica misunderstood, and badly explained, that the solution is to be found of those daring fables with which the poets abound. They might have had their remote occasion in the symbols and signs alluded to, but their source lay far deeper, in the abysses of the human mind, which adopted those devices only as convenient emblems of its mysteries. We may be told, that the eagle and the vulture were insignia of Egypt, but this piece of information will go a very little way in interpreting the obscurities of the Prometheus. It has been said, by

a man of undoubted but perverted genius,* that the characters of the Satan of Milton, and the Prometheus of Æschylus are identical. This, however, we may be permitted to dispute. Prometheus is a representation of humanity struggling against the laws of nature, impelled by its wants to supernatural endeavour, and restrained by physical necessity in its efforts to ameliorate its condition. The strength and force by which he is chained to the fatal rock, are no other than the same "brute force" and "strength," by which the rebel angels "measured all, of other excellence not emulous." Prometheus is not only a representative of human nature, but he is also a god, and finely prefigures the divine humanity. According to the scheme, then, of the writer referred to, we should be compelled to make the Messiah and Satan change places; and indeed, this is the legitimate result and consequence of his argument, which he was by no means solicitous to avert or conceal. True it is, that the character may also be interpreted, as being symbolical of the rebellious spirit, "of whose name in heavenly records now is no memorial." This union is daring, and unexampled in any other work of genius. It gives overwhelming sublimity to this marvellous fragment, and arrests the critic with wonder and awe. The characters of Satan and the Messiah, are identified in that of Prometheus! It required the light of the Christian revelation to make the necessary distinction. The heathen poet could see nothing but unmerited suffering in man, and only rebellion to the divine decree in all friendly interposition on his account. Whatever tended to ameliorate the condition of humanity, was an act of treason against heaven, and whoever dared to introduce the arts and amenities of life, was deserving of implacable punishment.†

But our Milton wrote his Divine Poem under a more perfect dispensation, with clearer views and better prospects. The sacred knot had for him been disentangled, and in the divine Friend of man he beheld no rebellious Titan, but the Son of God acting in perfect conformity with the will of his Father; neither in the enemy of man did he behold Him "who sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven," but that adversary equally of God and of man, who thought it "better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven;" and accordingly taught, that submission and acquiescence in the directions of Providence was the chief wisdom. In these considerations, also, is to be found the solution of the question, as to the hero of the poem, whether the Messiah, or Adam, or Satan. It is true, that the part of Satan is of remarkable prominence, and it is judiciously made to stand out, since he was the prime Agent by whom evil was

* Shelley, in the preface to his *Prometheus Unbound*.

† We have adopted this explanation, in deference to some great authorities, but the Prometheus is susceptible of one much easier and simpler, and on other accounts also preferable. The poet's description of the Tyrant of Olympus, as of a being inimical to whatever is beneficial for the human race, is only proper to Satan, who is emphatically denominated also "the God of this world." And what else, properly understood, was Jove himself, according to this system of mythology? This view exonerates the resistance of Prometheus of every evil attribute, and makes him simply representative of the divine friend of man, without any alliance with the spirit of rebellion.

introduced into the world, the origin of which was the main subject of the argument. But it does not therefore follow, that he is the hero of the "Paradise Lost," any more than that Hector is the hero of the Iliad. Is the part of Achilles the longest in Homer's poem? But our poet had to contend with a very serious difficulty. We have seen how naturally, in the case of Prometheus, the peculiar attributes of each might be blended in one person; and there was great risk of the reader's preferring those of either, according to his individual propensities for good or evil. The reader will sympathize with the success of Satan, or the promise of Messiah's final conquest, according to his faith, and the impulses of his own will and wish. Adam is the central point, his nature is, as it were, the theatre, on which the great battle is fought—the stage on which the contention is tried. It has been said, that the poem is deficient in human interest; the fact is, that the interest is exclusively and peculiarly human. But it is only of the loftiest interests of humanity, that the poet is solicitous, to which the mind of the ordinary reader cannot be expected to ascend without difficulty and labour. All that is done in heaven, on earth, or in hell, and all that is prophesied of the consummation hereafter, "when time shall be no more," has reference to human interests, and to human hopes. The Messiah himself, is but a personified idea of man, as existing in a state of divine perfection at the right hand of God; and Satan also is only a personified idea of man, cast out from the presence of his Creator, and surrendered to the mighty, but wicked energies of his own unfathomable nature. Milton does not describe him as the evil principle of the Manicheans, but simply as the author of evil.—

" Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnamed in heaven, now plenteous as thou seest,
 The acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself,
 And thy adherents."

Milton indulges in no theory of the two principles, co-eternal and co-equal. He portrays no Lucifer participant of Deity, and disputing the goodness of the supreme will, even while asserting his own inherent energies, and rising in rebellion against the divine decree. The paternal Godhead maintains an unapproachable superiority, and an independent being, beyond participation and above comparison. Had he confined the manifestation of the Deity to the Son, according to the Scripture doctrine, our epic poet might have presented an idea overwhelmingly awful from its impenetrable obscurity, and excelling in sublimity, the most magnificent conception of created intellect. But he endeavoured to reduce the paternal Deity to the level of human understanding; yet, notwithstanding this error, he has made the subject so much his own, and such is its transcendent dignity, that any competitor with him, in this the highest region of imaginative daring, is scarcely to be expected. What he might have done, had he not committed this error, we dare not even imagine, but we feel that it would have been of surpassing power, and unexampled magnificence.

The mind of Milton appears at an early period of his life, to have luxuriated in day-dreams of poetical ambition; and he proposed to himself subjects, fitting for the exercise of those abilities, which, he says, "wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's Almightyness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith, against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue, amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without; or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe."*

These aspirations of his youth it was late in life ere Milton began to fulfil. No wonder, then, that he adopted subjects so decidedly symbolical, in which, by implication at least, he was enabled to treat the important subjects proposed in the foregoing extract. Had it been expedient for us to quote from the schoolmen and old theologians, we might have accumulated proof sufficient to set this matter beyond a doubt; and, at the same time, found abundant occasion to admire the skill and delicacy of the poet's taste in avoiding whatever was mystical or involved in scholastic subtleties. What we have been enabled to do, has sufficed to show that the errors of Milton in the conduct and execution of his principal poem, are not such as have been pretty generally censured, and lie much deeper than has been usually conjectured. His chief error appears to have been that he mistook an excellent poetical theory for a sound theological system.

For this style of symbolical writing, Milton may plead the example of the best poets of antiquity. *Æschylus*, in particular, was a mighty master in this branch of his art. A celebrated writer with reference to the tragedy of the *Eumenides* observes, that "the furies are the dreadful powers of conscience, in so far as it rests on obscure feelings and forebodings, and yields to no principles of reason. The sleep of the furies in the temple is symbolical; for only in the holy place, in the bosom of religion, can the fugitive find rest from the stings of conscience. When at last a sanctuary is allotted to the softened furies in the Athenian territory, this is as much as to say that reason shall not every where assert her power against the instinctive impulse, that there are certain boundaries in the human mind which are not to be passed, and which every person possessed of a sentiment of reverence will beware of touching, if

* *The Reason of Church Government*, p. 73. vol. i. Burnett's edition.
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he wishes to preserve inward peace." Many examples occur in Milton's prose of his preference and feeling for this manner of composition. Indeed, it is one of the peculiar offices of an elevated imagination to esteem of finite things as the shadows of infinite realities, and to invest the former with a greatness, as representative portions of the mighty whole, which, from their comparative insignificance, they would fail to claim for themselves as independent beings. It is in this way that the genius of Wordsworth is comparable with that of Milton; but their ends are different. Milton found himself in the land of ideas, which it was his great aim to express in intelligible symbols. Wordsworth refers from the type to the archetype, and by means of the visible creation endeavours to rise to the contemplation of pure intelligence. It is indicative of the spirit of the age that a man of undoubted genius, in order to fix his reader's thoughts on the mysteries of his own being, should feel it necessary to abstract his attention from all material distinctions.

We have much yet to say, but our limits allow us to add no more. What has been written may suffice to instruct the youthful aspirant for the poetic laurel, that his pursuit is no idle amusement, and its aim of no trivial nature. Therefore, let it not be lightly adopted, and never employed but as a mode of tasking the faculties, and a motive for their cultivation. The original human nature, after which the poet's transcripts are to be made, must be sought in his own bosom: let him not, however, neglect the opportunities of observation if he would enrich his memory, and enlarge his fancy. His studies, moreover, must be general, and his application uninterrupted, who would produce works of enduring excellence. He must drink deeply at the ancient wells of inspiration, and, in an especial manner, at the living fountain of revealed truth. Examinated of enthusiasm, he will neither accomplish nor design any undertaking of power or promise, yet may he be warned by the example of Milton to keep it in subjection to the superior law of his reason. This caution, however, is not much wanted—a few enthusiasts exist, but in general, the failing is now upon the other side. Bacon found it necessary, in his time, to draw off men from the contemplation of visionary schemes to the inductions of experiment. The philosophy of the present age is in danger of becoming too external, and threatens to grow so intent on observation as to leave consciousness altogether out of the question. The plays of Shakspeare were written in the very spirit of Bacon's philosophy: the drama of our day has degenerated into a lifeless copy from experience and descriptions of inanimate nature; while our general poetry is more solicitous to describe local customs and temporary costume, than to express the humanity which is common to every clime under heaven and has existed in every period of the world. The example of Milton, thus timely exhibited, may tend to redeem the incipient poet from this error; the prevailing tone of the public taste will prevent him from falling into the other extreme. Above all things, he will do well practically to remember what Milton has no less truly than finely said—

"He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing of high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praise-worthy."

THE LAUREL AND THE ROSE.

BY J. W. MARSTON, ESQ.

"O! WHAT is like me?" said the laurel-tree,
 "I constant verdure boast:
 Ever green I appear in the noon of the year—
 Ever green in the winter's frost.
 The brightest hues that the rose suffuse
 Know but a summer's reign;
 But when its bloom hath found a tomb,
 Mine fadeless doth remain."
 "I do not sigh that I early die,"
 Meekly the rose replied;
 "Though its glow be brief, yet doth my leaf
 Boast incense far and wide.
 On the sick man's brow, on pillow low,
 My grateful sweets I shed;
 And the moisten'd air I perfume where
 Rests the pure infant's head."
 O blessed flower! a nobler dower
 Hath heaven vouchsafed to thee,
 Than laurels own, though they alone
 In ceaseless verdure be.
 In thy brief life, with fragrance rife,
 More holiness hath birth
 Than in what lives for years, but gives
 No perfume to the earth!

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THERE is hope for Art in England, while such an annual exhibition as the present is possible. More than two hundred years were required for the fine arts to reach mediocrity in Italy, while the northern schools of Europe had to travail long before were thrown up with great labour, a Rubens, a Vandyke, and a Rembrandt. Little more than half a century has sufficed to win for England a glorious name. We are told by Count Pepoli, with that love of country which is so creditable, that his mother Italy is beautiful, though fallen, because of her union with art, science,

and literature.* Our Britain shall also be called *The Beautiful*, even as he admits, found as the attribute may be in Shakspeare and Milton. "If I feel it not in them," he exclaims, "how can I in Dante, in Raffaëlle, or any other? The presence of the *Beautiful*, like that of the sun, illuminates all, and claims the admiration of all!"

Our native school of art cannot be said to have commenced until the time of Reynolds, Hudson, and Hogarth. "In Queen Anne's reign, there were three good native artists, the two Olivers and Cooper; in Queen Victoria's reign, there are most probably three thousand artists, most of whom can paint well, many of them are men of very superior talent."† Here is progress, indeed!

The Father of the fine arts in England was George the Third, who had a taste and judgment for them. What *he* had projected, George the Fourth was inclined to accomplish. During his regency, the Parthenon marbles were brought to England. "In 1824," says Mr. Sarsfield Taylor, "the National Gallery of pictures was commenced, by the purchase of the fine collection made by J. Julius Angerstein, Esq. This circumstance marks quite a new era of art in Britain. George IV. had magnificent ideas relative to the arts; but coming into power late in life, and being annoyed by factions and domestic embarrassments, his good intentions for promoting art were unavoidably neutralized." King William was kind to the professors, and Queen Victoria has some experience in the practice of the art itself.

There is then, we repeat, hope for art in Britain, which, dear Count Pepoli, like your beloved Italy, may yet be destined to be called the Pantheon, and become the spot where men of learning and taste may devoutly assemble, as it were, from all parts of the world, and study with enthusiastic ardour her language, her literature, and the arts. Yes, Count, we can admire socialism as much as you, though we think we see, that individualism is the basis even of the socialism that is recommended. But we like so much what you say of the influence of the arts on history and philosophy, that we must let you discourse as you will on a theme so pregnant.

Count Pepoli. Two grand systems have for many ages divided the world. And the contemplation of the struggle, the action and reaction between the man and society, between the individual and species, will give rise to various secondary questions, conducting gradually from speculation to fact, from theory to practice. It will not be difficult to see that, through the influence of prejudices diametrically opposed to each other, want of moderation has precipitated antagonist writers into the same abyss of error. In the analysis of some works, for instance, it will not be difficult to trace the progress of the abstract love of the principle

* On the language and literature of Italy, an inaugural Lecture delivered in University College, London, on the 6th November, 1838. By Professor Carlo Pepoli, M. A. D. Ph. of the University of Bologna. London: *Taylor and Walton*, 1838.

† "The art of painting in oil, and in Fresco: being a history of the various processes and materials employed, from its discovery, by Hubert and John Van Eyck, to the present time: translated from the original French treatise of M. J. F. L. Mérimée, Secretary to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, in Paris. With original observations on the rise and progress of British Art, the French and English chromatic scales, and theories of Coloring. By W. B. Sarsfield Taylor, Senior Curator of the Living Model Academy, &c. &c. London: *Whitaker and Co.* 1839.

of association, till it refines into absolute mysticism, or that of the harsh passion for personal independence, till it resolves into what is termed an individual *moral avarice*; and we shall see all the results of egotism, wandering, perhaps with equal strides, to the same distance from sound reason, and the strict line of human duties. In like manner, it may be proved, that the personifications of the exclusive socialist, as well as those of the exclusive individualist, each rigidly working out his own principles, will, at least frequently, in their remote consequences, present a character, the strict negative of their own identities."

Editor. But, Count—

Count Pepoli. I dwell not on this: I merely state that history will guide us with the torch of philosophy, to a just appreciation of the whole literature of Italy; for, without philosophy, history is but an empty name. What indeed could be the definition of history, apart from philosophy? It is a sound, lost in extreme distance; it is a cry in the desert; an utterance which may be either adoration or blasphemy, according to the spirit of the man from whom it proceeds. Such is history without philosophy. Furthermore, the pages of history, descending through successive generations, escape not the destructive influence of time; the corrosion of which, first effaces minor occurrences, then great events, and lastly, the very names of nations themselves; and oblivion spreads her dark mantle over the grand events which once convulsed the earth.

Editor. And this history is sometimes completely cancelled, and the secret of remote ages is lost with their departed generations?

Count Pepoli. But if time has an arm powerful thus to destroy recollections entrusted to writing, nations have still the means of preserving their names on obelisks, on pyramids, arches, monuments. Centuries have passed, no page of history remains; but the deeds of Sesostris, and the renown of Egypt, live in a history constructed by millions of arms!

Editor. A people of artists raises its monuments of granite, and defies the power of time.

Count Pepoli. Monuments are the seal of history. We should investigate not only history written—but history painted, history sculptured! Painting, architecture, sculpture,—these are history; these are poetry; these the highest literature! We cannot become priests of literature; we cannot be even adepts, without a capacity to feel the Beautiful in all its forms—in all the streams which art has poured forth in paintings, in marbles, and the harmonies of sounds.

Editor. These are fine flights, Count.

Count Pepoli. Do not our hearts thrill equally at the descriptions of the disasters of Francesca, of the misfortunes of Ugolino, in Dante, as at the sight of the Slaughter of the Innocents, by Guido? The painting of the Transfiguration by the hand of Sanzio, and the thoughts expressed by the Bard of Vacluse, seize us with equal force, and with like rapture transport us to heaven. I will add, that among our sculptors, painters, and poets, there is so strong a spirit of fraternity, that their souls seem often transfused into each other. The poem of Dante, and the Last Judgement of Michael Angelo, appear to be the conception of the same mind. The charms of Laura, described by Petrarca, are exhibited in all the female figures painted by Raffaello. The imagination of Ariosto, appears the same with that of Paul Veronese and Tintoretto. In force of

description, richness of imagery, simplicity, and elevation of style, Tasso has been called the rival of Homer and Virgil. Voltaire has even asserted, that he surpasses them in the perfect unity of his poem, and in the philosophy of his characters. Leonardo da Vinci, in his painting of the Last Supper, resembles the genius of Tasso.

Editor. The essential principles of art and literature being similar, their results are analogous.

Count Pepoli. Yes! Michael Angelo said that it was in the study of Dante he acquired the art of painting, sculpture, and architecture; Galileo affirmed, that through painting he became enamoured of astronomy. So skilled, indeed, was he in painting, perspective and music, that he was consulted by the most eminent artists, by Empoli, Bronzino, and Papi-nano,—and Cigoli said, it was from Galileo that he learned all he knew of painting; Alfieri states that his tragic genius was first awakened and aroused by music, which he heard at Turin; Leonardo da Vinci said, that music and song inspired him with the love of philosophy and painting. The peculiar character of the fabulous muse of antiquity, had its origin in the analogy of these elements.

Editor. Sing thou, Count, the praises of Italy; England shall be our theme. Mr. Sarsfield Taylor derives much hope from the fact of our country being a commercial one. The arts have loved commercial states. Witness the people of Rhodes, who, though deeply engaged in merchandise, yet made astonishing progress in sculpture; nor small in other arts;—the Æginetans, likewise, who were alike commercial and elegant. The beautiful marbles, some of which we now possess, that have been taken from the ruins of their temples, prove the fine taste of those islanders, and the high degree of improvement to which they had attained in sculpture and architecture. Argos, Athens, Sicyon, and Corinth, the seat of transcendent good taste, were more or less commercial; as were, in fact, all the cities of the Ægean sea, and of the Cyclades. Shall Pisa, Florence, and Lucca be mentioned, or the other greater commercial states of Italy, Venice and Genoa, or Holland and Flanders, to remind us of the unfading glory which commerce has derived from its munificent protection of the arts, that adorn civilized society, that mend the manners, and improve the heart?

But the Count has gone! Vanished like an apparition! Such he was—we soliloquize.

The Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square, though not what it ought to be, is yet better adapted for exhibiting pictures, than were the Somerset house apartments. It is almost impossible to hang a picture in a bad light. This is something; nay, much.

There is not so large a proportion of Portraits this year, as on former occasions. John Wilson Croker said in the House of Commons, that Portrait painting was the true historical. Perhaps he was right. The so called historical, is properly the epical; for in such a picture, the poetical is always involved, and it should never be called by a name which does not imply the association. But we are a matter of fact people, and prefer the historical; hence, the patronage bestowed on portraiture, in testimony whereof, the Venerable President of the Royal Academy, Sir MARTIN ARCHER SHEE is a Portrait painter.

We still soliloquize; but not as Editor. For now we are neither

Count Pepoli, nor Mr. Heraud—but mere contributing critic to the pages of *the Monthly*. “Such tricks has strong imagination!”

We think that we were speaking of portrait painting? Good! And of the president's portraits? Better! Know then, that in the place usually occupied by Royalty, is the portrait of *Lady Codrington*, a graceful, and elegant portrait, which well sustains Sir Martin's reputation. But his best picture is the portrait of her husband, a half length of great force, brilliance, and vivacity—it is one of the finest specimens of his skill. The portraits of the Earl of Aberdeen, K. T— Miss Reid, and Sir Harry Inglis, Bart., are of uniform merit; the last boasting much of Rubens' richness.

The late Sir William Beechey's portrait of *Miss Owen as Psyche*, though not possessing the vigour of his early works, is yet distinguished by much harmony and grace. As the work of a man more than eighty years of age, it is a remarkable production.

Phillips has several portraits. His *Dr. Arnold*, head master of Rugby school, is a fine likeness,—in the first class of portrait-painting, pervaded with a quiet dignity. Then, too, there is *Dr. George Shepherd*, painted for the honourable society of Grays' Inn; thoughtful and characteristic; an order of production in which this artist best succeeds; for the sterner graces love him most. Nevertheless, his *Flora Mc. Ivor* is a picture of much delicacy, softness and sentiment.

We willingly pass by Briggs' portraits, which have an ordinary common-place air, unattuned for by veracity of resemblance; that we may dwell on those of Pickersgill. There is a semi-equestrian portrait—an Officer of the second regiment of Life Guards, leaning beside his steed—in which Pickersgill has succeeded in eliciting from very ordinary materials, an effective picture. Its masses are boldly distributed, and there is a quiet gentlemanly demeanor in the subject; his *Lord Lyndhurst* is a fair attempt—no more.

George Patten is an artist who is already as celebrated for his classical subjects as for his portraits. There are no pictures so carefully drawn, coloured, and finished as his, in this year's exhibition. For more than one season, previous to his being made an Associate, he stood alone in the exhibition, as an epic painter. Yes! when all was discouragement, following in the wake of Etty, did George Patten step forward to occupy the neglected ground. Nor in vain. His productions are always signally distinguished by a desire for the most excellent, the abstract and the ideal. We have not yet forgotten his *Cymon and Iphigenia*, his *Venus caressing her favourite dove*,—his *Bacchus and Ino*—his *Wood-nymph*—his *Passions*. No—for they stand alone. This season, he has consulted his profit in the production of the very best portraits of the season. He has two capital and prominent full lengths in the middle room, one of the *Rev. James Slade*, and the other of *Dr. Andrew Reed*, which will, we hope, procure him *golden* opinions. The former gentleman is painted in his surplice, at the altar of the parish church of Bolton le Moor, of which he is Vicar. How calm and impressive the dignity of the figure! The costume, also, usually considered very difficult, is managed with striking skill and effect. The latter portrait will, doubtless, be a treasure to the London Orphan Asylum, for which it has been painted. We repeat, that more faithful likenesses, more masterly por-

traits, grace not the walls of the Academy. It would be indelicate for a critic in the *Monthly Magazine*, to say much concerning this artist's portrait of the author of *the Judgement of the Flood*; yet may we modestly testify to its accuracy as a likeness of *Mr. Heraud*, and its great merits as a picture. It is indeed, an admirable portrait, highly wrought, touching, intellectual—almost speaking. This rising artist has also several other portraits. The great power that he possesses in delineating female beauty, is remarkable, and his *Sappho* this season is a perfect gem. Look too at his *Three Graces*! Is it not a charming cabinet picture? It is indeed a production of extraordinary elegance—light, gay, yet signally chaste, in style and execution!

We begin to warm in our work, as we approach the better parts of the exhibition. We glow with admiration for Edwin Landseer. His animals are superb—those lions with Van Amburgh are magnificent. Yet we wish that he had not painted the picture, and that Her Majesty had not ordered its execution. His portraits are meritorious. The *Princess Mary of Cambridge*, and *Miss Eliza Peel with Fido, a dog*, and the children of *Colonel Seymour Bathurst*, are exquisite.

We are already weary with gazing, and with passing again and again from one room to another, to gather in clusters the works of specific artists. Let us sit, and reflect awhile. Ha! there is a picture obvious to all spectators. We must look at it. *St. Dunstan separating Edwin and Elvina*. It is by Dyce. Is it not somewhat German in its treatment? Yes; it is. Those Germans entertain high doctrines concerning art. Art and religion, with them, are synonymous terms. Be it so: it is the true Catholic faith concerning both. Dyce's picture impresses us with a sense of moral grandeur. Look at the energy of the monk: is it not magnificent? The astonishment of the king: is it not marvellous? And the solicitude of the royal wife.—But, perhaps, there is a ghastliness in the queen that is *outré*. Abounding in the ornamental, yet severe withal, we commend the composition as a work of genius.

Discoursing of the German style, we recollect that Von Holst has a portrait of *Bettina Brentano*. O Plato! O Göthe!

“Tell me where is fancy bred,
In the heart or in the head?”

Fancy means love; starry and contemplative. We care not for the picture as a work of art; but the theme interests us.

The Germans deem highly of art: so do we. What glorious things might be written on the Art of Painting! What things, still more glorious, on Art itself! Look at the gorgeous tints of the evening sky in summer!

“Who can paint
Like nature? Can Imagination boast
Amid her gay creation hues like these?”

Yes! if the mind of the spectator choose to apprehend in the work of the artist that which he designs. Nay; if it be the work of the true artist, he will apprehend more than nature ever shews; for the true artist seeks to soar, and *does* soar, beyond the merely natural. The artist himself is not a natural, but a supernatural, being. He enacts with dead matter what he pleases; he selects—he combines—he moulds; he re-shapes

and shapes even what he will; and there is no power that checks him but the limits of his own genius, and the amount of his own acquirements.

The true artist *copies* not; the least he does is to *imitate*—the most, to *create*. It is probable that the vulgar appreciate most the copyist—the better instructed, the imitator. Nevertheless, the public mind—doubt it not!—is capable of whatever is excellent. Be it understood that whatever is dry and interesting is for the pedant; or, at any rate, should be confined to the private memoranda of the student. Only the result, exhibited in the most graceful and elegant forms, should be given to the public. This is true, both in literature and art; for, it should be remembered, that there is such a thing as Taste as well as Genius; and that it is the most subtle of all essences, as it were—the finest of all attributes: so *fine*, as to be almost, if not altogether, indefinable. Indefinable it is in words: it may be felt, not described; it is, indeed, a charm. Every one recognises it; none can tell what it is. All acknowledge its presence; all deplore its absence. Whether it be a poem, a picture, or a critical essay, the case is the same.

Listen to what the celebrated Schiller says of the artist—our friend and lover, Thomas Carlyle, supplies us at once with a bold translation of the passage:—"The Artist is the son of his age; but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favourite! Let some beneficent divinity snatch him, when a suckling, from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time, that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him return, a foreign shape, into his country; not, however, to delight it by his presence; but dreadful, like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it. *The matter of his works, he will take from the present; but their form he will derive from a nobler time; nay, from beyond all time—from the absolute, unchanging unity of his own nature.* Here, from the pure ether of his spiritual essence, flows down the fountain of beauty, uncontaminated by the pollution of ages and generations, which roll to and fro in their turbid vortex, far beneath it. His matter, caprice can dishonour, as she has ennobled it; but the chaste form is withdrawn from her mutations. The Roman of the first century had long bent the knee before his Cæsars, when the statues of Rome were still standing erect; the temples continued holy to the eye when their gods had long been a laughing-stock; and the abominations of a Nero and a Commodus were silently rebuked by the style of the edifice which lent its concealment. Man has lost his dignity; but Art has saved it, and preserved it for him in expressive marbles. Truth still lives in fiction; and, from the copy, the original will be restored.

"But how," continues Schiller, "is the artist to guard himself against the corruptions of his time, which, on every side, assail him? By despising its decisions. Let him look upwards to his dignity and the law, not downwards to his happiness and his wants. Free alike from the vain activity that longs to impress its traces on the fleeting instant, and from the querulous spirit of enthusiasm that measures by the scale of perfection the meanest products of reality; let him leave to mere understanding, which is here at home, the province of the actual; while he strives, by uniting the possible with the necessary, to produce the ideal. This let him imprint and express in fiction and truth; imprint it in the

sport of his imagination, and the earnest of his actions; imprint in all sensible and spiritual forms; and cast it silently into everlasting time."

A truce to thought. Return we to the Great Room. We turn, instinctively, to the catalogue, for the productions of William Etty. But why consult the book, when there is *The Rape of Proserpine*, a bold, dashing picture? Who can doubt the artist? In whatever he does, the Poet, the Painter, and the Critic, will each recognise that which is calculated to delight him. "Read Spenser," we once heard Etty say, "and you are immediately carried into a world of *your own*." Look at Etty's picture—is it not the same with you? Beauties and faults blend in the work before you. The grouping and colouring are unsurpassable; but the figures are defective in finish. Wandering in the painter's paradise, if we find fault with things so exquisite, believe us, that it is only in the jealousy of love. A main column of the state of *creative Art*—of *poetic* Painting—we admire Etty's masterly facility of execution; but it sometimes seduces the Artist into a rather too ostentatious display of this excellence, to the damage of that careful completion which his character demands from him. Sometimes, as in his *Endymion*, he is both common-place in design, and negligent in execution.

Sir David Wilkie's great picture is a capital performance. Our heart leaps up at it, as when we "behold a rainbow in the sky." The subject of it is the discovery of the body of Tippoo Saib by Sir David Baird. It is the *chef d'œuvre* of the present exhibition. There is a poetical point in the picture which is carefully indicated in the catalogue. Below the feet of General Baird, there is a grating in the parapet wall, which the artist supposes to give light to the dungeon in which Sir David Baird had been for nearly four years immured by Hyder Ally and his son,—that same Tippoo Sultaun, whom, by a remarkable dispensation of providence, he now finds prostrate at his feet, bereft of his crown, his kingdom, and his life. Well on such an occasion, might the hero of the picture stand in a proud and triumphant attitude; his bosom visibly swelling with emotion, and his eyes directed to heaven in grateful wonder. He has no thought of the body beneath him—he looks not at it; that poor office is left for a Scotch soldier, who is peering at it with curious and anxious speculation. The thoughts of Sir David Baird are abstracted from all such objects, he thinks only of the moment, its greatness, a moment, which, in one point of time, has blended the present and the past; the memory of evil, and the spectacle of retribution—and he exults; yet, we would fain believe, as a Christian hero, not as a heathen warrior. Produced for the lady of Sir David Baird, the historical department of the picture is subordinated to the personal; and, besides, offers a striking instance that modern costume is no hindrance to the display of heroic actions. On the whole, it is the largest and grandest work yet completed by this celebrated artist.

Turn we now to Turner. Ah! Turner! wizard—or wizard's demon! Who recollects not thy modern Italy? Here have we thy *Ancient and Modern Rome*—two pictures unintelligible to sumphs, a world of intelligence to thee. In the former, Agrippina is landing with the ashes of Germanicus, the Triumphal Bridge and palace of the Cæsars being restored—

"The clear stream,
Aye—the yellow Tiber glimmer'd to the brim,
Even while the sun is setting."

In the latter—O Turner's Modern Rome! "What!" you exclaim, "sugar-candy columns, a golden coliseum, a snowy foreground, and a burning distance; verily, 'the moon is up, and yet it is not night,'—and, 'by the starry hosts, it is not day!'" Peace, scorner! Great artist! "with all thy faults we love thee still!" Faults! Show us the true critic that dare mend them. Would to heaven we could commit such! Then too there is *Cicero's Villa*—O visionary, a dream-like Eden! Would you find realized the most exquisite pictorial imagery, the highest charm of landscape, of light and air? Consult the pictures of Turner. Utterly inadequate is the pen to describe the wonders of the pencil. Amid those glowing wonders, Turner moves alone. Within that circle none dare walk but he. He it is who culls the beauty of every clime, snatches every happy and appropriate incident; and then refining and refining these within the furnace of his own more than ethereal spirit, pours them forth again, and through his canvas medium faintly indicates, yet as strongly as may be, the boundless stores of a genius only not almighty. He is the prince of *imitative art*.

There is a difference between imitative and *creative art*. Etty, George Patten, Howard, are *creative artists*; M^cClise is *inventive*; Turner is *imitative*.

Howard's picture some years back, of the *Man-child saved from the Dragon*, struck us as poetical, sublimely and lovelily poetical. His *Rising of the Pleiades*, in the present exhibition is chastely so.

M^cClise's *Robin Hood*, is a picture in his usual style; technical to excess; full of action, life, vigour! It has more unity than the *Vow of the Peacock*, or *Christmas Revels*; and is altogether a brilliant specimen of the romantic. Birds, beasts, armour, men, women, throng the canvas. Brilliant, however, as it is; from the want of breadth in the lights and shades, it has the appearance of a composition for a tea-tray. The minute details are all equally of importance, a circumstance excitive of vulgar admiration, which a great artist should be too proud to conciliate.

In contrast with the preceding work, *Severn's Rhime of the Ancient Mariner*, is stern, bold, and imaginative. The artistic treatment equals the subject. Devoid of meretricious grace, it appeals at once to the highest feelings. How would "the old man eloquent," have recognised here the realization of his marvellous conception. But in his high reason was an ideal still beyond form and colour.

Hart has a great picture. *The Lady Jane Grey at the Place of her Execution* is a noble thing! There is exceeding beauty, purity and devotion, in the countenance and attitude of the heroine.

As a refined and gentle spirit, though a mere copyist of nature, let us welcome Eastlake. His *Christ blessing little Children*, is tender and sweet, but without elevation. *La Svegliarina* is touching and affectionate, a true symbol of maternal sentiment.

It is pleasing to hail a new candidate, if worthy. Redgrave is almost an unknown student, yet his *Olivia's Return to her Parents*, and his *Quentin Matsys* are works of extraordinary feeling and expression, with much skill in composition and effect.

The Brides of Venice by Herbert, is another work by a youthful aspirant, and betokens much ability and delicate handling. Minute in its details, it is yet pleasing in its results.

Who can this be? by Leslie, is both republican and courtly. How this is, the reader must ascertain himself by looking at the picture, which he will find deserving his investigation, for its humour, character and point.

Uwins has eight pictures in his customary manner; exquisite in feeling, but feeble in conception and execution.

Mulready's *Sonnet*, and *Open your Mouth and Shut your Eyes*, are two bijoux—the foreshortening of the youth in the former picture is admirable. Scheffer's *Protestant Reader* and Hornung's *Calvin on his Death Bed* are chaste and finished pictures, free from all meretricious attempts at modern flashiness of effect. The countenances in both pictures are singularly expressive. Hollin's *Margaret* at her spinning-wheel, is evidently a portrait—but sweetly done.

The pictures in this year's exhibition are remarkable for chastity of colouring. It is, we suspect, a calumny, that asserts there is a tendency in modern art to gaudy combinations. On the contrary, we have found reason, in general, to wish that pictures were at first more brilliantly coloured. They decay soon enough. But this, we know, is a point on which, in consequence of the prejudices of amateurs, our English Artists are peculiarly timid. Take our word for it, however, that it is not to imitate the old artists, to colour in tones too subdued. Sir Martin A. Shee well remarks on the popular error, respecting "the difference of tone or general hue which appears invariably to distinguish old pictures from the more modern productions of the pencil." "The former" he says, "are generally sombre, dark and heavy; but rich, mellow and harmonious. The latter seem glaring, crude, and violent; but bright, animated and vigorous. The gloom of the one is always viewed by the critic with favour,—the glare of the other as generally regarded with disapprobation. To form a just estimate of both requires the full exercise of judgement and common sense. We should not allow ourselves to be so far influenced by the impression which almost invariably prevails amongst persons of taste, as to mistake that darkness of hue which characterises the work of the Old Masters, for a merit of their Art, which is really a defect of their age. Time is as great an enemy to beauty in Art as in Nature; and pictures, like most other things, are seldom the better for being old.

"The great colourists of the Venetian School," the President proceeds, "would hardly recognise the splendours of their palette in the dingy hues to which they are now reduced by the joint operation of time, dust and varnish. Titian would be disposed to disclaim his *Venus*, if he were to behold the gipsy glow of her carnations in a modern collection; but, fortunately, enough remains of their original lustre to justify the verdict which has been pronounced in their favour. We acquire by degrees, a conventional taste, which enables us to penetrate the veil in which time tries to involve the beauties of art; we see the bloom of the rose in the faded flower, and trace, even in the ruin, the perfection of the finished work. But, in exercising a judgement thus arbitrary and peculiar, we must take care that the acquired relish does not prevent the natural palate: we must clearly distinguish that which habit has rendered agreeable, from that which nature has established as true. The faults of a bad picture may in some respects be improved

by time to defects less offensive ; and if old pictures are generally found to be harmonious in effect, it is because their harshness has been softened, and their discordant hues subdued under one general gloom.

"It is principally on this subject—the effects of time on the productions of the pencil,—that the judgement of the Artist, and that of the Amateur appear to be so much at variance, and so difficult to be reconciled. The Amateur may be said to live surrounded, either in his own collection or in the galleries of his friends, with the best productions of the Ancient Schools. At home or abroad, his studies of art have been pursued amongst such works : whatever may have been their brilliancy when fresh from the easel, they have long been subdued, by age and the process of the picture-cleaner, to a depth of tone amounting not only to darkness, but in many cases, to absolute blackness. Those works, nevertheless he knows to be of the highest merit, and regarded with general admiration. Necessarily more conversant with pictures, than with the objects which they represent, his standard of comparison is derived from Art rather than from Nature, and he judges of the model by the imitation. The sombre hues of the Old Masters become associated in his mind with all his conceptions of excellence. Under the influence of these impressions, he enters an exhibition of modern works, and naturally desires to find there an aspect of art similar to that upon which he has been accustomed to bestow his admiration. He is disappointed ; every picture appears to him to be crude and in-harmonious ; his eye is offended by the contrast ; he exclaims against the gaudiness of the Modern School, and turns with distaste from what he considers as violent and vulgar glare.

"The Artist, on the other hand, in constant communication with Nature, and taught to regard her as the sole test of truth and beauty, is dazzled by the sudden splendours of her aspect. To him she appears all light and lustre : he finds no colours on his palette rich enough for her radiance, or brilliant enough for her bloom. He searches eagerly through the whole chromatic scale,—he exhausts every combination of hue, and tries every artifice of light and shade ; but all his efforts are vain,—his model rises before him in unapproachable effulgence. Like the Amateur, he admires the works of the Old Masters. He is, indeed, the more sensible of their excellence, in proportion as his studies have taught him to appreciate the exertions by which such merits have been attained. But their darkness he feels to be their defect ; he, however, judges what they were, by what they now are,—by the day's decline he estimates the meridian glow, and acknowledges the splendour of Nature though in eclipse.

"Starting, thus, from opposite points, and each using a measure of merit which has been the result of a process so different, it is not surprising that some disagreement should prevail between the Artist and the Amateur in their estimate of modern works. Candour, however, will perhaps acknowledge that both parties are somewhat in error. If the eye of the amateur, accustomed to the sombre character and sober dignity of Ancient Art, requires, in a modern production, a depth of tone which may be said to anticipate time, and to be inconsistent with the bloom and freshness of Nature,—the Artist, in his eagerness to secure these captivating qualities, is not unfrequently found to venture

upon a scale of colouring which his materials are incompetent to sustain. Commencing in too high a key, he strains his power beyond their strength, and in a vain struggle after brilliancy, becomes raw, violent and exaggerated."

These remarks of the venerable president are admirable. With much judgement he recommends to the student a middle course; and, we are bold to say, that, with very few exceptions indeed, his advice has, in the present exhibition, been observed.

We have but short space left for our remarks on the Sculpture Room. We were particularly struck by a colossal statue in marble, of the late *Thomas Telford*, the celebrated engineer, by Baily. A deeply impressive and dignified repose, bespeaks an elevated and meditative genius, and corroborates the high opinion that we have always had of this distinguished sculpture's great talent. *A group of the Children of Sir Francis Shuckburgh*, is an admirable work, full of sentiment, but too rarely exhibited. Gibson's *Love Cherishing a Soul while preparing to torment it*, is a veritable poetic effusion in marble; light, agile, beautiful; the purest sentiment in the loveliest form. *Venus Verticordia*, by the same artist, gives an elevation to sculpture, by which it almost reaches the Divine in beauty. It is impossible for a rightly constituted mind, to contemplate such works without feeling sacred emotions. *Legrew's Ajax* is energetic, and Coffee's *Two Sleeping Children* delicious. Gott's *Clytie*, though small in dimensions, is a thing of infinite grace and loveliness.

On reviewing what we have written, we find that we have neglected the landscape department, in which, however, the usual contributors do not appear. Stanfield, Roberts, and Sir A. W. Calcott, have retired. Frederick Richard Lee, however, has five subjects which will sustain his reputation. The miniatures are also deserving of some consideration—they are numerous, if few be of great merit. Among these, we remarked Ross's, Robertson's, and Chalon's portraits; some water-coloured drawings by Miss Corbaux; and many that will repay the trouble of inspection.

Among the architectural designs, our attention was particularly called by Jones' *View of the Alcove at the upper end of the Hall of the Two Sisters in the Alhambra*. The Arabic inscription on the walls, rightly describes this picture and its original. "I am the Bower; truly, I appear decked out in beauty. Shouldst thou survey attentively my elegance, thou wilt reap the advantage of a Commentary on Decoration."

R. U.

MAXIMS FOR MOTHERS.

MOTHER! thy love unto thy child,
 Within thee deeply dwelling,
 Is type of His paternal love,
 All other love excelling.

Mother! if thou thy child dost love
 As a mere child of dust,
 The earthly nature will appear
 To greet thy earthly trust.

Mother ! if thy affections be
Alien to love divine,
Affections pure thy child will fail,
And thou must not repine.

But if thy love unto thy child
A godly love shall be,
Celestial feelings, godly powers,
Shall rule thy progeny.

Let thy child, Mother ! ever feel
That the high heavenly birth
Within it shall endure, when all
Of earth returns to earth.

Ne'er purpose for your child a chart
Directing how to steer,
But o'er Love's ocean, still let Love
Pilot the mariner.

Thou, Mother ! who for *God* thy child
Would'st truly educate,
Thyself to God, in childlywise,
Must truly dedicate.

Mother ! within thy young child's heart
Is sown the eternal seed
Of that Omnific word whereby
Creation was decreed.

In all the child hath love and faith :
From Inexperience this
Proceeds not, but of primal Love
The generation is.

Let your child find within its love,
The Love Divine that's there,
Still urging it to dwell above,
And leave the Vale of Care.

Let the child be early taught
To feel *that* second birth
Which exceeds in worth, when wrought,
The mother's bringing forth.

To your child do not that deed
It should not do to you ;
But in all your acts take heed
You have the right in view.

Corruption cannot purify
By acts of self elation ;
Souls must be ever glorified
By Love's new generation.

If from the sight of your dear child
Your faults you cannot hide,
Avow them freely, nor beguile
Its path through Error's tide.

The child sees life and motion
 In Nature's varied whole,
 And for its own devotion
 Seeks spirit in the soul.

Act not reverse to what you say,
 Lest you your child mislead :
 Mind your language, day by day,
 Till Love helps Light to plead.

That this may be sincerely done,
 Ere you elate its eye,
 Turn it to the heavenly sun,
 That it no fault descry.

Confucius taught, by holy writ,
 To those who feared to die,
 That they to live, must first permit
 The Spirit before the Eye.

PORT NATAL.

SECTION. I.

ON Friday the 29th day of August, 1827, Lieutenant King, accompanied by Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs, and the Rev. Mr. M'Clland and his lady, set sail in the brig *Mary* for the eastern coast of Africa. The principal object of their voyage was to relieve Mr. Farewell, who had been absent for more than sixteen months, on a very hazardous speculation to the eastward, among tribes, who, it appeared, had never before seen a white man. The last accounts that had been heard of him, were by a vessel called the *York*, fitted expressly by the government, to ascertain whether the party were yet in existence. After great difficulties, this vessel reached the port of Natal, and returned with the following account: namely, that Mr. Farewell and his party had been very much distressed, and would willingly have returned, but from a part of them being absent in the interior, they remained, in the hope that they might be relieved by some vessel from Delagoa, Madagascar, or other neighbouring ports; for unless one be bound direct, an individual might remain for years before he would be enabled to escape.

Under these circumstances, Lieutenant King, having visited the quarter before, and being, moreover, a warm friend of Mr. Farewell, considered it his duty to render the enterprising adventurers every assistance in his power, and therefore undertook this voyage, with strong anticipations that he should effect the recovery of his long absent friend.

Their voyage proceeded prosperously, until they arrived off Port Natal (the locality in which they expected to find Mr. Farewell), when the *Mary* was wrecked in an unsuccessful attempt to pass the bar which runs across the mouth of the harbour. By the skilful conduct of her commander, the whole of the crew were saved; but

the prospect before them was sufficiently dreary. Every thing on the coast indicated a wild and uncivilised country, where nature had been lavish of her bounties, but where the art and industry of man had been little applied in improving her works. The scenery had an appearance of grandeur—there was verdure and spontaneous vegetation, but cultivation was applied only to occasional patches, and did not spread over regular spaces, or extensive plots.

Upon landing, they were met by a party of eight people, who appeared to have come from the eastern side of the bay, and to have walked to Point Fynn. Their appearance, however, was such as to give rise to no very pleasant forebodings. Six of the group appeared to be in a state of nudity; one was clad in tattered European garments, and the other wore a female garb, with her head tied up in a handkerchief. All our travellers' apprehensions however, proved to be groundless.

The man clad in European garments, turned out to be none other than Thomas Holstead, a youth belonging to Mr. Farewell's party. His companions consisted of one Hottentot woman in a dungaree petticoat, with a blue handkerchief tied round her head; five natives entirely naked; and a female with a piece of bullock's hide fastened round her waist, hanging to the knees, and made black with charcoal, and softened by frequent rubbing.

Lieutenant King enquired of Holstead, if Mr. Farewell and the whole of his party were alive, and if living, where the former resided? They found from Holstead's replies, that Mr. Farewell had gone, accompanied by Cane an attendant, on a visit to Challa, chief of the country; and that Mr. Fynn and another had proceeded to the district of the Amumponds, a tribe dwelling about two hundred miles to the westward, for the purpose of obtaining ivory.

The wreck lying on the rocks, Lieutenant King returned to her with her crew, to endeavour to get her into deep water. Mr. Isaacs, not being a seaman, and utterly inexperienced in such matters, found that he could render no very material assistance, and therefore accompanied Holstead to Mr. Farewell's residence. The place selected by Mr. Farewell for his residence, had a singular appearance, from the peculiar construction of the several edifices. His house was not unlike an ordinary barn, made of wattle and plastered with clay, and with only one door composed of reeds. It had a thatched roof, but was otherwise not at all remarkable for the elegance of its structure, or the capacity of its interior. The house of Cane was contiguous to that of Mr. Farewell, being about twenty yards from it, while that of Ogle was at a similar distance, and had the appearance of a roof of a house placed designedly on the ground, the gable end of which being left open, served as the door. Opposite Mr. Farewell's house, was a native hut in the shape of a bee hive, about twenty-one feet in circumference, and six feet high, built of small sticks, and supported by a pole in the centre. It was thatched with grass, and had an aperture about eighteen inches square, through which the owner crept into his mansion, when he was disposed to enjoy the sweets of repose.

The house, or rather hut, of Mr. Farewell above described, was

merely a temporary building, and not intended for any protracted residence. Even at the time of which we are writing, he had commenced building a fortress, which he proposed to call Fort Farewell. He meant it to cover a surface of about two hundred square yards, and it was to be constructed in the form of a triangle.

The travellers now began to consider for the future, and to devise means for extricating themselves from their present position. One only plan suggested itself as at all affording any hope, although the undertaking appeared laborious, if not nearly impracticable, namely, to build a small vessel of the materials saved from the wreck, with the aid of such native timbers as they might be enabled to procure suitable for such a purpose. This plan was accordingly determined upon, Mr. Hatton the chief mate, agreeing, as he was a practical shipwright, to superintend the work.

In some few days, Mr. Fynn arrived from the country of the Amampoatoes, a tribe inhabiting the banks of the St. John's river, a distance of about 200 miles from Natal. This gentleman, as we before stated, had been trading with the natives for ivory. For eight months he had separated himself from his solitary companion, Mr. Farewell, and had associated solely with the people with whom he sojourned. Mr. Isaacs and his comrades sat attentively to hear him detail his various adventures, the many vicissitudes endured by him, and the obstacles with which he had contended, not only in being often without food, and ignorant where to seek it; but in daily terror of being devoured by wild animals, or murdered by the savage natives. From necessity, he assumed the costume of the latter while with them, but resumed the European upon his return to his own habitation. It is almost impossible to convey a correct idea of the singular appearance of this individual when he first presented himself. Mr. Fynn is in stature rather tall, with a prepossessing countenance. From necessity, his face was covered with hair, he not having had an opportunity of shaving himself for a considerable time. His head was partly covered with a crownless straw hat, and a tattered blanket, fastened round his neck by means of strips of hide, sewed to cover his body, while his hands performed the office of keeping it round his "nether man." His shoes he had discarded for some months, whilst every other habiliment had imperceptibly worn away, until "there was nothing of a piece about him."

A few days after the return of Mr. Fynn, the English were visited by a Zoolu chief, named Enslopee, who resided in the vicinity of their abode, and had been commanded by Charka to offer protection to the white people, against the remains of a conquered tribe of bushrangers, who still lurked in the vicinity of their habitations. This was, however, a mere pretext for watching the "*Silquaners*" (beasts of the sea) as the natives called the white people, with motives of a not very friendly kind.

Enslopee appeared to be a good-humoured sort of a fellow, and was something of a mimic; he amused the whites, by making many ludicrous distortions, for which his countenance, not unlike that of a baboon, was peculiarly adapted. He did not appear to want any

portion of native address, but was very ready in extolling his sovereign, and with endeavouring to impress Mr. Fynn and the rest with a sense of his master's friendly designs. With no little adroitness at flattery, he evinced a desire to imitate Lieutenant King, whom he described as having a bold and commanding appearance, declaring that he only wanted an "*Umptcher*,"* instead of clothes, and a black face, to qualify him for a Zoolu warrior. The "*Silguaners*" well knew by this, that he wanted them to give him clothes similar to those which Lieutenant King had on; with these he was soon furnished, upon which he became so enamoured with the present, that he quite forgot the object of his visit, and absolutely left "the beasts of the sea" in admiration, exclaiming that his wives would love him in his new attire, and that he could now show them what a "*Maloonga*"† (white man) was like. Mr. Isaacs accompanied him across the plat, when he entreated Mr. Isaacs to visit his Kraal, which was complied with.

His kraal and hut were similar to those of the other natives. Mr. Isaacs crept into it in a horizontal position when Enslopee assembled his wives, who, by their gestures seemed to have some difficulty in determining which of the twain pleased them best. The females were far from being ill-shaped or forbidding; their dress to be sure was not well adapted to exhibit their persons gracefully, being nothing more than a piece of prepared hide round their waists and hanging to their knees.

Enslopee, made signs indicating his desire that his visitor should pronounce which was the prettiest, which he did, when the sable damsel in an exceedingly modest manner, bent her head to the ground, while her husband and the other wives put their hands over their mouths as if surprised at the choice, although it afterwards appeared that it was congenial to their own. The eldest of the females now disappeared, but soon returned with an earthen vessel containing milk, which was thick and sour; she set it before Mr. Isaacs, and by taking a spoon and eating a little, made him understand that it was intended for a refreshment for him. The chief perceiving his disinclination to partake of the mess, grasped the vessel, and gave his wives a small share, and with gestures that would have made a stoic smile, in a trice disposed of the remainder to the no small astonishment of his more civilized visitors.

On the night of the 20th October (four or five days after their visit to Enslopee) Mr. Farewell arrived from his interior journey. The meeting of these two friends (Mr. Farewell and Lieut. King) under circumstances of so peculiar a nature, could not but be interesting to those who were witnesses of the scene; and the joy beaming on their countenances was too evident to admit of a moment's doubt, that the principals participated in the gratification which their dependants manifested.

* A piece of hide, so fastened as completely to cover the hips. S. C.

† "*Maloonga*" is the regular native word for white man, and implies no disrespect — "*Silguaner*," on the contrary, is a word of reproach, and is never used but as such. S. C.

Mr. Farewell gave Lieut. King and his comrades some account of Charka,* the then king of the Zoolu; of his cruelties to the natives and his hospitality to white people. He conjured them to be particularly cautious not to let his majesty know that the Mary had been wrecked, but to give out that they had been sent by the Cape authorities in search of him (Mr. Farewell); Jacob, the interpreter, having given him a splendid account of the Cape government.

The next event of importance that happened to our little company of wanderers was an expedition of part of their number to the king: their reception was friendly, and Charka did not seem at all indisposed to extend towards them his protection and countenance.

The account which these ambassadors gave of the Zoolu king, raised in Mr. Isaacs a strong desire to visit the interior. He accordingly set out upon his journey. Upon his arrival at the king's kraal, he found a multitude of persons congregated around it, who were seated in a half circle. Charka sat by himself on a large mat rolled up. Mr. Isaacs' natives saluted him after their manner, and their master after his European custom.

Charka asked our traveller whether he knew any thing about the Portuguese, stating that he had a Portuguese with him; and on Mr. Isaacs expressing a wish to see him, sent for that individual. The king then desired our traveller to go away; who not understanding the command, the interpreter dragged him away from one place to another, like a man confused and apprehensive. The natives all appeared alarmed as they approached the king, who sent for our countryman again, and presented to him a paper on which he had made some marks: these, he was directed to decipher, but not being competent to do so, and his interpreter being but a poor translator, they made but a sorry figure; when Charka turning to his people said, "He does not understand the *ungnorty*" (letter) and they replied "*Yubo Barla*" ("Yes father, we see it"). After amusing himself at the expense of his guests the king directed them to retire to their huts.

On their next interview, Charka asked the Portuguese "who were the greatest warriors," when he replied, "that the English had subdued all the powers on the other side of the great water," upon which, his Zoolu majesty observed "King George's warriors are a fine set of men: in fact, King George and I are brothers; he has conquered all the whites and I have subdued all the blacks."

Passing over a length of time, we shall take up our narrative when the "Maloongas" were obliged, in order to avoid the dangerous wrath of the king, to go and fight the "Umbatio," a small tribe, with whom Charka had been at war for some time, and had never been able to conquer. Charka, in his address to them before they set off upon their expedition, ordered them not to leave one alive, but to kill all, man, woman, or child belonging to the hostile tribe.

* For an extended account of the reign and acts of this king, see the January number of the New Series of Monthly Mag. S. C.

The enemy had taken up their positions in small detachments on the neighbouring heights. The whites advanced and ascended the hill that led immediately to them, expecting that the Zoolus would follow; but in this they reckoned without their host, for the Zoolus were observed getting off as fast as they could to the opposite side of the river, about a mile from the Maloonga station. This was a critical moment; but our countrymen did not want courage, and with one accord pushed for the summit of the hill, or rather the large rugged rocks, behind which the enemy had taken shelter.

In front of them, the Maloongas saw a small party of about fifty whom they attacked and defeated. The report of the muskets reverberated from the rocks, and struck terror into the enemy; they shouted and ran in all directions.

The Maloongas had just finished loading once more, when they perceived a large body of Umbatio approaching them, in the height of rage, and menacing them with destruction. Mr. Isaacs' party now began to feel some doubt, upon perceiving which he rushed forwards and got upon the top of a rock, when one of the enemy threw a spear at him, which he avoided by stooping down. He levelled and shot the savage dead. Upon this, his party fired too, and the whole of the savages ran off with great fear and trepidation. The whites now felt some confidence from their success, and advanced along the sides of the rocks to dislodge some few of the Umbatio, who had halted with a design to oppose the Maloongas, and hurled stones at their enemy with prodigious force, the women and children lending their aid with extraordinary alacrity. At last, however, after some hard fighting, during which Mr. Isaacs was wounded, the Umbatio retreated.

On the next morning the Maloongas followed up their success, but were this time accompanied by the Zoolu warriors. The Zoolu forces arranged themselves for the attack, as they thought in front of the enemy, but it turned out to be in front of the forest, for no enemy was to be seen. Three persons, however, belonging to the enemy made their appearance unarmed, on a conspicuous part of the mountain. Some of the Zoolus went towards them, and soon ascertained, to their great joy, that they were chiefs sent by the enemy to announce to the king's white people, that they had surrendered, and were willing to accept of any terms of peace, as "they did not understand the Maloonga way of fighting—did not know what roots or medicines they used; and therefore could not contend with people who spit fire as they did." They were now entirely subdued and became tributary to Charka.

This bravery quite restored the king's confidence in the settlers; and the schooner, now being in a fair way of completion, he determined to send a mission, "to show," he said, "King George, that he desired to be on terms of amity with him."

The schooner after indefatigable labour, having been at length completed, and found sea-worthy, this mission proceeded with Lieut. King to the Cape; but soon returned, without having produced any good result.

On the 7th of December, 1828, Lieutenant King died at Port Natal of a disease very common on that coast—a day which the survivors of this ship-wrecked party will long remember, as having bereft them of a most estimable companion, and sincere and gallant friend.

SECTION II.

As a remuneration for the presents which we had expended upon Charka, and for the services he had rendered him, the Zoolu monarch created Mr. Isaacs, who now had determined to stay and form a settlement on the coast, Chief of Natal, and granted him all the tract of country between the river Umluttee to the river Umlass, a space of twenty-five miles of sea-coast, and one hundred miles inland, including the bay, islands near the point, and the exclusive right of trading with his people. After the king had made his mark or signature to the grant, the interpreter made his, which happening to be larger than the king's; Charka asked in a stern voice, how it was possible, that a common man's name should be greater than a king's? Insisting on having the pen and grant again, he scribbled and made marks all over the blank parts, and said, "there," pointing to his signature, "any one can see that is a king's name, because it is a great one. King George will also see that this is King Charka's name."

Charka also at this time (17th December), talked about sending John Cane to the Cape, to negotiate a friendly alliance with the governor, and to obtain for him (Charka) such articles as he wanted, when the vessel should again be ready for sea. Soon after this, however, Charka came by his death, as related in a previous Number of this Magazine. This event made very little difference in the affairs of Port Natal, as his successor Dingarn was found to be as favourable to the Maloongas, as ever Charka was.

The "Colony," as the Maloongas termed their residence, now prospered exceedingly. It mostly consisted of natives who had attached themselves to the whites for protection. The number of these natives was considerable, and continued daily to increase. Dingarn had confirmed the grant of territory to Mr. Isaacs, making him in fact a kind of tributary king over it. It was soon, therefore, apparent that certain regulations must be made, and the whole settlement put under a regular government, if any thing like good order or friendship was to be expected among the mixed inhabitants, of the "Maloonga" country *y'clept* Port Natal. They accordingly established a "Senate," consisting of the principal persons among the natives, the business of which was to enact laws and try offences.

All this harmony, however, was interrupted by the imprudence of one of the settlers—John Cane. This individual had been dispatched by the king with Jacob, the interpreter, on a mission to the Cape. This mission was, like all the others, unsuccessful. To the surprise and astonishment of every one, Cane instead of proceeding, as he ought, at once to report to Dingarn, went to hunt the elephant, whilst Jacob and Ogle (his coadjutors), remained at home, without

hibiting any intentions of proceeding to the king to communicate the result of their mission to the Cape. Mr. Isaacs, having other business to transact with his Majesty, proceeded to the "palace."

On his road, he found that a great many mischievous reports were abroad. Intobaler (one of their friends), informed him, that it was said that Cane was only waiting under the pretence of hunting, for an "impee" (armed force), that was coming from the Cape to subdue the Zoolus under his guidance, and that a messenger from Jacob, the interpreter, had originally propagated the news.

Mr. Isaacs was exceedingly surprised at this information, and determined to make all haste to Dingarn to contradict it; being sensible how much it might operate to the Maloongas' prejudice.

Upon his arrival Dingarn asked him "whether it was possible that the report of the *impee* could be true?" Mr. Isaacs told him, that it was impossible that a Maloonga invasion could have been contemplated (much less on the eve of execution), without his having been apprised of it; and that if hostilities had been in agitation, it was not probable that he would have presented himself before his Majesty. "But," continued Mr. Isaacs, "if your Majesty have an idea that our countrymen are about to proceed here in any other character than as friends, I will remain with you until ye shall be convinced that the report is a gross fabrication." "I am perfectly satisfied," answered Dingarn, "of your innocence, as I am aware that you Maloongas do not tell lies; but I am angry with John Cane; I think he might deceive you, as well as me. His Caffres came here with goods from the British Colony. I was surprised he did not come with them, when they told me he remained at home on account of Thomas Holstead's indisposition. The next day my man, the messenger, arrived, and informed me, that John was at the river Umsluti, hunting the elephant: I then concluded that Jacob's report was true, and that John was waiting for the commands under the cloak of hunting. I did not care about the present, and should not have blamed him if he had returned without any thing; as I well knew that if the people on the other side of the water would not give him anything, he could not execute his mission. I blamed him for not coming, as he well knew that I was always anxious to hear news from the white people: but when I considered the matter, I saw that he was afraid to come, and that instead of attending to the mission he had undertaken, he had tried to injure me, by inducing the white people to prepare to fight against me. I therefore told the messenger to return, and summon the boys of Slome-en-line, proceed to his place, and take his cattle away; but I gave orders to them to go forward and apprise Mr. Fynn previously, that he might acquaint the Maloongas, and prevent any alarm. I further desired that Mr. Fynn should drive the fellow away from Natal, as he would be disturbing the peace we have so long enjoyed."

The king delivered this address, not with any angry gestures, but in a calm, deliberate way, which convinced Mr. Isaacs that he had confided a great deal in the integrity of Cane, and had found

his confidence abused. That Cane was censurable for not going forward to his majesty, to report the result of his mission, cannot be denied; but that he should so far have forgotten his situation as to lose sight, not only of his duty, but his security, was surprising. With respect to Thomas Holstead, Mr. Isaacs knew that he was ill, and incapable of further travelling. Mr. Isaacs, therefore, told Dingarn, that he thought Jacob had borne animosity against Cane, and that a demand, made on a former trip against the latter, had occasioned a strife between them, which might have been the cause of the indifference of Cane in the present instance; that he felt positive that as soon as the latter heard of the king's wrath, he would at once arrive, and give him every necessary explanation of his mission, and of the feelings of the people whom he visited. Dingarn answered, "I do not wish to see him again; I wish you, very much, to drive him away."

After this, Mr. Isaacs told the king of the death of George the Fourth, and that his brother, William the Fourth, now filled the throne, as his hereditary successor. Dingarn, upon this, asked if the late king had any sons, and if a prince of England could dethrone his father. Mr. Isaacs assured him that there existed in England such affection between king and subject as made the former adored, and the latter respected; and that the monarch, as father of his people, sought to rule over them, not with the rod of terror, but by laws mild and efficient; whilst his subjects submitted to those laws, as people ought, who admired their sovereign and loved their country. The king of Great Britain, Mr. Isaacs also added, reigned in the hearts of his subjects, who were happy because they were secure; and it was their union, the love borne by the people to the monarch, that made England invulnerable. Dingarn sat for a few minutes, as if in thought, and ruminating on our description of England and the English monarch; but looking at Mr. Isaacs again, he said, with a smile of pleasure, "Ah! your king must be a happy monarch, when he has to reign over such faithful and brave people."

Upon the departure of Mr. Isaacs for Port Natal, Dingarn said, "I have sent for Mr. Fynn; if you meet him on his way I wish you to return together, and come to me again when your vessel arrives. I am sorry," continued he, "for what has happened; but you have to blame John Cane, and not me. I have sent to have his cattle taken away, and if you see him in the bush, tell him to come here with Jacob, and his case shall be settled; but time will prove whether false information has been sent to me; if it be false, Jacob shall not go unpunished, I assure ye. If I knew that a *Maloonga impee* was coming against me, I would distribute the cattle to my people, and tell them to separate in all directions; and, for my part, I would take only five men, and go where you should never find me; and then what would your soldiers do for food? Besides, I would poison our waters, which would be fatal to them."

"As you have not commenced hostilities," Mr. Isaacs replied,

"you have no danger to apprehend from the Capé colony forces: if they come at all, they will come as friends."

"I am always glad to see white people," observed Dingarn, "but I have given up all idea of fighting. I wish to enjoy myself with my nation, who have been fighting all their lives, under Charka—to cultivate the blessings of peace, and do every thing to promote the prosperity of my long harassed country. This is now my sole object; and nothing else occupies my mind, than how I shall govern in peace."

Mr. Isaacs now set out on his journey to Port Natal. When he had crossed Alligator river he met with two boys, with an implement of war, not unlike a lance. When asked the news, they declined telling, and made an effort to pass on. But, upon Mr. Isaacs insisting that they should impart what information they possessed, after a little hesitation they said, "they had left Cane place the day before, with the Zoolu force, which had taken sixteen head of cattle from Thomas Holstead. They knew not where John Cane and Mr. Fynn were gone, but that Holstead and the Hottentots were in Ogle's kraal. Proceeding on his way, a native man came running up to him, to say that the Zoolu chief wanted to speak to him. Mr. Isaacs repaired to the nearest kraal, and in a few minutes the chief arrived. He saluted the "Maloonga," and said, "I see you; give me the news from the king." Mr. Isaacs said that he had no news, but could perceive that the king's instruction had applied only to John Cane. Messengers had been sent to Mr. Fynn, to apprise him of the king's design, before any movement took place. The messengers, however, had not proceeded to Mr. Fynn's, as directed; consequently, hearing of the Zoolu march towards Cane, and that individual having sought refuge with him, Mr. Fynn thought it advisable to leave Natal. The whole of the people immediately fled to the bush for safety. Upon Mr. Isaac's asking the Zoolu chief what he meant by surrounding the premises by dawn of day, he said, "that he would have killed every soul in it."

Mr. Isaacs was now most anxious to reach Natal, to see what was to be done in this dilemma, arising from the treachery of the villain Jacob, the profound ignorance of the natives, and the impetuosity of the Zoolu commander.

When they arrived at Cane's kraal a dreadful scene of devastation became visible. The cat had been speared and skinned, the ducks were scattered, lifeless, about the place; not a living creature could be found—destruction marked the course of the insatiable warriors. From this point, however, they could perceive the brig Michael at anchor off the port, they quickened their pace to come up with it.

Dingarn's conduct in this affair, proved to the settlers that he was a complete dissembler, and that it would not longer be safe to abide with him. Upon Mr. Isaacs' arrival, Mr. Fynn and John Cane left the bush, and came to meet him, and the whole affair assumed a very sinister look; and it became very doubtful as to whether

Dingarn did not intend the destruction of all the Europeans. To avoid this, Mr. Isaacs' took a passage in the brig, and determined to return to England. Mr. Fynn, and John Cane and their people fled to the bush, thinking that it was best to weather out the storm.

This resolution was found to be the most prudent. Dingarn soon after found out the treachery of Jacob, had him killed, and invited Mr. Fynn, and the rest, to return to Natal; they did so, and the colony soon recovered its prosperity. Mr. Isaacs' flight was, therefore, premature.

SECTION III.

In 1834, Captain Gardener went out on a kind of philanthropic mission to the Zoolus. Upon his arrival at Port Natal, the settlers seemed to have been at their *acmé* of prosperity, for we find them drawing plans for building a town, which they proposed to call "D'Urban," after the governor of the Cape of Good Hope. They also petitioned the government that their territory should be elevated into a British colony, entitled "Victoria," but this was not attended to.

They do not, however, appear to have been on the best terms with Dingarn, king of the Zoolus, from their giving refuge to persons who fled from his wrath. This angered his sable majesty exceedingly; but the matter was settled by the parties entering into a treaty, whereby the settlers agreed to give up to the king all offenders who fled to them, *after the* date of the treaty, while he agreed not to molest any who might have taken refuge with the Europeans *before* it. This treaty appears to have been kept better by the Zoolus than the settlers.

Some time after this, a number of emigrant farmers, or Boers, from the Cape of Good Hope, directed their course to Natal, and Capt. Gardener was invested by the government with a commission, as special magistrate, under the act for taking cognizance of the conduct of the British in South Africa, beyond the limits of the British colonies. This commission did not arm him with any real power, but his acquaintance with the manners and customs of the Zoolus rendered his presence here, invested with nominal rank, very desirable.

It would appear, however, that Dingarn did not much relish the incursion of these new emigrants into his dominions, and, accordingly, despairing of overcoming them by force, took the opportunity of a large party of them, with their "commandant," Retref, repairing to the kraal of a Zoolu chief, for the purpose of concluding definitive arrangements, as to where they were to establish themselves, treacherously to cut them off. This act, of course, brought about a general rupture between the whites and blacks—open war being declared. In this contest, it seems that the Zoolus, at first, were the victors, having poured down upon the port and forced the settlers to fly for protection to the bush.

From these reverses, the settlers gradually recovered, and, from a letter lately received in England, dated December 22nd, 1838, from A. W. T. Pretorius, the "chief commandant" of the settlers, it

appears that, in a great pitched battle, they had defeated the Zoolus. This fight is most likely to terminate hostilities, as Major Charters has arrived with troops from the Cape, in order to make peace. It is also said that the settlers will still remain at Natal, whether that place is recognised as a British colony by our government or not.

S. C.

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(Continued from page 549.)

ACT III.

Before the palace of Menelaus at Sparta.

Enter Helen and chorus of captive Trojan women, Panthalis leader of the chorus.

Helen.

I the much blamed—and much admired Helena
Come from the shore where first the land of Greece we reached,
Still reeling with the billowy motion of the wave
Which bore us hither from fair Phrygia's fertile plain,
Through Neptune's favouring hand and Eurys' mighty power,
To our paternal bays upon its lofty-rearing back.
King Menelaus there below rejoiceth now
With all his bravest warriors at his blest return.
Welcome, O welcome to me, lofty palace, thou
That Tyndarus my father on the steep descent
Of Pallas' hill on his return erected here !
'Twas nobler than all Sparta's lofty palaces
When I with Clytemnestra played here sisterly,
With Castor too and Pollux grew in childish sport.
Ye wings of these embrazened doors, all hail to ye !
Once through your hospitable friendly opening
It chanced that Menelaus, chosen out of all,
Met me in glittering glory in a bridegroom's sort.
Open to me again, that I the king's command
May faithfully fulfil as it the wife becomes.
Admit me now ! and everything behind me stay .
That up till now stormed round me big with mystery.
For since securely I this holy spot forsook
And sought Cythera's temple for a holy rite,
And there the robber seized on me,—the Phrygian man,
Much has occurred which men around with willing tongue
Both far and wide relate, but he not willing hears
Of whom the tale into a fable hath been spun.

Chorus. Thou glorious lady, disdain not
 The worth of this highest possession !
 For the greatest joy to thee only is given,—
 The praise of such beauty as conquers all else.
 The name of the hero before him sounds,
 And proudly he strides,
 Yet at once, his mind the stubbornest bends
 To beauty, the tamer of everything.

Helen.

Enough ! The ship hath borne me hither with my spouse,
 And now he sends me from him to his city forth ;
 What his intent may be I cannot yet divine.
 Come I as spouse ? Or come I as a queen indeed ?
 Come I as victim for the prince's bitter pangs,
 And for the long endured misfortunes of the Greeks ?
 Vanquished I am, but whether captive know I not !
 For to me promised the immortals fame and fate,
 Ambiguous, beauty's ever doubtful followers,
 Which even now, upon this threshold of my home,
 Threatening and dark are standing present by my side.
 Already did my husband rarely look on me
 In the hollow ship, nor spoke he ought encouraging,
 But opposite he sate as if on harm intent.
 But now when to Eurotas' deep-bayed shore we came,
 Borne on the waves when scarce the foremost ship's sharp beak
 The land had greeted, as if moved by God, he spake :
 Here will my warriors all in order disembark :
 I will review them ranged upon the ocean shore,
 But farther thou proceed,—along the holy bank
 Covered with fruits where swift Eurotas winds along.
 And o'er the moist and beauteous meadow guide thy steeds,
 Until at last at that fair plain thou hast arrived,
 Where Lacedemon, once a wide and fertile field,
 Begirt by rugged mountains rises up on high.
 The palace with its lofty towers enter then,
 And gather there the maidens whom I left behind,
 And call to thee the wise and aged stewardess.
 Then let them show to thee the store of treasure rich
 Which once thy father left behind, which I myself
 In war and peace increasing e'er have heaped up.
 In order wilt thou find them standing all : for this —
 This is a prince's privilege that he shall find,
 When he returneth, all things right within his house,
 And all things in their place, as he hath left them there.
 For nothing at his will to change the slave hath power.

Chorus. Refresh now at the glorious pile,
 Which ever increaseth, eyes and soul ;
 For beautiful chains and adorning crowns
 Are pluming themselves and resting proud ;

But do thou step in and challenge them all,
They'll prepare them swift.
I joy to see beauty in battle contend
'Gainst gold, 'gainst jewels and precious stones.

Helen. Then thus commandment further gave to me my lord :
When thou hast seen at last in order all things round,
Then take as many tripods as thou needful thinkst,
And many kinds of vessels which the priest requires
At hand, when he the hallowed sacrifice performs.
The cauldrons, and the bowls too and the plates be there ;
And be the purest water from the holy spring
In lofty pitchers ; and the dry wood also there,
Which soon will catch in flame have thou in readiness ;
And lastly let there be a knife well sharpened there ;
And all things which remain to thy good care I leave.
So spake he, pressing me to part from him : but nought
Which lives and breathes did he, the orderer, tell to me,
Which he, in honour of the Olympian gods, would slay.
'Tis strange indeed : and yet, will I no farther care,
But to the Gods' arrangement every thing will leave,
Who that, which seemeth to them good, accomplish e'er ;
Men may suppose it either good or think it ill
Whate'er they think it, still it must endured be.
Often the priest has raised on high the heavy axe,
To the neck of the earth-bowed animal devoting it ;
And yet could not perfect it through the hindrance of
Approaching foes or intervention of the gods.

Chorus. What will occur thou canst not know !
Enter, with courage, O queen,
Enter in !
Evil and good ever come
Unexpected to men ;
E'en when foretold us we credit it not.
Did not Troy burn, and did not we see
Death before our eyes, terrible death ;
And are we not here
Companions to thee, joyfully serving,
See we not the glittering sun in the heavens,
And of this earth the fairest
See we not thee, we happy ones !

Helen. Be 't as it will ! whatever destined, it behoves
Me to the palace to ascend without delay.
The long unseen, and much desired and almost lost,
Stands once again before my eyes, I know not how.
My feet so lightly bear me not along the steps,
The lofty steps, as when a child I leapt them o'er.

Chorus. Throw, O my sisters, ye
Mournful and prisoners,

The Second Part of Göthe's Faust.

All your griefs to the distance ;
 Share in your mistress' joy :
 Share in fair Helen's joy,
 Which to the hearth of her ancestors
 Though with a foot late returning
 Yet with a surer and firmer one
 Joyfully now is approaching.

Praise ye the holy ones,
 Kindly restoring ones,
 The Deities—the home-leading !
 Floats the unchained one yet
 As upon pinions
 Over the roughest, though vainly
 The prisoner, with longings filled,
 Over the prison's battlements forth
 Stretching his arms, doth sorrow.

But a God laid hold on her
 Her the distant ;
 And from Ilion's fall
 Bore her hither with him back
 Into the newly-adorned—the ancient
 Father-house,
 After ineffable
 Pleasures and torments,
 Earlier youthful times
 Refreshed to think on.

Panthalis (as Chorus-leader).

Come leave ye now the joy surrounded path of song
 And towards the folding gates your glances turn.
 Sisters, what see I ? Doth not now the queen return
 With hurried steps and motion back to us ?
 What is it, mighty queen, alas, and what could meet
 Thee in thy palace halls, except thy servants greeting dear,
 Which thus should shake thee : this thou canst not, queen conceal,
 For I perceive abhorrence on thy lofty brow,
 A noble anger, that contends with deep surprise.

Helen (who has left the folding gates open) disturbed.

Jove's daughter light and common fear besemeth not,
 Nor moveth her a quick and flighty hand of dread ;
 And yet the horror, rising from night's bosom old,
 Springing from time's commencement, rolling forth itself
 As glowing clouds, out from a mountain's fire-abyss,
 In many various shapes, might shake a hero's breast.
 Thus have to day in horrid sort, the Stygian gods
 So shown the entrance to my house, that willingly,
 From the oft-stepped—the much-desired threshold, I
 Would now withdraw, and part like a dismissed guest.

Yet no ! I have retreated to the light, and ye,
Whoe'er ye be, ye powers, shall drive me hence no more.
I'll think on consecration, that the fire's glow
Once purified, may hail the lady like the lord.

Chorus Leader.

Unto thy servants, who thee reverencing stand
Around, O noble lady, tell what has befallen.

Helen.

What I have seen, your eyes themselves shall too behold,
If ancient night hath not her phantom swallowed up
Again into the wonder-bosom of her depths.
And yet that ye may know 't, in words I'll tell it ye :
When I made solemn entry in the darksome inner space
Of the king's house, of duty great bethinking me :
I was astonished at the empty passage's silentness.
No sound of servants passing by industrious
Struck on my ear, no busy hastening met my eye,
No maid appeared before my sight, no stewardess,
Who during former times, each stranger greeted well.
But when I to the bosom of the hearth approached,
There saw I by the remnant of the half extinguished ash,
Seated upon the ground a woman, tall and veiled,
Not like a sleeper, but more like a thinking one.
With words commanding, I to work incited her,
Supposing her to be the stewardess, whom perhaps,
My husband's foresight, when he left, appointed here ;
Yet still infolded sits there the unmoveable :
At last I threatened, and her right arm then she moved,
As if to motion me away from hearth and hall.
Angry I turned me from her, and with haste I come
Up to the steps whereon aloft the Thalamus
Raises its ornaments, and near the treasure room ;
But straight the wonder rouses swiftly from the ground,
And stands commanding in my way, and shows itself
In haggard vastness, with a hollow bloody look,
Of strange appearance, and confounding eyes and soul.
Yet do I speak to air ; in vain I strive in words,
To build before you, and create a form like hers.
There is she ! see ! She dares to venture forth to light !
Here are we masters, till the lord and monarch comes.
These dreadful night-births, Phœbus, friend of beauty he,
Drives back into their caves or tames to gentleness.

Phorkyas (stepping on to the threshold between the door-posts.)

Chorus. Much have I lived through, altho' my tresses
Still wave youthfully over my temples !
I have beheld too much of horror,
Warlike misery, and Ilion's night,
When she fell.

Through the beclouded—the dust-raising tumult
 Of thronging warriors, Gods I was hearing,
 Fearfully shouting, was hearing the diacord
 Of brazen voices sound thro' the field,
 Towards the walls.

Ah, yet stood they, Ilion's
 Walls ; but the glow of flames,
 Spread from neighbour to neighbour on,
 Extending onward from here to there,
 With the waving of their own storms,
 O'er the nocturnal town.
 Flying I saw thro' the smoke and glow,
 And through the glance of the tonguèd flame,
 The approach of vengefully angry gods,
 Striding forms of great wonder,
 Gloomily and gigantic,
 Passing thro' fire-surrounded steam.

Did I see it, or did my spirit,
 Surrounded with anguish, image forth
 Such confusion ? O never
 Ne'er can I say : but certain
 Am I that with my eyes I see
 This frightful form before me ;
 Yes I with my hands I could grasp it,
 Did not my fear from the dangerous
 Hold me back in terror.

O which of Phorceys'
 Daughters art thou ?
 For I must liken thee
 Unto that offspring :
 Art thou, perhaps, of the grey born,
 One eye and one tooth
 By turns possessing
 Aged ones, come here ?

Dar'st thou, O monster,
 Come near to beauty,
 Or before Phœbus'
 Searching look show thee ?
 Yet may'st thou still step forward,
 For the hateful he ne'er beholds,
 For never has his holy eye
 Yet beheld the shadows.

Yet evil fate compels us,
 Compels us mortals, ah sorrow !
 To this ineffable eyesore,
 Which the contemptible, ever unblestèd,
 Stirs in us lovers of beauty.

Yet hear thou now, an thou dar'st
 To meet us, hear our curse,

Hear the threat of every blame
Out of the cursing mouths of the happy,
Who by the Deities are created.

Phorkyes.

The saying's old, and yet the meaning's high and true,
That shame and beauty ne'er together, hand in hand,
Went on their journey o'er earth's fair and verdant path.
Deep and inrooted dwells in each an ancient hate,
That wheresoe'er each other in their journeyings
They meet, each from her adversary turns away ;
Then each again more passionately hastens on :
Shame of affliction, but of boldness beauty full,
Till Orcus' hollow night at length environs them,
If old age coming hath not fettered them before.
I find ye here, ye bold ones, from a stranger land,
With haughtiness o'erfoaming like the shrilly train
Of clanging cranes, that high above our heads adown
From their long clouds pour forth their croaking sounds,
Which the still wanderer to gaze above entice ;
And yet upon their onward course they move away,
While he pursues his path : thus will it be with us.
Who are ye then, who dare around the monarch's gates,
To rage, like *Mænads* wild, or like a drunken band ?
Who are ye then, who dare to bay the stewardess,
In dreadful howlings, as hounds bay the silver moon ?
And think ye then, I know not of what race ye are ?
Thou war-begotten, battle-nourished, youthful brood !
Seducing and seduced, lascivious wanton band !
Unnerving citizen's and warrior's strength alike !
Thronged in my sight, ye seem me like a locust swarm,
Pouring adown and covering verdant harvest-fields,
Ye wasters of another's care ! devourers ye,
Annihilators of prosperity in bloom !
Thou conquered, marketed, exchanged merchandise !

Helen.

Whoe'er the servants in the mistress' presence chides,
On her prerogative encroaches daringly ;
That which deserves her praise, to her alone belongs
To praise, and that to punish which shall merit it.
And with the service well am I contented, which
They rendered, when the lofty strength of *Ilios*
Besiegèd was, and fell, and sank : nor less indeed,
When we endured the miserable changeful woe [selves.
Which marked our course, when none think else but of them-
Here also from this cheerful company, I expect the like ;
Not *what* the slave is, asks the lord, but *how* he serves,
Therefore be silent, and no longer snarl at them.
If thou hast kept the palace of the monarch well
In the Dame's absence, that shall be for praise to thee ;

But now that she in person comes, step back again,
Lest 'stead of merited reward, thou punished art.

Phorkyas.

To threaten servants is a mighty privilege,
Which a God-favoured ruler's lofty wife full well,
Through wise behaviour of full many a year, deserves.
Since thou, now recognised, thine ancient place of queen
And of the lady of the house return'st to take,
Receive the long time loosened reins, and govern now,
Possess the treasures, and together us with them.

Chorus leader.

How ugly near to beauty seemeth ugliness.

Phorkyas.

How ignorant near prudence seemeth ignorance.

(From this time the Choristers answer, stepping one by one out of the chorus.)

First Chorister.

Tell of thy father Erebus—thy mother night.

Phorkyas.

Of thine own cousin Scylla, prithee, tell us now.

Second Chorister.

There's many a monster in thy genealogy.

Phorkyas.

To Orcus hence away! and seek thy kindred there.

Third Chorister.

Those who inhabit there are much too young for thee.

Phorkyas.

Address thyself to woo the old Tiresias.

Fourth Chorister.

She who Orion nursed was thy great grand-daughter.

Phorkyas.

I think that harpies reared thee up in dirt and filth.

Fifth Chorister.

Such cherished leanness, tell us, how thou nourishest?

Phorkyas.

'Tis not with blood, of which thou all desirous art.

Sixth Chorister.

Thou hunger'st after corpses, nasty corpse thyself!

Phorkyas.

In thy bold mouth are shining teeth vampyrian.

Chorus-leader.

Thine should I stop, if I but told thee who thou art.

Phorkyas.

Name thyself first, and then the riddle will be cleared.

Helen. Not angry but in grief, between you now I step,
Forbidding strict this quarrel's angry noisiness!

For nought to rulers happen can more hurtful than
A sworn and secret strife amongst the faithful slaves.
The echo to his order then returns no more
Well sounding back in action quickly finishèd ;
No ! No ! It roars and rolls around self-willèdly,
Round him, himself confused and chiding vainly all.
Nor is this all ! in unfestrained rage ye have
Called hither frightful shapes of unblest images,
Which press around me, that I hurried feel myself
Away to Orcus, spite of this paternal land.
Is 't memory perchance, or madness seizes me ?
Was I or am I *that* ? Shall I in future be
That city Desolator's dreamy frightful form ?
The maidens shudder, thou who art the eldest here
Thou stand'st collected, give me answer sensible.

Phorkyas.

He who remembers long and various happiness—
To him at length God's highest favour seems a dream.
But thou, thou highly favoured, without let or bound,
In thy life's course, saw'st only love-inflamèd men,
To boldest daring kindled quick of every kind.
Already Theseus early seized thee, greedily,
Strong as Alcides, formed in fine and noble mould.

Helen. He ravished me away a ten year slender roe,
And shut me in Aphidna's hold in Attica.

Phorkyas.

By Castor and by Pollux soon deliverèd,
A chosen band of mighty heroes sued for thee.

Helen. Yet silent love of all, I say it willingly,
Patroclus won, the image of great Peleus' son.

Phorkyas.

To Menelaus yet thy father gave thee o'er
The ocean-ranging home-preserving warrior.

Helen. He gave his daughter, gave his kingdom up to him
And from that marriage sprang the fair Hermione.

Phorkyas.

Yet when he strove for Crete as his inheritance
An all too charming guest to thee deserted came.

Helen. Of that half widowhood, ah ! why remind'st thou me ?
And the destruction dire which issued out of it !

Phorkyas.

That voyage too to me a freeborn Cretan dame
Brought dreadful slavery and long captivity.

Helen. Immediate he placed thee here as stewardess,
With palace trusting thee and well-earned treasures too.

Phorkyads.

Which thou didst leave, fair Ilion's tower-surrounded town
And unexhausted joys of love intent upon.

Helen. Remind me not of joys ! of all too bitter woe
Infinity poured o'er my breast and luckless head.

Phorkyas.

They say that thou in double image didst appear
Seen both in Ilion's walls and in Ægyptia.

Helen. The madness of my desolate mind confound thou not.
What then I was, alas ! alas ! I know not now.

Phorkyas.

And then they say that from the hollow shadow realms
Achilles ardently had joined himself to thee !
Loving thee erst against all fates determining.

Helen. A spectre with him I as spectre was conjoined.
It was a dream, and thus the tales themselves assert.
I faint and to myself a spectre do become.

[She sinks into the arms of the Semichorus.]

Chorus. Be silent ! Be silent !

Thou evil-looking and evil-speaking one !
Out of thy one-toothed horrible
Lips ! What can forth issue
From such a fearful horrible gulf !
For a malign one gentle appearing,
The rage of the wolf 'neath the fleece of the sheep,
Is far more terrible in my sight
Than the jaws of the three headed hound.
Anxiously listening here we stand !
When ? How ? Where will break forth
All the deep louring
Monstrous fury of such malice ?
And now, 'stead of friendly and comforting story
Lethe-inspiring and full of sweet mildness,
Up from the times that are past hast thou raised
More of evil than good ;
And at the same time darkenest
Both the sheen of the present,
And the mildly
Glimmering gentle light of the future.
Be silent ! Be silent !
That the queen's bright spirit
Just to escape prepared,
May remain, and keep firmly
The fairest of all the forms
That ever the sun hath beheld.

[Helen recovers and stands in the midst again.]

Phorkyas

Of this day thou lofty sun, thou, from these fleeting clouds come forth,
That, who e'en when veiled delightest, now in blending glory rul'st
As the world, to thee unfolding seems, do thou upon us look,
Even though they rate me hideous, yet I know the beauteous well.

Helen.

Tottering step I from the liveness which me fainting came around,
Willingly I'd seek repose, so tired and weary are my limbs,
Yet the rulers it beseemeth—all men it beseemeth well
To collect and man their spirits, whate'er threatening them surprise.

Phorkyas.

Now thou standest in thy greatness, in thy beauty as before,
Thy look tells thou would'st command us, what command'st thou? Tell
it forth.

Helen.

Your contentions bold delaying to atone for be prepared,
Hasten to prepare an offering as the monarch gave command.

Phorkyas.

In the palace all is ready, dishes, tripod and sharp axe,
To besprinkle and be-incense; now the victim tell to us.

Helen. That the monarch did not tell me.

Phorkyas. Told thee not? O word of woe!

Helen. What's this grief that falls upon thee?

Phorkyas. Queen, 'tis thou, 'tis thou art meant!

Helen. I?

Phorkyas. And these.

Chorus. Oh woe and sorrow!

Phorkyas. Thou wilt perish by the axe.

Helen. Dreadful! Yet I thought it, wretched!

Phorkyas. Unavoidable it seems.

Chorus. Ah! And we? Oh, what will happen?

Phorkyas. She will die a noble death;—
On the lofty beam within there which the palace gable bears,
As within a snare the thrushes, ye will sprawl in lengthy rows.

*(Helen and Chorus stand astounded and terrified in expressive well
arranged groups.)*

Phorkyas.

Spectres!—like statues petrified ye 're standing there,
Dreading to part from day which not to you belongs.
Both men and spectres too together like to ye,
Not willingly renounce the sunshine glorious;
Yet the conclusion none can pray or save them from;
All know it, yet to few it is agreeable.
Enough! Ye all are lost!—Quick therefore to the work!

*(She claps her hands;—enter at the doors masqued dwarfish forms,
who readily perform the commands she has pronounced.)*

Come here, ye monstrous forms, gloomy and round as ball,
Roll yourselves hither, ye may injure here at will:

Make room for th' altar portable, the golden horned;
 Let the axe gleaming lie upon the silver rim;
 Fill up the water jugs to wash away again
 Of the black flowing blood, the stainings horrible.
 Spread out the costly carpet here upon the dust,
 So that the victim may in queenly sort down kneel,
 And in it though with separated head may lie
 Infolded, and in decent form entombed be.

Chorus Leader.

Wrapt up in thought aside the royal lady stands,
 The maidens droop around like meadow grass when mown;
 Me seems it right the eldest, as in duty bound,
 With thee, thou primal ancient one, a word to speak.
 Experienced art thou, wise and seem'st to mean us well,
 Although this brainless throng misjudging scoffed at thee.
 Say then, O say, what rescue possible thou know'st.

Phorkyas.

'Tis easy said, the queen alone hath power now
 To rescue both herself and you appendages.
 But yet it needs resolve, and that the quickest too.

Chorus.

Honour-worthiest of the Parcs, wisest of the Sybils, thou,
 Keep in sheath the golden scissors, light and saving tell us of,
 For in swinging, waving, dangling unagreeably we feel
 Our limbs which erst in dancing rather moved them joyously,
 Then upon loved bosom resting.

Helena.

Regard not these poor tremblers! Grief I feel, no fright;
 Yet, know'st thou rescue, it will be with thanks received.
 To prudent and far-sighted ones the impossible
 Appears oft possible. So speak and tell us it.

Chorus.

Speak and tell, O tell us swiftly: how shall we escape the dreadful,
 Awful nooses, which, all threatening, as of ornaments the vilest,
 Round our necks themselves are drawing? we anticipate, we wretched,
 Want of breath and suffocation, if thou high and lofty Rhea,
 Of all deities the mother, dost not pity,

Phorkyas.

And have ye patience the proposal's lengthy train
 To hear in silence? For the story's manifold.

Chorus. Patience enough to hear! Listening meanwhile we live.

Phorkyas.

He who in watch at home his noble treasure guards
 And knows his lofty palace walls well to cement,
 And from the rain's descent his roof to make secure,
 He through a long life will be ever fortunate;
 But he who easily his threshold's holy beam
 With hasty feet strides over guiltily,

When he returns he finds again the ancient place ;
Yet all around is changed, if not quite overthrown.

Helen. Declare, what mean such old and well-known proverbs here !
If thou relat'st, touch not the disagreeable.

Phorkyas.

It is historical, and noways a reproach,
From bay to bay king Menelaus pirating
Steered, and both shores and islands coasted hostilely,
With booty home returning, such as lies within.
Ten long-long years he passed away at Ilion,
And how long time he was returning know I not.
But how with Tyndarus's lofty palace-here,
Now doth it stand ? How doth the kingdom stand around ?

Helen. Is then abuse with thee so far incorporate,
That thou without reproaching canst not ope thy lips ?

Phorkyas.

The valley ridge so many years stood desolate,
That behind Sparta northwards rises to the heavens,
With Taygetus behind, where as a cheerful brook,
Eurotas rolls adown and then amid the vale,
Flowing through rushes broad your swans still nourisheth.
There, in the valley ridge behind, a people bold
Itself has settled, pressing from Cimmerian night,
And hath piled up a castle inaccessible,
Whence land and folk around they pillage as they please.

Helen. Could they accomplish that ? Impossible it seems.

Phorkyas.

They have had time indeed, perhaps 'tis twenty years.

Helen. Is it one horde ? Or many robbers, and allied.

Phorkyas.

They are not robbers, but one is the master there ;
Although he hither came to me, I blame him not.
He could have taken all, and yet contented was
With few free gifts, so called he them, and tribute not.

Helen. How is his look ?

Phorkyas.

Not ugly, me he pleases well.
He is a cheerful, daring, and well form'd man,
As few among the Greeks ; of understanding too.
We call them all barbarians, yet I cannot think,
That any is so dreadful, as at Ilion,
Full many a hero cannibalish showed himself.
His greatness I respect : to him would trust myself.
And then his castle ! ye should see it with your eyes !
That's something different from the great coarse wallwork, which
Your fathers rolled aloft at random up in heaps,
Cyclopish like to Cyclops, rough stones hurling up
Upon rough stones : but on the contrary, there all

Is horizontal, regular, perpendicular.
 But see it from without ! It strives aloft to heaven,
 So straight, so well proportioned, mirrorlike as steel.
 To clamber here—why even the thought slips down again.
 And in the court yards lofty space, and all about
 Begirt with buildings of all sorts and kinds around :
 Pillars, pilasters, arches, archlets see you there,
 Balconies and galleries inward—outward to be seen,
 And arms.

Chorus.

What are arms ?

Phorkyas.

Ajax carried erst
 A coiled snake upon his shield as ye have seen,
 Then too the seven before Thebes bore picturings,
 Each one upon his shield, and all of meaning full.
 There saw we moon and stars upon the nightly sky,
 And Goddess, hero, ladder, sword and torches too,
 And whate'er violently threatens mighty towns.
 Such picturings our band of heroes also bear.
 From their far numbered ancestors in coloured sheen,
 There see you lions, eagles, claws and also beaks,
 And buffalo horns, and wings and roses, peacock's tails,
 And stripes of gold, and black and silver, blue and red.
 Such things hang in the halls in lengthy rows along,
 In those halls boundless as the world itself is wide :
 There might you dance !

Chorus.

O tell us are there dancers there ?

Phorkyas.

The best ! a golden haired and active band of youths ;
 Who smell of youth ! So Paris only smelt before,
 When he came once too near the queen.

Helen.

Thou fallest now,
 Quite from thy part. Come, the conclusion tell to me.

Phorkyas.

Thou mak'st the end alone, if Yea, thou plainly say'st,
 At once I will surround thee with that castle's walls.

Chorus.

Say the short word, and save together us and thee.

Helen.

How ? Shall I fear that monarch Menelaus will
 So fearfully forget himself to injure me ?

Phorkyas.

Hast thou forgotten them, how thy Deiphobus
 The brother of the slaughtered Paris, cruelly
 He mutilated, him who fought for thee, the widow sad,
 And gained thee happily,—he lopped off nose and ears
 And mutilated more : 'twas horror to behold.

Helen.

To him he did it : for my sake he did it then.

Phorkyas.

Be sure that for his sake to thee the like he'll do,
Beauty is indivisible : he who possessed
The whole, destroys it rather than he'll lose a part.

(Trumpets in the distance, the Chorus shudders.)

How sharp the trumpet's clangor strikes on ear and heart,
Asunder tearing ! Thus her talon's jealousy
Plants fast in that man's bosom, who can ne'er forget
That what he once possessed and lost, he has no more.

Chorus.

[glittering arms ?
Hear'st thou not the trumpet sounding ? See'st thou not the

Phorkyas.

Welcome, welcome Lord and master, willing reckoning I will give.

Chorus.

But for us ?

Phorkyas.

Ye know it clearly, death ye see before your eyes.
See your coming death within there ! No, there is no help for you.
(Pause.)

Helen. I have determined that which next I dare to do.

An evil demon art thou : that I well perceive,
And fear that thou wilt turn at last e'en good to ill.
Yet for all this, I'll follow to that castle thee ;
All other know I ; what the queen therewith may hide,
Far in her bosom's depths mysteriously beneath,
Shall be to all unsearchable. Now, old one, lead before,

Chorus. O how willingly fly we hence
With hurrying feet ;
Behind us death,
And again before us
Of towering fortress
Walls inaccessible.
As well they may shield us
As Ilion's tower,
Which only at last
Bowed to contemptible craft.

(Clouds spread around, hide the background, and the neighbourhood, at will.)

How ? But how !
Sisters look round you !
Was it not cheerful day ?
Clouds are hovering up in streaks
Out of Eurotas' holy stream ;
Already the lovely—the reed-surrounded
Shore has vanished from our sight,
And the free, the gracefully proud,
Softly gliding swans,

Swimming in social joy
I see, alas! no more!

Yet, Ah! yet
I hear them sounding,
Sounding with distant hoarse sound!
Death announcing, they're singing;
Ah, that it may not for us,
Instead of promised salvation,
Announce destruction at last.
For us—the swan like
The long-necked, the white-necked, Alas!
To our swan-begotten one!
Woe to us, woe, woe, woe!

Mist shrouds us all around,
No more can we see each other!
What happens? Do we walk?
Or only hover
With tripping step over the soil?
Seest thou nought? did not
Hermes pass over?
Did not his golden staff glitter commanding,
Ordering us back to the joyless, the gloomy—
Full of incomprehensible pictures—
The o'erfilled yet ever empty Hades?

Yes, at once it dark becometh, mist unshining round is waving,
Greyly darkening brown-like walls. And walls our glances now are
meeting.

Our free glances straight opposing. Is 't a court? A deep trench is it?
Horrible in either case still! Sisters, woe, we now are captives,
Captives now as erst we were.

*(Inside of Castle Court, surrounded with rich fantastic buildings of
the middle ages.)*

Chorus Leader.

O'er-quick and foolish, truly genuine womankind!
Depending on the moment, sport of every wind
Of fortune or misfortune, yet ye never can
Bear either of these forms with equanimity.
One ever keenly contradicts the other, and
The others crossways it in constant change away.
With a like sound in joy and woe ye laugh or weep.
Silence now! Listen what our lofty queen for us
And for herself may now decide from careful thought.

Helen. Where art thou Pythonissa? Or whate'er thy name,
Out of the dark vaults of this gloomy castle step.
If thou perchance art gone, the wondrous hero-lord
To tell of my approach, reception good to cause,
So take thy thanks and quickly lead me in to him;
Conclusion of my wanderings wish I and repose.

Chorus Leader.

Vainly, O queen, thou look'st on all sides round thee here ;
The monstrous form has passed away, remained perhaps
Among those clouds, out from whose bosom hither we,
I know not how, are come, swift and without a step.
Perhaps she wanders doubtful in the Labyrinth
Of this one wondrous tower which is from many formed,
Seeking the Lord and King for princely welcome's sake.
Yet see, above there stirring all prepared in throngs,
In galleries and at the windows, and the portals, swift
Hither and thither moving many menials,
Announcing to us high and kind reception here !

Chorus.

High beats my heart ! See there now, O see,
How modestly down with tarrying step,
A fair youthful throng all gracefully move
In orderly march : How ? At whose command
In rows and in ranks so well trained appear
This noble assembly of beautiful youths ?
What most to admire ? Their elegant walk,
Or the ringlets that hang round the dazzling white brow,
Or their cheeks which are red as the peach's ruddy glow,
And covered like them so softly with down ?
I'd willingly bite, yet shudder to taste,
For in a like case, O horrid to say !
The mouth was all filled—but with ashes.

But the most beautiful
Are coming onward ;
What are they bearing ?
Steps to the throne,
Tapestry and seat,
Curtains and all
The adornments of tents ;
Hovering above
Cloud-garlands forming
O'er our queen's head :—
Now hath she ascended,
Invited, the lofty couch.
Nearer advance,
Step by step
Range yourselves solemnly.
Worthy, O worthy, threefold worthy
Blessed shall such a reception be !

(All that the Chorus says is done by degrees.)

LIBRARY MONOLOGUE.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

WE are in our library alone!—Dear brown room! a very sanctuary hast thou become to us. Many are the days since we were introduced to thy antique physiognomy; yet our love is constant, and our proved faith inclines us to believe that thou wilt take our coquetry in good part. We were prejudiced against thee on first acquaintance. Even as we speak, returns the vision of rusty curtains, tarnished brass wires, armless chairs, cushionless stools, and rent carpeting. Never will we again take furniture at any valuation—save our own.

We had a heart pervaded by all friendly influences; patience had we, and our reward was not withheld. Praise be to Jenny Brown. A den of dust, a receptacle for worn-out loom-work, and superannuated upholstery, was transformed into the beau-ideal of apartments, dignified, but not austere; cheerful, but not frivolous; solemn as a temple, not dark as the chamber of durasse.

Solemn as a temple—yes, we were not unadvised in that expression; no cathedral more consecrated than our library, no abbey more hallowed than our brown room. Here have spirits trod—here have we communed with Plato, poet and prophet of civilisation's dawning age—here, in summer hours, hath Spenser conjured up to us the scenes of "faery"—here has the majestic Milton admitted us to converse with sublime impersonations—here has Shakspeare drawn aside the curtain, and disclosed the panorama of scenes and beings more mortal in their material existence than in his spiritual delineations. Here, too, has the world of our own soul been visited by the celestial embassy; and the mysteries of existence, the glories of the immaterial hereafter, the subtleties of emotion, the dispensation of pro-pathy, have been registered in memory's unfading chronicle; and, from its perusal, we ever arise conscious of a nobility too exalted for pride. Thus it is, that though no foot

of friar hath passed its threshold, though no ritual of priest hath broken its silence, our room is a very temple alien to outward ceremonies, but sanctified by its association with the human heart—that shrine where every worthy offering is made, and every acceptance of worship vouchsafed.

Presentation-copies of new books are welcome to a critical editor. A large proportion of such are of a poetical kind—at any rate in a metrical shape. Say, what they will, this is a verse-spinning age—and it is because so much verse is printed, that so little of it sells. But among the illustrious obscures are many deserving of recognition—others, too, have lived for a day, then fallen into neglect, though deserving yet to live. Of these THOMAS WADE is a poet of great excellence. Some years ago, his drama of "Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience," founded on the old Tale of Griselda, so well told by Italian Boccace and English Chaucer, was performed, with Charles Kemble for its hero, on the boards of Covent Garden theatre; where now, being neither baronet nor member of parliament, he cannot hope to tread. Great as are Macready's merits, there is a weak point here, which is as the canker to the fair rose of his renown. But, to pass on, we give the title of Mr. Wade's last production—*PROTHANASIA, AND OTHER POEMS*, By THOMAS WADE. London. John Miller, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. 1839.

Mr. Wade is an *Æon-land*, and ideas are native to its development, as sun-beams to the orb of light.

To know the story of sweet Gunderode,
Is to know much of sadness, and that worm

Still at the core of things: to know it not,
Is to be ignorant of much of grace,
Sweetness and love; and thought as delicate

As the moist breaking of the spring-time buds.

At Frankfort, in the dwelling of a man
By men since crowned with immortality,

If memory be immortal; in the midst
Of poets, painters, sculptors and musi-
cians,
Statists, and unsurpassed philosophers;
Sat, in her beauty and her innocence,
The lady Gunderode.

Her lover enters—"with wine in-
spired, to pluck the rein from off his
mettled talk"—and he talks of woman,
talks extravagantly of her beauty, and
of man's love being dependent on
its continuance. "Let her," he
says—

"Let her, if love from me be life to her,
And a profession which she coveteth
To bear impressed upon her conscious-
ness,
At its recession to the Heart of Things;
O, let her not be visible to sense
When on her beauty comes the stain of
years;
But glitter from all sight as doth a dew-
drop,
Which now the eye sees on the eglantine,
And momentarily inlidded, sees no more!"
O insolence of life—redundant youth!
O folly of all thought one moment old!
O vanity and danger of wild words!
This raver unadvised, this slave of im-
pulse
Died very wrinkled and exceeding grey,
On the last verge of man's extremest hour,
And smiling peacefully: but so it was not
With that pale listener, silent Gunderode.

Afterwards we are told,—how poe-
tically—that

The spirit of thought within her shrined,
Became, like the insect of the lavender,
In a strange self-effusion dimmed and
hidden.

Bettine, according to Mr. Wade, is
the friend of Gunderode, after she
became "a lone canoness" of a Frank-
fort convent. Such had been the
effect of the idle speech.

To read
Books with a clear and understanding
soul
Bettine learned of thoughtful Gunderode;
And from the poesy her genius breathed
In worded music, drew that subtle lore
Which teacheth how to call from every
life cloud,
A lightning that strikes dead familiar
things,
And how to revel in that spiritual wonder,
Which teemeth from their ashes, incense-
like.

Bettine is, however, startled at the
"revelations" thus made by Gun-
derode, of unsuspected meanings in
sentence and section. She sickens

under the influence of such commu-
nion. The following passage is very
powerful:—

"New motive and more potent argument,
For the fulfilment of her calm resolve,
Drew Gunderode from the sick couch of
Bettine:
And when, with health replenished in her
limbs,
Blushed on her cheeks, and raying from
her eyes,
And toning the voice-music of her lips,
The pupil sought again her academe;
She found its quick preceptress stirred
and laughing,
And ready to let loose all eager thoughts
That press'd the barr'd gates of her utter-
ance.
"The busy world," she said, all mock-
ingly;
"The idle world—most idle in its toil,
And toiling in its happiest idleness!—
The foolish world; the ignorant suicide,
That kills itself with care, and knows it
not!—
And shuts from suicides its holy graves,
And casts them to the highways and the
woods,
To be the fellow-dead of helpless crea-
tures,
Which, holding o'er their life no will-
throned power,
Must live, howe'er they suffer!—What,
Bettine,
Is this still ignorantly censuring world
To Gunderode?—I have been prating,
Dear!
With a young body-dealer; one who deals
With the grosser parts of man and woman-
nature;
Who bloods and physics; plucks frail
teeth from jaw,
And yields the eye more after-pain, than
present
Unto the part bereaved; who delicately
Cuts into human flesh, and human limbs
Lops with a grace to shame a posture-
master;
Who over a gashed human carcase revels,
Gluttoning on knowledge anatomical;
And, with hands buried near his brother's
heart,
Censures tired people who will kill them-
selves,
And load his learning with another book!
And after an absolution, verily,
Will come to me, the living counterpart
Of that dire death-mass which still odors
him,
'Spite of pure water and sweet lavender,
And angel me with epithets!—God!—
Bettine,
They stagger me with wonder, do these
men.
I asked of this same death-drag, this de-
ferrer—
(Save on some odd occasions, when he
hastens,

By scientific accident, the flight,
 He's palm-piled to prevent)—I asked, I
 say,
 Of this vain wrestler with a doom assured,
 And puny putter-off of striding fate
 Where sharp death, bodkined on a dag-
 ger's point,
 Could readiest be made inmate of the
 heart?
 He stared upon me with an ignorant eye,
 And told me—Even here!"—The canoness
 Laid bare her beauteous bosom; and one
 finger
 Placed o'er the fountain of its beating life,
 And cried—"Here, here, Bettine!"

Next day the chamber of the canon-
 ess is empty. Gunderode has "gone
 unto the Rheingau." The third part
 presents us with the scene, at morning
 and at evening, and, as a mid-point
 between the two periods, the solilo-
 quist and the suicide—Thereafter,

"A boat came floating up the quiet
 Rhine,
 And earnestly talked they who sat there-
 in—
 Save one, a silent and a weeping girl:
 The boatman moored his bark beside the
 willow,
 She leapt upon the bank; and on the
 corse
 Fell, like another death.

Ah! this our Life
 Is a moth's twilight-flight, discerned dim
 In the mysterious air a little while,
 And then beheld no more: a dreamy
 cloud
 Of light and gloom, which melts into the
 wind,
 Even as we gaze. Weep not for Gunde-
 rode!

Some sixty years ago, Mr. Wade's
 poems would have procured for him a
 celebrity, to achieve which still higher
 aims than his are now requisite. To
 the past generation, he would have
 presented glimpses of the ideal suf-
 ficiently in the van of the material, to
 gratify those mysterious longings
 which motive even prosaic men; yet
 "Prothanasia," "Helena" *et hoc genus*,
 by their connection with the apparent,
 and (perhaps we may say) the super-
 ficial, would have earned popularity
 with the mere apprehenders of the
 tangible.

The present era, is however distin-
 guished by a mental development,
 which may not be satisfied by the in-
 cidental and descriptive alone, but
 which values these in the precise pro-
 portion that they refer to invisible

realities. The Novelist, the Drama-
 tist, and the Poet, who, skilled in all
 grace of illustration, and vividness of
 detail, shall not make these *artistically*
 expressive or a law felt in the human
 soul, and manifested in aspects divers
 as human spirits, may soon look in
 vain for an auditor or a reader. And
 yet on the other hand, who is he that
 dares aspire to interpret the sublime
 oracles of natural beauty, scientific
 phenomena and historic incident, as
 constituents of the Delphic universe?
 Truly, whoever would minister in this
 temple, must do so with pure hands.
 In other words, he who would touch
 sacred things, must himself be sancti-
 fied. Sanctity is the poet's great
 qualification; let him forsake, then,
 the profane arena where the idolators
 of passing shows do deadly battle for
 a perishable guerdon. Let him be
 moved further and further from the
 contention and the tumult, nearer and
 nearer to the peaceful and the silent;
 further from temporal exhibitions,
 nearer to received inspiration; further
 from the competition of the grasping,
 nearer to the benevolence of the giving,
 further from modes, and nearer to
 spirit. Would we then have the poet
 a hermit, a denizen of the woods, a
 recluse—Yea and No. From the
 fierce scenes of selfish struggles, we
 would have him exiled as a partizan,
 yet present as an apostle. From all
 selfish contest we would have him
 divorced in feeling, yet not absent in
 person. Not absent in person; it
 were dereliction from duty for him to
 be so. In constant union with holy
 impulse, he will give to society all the
 benefit of his activities, and be preserv-
 ed from contamination, by the sacred
 amulet wherewith love has gifted him.
 Let him who would be pure in heart,
 listen to the eternal utterances of love
 in his own soul, and conform his con-
 duct thereto. Sanctity comes not by
 leaving worldly shows, but by the
 sacrifice of worldly idols. In the re-
 cesses of the far hermitage shall ter-
 rific war disturb the human world,
 yet in the commotion of crowded
 cities shall the restful silence of eter-
 nity pervade it. Therefore let not the
 poet share communion with his fel-
 lows; but let him first, by purification

from every "lust of the eye, and pride of life" find communion with his Maker. Then shall the divine revelation be vouchsafed unto him, then shall the power to represent it be accorded, and all that is glorious in outward nature, all deeds solemnly associated with human agents, shall invest the poet with the insignia of their character as an embassy from the divine to the human world. A thought has been suggested to our dear reader, which we present to him in token of our love. We are to speculate *from the practical, and not upon it*. This let every poet remember.

Rural Sketches by Thomas Miller, author of "a Day in the Woods," "Beauties of the Country," "Roy-ston Gower," &c. with twenty-three Illustrations. London: John Van Voorst, 1, Paternoster Row, 1839.

There is something pleasant in the recognition of untaught genius, or even talent. We have not yet made up our minds, as to which is possessed by Thomas Miller, who has contrived to make baskets and write books. At any rate, there is a vein of natural feeling in his production, which pleases the taste, and excites agreeable sensations. To him belong no deep emotions of the soul; no far-reaching views into man's destiny; but there is a desire and a capacity for happiness—an egotism and a sympathy—which indicate a loving heart, a being self-respected, and eminently humane. Humble works, like the one before us, ought not, in the pride of learned intellect, to be rejected. There is many an erudite scholar who could not have written this volume.

Some part of this work is critical. There is an Essay on Elizabethan Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals" and "Shepherd's Pipe." Mr. Miller rightly considers, that this writer is the best pastoral poet of whom England can boast.

"We understand," says Miller, "no other language but that of our mother-tongue,—and that, we fear, indifferently,—therefore, are unable either to read Theocritus or Virgil, saving by translations; and if by this

method the ideas of the authors can be faithfully given (for we care not for words alone), William Browne is as great a pastoral poet as either of the above-named authors. His mind is thoroughly English,—he drank deeply from that well, whence Chaucer and Spenser drew their inspiration—the ever-flowing fountain of nature. Nor need a stronger proof be brought of his good taste, than that intense admiration which he had for the writings of Spenser—a poet whose works are the very touchstone of taste, and which none but a true lover of poetry can ever thoroughly relish."

We will give some few studies from BROWNE.

"EARLY MORNING.

"—'Tis not too late,
For the turtle and her mate
Are sitting yet in rest;
And the throstle has not been
Gathering worms yet on the green,
But attends her nest.

Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's lesson sung
In the shady grove;
But the nightingale i' th' dark,
Singing, woke the mounting lark;
She records her love.

The sun hath not with his beams,
Gilded yet our crystal streams,
Rising from the sea;
Mists do crown the mountain-tops,
And each pretty myrtle drops;
'Tis but newly day."

Any one who has been a close observer of nature, must be struck by the simple fidelity of this picture; there is no sacrifice of sense made here for effect; all is in true keeping. It was so early, that the throstle had not yet left her nest to gather worms on the green, a bird that goes abroad ere it is well light; the nightingale had but just finished her song, and awoke the lark; all the other songsters were silent; the flowers were drooping, for the sun had not yet appeared, and in the next line we read that—

"Some man cometh in the mist."

All was grey, cold and silent—no sound heard but the song of the lark, and she sang high among the cold-looking clouds, for not a sunbeam as yet gilds them, nor has a ray flashed upon the chilly streams. But while we have been delaying the reader

with our remarks, the picture has changed to a clear

"SPRING MORNING.

"—See the spring
To the earth enamelling,
And the birds on every tree
Greet the morn with melody.
Hark ! how yonder thrush chants it,
And her mate as proudly vaunts it :
See how every stream is drest,
By her margin with the best
Of Flora's gifts ; she seems glad
For such books, such flowers she had ;
And the trees are quaintly tired
With green buds of all desired ;
And the hawthorn every day
Spreads some little show of May :
See the primrose sweetly set
By the much-loved violet,
Which the banks do sweetly cover,
As they would invite a lover
With his lass to see their dressing,
And to grace them by their pressing."

This is better than Bulwer's poetry,
and the following as fine as Fletcher's.

"A CONCERT OF BIRDS.

As wooed by May's delights, I have been
borne
To take the kind air of a wistful morn
Near Tavy's voiceful stream (to whom I
owe
More strains than from my pipe can ever
flow),
Here have I heard a sweet bird never *his*
(cease)
To chide the river for his clamorous din ;
There seemed another in his song to tell,
That what the fair stream said he liked
well ;
And going further on another too,
All varying still in what the others do ;
A little thence, a fourth with little pain
Conned all their lessons, and then sang
again ;
So numberless the songsters are that sing,
In the sweet groves of the too careless
spring,
That I no sooner could the hearing lose
Of one of them, but straight another rose,
And perching deftly on a quaking spray
Nigh tired herself, to make her hearer
stay."

But we must quote no more—for,
lo, another old Bard—even Herrick
—Robert Herrick—the scandalised—

"Jocund his muse was,
But his life was chaste."

SELECTIONS FROM THE HESPERIDES
and works of the Rev. Robert Her-
rick, (ancient) Vicar of Dean-Prior,
Devon. By the late Charles Short,
Esq., F.R.S. and F.S.A. London :
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

"It is not true," says the Editor,
"that no other English poet ever
produced so much filth as Herrick."
Pity that he produced any ! But the
poet sacrificed to his age ? Poets have
nothing to do with their age !—they
are vates—makers, and should be prophetic and creative—the Fathers of an
Age to come ! But worse still that
any apology should be derived from the
past—such as that Herrick "over-
leaps the bounds of decency infinitely
less than the poets of Greece and
Rome, and not more, if so much, as
those of modern times, as might be
easily shown by references, if that
were prudent or decorous." Oh, no ;
those fine old fellows are dead, and
have had rites of sepulture performed.
To their own master they stood or
fell ! And even let the dead bury
their dead ! The living poet has no-
thing to do with churchyards or cata-
combs. He breathes the quick air,
and stands erect in the undying light.
But enough of this.

"Forgetting these blemishes, and
duly estimating the character and effu-
sions of his felicitous genius, he may
be safely pronounced one of the great-
est of the English lyric poets ; alter-
nately gay and serious, lively and
tender, descriptive and didactic, his
pages also record many curious na-
tional customs and traditions. [If
this had been his only merit, he might
have deserved thanks, at least, and
not severe censure.] Then he makes
incursions into fairy land with infinite
success, and there may be truly said
to rival even Shakspeare himself. He
is the most joyous and gladsome of
birds, singing like the grasshopper, as
if he would never grow old ; he is
fresh as the spring, as blithe as sum-
mer, and as ripe as autumn. His
heart and soul are in what he writes,
the spirit of song dances in his veins,
and flutters around his lips. Now
bursting into the joyful and hearty
voice of the Bacchanalian, sometimes
breathing forth strains soft as the sigh
of burning love, and sometimes uttering
feelings of the most delicate pensiveness
and pathos, always when he wrote
from himself ; many of his poems
concluding with the softest touches of
sensitivity and feeling : and as for his

versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of the rhythmic harmony of the language—flowing with an almost English wonderful grace and flexibility. Nothing can exceed his verse in melody, sweetness, or variety. Then also note the period, 1629—48."

We are indebted to Herrick for one of the earliest and best versions of Anacreon's 3rd ode *Εἰς Ερωτάς*; this translation is supposed to have been published in 1627.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID.

One silent night of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And, knocking, me molested.

"Who's that," said I, "beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy?"
"Cast off," said he, "all fear,
And let not locks thus keep ye;

For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have swerved,
And all with showers wet through,
And e'en with cold half starved."

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted,
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted:

I saw he had a bow,
And wings too which did shiver;
And, looking down below,
I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
Brought him, as love professes,
And chafed his hand with mine,
And dried his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warmed,
"Let's try this bow of ours,
And string, if they be harmed,"
Said he, "with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said, flying,
"Adieu, mine host, adieu!
I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

So much as a translator of Anacreon; but Herrick, as an original poet, rivals both the Teian's *Dove* and Catullus' *Sparrow* in

THE CAPTIVE BEE.

As Julia once a slumbering lay,
It chanced a bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dewlike shower,
To tinkle freely in a flower.

N. S.—VOL. I.

For some rich flower he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip;
But when he felt he sucked from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much, he scarce could stir;
So Julia took the pilferer;
And thus surprised, as filchers use,
He thus began himself t' excuse:
"Sweet lady-flower! I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought,
But taking those rare lips of your's
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran at waste:
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I tear away."
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship,
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That, that he took, and that was all.
At which she smiled, and bade him go
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive,
Honey enough to fill his hive.

Had Herrick's life been unchaste,
his muse would not have been so
jocund. Actual fruition would have
dulled the edge of that appetite, whose
strong desire burns in his numbers.
Herrick's poetry is the poetry of
desire, not of enjoyment. If he
enjoys his mistress, it is in a dream.

THE VISION TO ELECTRA.

I dreamed we both were in a bed
Of roses almost smothered;
The warmth and sweetness had me there,
Made lovingly familiar;
But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night, will blush by day,
I kiss'd thee parting; and I call
Night to the record, that was all.
But, ah! if empty dreams so please,
Love, give me more such nights as these.

This truly is a visionary love, and
in its dreaminess delicate exceedingly.
Perhaps, after all, Herrick was not
only mystic, which this love-fiction
shews, but also ascetic. This his
occasional grossness would go to
prove. That he could sometimes
afford to play the metaphysician with
his feelings, is clear from a little
poem to which the term gross refers
us, by association with the word
"coarse," as contained in the most
exquisite lyric thus brought to our
remembrance,

THE VISION.

Sitting alone, as one forsook,
Close by a silver-shedding brook,

4 s

With hands held up to Love, I wept;
 And, after sorrows spent, I slept:
 Then in a vision I did see,
 A glorious form appear to me.
 A virgin's face she had; her dress
 Was like a sprightly Spartaness;
 A silver bow, with green silk strung,
 Down from her comely shoulders hung;
 And as she stood, the wanton air
Dandled the ringlets of her hair.
 Her legs were such Diana shews,
 When tucked up, she a hunting goes,
 With buskins shortened to descry
 The happy dawning of her thigh;
 Which when I saw, I made access,
 To kiss that tempting nakedness;
 But she forbade me with a wand
 Of myrtle she had in her hand;
 And, chiding me, said, 'Hence, remove;
 Herrick! thou art too coarse to love.'

Famous as Herrick was in his own day, and fine as his lyrics undoubtedly are, his poems were nevertheless for a long period forgotten. In 1823 they were reprinted at Edinburgh. Mr. Ellis, in his "Specimens of Early English Poetry," quoted four of his pieces; and Campbell also quotes from him, but not judiciously. Dr. Drake, in his *Literary Hours*, devoted several essays to him, and recommended no less than one hundred of his amatory odes for selection. Dr. Nott, in 1810, printed no less than two hundred and eighty-four. The edition before us only contains ninety-five; enough—for it is ten more than the number of Anacreon's.

We pass from the Amatory Odes to the EPITHALAMIUM, in which we are continually reminded of *Catullus*'. But we may not stay here—much less speak—but with a chaste hush! pass on. Whither? Into *Fairy Land*!

THE FAIRIES.

If ye will with Mab find grace,
 Set each platter in his place,
 Rake the fire up, and get
 Water in ere sun be set,
 Wash your pails, and cleanse your dairies,
 (Sluts are loathsome to the fairies;)
 Sweep your house; who doth not so,
 Mab will pinch her by the toe.

The three magnificent poems on *Oberon* ought to be quoted, but we have not room. Numerous are Herrick's Amatory Odes; his love appears to have been altogether ideal. Fancy with him was love. This is proved by his in fact caring nothing for the

personal form of his mistress. Where he chose to love, there was beauty.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

Whatsoever thing I see,
 Rich, or poor, although it be,
 'Tis a mistress unto me.

Be my maiden fair, or brown,
 Does she smile, or does she frown,
 Still I write a sweetheart down.

Be she rough or smooth of skin,
 When I touch, I then begin
 For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or does she wear
 Locks incurled of other hair,
 I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
 So my fancy be content,
 She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she lean,
 Be she sluttish, be she clean,
 I'm a man for every scene.

NO LOATHSOMENESS IN LOVE.

What I fancy I approve,
 No dislike there is in love:
 Be my mistress short or tall,
 And distorted therewithal.
 Be she likewise one of those,
 That an acre hath of nose;
 Be her forehead and her eyes,
 Full of incongruities.

Let fair or foul my mistress be,
 Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me;
 Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
 The posture her's, I'm pleased with it;
 Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
 Graceful is every thing from her;
 Or let her grant, or else deny,
 My love will fit each history.

I have lost, and lately, these
 Many dainty mistresses;
 Stately Julia, prince of all;
 Sappho next, a principal;
 Smooth Anthea, for a skin
 White, and heaven-like crystalline;
 Sweet Electra; and the choice
 Myrrha, for the lute and voice;
 Next, Corinna, for her wit,
 And the graceful use of it;
 With Perilla: all are gone,
 Only Herrick's left alone,
 For to number sorrow by
 Their departures hence, and die.

Herrick's pastoral poetry is equally good:

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

To the Honoured M. Esq. Porter,
Groom of the Bed-Chamber to his Majesty.

Sweet country life, to such unknown
 Whose lives are others', not their own;
 But serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.

Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam,
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove,
To bring from thence the scorched clove;
Nor with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No, thy ambitious master-piece,
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year.
But walk'st about thy own dear bounds,
Not envying other's larger grounds.
For well thou knows't, 'tis not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content, &c.

The following poem, in order for its full merits to be understood, should be quoted in connexion with Kit Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd," and Sir Walter Raleigh's "Come live with me and be my Love," and "The Nymph's Reply."

TO PHILLIS,

To Love and Live with Him.

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee;
What sweets the country can afford,
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board:
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread,
By which the silver-shedding streams,
Shall gently melt thee into dreams:
Thy clothing next shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down;
The tongue of kids shall be thy meat,
Their milk thy drink; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered.
Thy feasting tables shall be hills,
With daisies spread and daffodils;
Where thou shalt sit, and redbreast by,
For meat shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets,
Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought, and this as brave,
So that as either shall express,
The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
At shearing times and yearly wakes,
When Themis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
Nay, more, the feast and grace of it.
On holidays, when virgins meet,
To dance the hays with nimble feet,
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The queen of roses for that year;
And having danced, both all the best,
Carry the garland from the rest.
In wicker baskets maids shall bring
To thee, my dearest shepherdling,
The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And ashamed plumb, all simpering
there.

Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skinn'd tree,
Where, kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.

To thee a sheep hook I will send,
Beprank'd with ribands, to this end,
That his alluring hook might be,
Less for to catch a sheep than me.
Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spiced wine;
To make thy maids and self free mirth,
All sitting near the glittering hearth:
Thou shalt have ribbands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and
strings;

Of winning colours, that shall move
Others to lust, but me to love:
These, nay, and more, thine own shall be,
If thou wilt love and live with me.

We quote the following to acknowledge a theft of our own afore time. In the *Descent into Hell* occur these two lines:—

All silent, save the toning of a tear,
The silver cadence of a veiled sigh.

These lines have been quoted more than once for commendation. The "toning of a tear," however, belongs to Herrick, from whom, we believe, we consciously took it.

EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

Here a solemn fast we keep:
While all beauty lies asleep,
Hushed be all things; no noise here,
But the toning of a tear,
Or a sigh of such as bring,
Cowslips for her covering.

We should have acknowledged this obligation before; but, in fact, we have not had a Herrick in our possession for years, nor one of our own at all, until the present copy, for which we are indebted to Mr. Murray, the publisher, whose books being mostly good, we shall always be glad to review. There are, in fact, three publishers, on whom, we think, tolerable dependance may be placed—Murray, Moxon, Pickering. Other houses deal so much in the professedly *ad captandum*, or do so much on mere commission, that we know not where to have them. But as we read all the books we notice, this inconvenience is not without remedy.

The Anacreontic and bacchanalian songs with which the volume concludes, serve to confirm us in our opinion of the ideal character of Herrick's poetry. Notwithstanding the conviviality of his muse, his life is said to have been *sober*. How freely many a man disports himself in the Eden of his fancy! It is more easy to sing of nectar and

ambrosia, than to drink potations
pottle deep, and dine every day on
venison!

THE VISION.

Methought I saw, as I did dream in bed,
A crawling vine about Anacreon's head;
Flushed was his face, his hairs with oil did
shine,
And as he spake, his mouth ran o'er with
wine;
Tiptled he was, and tippling lisped withal;
And lisping, reeled, and reeling like to fall.
A young enchantress close by him did
stand,
Tapping his bosom with a myrtle wand:
She smiled—he kissed; and kissing,
thought to woo,
But being cup-shot, more he could not do;
For which, methought, in pretty anger, she
Snatched off his crown, and gave the
wreath to me.

Translations from the Lyric Poets of
Germany; with Brief Notices of
their Lives and Writings. By
John Macray. Oxford: J. H.
Parker. 1838.

We pass from the former work to
this in natural transition—still con-
tinuing in the lyric vein. We wish
that the translator had given the
whole of the Legend of the Three
Holy Kings, by Gustavus Schwab.
It is in twelve Romances. Mr.
Macray presents us only with the
first. The legend alluded to is
founded on the gospel account of the
Wise Men and the Star in the East,
which in the fourteenth century was
improved by Prior John of Hildesheim.
In the poem before us, the twelve
star-gazers are supposed to be part of
a multitudinous assemblage that
always meet on the high mountain
Vaus, to watch the appearing of the
promised Star; and that this number,
twelve, ever continues, through suc-
ceeding ages, to be the faithful few,
who, through every vicissitude, direct
their gaze to the sign of the coming
Saviour.

Perfumed by herbs, all sweetness blending,
And graced with trees on every side,
A hill arose, to heaven ascending,
Of all the East the boast and pride.

Steep the ascent, and long the stages,
But bright above shine day and night;
Upon its summit stand twelve sages,
And fix on heaven their raptured sight.

When morn returns they yield to slumber,
And each around him wraps his robe:
In vain the hours, in dazzling number,
Pour day and glory o'er the globe.

But ever, as the breezes waken,
That gently sigh at fall of night,
Then straight on high, with gaze unshaken,
They turn to hail the promised light.

To them the wondrous book of heaven—
Each radiant page—is then unrolled;
On earth, what silver seemed, is given
To shine above, as radiant gold.

If e'er the stars, to man revealing
His earthly fate, were truly read—
Here, on this mount, when nightly
kneeling,

That light is o'er the sages shed.

And there they stand, intent exploring,
What may the will of heaven be;
Yet ne'er, while o'er the prospect poring,
The crown of all their hopes they see.

That Star—triumphantly resplendent
O'er all the host of heaven far;
BEACON and LIGHT, for ever pendent,
The blinded heathen's guiding star.

That STAR—prophetic Balaam greeted—
The herald of the Saviour-King;
Upon His throne of glory seated,
The people's guide, and light, and wing.

So ran the story; and astonished,
The expectant East awaited now:
'Twas this the gazing seers admonished,
To meet upon the mountain's brow.

And hope made every step seem lighter,
And smoothed the path, so steep and
rude;

And faded eyes again beamed brighter,
And forms long bent erectly stood.

And when even Death surprised them,
gazing,

Still turned their last fond looks on high,
Where thousand thousand suns are blazing,
To which on earth they longed to fly.

Little Derwent's Breakfast. By a
Lady. Illustrated by Engravings.
London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 65,
Cornhill. 1839.

This book deserves to be reviewed
in this connexion, if it were only that
Little Derwent is none other than the
grandson of the late Samuel Taylor
Coleridge, and the authoress, we sus-
pect, none other than his daughter.
The poems are intended for children
seven years old, and are as delightful
as they are simple. They are con-
nected with the subjects of the Break-
fast Table, and instruct the young.

How many different hands 'twill take
A single loaf of bread to make!

That tea and sugar must be sought
In distant lands, whence they are brought:
In short, what time it will employ
Only to feed one little boy.

There is an introductory poem on
Early Rising, which deserves extract.
Up with the cock when he cheerily crows,
When nature awakes from her night's
repose.
He calls the farmer—"Come guide the
plough"—
He calls the maiden—"Come milk the
cow."

Up, little Derwent, away, away!
Up, up with the lark when he soars on
high,
And carols his morning song to the sky;
Follow him forth o'er each balmy field,
And taste the health-giving air they yield.
Up, little Derwent, away, away!
Up, up with the bee in "the hour of prime,"
Who tells little boys how to value their
time:
His books are the flowers on which he feeds,
He sips the honey, but leaves the weeds.
Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the ant, who no minute will
lose,
While the sun is shining, her stores to
choose.
In youth and summer she labours and
strives,
In age and winter how happy she lives.
Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Then up with the birds the bright sun to
see,
With the working ant and the busy bee;
Leave dull sloth with his drowsy head,
Don't let him come to your little bed.
Begin, like the birds, with a song of praise,
Go on, like the insects, in wisdom's ways,
You'll be good, and happy, and merry as
they.

Up, up little Derwent, away, away!
Clear it is that poetry runs in the
Coleridge family—it is an hereditary
merit. The "West India Islands" is
prettily done.

The islands where sugar canes flourish,
Those beautiful isles of the West—
Abundance of other plants nourish,
The gayest, and choicest, and best.
There, in full beauty and splendour,
Grow cocoa and tamarind trees;
The aloe—the palm, light and slender,
That waves in the soft cooling breeze.

There—loveliest flowers are blooming,
While creepers that gracefully twine,
The air with rich odours perfuming,
In colours harmonious combine.

There—insects so brilliantly gleaming,
Fresh hues every moment unfold,
The fireflies and butterflies seeming
Like emerald, sapphire, and gold.

There—birds of fair form and bright
feather,
Inhabit each deep shaded grove;
While humming-birds flitting together,
The delicate flower-cups love.

There lie the fair shells of the ocean,
The spiral, the conch, the volute,
Thrown in by the waves' ceaseless motion,
In numbers we cannot compute.

Thence come the turtles in plenty,
Which epicures think such a treat,
And sweetmeats, most luscious and dainty,
Which at our desserts we may eat.

Thence also, those fruits so delicious,
The orange, the shaddock, the lime,
With arrow-root pure and nutritious:
All grow in this tropical clime.

But still—much as all these may charm us,
And make us quite long to be there,
Yet many things also will harm us,
Of which we may not be aware.

For there comes the hurricane sweeping,
The trees and the houses to shake,
Ere—suddenly roused from their sleeping,
The people their dwellings forsake.

The thunder above them is rolling—
The ocean is raging below;—
The danger past human controlling,
The lightnings so vividly glow.

The hailstones are pattering around them,
Destroying their rich sugar-canes;
The rain seems as if it would drown them,
In torrents it streams o'er the plains!

There—birds may be richer in colour,
Yet harsh and discordant in voice;
Whilst ours—whose plumage is duller,
Our hearts with their songs can rejoice.

Though fireflies there may delight us,
And butterflies spread their brightwing;
Yet gnats and mosquitoes will bite us,
And serpents will terribly sting.

Then think when these wonders they're
telling,

And when you are longing to roam,
There's no place like *England* to dwell in,
There's nothing like *England* for home.

'Tis right that an Englishman ever
This feeling should well understand;
But if he is just, he will never
Despise any nation or land.

For God to each country has given,
Some charm to its native most dear;
Wherever he's banished or driven,
The land of his birth he'll revere.

The end of the volume is graced
with poems of a more ambitious cha-
racter, from which we extract two—

THE BAYA, OR HINDU SPARROW.
I told you of those little birds,
Who build such different nests,
All ready to receive and lodge
Their pretty little guests;—
Swallow and martin—wren and thrush,
Beneath the roof—or in the bush!

But I can tell a wondrous tale,
 About a gentle creature,
 A bird, whom I am sure you'll love,
 If ever you can meet her.
 Yet only within India's bound
 The Hindu sparrow can be found.
 So docile, and so teachable,
 So faithful, and so true,
 So ready and so tractable,
 In all they're told to do;
 Even letters they will safely take,
 Nor ever will a blunder make.
 Away the winged messenger
 Upon its errand flies,
 Swiftly to some expecting one
 The wished-for news supplies;
 Then nestles in her folded dress,
 And waits to have a fond caress.
 Or pretty little tricks it plays,
 The clever little bird!—
 The sparkling jewel seizes, when
 Its master gives the word.
 If down the well he drops a ring,
 Swift flies his bird the prize to bring.
 But when this faithful bird, at last,
 Her own true mate has found,
 They hie them to the river's side,
 Where cocoa trees abound,
 And here a curious nest they form—
 Roomy, and safe, and snug, and warm.
 For, not *one* lodging room alone
 Contents this careful pair:
Three chambers may be clearly seen,
 Built and divided there,
 Securely for her precious eggs
 A little nursery she begs.
 There, with a mother's patient love,
 Does she so fondly brood,
 And only to their *parlour* come,
 To take her daily food;
 That food her faithful mate provides,
 And builds a little porch besides;
 There sings his sweetest tunes, or seeks
 Where fire-flies brightly gleam,
 Fixing them round his porch, where they
 Like brilliant lamps may seem,
 Lights that may guide him to his home,
 When far away for food he'll roam.
 And when the mother-bird, ere long,
 Her pretty nestlings shews;
 When by their early chirpings, soon
 Their wants he duly knows; [seeds,
 He brings them worms, and flies, and
 Supplying all their daily needs.
 Yet danger lurks around this spot,
 Where wily snakes entwine
 Their coiling forms around the trees,
 Poor birds to slyly gain.
 But well the cunning sparrow's nest
 Is formed for safety and for rest:
 He twists a slender cord, yet firm,
 From off the spreading tree,
 And, o'er the river's bank let down,
 By this his house you'll see.
 Suspended from the branches' height,
 Hundred such nests will meet our sight.

How knows this pretty bird to shun
 A danger ere it come?
 Or how can such a tiny thing
 Construct so safe a home?
 Does he not fear, lest every blast
 His treasures may o'erwhelm at last?
 He feels them safe—he's taught by One
 Whose care his work directs,
 Who, man, and bird, and beast, through
 life,
 With guardian care protects.
 To bird and beast he instinct gives,
 But man by nobler *reason* lives.
 And mark, dear boy, that birds and beasts
 Have ever done the same,
 Since in the world's creation first
 At His command they came:
 He gave *them* instinct to supply
 Life's daily wants—and then they die.
 But *man*, continuing *progress* makes
 Through each succeeding age,
 From barbarous to polished life,
 From savage up to sage:
Improvement was to him assigned,
 The powers of a thoughtful mind.
 'Tis well, that for his sojourn here
 Fresh pleasures he should gain,
 While for a higher state he strives
 Than birds or beasts attain,—
 That—for which all his powers were given,
 To live for evermore in heaven.
 Keep this in mind, dear child, admire
 The instinct of the bird,
 In *that*—and in your reason too
 The voice of God is heard.
 And with your highest powers falst
 In all things, His almighty will.

THE EAGLET OF BENVENUE.*

PART I.

On the high and towering summit,
 Of the mighty Benvenue,
 An eagle in her lofty eyrie,
 Hid her eaglets from our view.
 Beneath the sheltering mountain
 In the fair and fertile plain;
 On a lovely autumn noon-day,
 Still they reaped the golden grain.
 And among those joyous reapers
 Was a youthful mother seen,
 Her orphan boy was near her laid,
 For whom she came to glean.
 Fair Margaret at the Manse† had lived,
 A maiden prized and loved,
 Where Donald won her for his bride,
 And constant truth had proved.
 He fought in his country's battles,
 And died, as brave men die;
 And Margaret for their boy had toiled,
 Placing her trust on high.

* * *

* A mountain in Scotland.

† The name given in Scotland to the clergyman's house.

A cry from the mountain's summit—
 From the plain below, a wail !
 The eagle pounces on her child,
 What help can here avail !
 Transfixed in speechless horror,
 They watched him soar away
 To the eaglets in his eyrie,
 Bearing his precious prey !
 She looked but for one moment,
 She staid not there to weep ;
 The next they see her speeding,
 High up that pathless steep.
 The eagle is far above her,
 She cannot mark his flight ;
 The gazers see him drop her child,
 Just at the eyrie's height.
 By their shouts again they rouse him,
 Higher aloft to soar ;
 He wheels away on the mountains brow—
 Hovering o'er and o'er.
 Crag after crag she is gaining,
 She pauses not for breath ;
 Amidst the trees her kirtle gleams,
 She speeds for life or death !
 See !—she has reached the eyrie ;
 What sound has met her ears ?
 'Tis a mother's heart sustains her—
 Her child's dear voice she hears !
 To that fond heart she holds him,—
 Unhurt her darling lies ;
 " My Donald, I have saved thee ! "
 Midst thankful tears she cries.

PART II.

In her kirtle's ample foldings,
 She holds her rescued one ;
 Scarce conscious more of danger,
 She turns to bring him down.
 On a dizzy height she's standing,
 She sees the trackless steep ;
 How, with her precious burden,
 Can she her footsteps keep ?
 While to the plain below her,
 She looks in mute despair ;
 She sees her friends and neighbours,
 Upon their knees in prayer.
 And one she marks among them,
 Her pastor and sure guide,
 Who—through each sense of trial,
 Was at the sufferer's side.
 When she felt that he was leading
 All hearts to pray for her,
 Unto God's all-gracious power
 Her child she could refer.
 Then, firm in hope, descending,
 Each tottering step she took,
 Scarce at her treasure daring
 To steal a hasty look.
 The goat's light foot-marks tracing,
 Adown that shelving way,
 She stepp'd where human foot ne'er trod,
 Until that fearful day !
 At times, o'erwhelmed and weary,
 Her failing heart would sink,

Till friends below, and God on high,
 Forbade her yet to shrink.
 Oh cheer thee, cheer thee, Margaret !
 Thy toil will soon be past ;
 The prayers of many righteous ones
 Shall win the goal at last !
 Near and more near approaching,
 Her trembling steps they aid ;
 Till she sees her child in safety
 In her pastor's arms is laid.
 Unconscious more of sight or sound,
 Even joy's glad shout appals—
 " My Donald, God has saved thee now ! "
 In blissful trance she falls !
 * * * * *
 Young Donald was his mother's stay,
 As to manhood's prime he grew ;
 But he never lost his early name,
 The Eaglet of Benvenue.

To this Authoress we are indebted for one of the most delightful pieces of fairy fiction in our language, which, as it has not yet been sufficiently noticed by reviewers, we will conclude the present paper by analysing. The work to which we allude, is entitled *PHANTASMION*.*

The story thus opens :—

" A young boy hid himself from his nurse in sport, and strayed all alone in the garden of his father, a rich and mighty prince. He followed the bees from flower to flower, and wandered farther than he had ever gone before, till he came to the hollow tree where they hived, and watched them entering their storehouse, laden with the treasures they had collected. He lay upon the turf, laughing and talking to himself; and, after a while, he plucked a long stiff blade of grass, and was about to thrust it in at the entrance of the hive, when a voice, just audible above the murmur of the bees, cried, 'Phantasmion!' Now the child thought that his nurse was calling him in strange tones; and he started, saying, 'Ah! Leeliba!' and looked around; but casting up his eyes, he saw that there stood before him an ancient woman, slenderer in figure than his nurse, yet more firm and upright, and with a countenance which made him afraid. 'What dost thou here, Phantasmion?' said the stranger to the little boy; and he made no answer. Then she looked sweetly

* London, William Pickering, 1837.

upon the child, for he was most beautiful; and she said to him, 'Whom dost thou take me for?' And he replied, 'At first I took thee for my nurse, but now I see plainly that thou art not like her.'—'And how am I different from thy nurse?' said the strange woman. The boy was about to answer, but he stopped short, and blushed; then after a pause, he said, 'One thing is, that thou hast wings upon thy shoulders, and she has none.'"

It is the faery, Potentilla, who, finding the boy frank and generous, is determined to repay him. Taking from him a pomegranate, which he had procured for her with peril—"the only ripe one which grew on a tree hard-by"—she looked kindly on Phantasmion, and said, "My little Phantasmion, thou needest no faery now to work wonders for thee, being yet so young, that all thou beholdest is new and marvellous in thine eyes. But the day must come when this happiness will fade away; when the stream, less clear than at its outset, will no longer return such bright reflections: then, if thou wilt repair to this pomegranate tree, and call upon the name of Potentilla, I will appear before thee, and exert all my power to renew the delights and wonders of thy childhood."

Clear enough it is that they are the gifts of genius which the faery had promised to the boy—genius, which is the permanence of youth to the individual.

Well; Phantasmion's fair mother, the Queen Zalia, fell sick and died. When told by one of the royal gardeners that his mother is dead, 'How darest thou,' cried the boy in a haughty tone, 'say that my mother is dead?'—"Go to her chamber, and see," replied the man sternly. 'And how can I see her if she is dead?' rejoined the boy, with a tremulous laugh. 'Can I see the cloud of yesterday in yon clear sky? Like the clouds, the dead vanish away, and we see them no more!' What can be more Coleridgean in tone and feeling than this.

His father, Dorimant, dying of poisoned honey, Phantasmion inherits, all too young, the throne of

Palmland. He finds, however, a friend in one Dariel of Tigridia; but he soon dying of a scorpion's bite, the young prince grows melancholy. Are not all persons and things connected with himself doomed to misfortune? Phantasmion had spent many days in a state of dejection, when he wandered forth, after a sleepless night, one clear morning, and refreshed by the breath of early dawn, began to slumber under the boughs of a pomegranate tree. Here he meets again the faery Potentilla. At the waving of her wand the air is filled with butterflies, that Phantasmion may select from among them a pair of wings for his own shoulders. The moment that Potentilla touched him with her wand, a sensation of lightness ran throughout his body, and instantly afterwards he perceived that wings played on his shoulders, wings of golden green, adorned with black embroidery. Beneath an emerald coronet his radiant locks clustered in large soft rings, and wreathed themselves around his snowy forehead. Robes of white silk floated over his buoyant limbs, and his full eyes, lately closed in languor, beamed with joyful expectation, while more than childlike bloom rose mantling to his cheek. Potentilla had seen an eagle teaching her young ones to fly, gradually widening her airy circles, and mounting in a spiral line, that swelled as it rose, while the sun burnished her golden plumes; just so she flew before the winged youth, who timidly followed where she led the way, trembling in his first career when he saw the earth beneath him. But, gaining confidence, all at once he shot away from his guide, like a spark from a sky-rocket. He soared, and gyred, and darted on high, describing as many different figures as a skater on the ice, while from the groves and flowery meads below this choral strain resounded,

See the bright stranger!
On wings of enchantment,
See how he soars!
Eagles! that high on the crest of the
mountain,
Beyond where the cataracts gush from
their fountain,
Look out o'er the sea and her glittering
shores,

Cast your sun-gazing eyes on his pinions
of light!

Behold how he glitters,
Transcendantly bright!

Whither, ah! whither,
To what lofty region
His course will he bend?

See him! O, see him! the clouds over-
taking,

As tho' the green earth he were blithely
forsaking;

Ah! now, in swift circles behold him
descend.

Now, again, like a meteor he shoots
through the sky,

Or a star glancing upward,
To sparkle on high!

Is this not delightful? Soon after-

wards, Phantasmion acquires power
to leap like a grasshopper, and by this
means progresses from kingdom to
kingdom. At another, he takes the
shape of a sea-beetle, and other in-
sects, until at length he succeeds in
winning the lady of his love, defeating
his foes, and securing his throne.

Verily, the soul of Coleridge has
passed into his daughter! Her *Phan-
tasmion* is honey-full of the most bee-
like fantasies—richer than Hybla—
genial—musical—and dewy-footed.
Why has not this book, long ere this
time, reached a second—a fifth edi-
tion?

CENSUS OF SCIENTIFIC THEORIES.

No. 4.—THE UNDULATORY THEORY OF LIGHT.

By CHARLES TOOGOOD DOWNING, M.R.C.S.—*Author of the "Piqui in China," &c.*
(Concluded from page 569).

IT is generally believed that the phenomena of *double refraction* and the *polarisation* of light, will scarcely admit of a popular explanation; and on this account, the subject has been almost entirely neglected by general readers. The mathematical formulæ with which the results of the minute and delicate experiments have been expressed by the learned and scientific, are certainly enough to create a distaste at first for their investigation, but we venture to assert that upon attentive examination, a more pleasing and astonishing branch of enquiry cannot be pointed out. To those who have studied the ordinary phenomena of light and colours, and derived pleasure from experimenting with optical instruments, it may be sufficient merely to suggest, that the study of double refraction and polarisation will introduce him to a new world, and enable him to scrutinize, with a new and wonderful agent, the most minute and secret mysteries of nature. The finest and most brilliant exhibitions may be made by the experimentalist, and if the study be prosecuted with zeal and industry, there is scarcely a doubt but that new and wonderful facts may be discovered.

In our opinion it is quite possible that the wonders of this new science might be rendered perfectly intelligible to those readers, who possess but a very slender portion of either mathematical or physical knowledge. It would afford us great pleasure if that were our task, but the limits which are necessarily assigned us for the explanation of the subject of these papers, will prevent any other than a cursory notice of those points which bear upon the undulatory theory. The first origin and order of succession of the discoveries, will probably form the most interesting plan of proceeding, and we therefore commence with *double refraction*.

The meaning of this term may be thus briefly explained; If a ray of

solar or other light is made to pass through a piece of glass, or vessel of water, it will have the same appearance, and be possessed of the same properties after transmission as before it. Any object seen through them will appear single, and therefore we say that the glass and water refract singly. But if a similar ray of light is made to pass through a crystal of Iceland spar, it will not emerge singly as before, but will be divided in passing through the transparent substance into two rays, and any object seen through this crystal will appear double. Any body therefore, which like the Iceland spar separates the beam of light into two separate portions, is said to be a doubly refracting crystal, and the ray so split or divided, is said to be doubly refracted. It will be discovered upon investigation, that one of these refracted rays, is refracted according to the ordinary law of refraction, and it is hence called the *ordinary* pencil; while the other is called the *extraordinary* pencil, from its being refracted according to a law different from the ordinary law.

This curious property of some transparent bodies, was discovered by a physician of Copenhagen, of the name of Erasmus Bartholinus, about the middle of the seventeenth century. He procured from one of the Danish merchants who traded to Iceland, a specimen of crystal, and immediately made a number of chemical and optical experiments upon it. He published an account of these at Copenhagen, in 1669, and thus directed the attention of the scientific to the subject.

His notion of the cause of double refraction was, that he supposed the Iceland crystal to have two sets of pores; one "according to the ductus, or direction of the sides, and parallel thereto: since it may be observed, that according to this disposition of the sides it is broken, and the parts severed from one another; and that one of the images, namely the movable, passeth through them. Next besides these pores lying according to the parallelism of the sides, it hath others, such as glass, water, and right crystals have, through which the right image is transmitted."

It is unnecessary to follow Bartholinus through the whole of his experiments, especially as the results were comparatively trifling. *These facts appear to have been discovered by him.* 1 That Iceland spar has the property of double refraction. 2: That one of these refractions is performed according to a law which is common to all transparent solids and fluids, while the other is performed according to an extraordinary law, which had not previously been observed by philosophers; and 3. That the incident light is equally divided between the ordinary and extraordinary pencils.

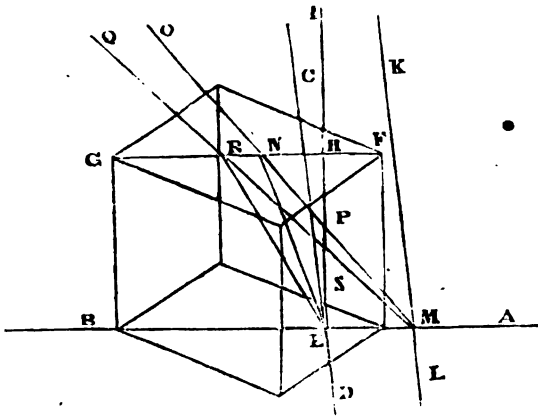
The celebrated Christopher Huygens was at first afraid that these facts discovered by Bartholinus, would militate against the theory of undulations which he was promulgating. He directed his attention therefore to the subject; in order both to obviate any objections which might be urged against his particular views, and to reconcile, if possible, the two classes of phenomena. His researches appeared in the fifth chapter of his *Traité de la Lumière* to which we have already alluded.

By a series of ingenious and well-executed experiments, he arrived at the fact, that when the ray of light is incident along the axis of the crystal, there is little or no separation into the ordinary and extraordinary beams. This axis is the principal section of the crystal, and may be

also considered the axis of double refraction. The Iceland spar being of the form of a rhomb, and its principal section the bisection of one of its obtuse angles, every object seen through it in that direction, will be single. In every other position, the refraction is double, and the greater or less divergence of the beams, depends upon a law discovered by Huygens, and which is considered very accurate. The double refraction increases in proportion as the inclination of the ray to the axis increases, so that it is at its minimum at the pole, and its maximum at the equator.

When Huygens wished to determine the law of the two refractions, he drew a black line *A B* fig. 3. upon a smooth surface, and two other lines *C E D* and *K M L* perpendicular to it, and having their distance

Fig. 3.



greater or less according to the obliquity at which the refraction was to be examined. Now by placing the doubly refracting crystal upon *E*, so that *A B* is parallel to the principal section or axis *E G*, and placing the eye above it, the line *A B* was seen single, but the line *C D* was double.* This experiment is very simple and may be easily performed, and in order to distinguish the ordinary from the extraordinary image, it will be observed that the latter always appears more elevated than the former; or if you turn the crystal round, it will be observed that the ordinary image appears fixed, while the extraordinary one revolves round the other.

If the eye be now placed at *I*, perpendicular to *A B*, till it sees the ordinary image of *C D* coinciding with the part of *C D* without the crystal, let the point *H* be marked on the crystal, where the intersection at *E* appears. Let the eye be now taken towards *O*, in the same perpendicular plane till the ordinary image of *C D* coincides with *K L*, and let the point *N* where the intersection *E* now appears, be marked upon the crystal. The lines *N H*, *E M* and *H E* the thickness of the crystal being accurately measured, then joining *N E* and *N M* the ratio of re-

* Edin. Phil. Journal, vol. ii.

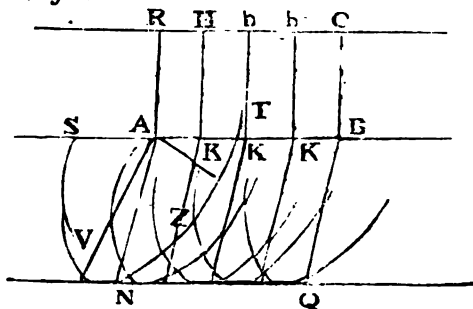
fraction will be that of EN to NP , because these lines are as the sines of the angles of incidence and refraction NPH , NEP .

Thus Huygens found that the ratio was as 5 to 3 in all incidences, as had previously been determined. The way in which he then proceeded to determine the ratio of the extraordinary refraction, was by withdrawing his eye to Q till the extraordinary image of CD coincided with KL . By marking the point R , he could then obtain by measurement, the relation of ER to ES , or the ratio of the sine of incidence to that of refraction. In pursuing this investigation, he found that this ratio was not constant; but varied according to the inclination of the incident ray of light.

In his explanation of the phenomena of double refraction by the undulatory theory, Huygens supposes, that as there are two different refractions in Iceland-crystals, so there must be two different emanations of light from the luminous body. The ordinary refraction is produced by rays propagated in spherical waves, while the extraordinary refraction depends upon undulations of an elliptical, or hemispheroidal, character. He considers that the regular arrangement of the particles of the transparent body contribute to the formation of the spheroidal waves; and that the form of the generating ellipse is determined by the ratio of the two refractions. The light is, by this hypothesis, supposed to be more quickly propagated in one direction, than in another.

For, suppose the surface of a crystal of Iceland spar, represented by AB , *Fig. 4.* be exposed to a ray of light, the line RC , parallel and equal to AB , will be a portion of a wave of light which falls upon AB at a perpendicular incidence; and the points $R H h C$ meet AB at $A K k B$. We must now suppose that, instead of hemispherical waves, as we have previously dealt with in ordinary refraction, these waves are hemispheroids, whose major semi-axes are oblique to the plane AB . Hence SVT will represent an individual wave coming from the point A , after RC has arrived at AB . Now, in the same time that the point A propagated the wave SVT , all the other points, $K k B$, will propagate similar ones, and therefore the common tangent, NQ , of all these semi-ellipses, will be the propagation of the waves RC in the transparent body, according to the Huygenian theory. But it will be observed, that the tangent, NQ , which is equal and parallel to AB , is not directly opposite to AB , but is comprehended between the lines AN and BQ , conjugate diameters to those which are in the line AB .

Fig. 4.



Thus, by this supposition, Huygens was able to comprehend what previously appeared to him very difficult, how a *perpendicular* ray could suffer refraction in a transparent body? For the wave R C, instead of going on straight when it entered the transparent surface, A B, extends itself between the parallels A B and N Q.

It is trusted that this will be considered a sufficient elucidation of the Huygenian hypothesis of double refraction, for it is impossible to proceed farther in the enquiry, without having recourse to more intricate mathematical reasoning than would be agreeable to most persons. Since the time of Huygens, many eminent men have investigated the subject. Among others may be mentioned the names of Fresnal, Cauchy, Biot, Arago, and Airy. In the formulæ introduced for the explanation of the newly-discovered phenomena, they have reduced the laws of vibratory motion to differential equations of the second order, but have not, with them, been able to show that some of the later facts are the results of the undulatory theory.

At the Bristol meeting of the Association in 1836, Professor M'Cullagh proceeded still further with the subject, and showed that, by introducing differential coefficients of the third order into the equations of vibratory motion, the greater number of the laws discovered could be satisfactory explained. When these equations are applied to the elucidation of the phenomena observed in quartz and other binaxial crystals, there must be two waves of light elliptically polarised and moving with different velocities; the ratio of the greater and smaller diameters, or axes, of these ellipses being the same in each wave; but the greater axis of the one being turned towards the lesser axis of the other, and the difference of the sign of the two equal quantities corresponding to the ratio of these axes, it follows that, if the vibration be from left to right in one wave, it must be from right to left in the other.

Without attempting to follow the learned professor any farther in his speculations, let us now take a slight notice of the benefits which have resulted to science from the examination of the phenomena of double refraction. Before Sir David Brewster began his optical labours, all crystals were supposed to have but one axis, and the Huygenian was considered the universal law of double refraction. By the most ingenious and accurate experiments, he was soon led to believe that the greater number of crystals have two, some three, or even more axes of double refraction, while a few are totally irregular in this respect. Hence he was led to discover the general law which subsists between the primitive forms of crystals, and the number of their axes. Thus he was enabled to predict, on the faith of these principles, that different crystals would be found, eventually, to belong to particular systems of classification from which they had been excluded. In this manner he has been able to correct many errors in the systems of Hauy, and to establish, on a firmer basis, the characteristic of Mohs.

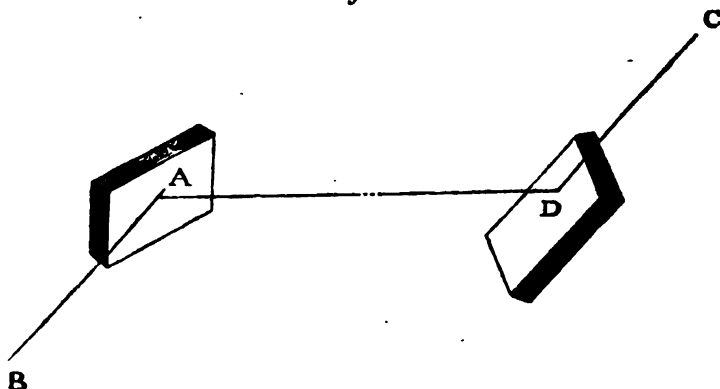
The assistance which has been thus afforded to mineralogy and crystallography, is of the most important nature, and will tend eventually to show the connexion which exists between the optical structure and the chemical composition of crystallised bodies.

In the course of his interesting experiments on light, Sir David found that many bodies received the polarising structure by compression, while

others were similarly affected by the application of heat. Hence he was led to imagine, that a satisfactory explanation could be given of the cause of the transmission of the two kinds of waves in doubly refracting crystals. He supposes that these bodies consist of two co-existent media of different densities, one of which transmits the ordinary ray, according to the law of Snellius, while the other, transmitting the extraordinary ray, gives origin to the secondary image.* By this hypothesis it may be demonstrated, that the undulations must necessarily be of the spherical and the spheroidal form; but it appears difficult to conceive two or three extraordinary media combined in the same substance.

If we examine the rays of light after transmission through a crystal of Iceland spar, or any other doubly refracting substance, we find that they have acquired new properties, and are polarised in planes at right angles to each other. As some of our readers may not be exactly acquainted with the precise meaning of the term *polarisation of light*, it will be as well to give a familiar illustration of this most remarkable phenomenon.

Fig. 5.



Let a ray of light, B A, fall upon a plate of glass A, placed in a vertical position, at an angle of incidence of 56° . The ray B A will be reflected in the horizontal plane A D; and being then reflected from the glass D, so placed as to receive it at the same incidence, the ray A D, which should have been reflected in the vertical plane D C, is so weak as to be scarcely visible, and nearly the whole of the light will be found to have been transmitted through the glass D. Now, if we take A D as the axis of motion, and turn the glass D round 90° , we shall reflect the ray A D in a horizontal direction; and we shall find that, instead of going through the glass D as before, nearly the whole of the ray A D will be reflected. If we continue to turn the plate D round to another quadrant of the circle, the light will be again transmitted, and again reflected, when we arrive at the succeeding quarter. Thus we observe, that transmission and reflection take place alternately, and that the ray

* Phil. Trans., 1818.

B A has acquired a new property, after reflection from the first surface, and is then said to be polarised.

Or we may take a number of slips of thin window glass, and bind them together into a solid shape. If we now let a ray of light be incident upon the surface at the same angle of 56° , a portion of the light will be reflected, while the remainder will be transmitted according to the usual law of refraction. Upon examining these reflected and transmitted rays, we shall find that they are both polarized, but in a remarkable relation to each other. The reflected ray will, of course, follow the same laws as the polarized ray, BA, in the last figure. But if we receive the *transmitted* ray upon a plate of glass at the angle of polarization, it will refuse to be reflected, unless the glass be turned round 90° , or into a plane at right angles to that plane in which the reflected ray was again reflected; or, in other words, unless the planes are at right angles to each other: one ray will always be transmitted, whilst the other is reflected, and *vice versa*.

Applying the same kind of experiments to doubly reflecting crystals, the two rays will be found polarized in planes at right angles to each other, the ordinary rays being polarized like the ray transmitted through the bundle of plates, and the extraordinary ray like the ray reflected from the surface of the same. There are various other ways of polarizing light, which it is needless to enumerate, as the effect is always similar to those now mentioned.

The history of the progress of this new and absorbing branch of science is highly interesting. Many of the facts appear to have been twice discovered by separate individuals, living in parts of the world distant from each other, and therefore unconscious of each other's plans. The experiments have been of such a delicate nature, and produced such beautiful and unthought-of results, that it is with difficulty we can refrain from devoting too much space to their elucidation.

Huygens, the philosopher, whom we have so often mentioned, was at the head of these inventions; and, in the course of his observations on Iceland crystal, detected the change produced upon the original ray of light. He calls it a "wonderful phenomenon," and was led to its discovery in the following manner: After separating a ray of solar light, by transmitting it through a piece of Iceland spar, he made the two pencils fall upon the surface of another piece of the same crystal. He was greatly surprised to observe that when the principal sections of the two pieces were parallel, neither of the two pencils were divided in passing through the second rhomb; but that the pencil which had suffered the *ordinary* refraction in passing through the first crystal, was only refracted in the *ordinary* manner, in passing through the second; as also the one which had been *extraordinarily* refracted in being transmitted through the first, was now *extraordinarily* refracted in passing through the second crystal. Now, as he proceeded with his investigations, he found that when the principal sections of the doubly refracting crystals cut one another at right angles, the exact contrary took place; for, the ray which had been previously the extraordinary became the ordinary, and that which had been the ordinary ray was now refracted according to the extraordinary law alone. In all other positions of the crystal, when the principal sections did not bear these relations to each other, as in these

two instances, ; each of the rays divided by the first crystal were again split into two, in passing through the second, by reason of its double refraction. So that out of the single ray of light incident on the first crystal, there were formed four pencils, usually of equal brightness ; but the sum of whose light did not appear to exceed that of the original beam.

Sir Isaac Newton, reasoning upon these data, which Huygens did not attempt to explain, concluded that every ray of light may be considered as having four sides or quarters. Two of these, opposite to each other, incline the ray to be refracted in the usual manner, as often as either of them are turned towards the surface or side of double refraction ; while the other two incline the ray to be unusually refracted, whenever either of them are turned towards the coast of unusual refraction. Thus originated his theory of fits of easy reflection and transmission which is now almost universally exploded ; but from them also arose the term *polarization*, which has been since adopted by all philosophers.

The next discovery of importance was that of M. Malus, Member of the National Institute of France, who had returned home to pass the remainder of his life in quiet, after suffering severely in Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt. He was in the course of a strict enquiry into the laws of double refraction, for the purpose of competing for the prize offered by the Institute. At that time, he resided in the Rue des Enfers, in Paris, and was speculating in his mind one afternoon on the phenomena observed by Huygens, when he happened to turn a doubly refracting prism towards the windows of the Luxembourg, which were at that moment highly illuminated by the setting sun. As he turned the prism round before his eyes, he was astonished to observe that one of the images of the windows vanished, alternately, from his sight.

He at first attributed this unexpected phenomenon to some change which, he supposed, the light had received during its oblique transit through the atmosphere. Then being unable to account for the change on this supposition, he was led to think whether the glass of the windows had not some effect upon it. To his inexpressible delight, he found that the rays of light had acquired the curious property which he observed, entirely from being reflected from the panes of glass of the windows of the Luxemburg. Thus was Malus led to the discovery of the *polarization of light by reflection*, which forms one of the most interesting epochs in the history of Optics.

This reflected ray has all the characters of an ordinary ray produced by the refraction of a crystal, whose principal section is parallel to the plane of reflection, or of an extraordinary ray formed by a crystal, whose principal section is perpendicular to the same plane. This remarkable property of polarization is produced by reflection from all solid and liquid transparent substances ; but it must be observed that each of these polarizes light at an angle from the perpendicular peculiar to themselves, being, in general, in proportion to the refractive power. Thus : glass polarizes light at an angle of incidence of about $54^{\circ} 35'$, and water $52^{\circ} 45'$.

Many other valuable and highly interesting facts were elucidated by Malus in the course of his experiments, and have been duly estimated by the few who are able to appreciate them. He was succeeded in the same branch of enquiry by M. Arago, who has given the result of some

highly interesting experiments on the influence of polarisation on the interference of two portions of light.

Hitherto we have seen, that although great progress had been made in furnishing the data of the science, scarcely any attempt had been made to devise a theory for their explanation. In a paper laid before the Institute in 1812, M. Biot endeavours to show that the phenomena of polarisation are produced by a succession of oscillations of the particles of light round their centres of gravity. These oscillations are occasioned by the action of attractive and repulsive forces, and go on to a certain depth in the crystal, after which they acquire a fixed polarisation, by which their axes are arranged in two rectangular directions. In a subsequent memoir, he proceeds to explain by this hypothesis, the rotatory polarisation exhibited by certain substances, such as oil of turpentine and rock crystal, and believes that this property of turning the particles of polarised light round their axes, resides in the ultimate particles of the solid or fluid. This theory is allowed to be ingenious, but at the same time, has received little confirmation from subsequent experience.

The labours of Sir David Brewster in this field of inquiry, have been already alluded to; but too much praise cannot be assigned to him for the splendid facts he has brought to light. The succession of his discoveries runs nearly in the following manner:—the light reflected from the clouds, the blue light of the sky, and the light of both the exterior and interior rainbows, are all polarised—the fact of the polarisation of light by transmission through bundles of crystallised and uncrystallised plates—the production of the polarising structure in glass by heat, and by rapid cooling—that all the phenomena of polarisation could be communicated to soft and indurated substances by simple pressure—the production of the complementary colours, by the successive reflection of polarised light, between two plates of gold or silver—the phenomena of right and left-handed circular polarisation—the action of crystallised surfaces upon light.

These are some of the main facts, regarding the subject of which we are now treating, which have formed the basis of all the subsequent reasoning in this country, and on the continent. Together, they form a distinct and highly attractive science, but necessarily involving abstruse calculations, carried on with mathematical problems, and algebraic notation, which would tend to disgust at first sight, rather than attract those who have not been accustomed to that style of reasoning.

In order to explain the different phenomena by the undulatory theory, as they have successively risen, various additions and modifications of the original simple hypothesis of Huygens, have been adopted. As it would be utterly impossible in a slight paper of this kind, to enter deeply into this subject, we will try and give the reader a general notion of the present state of opinion on this abstruse argument, without following the different philosophers who have written so largely on the topic, or particularly dwelling on the beautiful results obtained by Messrs. Fresnel and Arago, when applying to the phenomena of polarisation Dr. Thomas Young's theory of the interference of light.

It may be stated, that those who now support the Huygenian doctrine, believe that the ordinary undulations of a wave of light, arise from the vibrative, or inconceivably back and forward motion of each particle of

two instances, ; each of the rays divided by the first split into two, in passing through the second, by refraction. So that out of the single ray of light crystal, there were formed four pencils, usually the sum of whose light did not appear to ex-

Sir Isaac Newton, reasoning upon the attempt to explain, concluded that even as having four sides or quarters. incline the ray to be refracted in them are turned towards the surface, the other two incline the ray of them are turned towards the other side. He originated his theory of light, and is now almost universally acknowledged, which has

The next discovery of the National Institute of the remainder of his expedition to the laws of double refraction, and left-handed elliptic polarisation, noticed in some of the beautiful phenomena of the atmosphere, is still going on at the present time, and the day is not probably far distant, when the hypothesis will be complete, and receive the universal approbation and support of the learned. Of the phenomena which we have been considering, few can sufficiently estimate their importance, few have really devoted sufficient attention to the subject, to ascertain their value, and the many applications to which they are subservient. These new properties of light, may be considered new and important instruments of research into those regions of nature, which have as yet been considered beyond the reach of man's sagacity. After the lapse of a few years, the structure and formation of organised matter will be displayed by this means, and thus a *new light* be really thrown upon the works of the creation.

THE GREEN ROOM.

MR. ROOKE'S NEW OPERA OF "HENRIQUE, OR THE LOVE PILGRIM."

On Thursday Evening, 2nd May, Mr. Rooke made his second appearance as an Operatic Composer. Having been delighted with the Music of *Amile*, we were led to expect much from *Henrique*. The libretto of both Operas is the composition of a Mr. J. T. Haynes, who proceeds more technically in his work, than skilfully. When will Managers and Musical Composers understand that good acting and worthy music, to secure permanent celebrity, should be wedded to immortal verse? Mr. Haynes's attempts at poetry are simply despicable.

The plot of an Opera should be of the simplest construction, of which perhaps *La Sonnambula* is a model. Henrique's is of a most complex character, inasmuch that the author himself has thought it advisable to prefix the

of the several acts to his book. This specimen of his composition that he can write prose nearly as well as he writes verse. The both better. Our Operatic Composers, literary and musical, we think, to consult the Greek Choral Dramatists for the con- plots. Models for the Musical Play are these immortal regards purity of conception and simplicity of execution. in plots in the Opera Henrique, crossing and interlacing vles's Comedies. But as the production is withdrawn the slain to enter into an analysis.

ATRE promises to do more, we think, for the true On the 24th May, Mr. Milman's Tragedy of purpose of introducing Cooper, in the character od in that of Bianca. This lady shewed more but she shows an instinct for high acting, re's *King O'Neil*, or the *Irish Brigade*, is by the admirable talents of Mr. Power. happy also, for the remainder of the engaged for twelve nights, and the Manager ne *School for Scandal*, and *The Rivals*, with new orations, in strict accordance with the manners and cos- in which they were written.

The Undulatory Theory of Light.
 experiments on the influence of polarisation on the
 of light.
 though great progress had been made
 merely an attempt had been made
 the phenomena of polarisation
 the particles of
 as assumed

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

Our friend Alerist has communicated to us a piece of criticism, which will do the hearts of the Oxford Divines good. If the English Church could be translated into the Angel-Church, they might imply at once apostolical, a word identified with angelical, succession. We are reminded of Lord Gower's translation of Göthe's line:—

"They speak in *English* when they lie:—"

The original being

"Und lispeln englisch, wenn sie lügen;"

That is,

"They speak in Angel's language when they lie."

ANGELUS-ANGLUS

OR

ANGELS AND ENGLISHMEN FIRST COUSINS.

BY ALERIST.

THERE is no kingdom whose antiquities have been more sedulously investigated than England. Our learned antiquaries (heaven rest their souls!) have for ages striven with the intensest assiduity to recover and explain every vestige of the olden time. Most of these worthy and unsatiable curiosoes have likewise excelled in a sparkling euphuism of language, a spicy quaintness of style, and a prodigality of illustrations that have made them singularly entertaining to all the lovers of legendary lore.

In the history of this antiquarian literature numberless *verate questiones* have been disputed with surprising pervivacity among the critics. There has been interminable warfare on every topic that could possibly admit of contradiction from the landing of King Brute to St George and the Dragon— from this hopeful pair to Prince Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; and

and from these again to the old parchment in a battle lately *de terré* in Warwickshire.

The origin and etymology of the name of Merry England could not fail to be a dainty subject for this keen encounter of wits. The antiquarians who have discussed this question, may be divided into two classes; one comprising those who maintained or at least hinted, that the veritable etymology of England, was related to the oriental and classical title of the ministers of heaven—the other party declaring that it had nothing whatever to do with them.

The former theory was last year revived by a learned investigator of northern antiquities distinguished alike for the critical acumen which has enabled him to discover concealed truths, and the invincible perseverance by which he has established their evidences to the satisfaction of the public, and the discomfiture of those who supposed themselves interested in upholding deception.

We should have before reviewed the pamphlet in which this gentleman has proposed his theory on the subject, for it is one of the most ingenious and piquant publications that has appeared in the Antiquarian literature of recent times. It is entitled "*The Angel or English Queen, Angelorum Regina, Regina Gentium Terrarumque Angelorum. By en Gammel-sigs grosserer,*" published by Parbury and Co. We think the Author has succeeded in proving his point, that Englishmen are angels, of which some had doubted. That Englishwomen are so, no one hesitates to declare, at least under the present reign.

The design of this Essay is to fix the original and native sense of the national title we bear; and to prove the etymological identity of the words *Angelus* and *Anglus*. If we can evince this it will follow that Angel-land and England, are essentially and properly synonymous, notwithstanding the numerous diversities of orthography and pronunciation.

And here at the beginning of our enquiry we protest, that it is neither idle curiosity nor national vanity which leads us to assert, that the epithet angel was in the earliest times applied to the Angli or Angles; and that it rightfully belongs to the English at this day—so far as the signification of their name is concerned. This we assert, however unangelic they may have become in customs and manners; and however much they may be inclined to smile at discovering, that the angels are *bonâ fide* their namesakes, as well as their cousin-germans.

We shall therefore pursue our etymological researches with all the dogged and obstinate patience, which is the most prominent characteristic of an English antiquary. We shall throughout appeal to hard and simple matter of fact, collected from lexicographers and historians, and meet all the arguments that can be alleged against us, without shuffling, flinching, or running away.

If we succeed in demonstrating the proposition that the Angels and the Angles or Englishmen have one and the same name and title, the latter ought to be much obliged to us for making them acquainted with their high relationship. We shall certainly respect ourselves, and other nations will respect us the more, when we have evinced beyond all contradiction to the Herald's College, this new line of consanguinity. And we trust that no Englishman will be perverse or ungenerous enough to be displeased with us for showing him how high he may look for "kith and kin."

Seriously, however, our present enquiry will lead us through some of the most interesting departments of etymology as connected with national antiquities. We shall pursue our researches in as direct and simple a manner as we can, through the mazes of antiquarian records; *non fumum ex fugore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.*"

It is a matter of common notoriety, that the divine names and titles, have been in all languages applied to great and elevated characters. Thus the Hebrew word *Elohim* or *Aleim*, God, was continually applied to eminent characters, a fact alluded to in the New Testament where it is acknowledged that those were called gods, to whom God's word came. The Greek theogony and nomenclature affords numberless instances of the same thing.

We conceive the *Angelic epithets* were likewise appropriated by men and applied by way of honor and distinction. As these Angelic epithets form the very foundation of our argument it will be necessary to examine them with care.

The Hebrew root *lak*, to enlarge, send abroad, or spread abroad, appears to be the universal root, from which the Oriental name *lakim* or *melakim*, angels or messengers, is derived. Thus says Guichart in his "*Harmonie Etymologique des Langues*. *Lak* in all the Hebrew dialects signifies *legare, delegare, dont il est facile à former de lak. Et en cette façon on derive de cette racine laaq, laquais* en Francois, et *laquay* en Allemand, *angelus, nuncius*." And thus says Parkhurst in his Hebrew Dictionary, "from *lak* we derive the latin *lego* to send as a deputy, whence the compound *delego*, and the English *legate* and *delegate*. Also French *laquais*, Spanish *lacayo*, Danish *lackei*, and English *lackey*."

"But there is another Hebrew root sometimes applied to angels, from which the Greek *αγγελος* appears to be directly borrowed: This radical is *agel*, or *gel* which signifies sometimes nearly the same as *lak*, to enlarge or send or spread abroad, and sometimes, more distinctly, to lay open, discover or reveal. Thus, says Parkhurst, "*αγγελος*, an angel, is probably derived from the Hebrew *gel* to reveal."

On this root, Guichart observes, "*agel* or *gel* signifies properly to reveal or lay open. From this root, we derive *gula, galleota* *ζαλωραι, galleota* in Italian, which signify diviners, revealers, augurs, and that sort of people who reveal future things. Of these, Cicero speaks in his first book on Divination. To which (says he) the interpreters of prodigies, whom in Sicily they call *galleotæ*, evidently answer. From whence also the German and English *gluss*; if indeed this be not derived from *glacies*, ice."

The Greeks according to their usual method of giving all syllables as distinct enunciation as possible, pronounced *αγγελος, aggelos, as angelos*. From this, is the gradual transition of language from east to west, the Latins derived their *angelus*, and the Germans their *Angel, Engle, Engel, or Enghel*. This derivation of the German from the Latin, is supported by Cruciger, Wachter, Ihre, Leibnitz, Guichart, Thomassin, and all respectable etymologists.

In all these cases the leading and prominent idea connected with this word *Angelus*, seems to be that of *enlargement* and *spreading abroad*. Thus Southey has very accurately given the angel of death this title *Enlarger* in *Madoc*.

When the soul,
Emancipated by *Death the Enlarger*, shall
Attain the end prescribed to virtue and to love,
The eternal newness of eternal joy.

It will be found on examination, that this radical idea of enlargement and spreading abroad, not only explains the meaning of the word *Angelus*, as signifying angels, messengers, revealers, &c., but also the several forms and inflections of the same word. In one of these inflections, it signifies an angle or corner, because every angle must enlarge and diverge from its point. The same ideal meaning governs its application to an elbow or hook, and is equally apparent in its application to a plain or level country.

Having thus far entered on the critical etymology of the word *Angelus*, it will be desirable to give a brief sketch of the history of Angels, so far as it is connected with our present enquiry: and lest our remarks should appear to want authorities, we shall freely quote them, as we proceed.

Those spirits (says Grotius), which are interposed between God (the opificer of things) and men, the Hebrews call sometimes *Elohim* or gods, sometimes angels. Thence those names were taken by Pythagoras, who took many things from the Hebrews, and whose institutions are said by Josephus to be the same as the institutes of the Essens. But those names are used with some difference. For by the name of gods he called those sublimer minds which

approached nearer to the nature of God, which he held immutable. But those spirits that are next below them, he called angels, as being those that enunciate and declare unto us the rules of holy living.

The institute and way (continues Grotius) of the ancient *angelici*, was the same with the Judaical Cabalists, who agree with the Pythagoreans and Platonists, and suppose that by the inferior angels men ought to be recommended to the superior, and so by degrees to the highest, allotting the angels several names, offices and faculties, of dispensing benefits. These, their conceits touching angels, may justly denominate their cabalistic discipline an institution of the ancient *angelici* or *angelite*. And therefore it is reasonable to suppose, that the old *angelici* condemned by the apostle were of their order.

"Thus (says Parkhurst) Epiphanius, treating of the more ancient Gnostics, the predecessors of the Valentinians, says, that the Greek poets and their fables gave rise to all the sects; implying, no doubt that these elder gnostics borrowed the genealogies of their angels or *Æons* from the old poets, such as Orpheus, Hesiod, Antiphanea, Philistion, &c., who it is certain in their theogonies or genealogies of the gods, meant to describe the parts and conditions of nature."

We quote these passages to show what a high and mighty empire the angels held in the theology of the ancient world. It is evident that their honours were by no means confined to the Jewish or Christian economy, but that they extended their name, renown and notification through all the classic nations of the Gentiles.

This extreme reverence and devotion for angels was carried so far in the early Christian Church, that it gave rise to the two notable sects of Angelics and Angelites. These, knowing of what great account angels were made by the inspired writers, honoured them with frequent addresses and eulogies, as we find was the prevailing custom with Origen and the Fathers of the three first centuries.

Some critics, however, have chosen to consider the Angelics and Angelites of antiquity, as heretics. Thus, says Mr. Bell, "we suppose the Angelics to have been the worshippers of angels, whom St. Paul refers to, when he cautions Christians against a superstitious reverence for these celestial agents of the Deity."

Of the same opinion is Parkhurst, "For Irenæus (says he) charges the Gnostics, particularly the Valentinians, with having stolen the genealogy of their *Æons* from the theogony of the heathens." Thus, then, the Gnostic doctrine of *Æons* or Angels making the world, and of the religious regard due to them, revived under other names the ancient errors of the Pagans.

Be this as it will, the Angelites maintained an amazing devotion for "St. Michael and all Angels." They regarded the Archangel St. Michael with the stronger reverence, because they supposed he was the immediate representative and agent of the divine Redeemer in his interminable war against the powers of darkness.

Now these Angelics and Angelites entertained the theory that we are now discussing. They supposed that such had ever been the influence and domination of Angels over the human race, that even among the Antediluvians both nations and individuals were found, who pretended to have sprung from Angels, whom they honoured as their ancestors, and consequently assumed the titles of Angels and Angelites.

"Thus" say the Jewish Rabbins, on what authority is best known to themselves, "When Moses tells us that the sons of God married the daughters of men, and giants were born unto them, we are not to understand, with the main body of divines, the Sons of Seth, or the religious people of that time, by this phrase 'the sons of God,' but we are to understand Angels or lapsed Intelligences."

This would be hardly worth noticing, had not the opinion been confirmed by the authority of the Septuagint, the book of Enoch, lately translated by Law-

rence, and several of the Fathers, whose names are cited in the Poems of Byron and Moore, which have arisen from this fanciful representation.

Now as some truth lies at the basis and foundation of all fables, we believe the truth to be this;—that in these antediluvian times, a certain body assumed to themselves the title of Sons of God, or Angels, whether out of religion, mythology, astrology, or simple vanity; and thus gave rise to the confusion of interpretation among the ancient expositors.

This conjecture is rather confirmed by the other tradition of the Rabbins, that these Sons of God, or Angels, travelled west, and occupied the isles of the Gentiles, before the flood of Noah. One of the old writers goes so far as to suppose that Britain itself was inhabited before the Flood. If this theory were but true, it would explain better than any other, Plato's beautiful story respecting the Island of Atlantis, situated beyond the Columns of Hercules, or Straits of Gibraltar, whose noble population was destroyed by some overwhelming inundation.—Vide Baer, Eurenus, Tournefort, Rudbeck, Bailly de Lisle, and other writers on the subject.

But let us with Noah pass safely over the flood, and follow his descendants on dry land. It was God's especial promise that he would *enlarge* Japheth, and that among his sons the isles of the Gentiles should be divided.

Happily, there is a general agreement among the learned, respecting the descent of the early population of Germany and Gaul and ancient Britain: all allow that the descendants of Gomer occupied this western extremity of Europe.

The sentiments of antiquarians on this matter, are so well summed up by Dr. Wells, that we shall quote his words: "I suppose it will not be unacceptable to the reader, to say a little of the Colonies, which, coming from the nation of Gomer, in process of time spread themselves further and further, and settled themselves in several parts of Europe, particularly in our island. Herodotus then, as he tells us that a people called Cimmerii formerly dwelt in the tract of Lesser Asia, so he tells us withal, that these people sent a colony to Palus Mœotis, and so gave the name Bosphorus Cimmerius to the Strait between the Euxine Sea and the Mœotic Lake.

"This Colony of the Cimmerii increasing in process of time, and so spreading themselves still, by new colonies, further westward, came along the Danube, and settled themselves in the country which from them has been called Germany. For, as to the testimony of the ancients, Diodorus Siculus, as Mr. Mede observes, affirms that the Germans had their original from the Cimmerians: indeed they themselves retain plain marks of their descent both in the name Cimbri, and also in their common name Germans.

"But from Germany the descendants of Gomer spread themselves into Gaul or France. To prove this, Camden quotes the testimony of Josephus, where he says, those called by the Greeks Ga'atæ, were originally called Gomerites. Appian also, in his Illyrics, says expressly that the Celtæ or Gauls were otherwise called Cimbri.

"I have produced these testimonies in order to make it more plain, that the ancient inhabitants of this our island, the Britons, were also descendants of Gomer. For it is not to be questioned, but that this our island was first peopled from those countries of the European continent which lie next to it. Indeed to me there seems to be no need of adding any other evidence that the Britons were descended originally from Gomer, than the very name whereby their offspring, the Welsh, call themselves to this very day, to wit, Kumeri, or Cymri. And since it has been observed above, that the Germans were descendants of Gomer, particularly the Cymbri, to whom the Saxons, especially the Angles, were near neighbours; hence it follows, that our ancestors likewise, who succeeded the old Britons in our island, were descended from the same Son of Japhet, namely, Gomer."

We conceive these Angli formed one of the most ancient and powerful of all the German nations. They might have adopted this title, either from that

reverence for angels which prevailed to an incredible degree among the mythologic and astrological tribes of the West, or, because they recognised the propriety of a name; which, signifying enlargement, seemed to accord with their patriarchal blessing; a name which remarkably coincided with the bold and adventurous spirit, which induced them to extend their home, empire, and their foreign enterprises: for the genius and temper of the Angles was ever free and unrestrained as that of the Franks.

Be this as it will, we think it probable, that those Angles who were destined by Providence to traverse and sway the world, were as ancient and considerable as any German nation whatever. We conceive by the examination of ancient etymologies, that they had from time immemorial as large a share in peopling the isles of the Gentiles, as any of the descendants of Gomer. And we believe that traces of the presence and power of the Angles in this country may be found, which bear a much higher antiquity than those pertaining to the Anglo-Saxon conquest.

If we were inclined to indulge in conjecture, we might hint that the Angles settled themselves in the isles of Britain as early as the fabulous visitation of Brutus; that they were alluded to under that Scripture phrase, the "Isles of the Gentiles," and by classical writers were described in very poetic colouring, as the Elysian fields, happy islands, and Hesperian gardens of the western Atlantic, which have so often perplexed the criticism of our ablest scholars.

But be this as it will, and supposing such conjectures could be disproved, it does not prejudice the strength of our argument in the least degree; for this is founded on the plain, simple, undeniable fact, that Angles and Angles are one and the same word, and that they have one and the same meaning.

This fact is thus stated by Lloyd in his learned *Lexicon Geographicum*. "Auctoritas est Gregorii Pontificis, qui Anglos dixit angelicos esse; nam Engel est Angelus, et Engelsch Angelicus Teutonice. Hinc Anglum alludendo engelsche i. e. angel-like vocavit. Nam et Anglus Teutonice est ein *Engelschman*." We have the authority of Pope Gregory the Great (by the by, the best Pope that ever sat in St. Peter's chair), who says, that the Angles should be called Angles. For engel is angel, and engelsch, angelic in German. Thus alluding to England, he called it angel-land; for an Englishman, in German, is an angel-man."

Now, if as Lloyd seems here to suppose Pope Gregory knew German when he uttered his famous speech, "Non Angli sed Angeli si forent Christiani: we would not call them Angles, but Angels, if they would become Christians," the speech would possess more point and more propriety. It is certain, that Egbert understood the Pope to signify that Angli was the most honourable title his people could bear, and greatly preferable to that of Saxons. And Verstegan, in his *Restitution of decayed intelligence*, has evidently adopted the same view of the case, regarding the name of England as the *most honourable* a nation could acquire.

We leave it to the reader's judgment, whether all things considered in the foregoing view of the etymology of England, is not more noble and rational and answerable to history, than those vague conjectures which derive our name from angles and corners, and elbows and anchors, and fish hooks and fishermen, and pirates and plains, et id genus omne.

We conceive that the Angli or Angeli derived this title, in their primitive residence among the other tribes of Cimri or Gomerians, in the west of Asia, or east of Europe. They bore this name, which we believe is identical with Angeli or Angels, in the very commencement of their history, buried as it is, in the very depths of antiquity; and they left numberless traces of it in the names of places that lay along their route from east to west: long before they arrived at their last settlement in Jutland, before they passed over into Britain. We cannot, therefore, possibly agree with those who suppose that this people first received the name of Angles, when they came into Jutland, because that country happened to form an angle of land (*Angulus Terrarum*). This appears to us, a very *ex post facto* style of etymologizing.

The places that lay along the route of the Angles as they advanced from the east, very naturally borrowed the names of this powerful tribe. Such names are numerous, very numerous. Just, for example, we may mention Angleria in Italy; Engelrute, Engelburg, Ingolstadt, in Germany; Engelheim, the country of Charlemagne; Engelhartzell, a town in Upper Austria, on the Danube; Engelhausen, a town in Bohemia; Engelsburgh, a town in Austria; Engelweis, a village in Swabia; Engelstelen, a river in the Canton of Berne, Engelholm, a sea-port in Sweden, besides all the Ingles, Engels and Angles, which form so many geographical names in the West.

Now we can perfectly understand, according to the general analogy of the Comerian or Cimmerian tribes that came originally from the East, how the Angles should have thus left their name to many places as they travelled westward; and that they did thus travel westward, is allowed by all. But we should find great difficulty in agreeing with those antiquarians, who, against the whole analogy of historical facts, reverse the order of this march of the Angles, and suppose that it was in travelling from West to East, that they gave their names and titles to so many places through the whole Continent of Europe.

The authority of Camden is, on the whole, strongly in our favour, and we shall quote him accordingly.—“The etymology of the Angli or Angles, says he, I do not presume to assign. As to Angulus son of Humble, and Queen Angela, I have nothing to do with them. Now are we to suppose the name derived from Angulus as being a corner of the world, as that well-known line pretends;—

“Rich Anglia, fruitful corner of the world.
So self-supplied, as scarce the world to heed.”

“Anglia terra ferax, et fertilis angulus orbis,
Insula prædæves, quæ toto vix egel orbe.”

“The conjecture of Goropius, is fitter to be laughed at than credited, who derives Angli from Angle, a fishing-rod or hook, because says he, they hooked in every thing to themselves, and were, as they say, ‘good anglers.’ But whoever conjectures the etymology of Engelbert, Engelhard, and such like German names, will probably likewise find the meaning of Angli. It may seem from Procopius, that the Frisones came along with them into Britain. But as the book is not extant, I shall not think my time mis-spent, to insert the Greek passage here, at large, as copied for me, from the King’s library at Paris, by that worthy and complete antiquary Francis Pithæus; of which Greek passage this is the translation;—‘The Island of Britain is inhabited by three very numerous nations, each governed by their own king. They are called Angeli Frisones, and from the island, Britons. There seems to be such a number of inhabitants that they yearly pass over from thence in large bodies, with their wives and children, to the Franks, who receive them into their waste lands. Hence they pretend a claim to the island; and not long since, when a king of the Franks sent Ambassadors to Justinian, at Constantinople, he affected to send with them some of the Angeli, as if this island was subject to him. At length, Egbert, king of the West Saxons, making himself master of these kingdoms by conquest, about the year 800, in order to unite under one name kingdoms fallen under one sovereign, and to preserve the memory of his own nation, issued an order for calling the Heptarchy, which the Saxons had held, ‘Angle-land.’ Hence, in Latin it is called Anglia, a name formed from the Angles, who were the largest and bravest of these three peoples.” So far Camden.

In Rees’ Cyclopaedia, we find the following testimony. “The Angles are said to have been a tribe of the Suevi, who, in the time of Cæsar, were the greatest and bravest of all the German nations. This tribe, after various adventures and migrations settled in that part of the Cimbric Chersonesus, which

now forms the duchy of Sleswick, where some vestiges of their name still remain in the district of Anglen. The reason, it is said, why the name of Angles was preferred to that of Saxons, seems to have been because it was more *distinctive* and more *honourable*."

Such is the evidence to us convincing and irrefragable, of the identity of the names Angeli and Angli. Such is the evidence, that the Angli bore this name from time immemorial, during their earliest settlements in eastern Europe, and that they left it to many places on their route as they travelled westward.

Nor do we mean to renounce this theory, respecting the name and history of the Angles, till a full and satisfactory confutation of our arguments has been produced by antagonist antiquarians. Till then we shall take full advantage of our own position; and consider the Angles as the great medium of communication, by and through which the English derive their title to the name of Angeli.

But even if we were driven out of this position, if it were proved, as we are sure it never will be, that the Angli of Germany had no claim to the angelic epithet: it would not materially shake the right of the English to this very agreeable etymology, and very many arguments are advanced in its favour, by the author of the pamphlet.

We are rather confirmed in this theory, by a very remarkable passage in Old Verstegan's restitution of decayed intelligence, respecting British antiquities, it is as follows: page 162. "The name of Saxons was by the ordinance of noble King Egbert, about the year of our Lord 800, brought under the general name of *Englishmen*, which, being a name of *such glory*, as the *derivation* sheweth it, ever may they with all increase of honour therein continue."

This idea would receive further illustration from the history of the famous English coin, called the *Angel*, which was a favourite with the English, as early as the time of Edward the Third. The antiquarians tell us it was coined in commemoration of that honourable name of angels, which Pope Gregory had applied to our English people; and it represented St. Michael, the Patron Saint of entire Britain (as St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. David, are of its provinces) contending with the powers of darkness, and defeating them.

This theory has fully been brought forward, and learnedly illustrated by the author of the work under review. "It was," says he, "in travelling in the north of Europe; in Germany, Holland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, that this etymological conjecture arose in my mind. Wherever I travelled among the northern nations, I found them calling England, *Angel land*, and the English, *Angelic men*. Such a perpetual coincidence of names, must surely be something more than accidental."

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS ON COMPLETING OUR FIRST VOLUME.

DEARLY BELOVED,—We have now had some experience of each other, since the "New Year's Greeting" with which the first number of the *New Series* of THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE commenced under our editorship. Certain promises were there made, which we have done our best to carry out; and, in which, if we can trust

to our own consciences and the assurances we have received, we have not been altogether unsuccessful. But "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it;" so does also the happy result of things more serious, if less witty. Luckily for our well-being, and the moral character of this periodical, that the field of humour was already so well filled by two rival publications, that there would have been a manifest impropriety in our venturing as a new candidate for public favour, any more than very occasionally within its precincts. We have not done so—but have preferred rather to start with, what a high literary authority, in a letter to ourself, styles "high hopes and high objects"—and we have proceeded in the confidence that there was and is a public for rational and ethical argument, for poetical and critical exertitation. Have we found such a public? We have! We have lost, it would seem, none of our old subscribers by the change of conduct; and we have gained many new ones. There is yet something sterling and sound in the heart of the English reader—if the writer have but the faith to trust it, to appeal to it, and to provide for it. Public taste and public opinion are *made* not *found*;—it is the product of authorial influence, not of popular sagacity. The man of genius creates it by his works, which are (not to speak it profanely) his angels that, by disturbing the waters, make a Bethesda of a pool. The public mind is stagnant until stirred by his ministrations. It is the poem, the picture, the statue, that awakens,—kindles principles. Man first learns that he has an eye for beauty, when first he looks on beauty. The eye, however, pre-existed, else no beauty had been seen. Let us have confidence in this pre-existent eye—as strong a practical confidence as Plato had a speculative belief in the doctrine of pre-existence itself, and which, perhaps—nay certainly—is nothing more than an abstract and theoretical statement of the rule relative to such facts as the one we have just stated. Our confidence indeed in the fact depends on the assumption of its being the type of a principle, the symbol of a law. The fact is enunciative of a truth including it. It is the segment of a circle—the fraction of a sphere. Shall a Cuvier from a single joint predicate the whole animal? Even so the moral philosopher for one instance shall judge of all, as subjects of one and the same antecedent idea.

To commence a work in the faith that we have thus commended, as well as practically tried, presumes a large series of logical assumptions already postulated and decided on by the editor or author. A corresponding boldness, or well-placed consciousness of power, is accordingly on his part implied. We need not wonder, therefore, that there are few who have the courage to take so much for granted;—neither should we advise that any thing should be taken for granted, unless first it be previously *given*. Not furtively, but honestly, works the author or editor of genius. The axioms on which he proceeds are self-evident principles, because it has been granted to him truly to see them—to see himself as such. Never comes truth to man, unaccompanied with the oracular assurance, that it is great, and will prevail. There is no power but moral

power—physical might is but its image, exists only because that pre-exists. The image may fall—may be degraded—trodden into clay, pulverised into dust—but the original, always erect, never less than divine, is seated above the heavens, imperishably entire. The right is the original might—the converse of the proposition is but the physical side of the great truth, which to be properly understood must be read upon the obverse. Every man of true genius reads the coin on its true face—understands the image and inscription—its date and value. Enlightened by wisdom, he walks in safety, and arrives at the mount of glory through the temple of honour. The path of the just man is sure, and his reward is certain.

What begins in paradox ends in truism and triteness. We have all along been discoursing of an old friend with a new face—or with a face that had grown obsolete—or rather, we have neglected to intervisit with that friend for so many years, that now we scarcely, with the alterations made by time, are able to recognise his features. Thus at first we are startled, but after a while the “old familiar” feelings return on the heart, and all is as it was—and the strange has vanished. These truths are not alien, though you may not have been accustomed to think of them lately—reflect on them, even for a short period, and from the burial places of your memory, the dead bodies will arise, the dry bones will quicken and reunite—flesh will supervene, and all, fitly knit together, live as in the days that have flown. The flight of time shall only be like that of an arrow through the air—no traces shall be left of its passage. All that shall remain of its transit shall be the remembrance and the impression, that “once it was there—and lo! now it is here!” You pick up the shaft and replacing it in your quiver, feel that you have not lost what you have only used. Let then the regained be treasure for a sacred duty; and know that we have restored some neglected truths to you, prize them for better tasks and worthier efforts, than those they were once applied to, when their value was less felt. Experience is as armour to a man—therewith he goeth to war with less peril, and with greater means of conquest. Even so, dear reader, be it with you.

In the light and under the influence of such eternal verities, we have proceeded in our task, relying on the superior minds that undertake to lead public opinion for success. We know that among those the leaven of a better taste had been slowly winning its way, and that the moment was come when “the strike” might be hoped to take place. Nor, on the whole, have we been disappointed; yet, in some few instances, we have found reason to wonder at a strange kind and degree of ignorance in the critic, that certainly is not in the general reader. It is clear to us, that some of the newspaper remarks on our version of the *Second Part of Faust* proceeded on the supposition of its being the first part. Now the *Second Part of Faust* has never been translated in England, but the first part has been so frequently rendered as to make the appearance of new versions almost ridiculous. We found some of our critics, however, testifying to the spirit and literal accuracy

of the translation of the SECOND Part in this Journal as being superior to any that they had as yet seen. We fear much that such an opinion indicates that the writer knew nothing of either part, either in the original or by translation.

We found in other instances also, that we were not only leading the *public* but the *critical* mind of the time. But it would be invidious, and in other respects not advantageous to give examples. Rather let us take heed to our own steps; and, in friendly commune with the loving reader, ask him how we have kept our pledges.

POETRY. The examples in this kind that we have given have met with so much approbation, that we may we think safely assume, that we have not fallen short, in this difficult path, of what in reason might have been expected. Of our translated poetry, we may boldly state, that it is of the first order. The SECOND Part of GÖTHE'S FAUST must now begin to dawn on the reader's mind as one of the most marvellous works ever produced—a poem containing either expressly or by allusion every thing that has entered the human intelligence. It involves nothing less than a mythos of man and his destiny. Several German commentaries lie before us, in which laudable attempts are made to develope the difficult passages. These we will sift, ourselves, on some convenient occasion. In the mean time, we must content ourselves with one. What does Göthe mean by "*the Mothers*?" Mr. Hayward tells us that he never met with any one who could tell him. One of the critics before us volunteers information on the point.

"Those characters of ancient mythology who approach nearest to the *Mothers*, are the *Parcæ* or *Fates*. But it is supposed that Göthe desired only to allegorise his opinions concerning the Transition of the Divine Idea into matter. Göthe writes concerning them to Eckermann thus—'I can not tell you any thing concerning them, but that I found it mentioned by Plutarch, that, in Greek antiquity, the Mothers are spoken of as Deities. This is all that I owe to tradition, the rest is my own invention.'" It is clear from Göthe's scientific explanation, that he considered the universe as a household ordered even to the smallest detail, in which nothing is lost, nothing is in vain or fortuitous; but every being is connected with another, and every form of existence is only the germ of a higher order of being, and that every thing that has ever existed is continuous, independent, and is always striving to uphold itself more perfectly.

"Göthe," the same writer continues, "represents the whole kingdom of the Becoming, of the primitive matter striving after form, and from desolation again striving after form, as under the government of certain mysterious goddesses, in the pictures of unbound space."

Connected with THE MOTHERS, is another fancy on the Tripod, which, "in the Grecian interpretation of fables, is an emblem of the three periods or seasons of the ancient year, when the winter (which in that happy clime is only recognizable by rains and storms) was not counted as a season. In China, the Tripod is considered

as a symbol of the mind. The dwelling of the mothers being discovered by means of a glowing tripod, is designed to represent the creative light, and the passage into Time." Such are the means then by which Faust gains access to the Mothers—the three maternal principles.

To whatever light this commentary may throw on the passage in question, the reader is welcome, until we come to still further elucidation of Göthe's works in general, and this work in particular. We think that we may claim for our critical essays on poetical productions, the merit of suggesting principles. Our decisions have generally been considered just. The papers, also, that have been inserted on foreign poets, of both past and present time, in Spain, France, and Germany, may challenge comparison with any that have yet appeared. Professor Pepoli and Mr. Oxenford, the writers of those articles, have in them well sustained their reputation.

PHILOSOPHY. We have admitted articles which are of a catholic tendency, though differing from the style in which we should ourselves have treated the subject. Thus our Syncretist and Cryptologist have been permitted their own fashions of argument, though for both we substitute, when treating of similar subjects, a prothetic position; assuming the One, rather than the Unity. Our mode of handling preserves the catholicity of view, without being chargeable with latitudinarianism or eclecticism—two aberrations of logic that must be avoided. In treating of the Tracts for the Times, of Prayers for the Dead, and the Fictions of Law, specimens have been given of the higher forms of reasoning.

Do we go beyond the mark, in taking credit to ourselves for our *Consecutive* articles? By the due application of editorial prudence, we have been enabled in alternate papers to complete, in one and the same volume, several arguments, both historical, scientific, and critical. We allude to those on *the Zoolus* and *Port Natal*—the *Undulatory Theory of Light*—the *writings of Milton*, and the poetry of *Novalis* and *Lamartine*. We have proceeded also regularly with two series of tales, which will be pursued to the end of the year, when a new romantic cycle shall commence. Other subjects, of which we have just indicated the beginnings, will receive completion in the ensuing volume. In this manner, we shall give an interest and conclusiveness to our labours, a point in which periodical literature is, for the most part, egregiously deficient. Trusting that these efforts will be met by the public with approbation, we confide in its justice, that we shall not be suffered to proceed without our reward. We therefore boldly solicit patronage, both for the present and the future.

POLITICS. It is not needed to repeat the principles on which we proposed to conduct this section of our plan. We trust, that we have filled it up without partizanship, and that our registry has been more practical than theoretical. We now take up the subject where it was left in the last number.

SIR ROBERT PEEL having determined to take the sense of the House on the motion for Mr. Speaker's leaving the chair, on the ministerial bill for suspending the constitution of Jamaica, on Fri-

day (the 3rd of May,) and the debate therefore being adjourned to the Monday following (the 6th,) when the majority in favour of the measure was but five (ayes 284, noes 289)—the resignation of the ministers became inevitable. The Duke of Wellington was accordingly sent for by Her Majesty, who, on his advice, intrusted Sir Robert Peel with the formation of a new administration. From the Melbourne Cabinet, it appears that Her Majesty parted with great regret, and even went to the extreme of making an effort to retain them in office, by restricting Sir Robert from interfering with the Ladies of Her household, as "contrary to usage, and repugnant to her feelings." The expectant Premier, under these circumstances, at once, in his letter, resigned; and the affairs of the country, for a while, rest again on the feeble shoulders of Lord Melbourne and his Colleagues. This state of things is very anomalous, and indicates the present uncertainty of mere party and political movements, which are now liable to continual disturbance, from the intervention of personal motives, feelings and prepossessions. But the best illustrations of the principles involved, are to be found in the actual statements made by the parties concerned. Sir Robert Peel, according to his own statement, was ready to undertake the government of the country, notwithstanding the alarming condition of public affairs. The state of India, the state of Jamaica, the state of Canada, require immediate consideration, and some the instant application of legislative measures. The internal state of this country also—Insurrection in the provinces, the Queen's Proclamation, and the Letter of Lord John Russell to the Electors of Stroud, inviting the respectable part of the population, in many parts of the country, to take up arms, devolved more than ordinary duties on the new premier. Sir Robert Peel nevertheless intended to conduct, if possible, public affairs through the intervention of the present parliament; and this notwithstanding the inconvenience of having to commence office with a minority of five, and that minority including ten gentlemen on whose general support he could not calculate. But the chief difficulty is—Ireland. On that question Sir Robert Peel would have been in a minority of at least twenty. The chief members of the Irish government whose policy was approved of, were the Marquis of Normanby and Lord Morpeth. The two chief offices in her Majesty's household are filled by the sister of Lord Morpeth and the wife of the Marquis of Normanby. Such is Sir Robert Peel's case, and it is the political aspect of the question.

That the Queen did not yield to these merely political considerations, comes again in support of our proposition, that the political is apparently in abeyance, and the human dominant. That Lord John Russell had full consciousness of this sentiment, we do not believe, but the considerations stated by him are not the less on that account illustrative of the principle suggested by ourself. Admitting Sir Robert Peel's political difficulties, Lord John contended, that the baronet instead of gaining strength against them, by imposing a condition which was repugnant to her Majesty, would have thereby increased his weakness. "If her Majesty," said his lordship, "had granted the change against her will—if she had con-

sented to the removal of the objectionable ladies, it would have been impossible for Sir Robert to have insisted, that the ladies imposed upon her should have been received by her Majesty with that grace and favour which had been shown to those who had been dismissed against her will." Now this, we are bold to say, is a dilemma from which there is no escape. In either alternative, the personal character—the simply human—in the Sovereign, would have been the sole point of reliance.

But it does not therefore follow, as Lord John supposed, that Sir Robert Peel's better policy would have been to withdraw at once the repugnant condition; for the individual to be depended upon might have stood firm in the one case as in the other, and, indeed, the condition was a test of the *degree* of confidence to be expected! It is not a question between man and woman, but between sovereign and subject. The whig ministry may have treated, as Lord John seems to recommend his successor, the Queen as a child, but a conservative ministry must assume her competence for her office. That, in his lordship's estimation, her Majesty is of a high and generous spirit, and would have felt the generosity which dictated concession, is a favourable accident. But what then! would the nobleman's sister and the marquess's wife have waited to be turned out? Would they have so much been lacking in generosity, as to put their royal mistress to that unpleasant necessity? No generosity has been wanting on the part of her Majesty, that is clear;—but has it not been wanting in other quarters? Had Sir Robert Peel conceded, would those ladies have resigned?

To return again to the *humanities* of the argument. We are by Lord John Russell reminded—and it behoves the country and the leaders of all parties in it, to recollect constantly, that the Queen is "a Sovereign of no mature age, who was very young when she came to the throne, and of a sex which calls for the peculiar exercise of generosity; but that neither the sex of her Majesty prevents her from being wanting in courage, nor the age of her Majesty prevents her from having a just discrimination and a sound understanding." It is so. Our's is a limited monarchy; and notwithstanding the irresponsibility of the Sovereign, we are yet subject to the influences that flow from the personal character and conduct of the Monarch. The country is now thrown upon *that*. Her Majesty has for the first time assumed authority. It is a serious crisis both for the Crown and the country. Not a head—not a heart—but should think—but should feel—concerning this great, this important day of transition

"Big with the fate of Britain and the Queen."

The dawn is overcast, the morning lours—the first gleams of which were so bright and welcome. Nor is the sudden dimness of any politician's raising, nor by the spells of any such can it be banished from the prospect. Man, we repeat, is working. Working? But what is all human working, but being worked? It is He only who works, who has worked hitherto, and who has said that, in the latter days, "the Sun shall be darkened, and the Moon shall not

give her light, and the Stars shall fall from Heaven, and the Powers of the Heaven shall be shaken." Already, according to the testimony of the Oxford Divines, the Spirit of God has departed from the Church; at any rate, that neither priest nor people have any certainty of his presence; that nothing but an *historical* chain of a disputable succession remains as evidence of its authority. Even while we write, news is brought that the barricades are again in the streets of Paris; and that in every quarter of England the Chartists are rising. Both here and in France blood has flowed. The cause of insurrection has been baptised—its votary is red—a cause, according to the opposing views of adverse parties, either sacred or accursed, but none indifferent! "Watch ye, therefore! for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!"

We write as philosophers also, therefore with imperturbable impartiality; esteeming all parties as *moral forces*, the operation of which it is the point of wisdom to ascertain. Nor let it be supposed, that the democratic power is, in these days, a mere brute power; and composed of a union of ignorant men. We have taken some pains to ascertain the fact, and can declare, on our conscience, that it is guided by intelligence, and is not to be resisted by physical means. By the God of heaven! the Chartist is a man; and the words he uses are facts—or more—that is, truths! That man, indeed, is wronged, who is in a condition to be compelled to call another man, master! "Call no man master!"—that is the Christian principle. But it is a principle for a pure estate of the Church—and for the world, when it shall, if so destined, have become a Church. But we doubt this destiny—we doubt the possibility of perfect Christism on the earth. The principles point to another state; and are given to man as evidences of it. Always over-informed and inspired with such ideas, he is discontented with his temporal condition, however good; if evil, he has still greater reason for his discontent; and the law of his constitution is, that the better his temporal estate shall become, the more evil it shall appear; for the perception of a greater good in any way leads to future anticipations that make the present still meaner in contrast; and thus it is that the appetite for human welfare grows by what it feeds on.

We have just received evidence that there is strong *genius* at work also among the elements of disaffection. An unpublished book in blank verse, with lyrical interpositions, without author's name or envelope has only this morning been left at our domicile. Incorrectly and meanly printed, yet the manner of its transmission and other signs about it, made us look into it at once. We plainly saw that our admiration of Milton had not a little to do with the transmission to us of the volume. Perhaps, because of his head on our cover, it might have been conceived that we held republican sentiments; which is an error. The grounds for our belief consist in the title and dedication of the book which are as follow.

"Ernest, or Political Regeneration, in Twelve Books, London ;
Printed for the Author, by R. Gadsden, Upper St. Martin's
Lane, M.DCCC.XXXIX.

Damit das gute wirke wachse, fromme,
Damit der tag des edlen endlich komme.

To the Memory of Milton, the Poet, the Divine, and the Republican, this work,
written in the light of his Glorious Countenance is dedicated."

Rough as sometimes is the versification of this poem, it is always energetic, genial and truthful ; erring only in the supposition that the regeneration sought is compatible with temporary conditions. We mention it, to point the attention of ministers and legislators to the fact that the Chartist demonstrations are not unconnected with the noblest feelings and the brightest talents. Let these be revered, whatever else is done. It may also be instructive to know the searching views that are taken. Such men as the writers of this poem are no grovelling politicians, we quote the following in the way of caution : —

" Now then away
With saws of ancient use ; bury the dead,
And let the quick go forth : give heed no more
To blear-eyed custom, that would fain pluck back
Our forwardness to suit his cripple pace ;
Make level every fence of privilege,
And boil our cankered constitution up
To fervency and fulness of young blood !
In the fierce cauldron of Democracy ;
But hold ! lest thou shouldst say, so high a sound
Betokens nought but hollowness ; look, then,
And see the substance. First, 'tis need we lay
The basis of our work both wide and deep ;
Marry, as wide as our land's utmost width,
As low, and all as liberal, as is
The common throng that do inhabit it :
For how should revolution have its end
If that the commons have not their free-will,
Who first set it astir ?—No, till such time
'Tis but an errant revolution, still
To whirl without all stay ; trust me, 'twas so
They missed their aim, the philosophic fools
Who stamped erewhile their character on France,
Marring a precious metal ; there, as here,
Would'st have the people take their steadfast stand,
Give them the soil : given but once, no fear
Lest old prescription wrest it back from them,
Or frame another fraud, having no ground
But only the thin air to build upon.
But they, the dolts, wise but in words alone,
Set for a bolt, a feather in their string,
And shot their chance away ; the commons came
To that loud call, and conquered ere they came.

• • • • •

But mark me this,
Such tardy, due, and right retribution,
Cleaves only to the soil, the commonwealth
That nature gave in largess to all men ;

It touches nought beside : for so to spoil
 Industry of the wages it hath earned,
 Giving creation form, and so well nigh
 Passing creation's self, and being indeed
 Another maker, second only to Him
 Who first made all of nothing,—such a spoil
 Were a sin, no less than is their selfishness
 Who would usurp the earth ; no, but let right
 Be done even to those who challenge it
 Against the example of their proper enemy ;
 And so let every man who hath gained aught
 Of cattle, stores, gold, or mechanic gear,
 Thus winning to the commonwealth what else
 Would ne'er have been, or being had no use ;
 So let him keep it still, freely to have,
 And give as free. So toil shall bid us speed,
 And think no ill, and so the artificer
 Shall ply his daily labour, well content
 Not to possess, but to enjoy the land
 In its full fruit, disfretered and earth-free,
Buying two loaves of the honest husbandman
For the imperious landlord's price of one ;
 So making that same plenty, once as strange
 As an angelic vision upon earth,
 To be his housemate, and familiar,
 Homely as the goodwife that sweeps his hearth ;
 Nor craving aught beside. This were a feat
 Indeed, not to trim here and there a bough,
But strike at the root of all ; what seems to the eye
 Of doubt most hard, is easiest to the hand
 Of stubborn strong determination,
 For safety dwells not in the shallow sands,
 But in the very deepest ocean,—depth
 Where fools do fancy danger !'

Such sentiments let the politician ponder, that he may act advisedly. The superior orders have hitherto maintained themselves by superior intelligence. But this is no longer possible. All classes of men are *rising* to the same level. The religious sentiments of the work before us, and of the late demonstrations, are deserving of the profoundest consideration. Literature, too, is a general accomplishment. The democratic cause is no longer divorced from either piety or knowledge. We must look to this. Nor should we forget that the influence exerted by literature must, in all cases, be in favour of morals against manners. We mean, that where the conventional has substituted the morality of which it was originally the exponent, there the Man of Letters, the Poet, the Dramatist, the Romancist, the Critic, is called upon to prophesy against the stagnant surface, so that society may be put into healthful motion again. Any system which would reduce the whole moral law to something merely conventional, must be evil. It is given to literature to assert the claims of soul over body ; of spirit over matter. Wo ! to its professors, if they neglect their duty.

SONNETS

BY H. L. MANSEL, ESQ.

I.

WE live twin lives together ; that without
 Made up alternate of the chilling fear,
 The short-lived joy, the unavailing tear,
 The sand-erected hope, the needless doubt ;—
 And that within, all glorious, where doth shout
 Our own Creation, hailing us. All here
 As grateful for their being, are sincere
 To work our hests. Cast then thine eyes about,
 And choose thy station. Prince or potentate,
 Prelate or peasant be ; the choice is thine,
 And what thou wilt thou art. We must abate
 Our wills i' th' outward world ; men countermine
 Each other's longings. Where thou dost create,
 There only in thy service all combine.

II.

Seek'st thou Arcadian joys ? Thy flocks and herds
 Graze by thee, winged thoughts, and they are fed
 From thine inspired breathings. Or instead
 Wouldst roam where solitude her sweets affords
 To groves, the lover's haunt ? Thy vocal birds
 Are on the boughs before thee. Hark ! they shed
 Their music round. Or shall great nations dread
 Their sovereign, thee ? Obedient to thy words
 Stand thy obsequious ministers. Wouldst lay
 Piled treasures in thy chest ? At thy command
 Blaze thy heaped ingots. Changing, they obey
 Thy shapings, swifter than enchanter's wand
 Of fairy legend, which in childhood's day
 We heard, undoubting of that powerful hand.

